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Eng^d by Geo. E. Perine, N.Y.

A. H. Foote

COM. A. H. FOOTE, U.S.N.

THE
REBELLION RECORD:

A Diary of American Events,

WITH

DOCUMENTS, NARRATIVES, ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS,
POETRY, ETC.

EDITED BY

FRANK MOORE,

AUTHOR OF "DIARY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

FOURTH VOLUME.

WITH TWELVE PORTRAITS ON STEEL, AND VARIOUS MAPS AND DIAGRAMS.

NEW YORK:

G. P. PUTNAM, 532 BROADWAY.

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THE

REBELLION RECORD

A Study of American History

WITH

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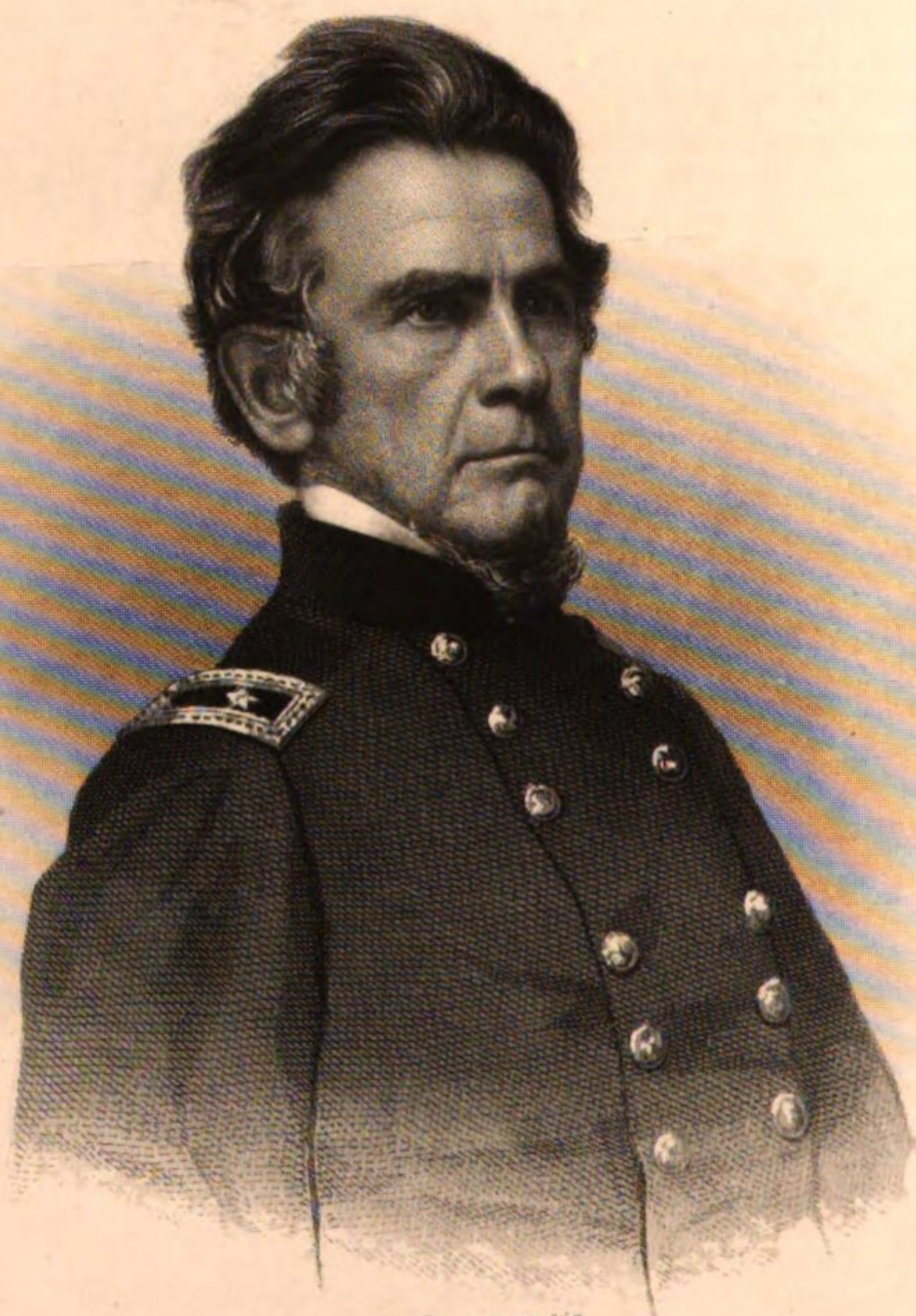
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Eng^d by A. H. Ritchie.

MAJ. GEN. O. M. MITCHELL.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM.

DIARY.

JANUARY 1, 1862.

THE year closed under gloomy auspices; with a check at Dranesville, and a rumored disaster in Missouri. The year which has begun opens with evil tidings. We fear that there is no doubt of the fact that the Northern Union has consented to the surrender of Mason and Slidell; and with that event all hope of an immediate alliance between the Southern Confederacy and Great Britain must cease.

Under other circumstances we might derive a consolation for the loss by considering the inefaceable disgrace that falls on the enemy. Never, since the humiliation of the Doge and Senate of Genoa before the footstool of Louis XIV., has any nation consented to a degradation so deep. If Lincoln and Seward intended to give them up at a menace, why, their people will ask, did they ever capture the ambassadors? Why the exultant hurrah over the event, that went up from nineteen millions of throats? Why the glorification of Wilkes? Why the coward insults to two unarmed gentlemen, their close imprisonment, and the bloodthirsty movements of Congress in their regard? But, most of all, why did the government of Lincoln indulge a full Cabinet with an unanimous resolution that, under no circumstances, should the United States surrender Messrs. Slidell and Mason? Why did they encourage the popular sentiment to a similar position? The United States government and people swore the great oath to stand on the ground they had taken; the American eagle was brought out; he screeched his loudest screech of defiance—then

"Dropt like a craven cock his conquered wing"

at the first growl of the lion. This is the attitude of the enemy. It would greatly console us to contemplate him, did we not know that no new exhibition of insolence and cowardice could sink him lower in the world's estimation. The United

States have lost no character by an exhibition of poltroonery as yet unknown in the diplomacy of other nations. That country had already sunken beneath the reach of infamy. The only charge of bayonets made during the war by Lincoln's soldiers, was that of Fairfax's marines on Miss Slidell; and the surrender of her father at the first menace of Great Britain, will create neither more disgust or further surprise.

Nor can we hope for a popular revulsion in the Northern people against the folly and pusillanimity of their rulers. People and rulers are alike. It is only in the sentiment of England that we can find a ray of encouragement. *It is certain that the British wanted war; that they were confident of getting it, and that they will be bitterly disappointed at the unsatisfactory result.* Now, this result, though apparently due to the lily livers of the Yankees, is partially attributable to the management of the Palmerston ministry. That Cabinet gave Seward and Lincoln the chance of humiliation, when it could have taken redress with the high hand, and shut the door to apology by recalling Lyons, sending home Adams, and setting the British fleet at once in full sail for the scene of action. The Palmerston ministry is the friend of the North, and is directly antagonistical to the majority of the British nation. On these data we venture the prophecy that in less than three months this ministry will fall from power.

Whenever it does so, we may anticipate immediate intervention by Great Britain in the affairs of this continent. The inclinations and interest of that people are so closely united on this one point that we do not hesitate to declare the result a moral necessity. But for some time we may be left alone in this quarrel. Let us not repine, though the task be heavy on the arm. If we would respect ourselves, consolidate our nationality, insure our future independence, and

transmit a heroic memory to posterity, we must prove to ourselves and to all others, that our own unaided strength is sufficient for our own redemption. If it is not, there remains one resolution, by which every citizen that is worthy of freedom can avoid the sight of its extinction and the spectacle of his country's ruin—to die in the last ditch of their defence.—*Richmond Examiner*.

—MASON and Slidell left Fort Warren, Boston harbor, about eleven o'clock this forenoon. The arrangement for their return was very quietly made, and nothing was known at Boston in regard to the affair, until the hour arrived for their departure. The steam tugboat *Starlight* was employed by the Government to convey the prisoners to Provincetown, Cape Cod, where they were to be transferred to the British gunboat *Rinaldo*, which arrived at that port last night. Accordingly the tugboat *Starlight* left Boston shortly before ten o'clock this morning, and stopped at Fort Warren, where she took on board Mason and Slidell, and their two secretaries. After receiving their baggage, etc., the tug proceeded on her way to sea, leaving the fort about eleven o'clock. The whole affair was conducted without any display, in perfect quiet, and in the ordinary manner of conveying passengers. The tugboat reached Provincetown this afternoon, and the prisoners were transferred to the British gunboat, which immediately proceeded to sea.

—THE Court of Inquiry, in the case of Colonel Miles, charged with being intoxicated at the battle of Bull Run, honorably acquitted him of the charge. The decision is furnished in a report of Reverdy Johnson and R. S. Gillett, in which they declare that the bulk of the evidence produced on the trial goes to show that the charges are entirely false.

—THE British prize bark *Empress*, of Hull, arrived at New-York from New-Orleans bar. She was bound from Rio Janeiro for New-York, as her captain reported, and had been ordered off from Pass a l'Outre previously, and was captured by the United States sloop *Vincennes*. She had a cargo of six thousand five hundred bags coffee.

—ALL the Yankee prisoners from Charleston, including Colonel Corcoran, arrived at Columbia, S. C., this afternoon, in a special train. They were met at the depot by the rebel-guard of this city, and conducted to prison.—*Richmond Dispatch*, January 3.

—THE rebel batteries at Pensacola, Fla., having repeatedly fired at the national vessels, Fort Pickens opened on the rebel steamer *Times*, which was landing stores at the navy-yard to-day. The rebel batteries responded, and the firing was continued till evening, Fort Pickens firing the last shot. The rebel guns were well aimed, and most of their shells burst inside of the fort; only one man was wounded, however. A shot from Fort Pickens made a large breach in Fort Barrancas. In the evening the National guns set Warrington on fire.—(*Doc. 1.*)

—THE Knoxville (Tenn.) *Register* of to-day expresses the opinion that Parson Brownlow's release was a great blunder, and gives the following reasons: In brief, Brownlow has preached at every church and school-house, and made stump-speeches at every cross-road, and knows every man, woman and child, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, in East-Tennessee. As a Methodist circuit-preacher, a political stump-speaker, a temperance orator, and the editor of a newspaper, he has been equally successful in our division of the State. Let him but once reach the confines of Kentucky, with his knowledge of the geography and population of East-Tennessee, and our section will soon feel the effect of his hard blows. From among his own old partisan and religious sectarian parasites he will find men who will obey him with the fanatical alacrity of those who followed Peter the Hermit in the first crusade. We repeat again, let us not underrate Brownlow.

—TWELVE of the Buckner Guards, under Lieut. Hines, crossed Green River, Ky., twelve miles from Morgantown, surrounded a house in which four Federal troops were concealed, and took them prisoners. They got ten guns and the sword of Capt. Phelps, which he had left there. After recrossing the river, they attempted to arrest a man who had several times fired at the Confederate soldiers across the river. The man shot at Mr. Cook, one of the guides, but missed him, whereupon Cook shot him dead.—*Bowling Green Courier*, January 4.

—AT Richmond, Va., there was a more general observance of "New Year's" than usual, owing to the fact that the war had brought to that city a considerable addition to the population from other cities, where the anniversary is always a period of social festivity. The streets were thronged with ladies, and every body look-

ed gay and cheerful. Among notable events of the day was the President's reception, which commenced at twelve o'clock, and continued three hours. The President stood at the door of the large reception-room, and thousands of persons took advantage of the opportunity to give him a friendly grasp of the hand. Mrs. Davis was not present, but her place was well supplied by her sister, Miss Howell, Mrs. Col. Davis and Mrs. General Jones. The ceremonies of introduction were conducted by the President's aids, Colonel Joseph Davis and Colonel G. W. C. Lee. The armory band was present, and every thing passed off delightfully. — *Richmond Dispatch*, January 2.

—A joint expedition of gunboats, under command of Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, and a column of infantry, commanded by General Stevens, left Port Royal Harbor, S. C., yesterday evening, and this morning proceeded across the Coosaw River, and shelled the rebel fort at Port Royal Ferry. On taking possession of the batteries, it was found that the retreating rebels had removed all their guns but one, though quite a number of shells were discovered in the magazines. Port Royal Ferry was immediately reopened by the Union forces, and the fort garrisoned by the Pennsylvania Roundheads. After its occupation, the rebels appeared in force and in line of battle, whereupon the gunboats opened upon them with shot and shell, driving them into the woods, and causing great havoc in their ranks. When the firing ceased, which was after sunset, a rebel officer was sent with a flag of truce, to ask permission to carry off their killed and wounded; but the gunboats reopened fire before General Stevens' reply was obtained, which caused the rebel messenger to put spurs to his horse, and gallop off in hot haste.

January 2.—This morning, about half-past nine o'clock, the rebels reappeared in the woods near Port Royal Ferry, S. C., whence they had been driven yesterday. A sharp firing was kept up for some time by the Union gunboats, to keep them in check, throwing shot and shell into the woods. Before ten o'clock the Union troops crossed the Coosaw River, under cover of the boats, and proceeded down the river *en route* for Port Royal Harbor. — (*Doc. 2.*)

—In the Confederate Congress at Richmond, Va., Daniel P. White, of Kentucky, appeared, was qualified, and took his seat.

—THE steamship *Ella Warley*, formerly the *Isabel*, from Nassau, ran the blockade, and arrived at Charleston, S. C., at daylight this morning. She was chased and ineffectually shelled by the blockaders. She brings a valuable assorted cargo and passengers, including Mr. Bisbie, formerly a delegate in the Virginia Legislature from the city of Norfolk. Mr. Bisbie is a bearer of important dispatches from Mr. Yancey, and has started for Richmond. — *Charleston Mercury*, January 3.

—GENERAL STONE, at Poolesville, Md., issued an order cautioning the troops under his command against encouraging insubordination and rebellion among the slaves, and threatening punishment to such as might violate his orders. — (*Doc. 3.*)

—AN experiment was tried this morning for the purpose of determining whether the rebel battery at Cockpit Point, on the Potomac River, could be attacked, and if so, in what manner with the greatest hopes of success. At ten o'clock, the gunboat *Anacostia* approached the battery, and took up a position somewhat above and opposite Mattawoman creek. She threw in a number of shells, several of which were seen to explode into the rebel battery. The steamer *Yankee* then got under way, and stood for the battery, ranging herself right opposite. She commenced by firing two shells from her bow-gun, a sixty-four-pounder, and afterwards continued to pour in her fire on the enemy from her after-guns, consisting of a thirty-two-pounder, and twenty-four-pounder brass howitzer, and a twelve-pounder brass rifled cannon. The enemy replied to the *Yankee*, for the *Anacostia* was so placed that the batteries could not hit her, throwing four shots, the second of which struck the *Yankee*, entering the forecastle on the port-side, her head being up the river, and knocking away a knee entirely; passing to the starboard-side, the shot smashed another knee and dropped on the floor, its force being spent. — *Philadelphia Press*, January 4.

—THE *Memphis Argus* of this date gives the following picture of the situation of affairs at the South: Price is in full retreat southward. Price will probably continue in full retreat, for there are several—indeed no less than three—Union armies, each as large, better armed, and better equipped, converging upon him. His past victories have been rendered valueless. Union

forces have been massed in Kentucky too great for a man of Sydney Johnston's calibre to venture to attack, and the paralyzing of Price through the withdrawal of McCulloch, has rendered the overrunning of Missouri, to the Arkansas frontier, an easy task to the Unionists.

We're forced back out of Missouri — checkmated in Kentucky. Chase has obtained his money in Wall street. The blockade is unbreakable by us as yet. In one word, we're hemmed in. We've allowed the moment of victory to pass. We were so anxious watching the operations of England, that we stand aghast, on turning our eyes homeward again, to find ourselves ten times worse off than we were ere the commencement of Price's last forward march, and that accursedly used sensationalism, the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

Day follows day, and in lieu of being weakened, we find the Federal armies at all points being strengthened, almost every article of manufacturing and domestic necessity quadrupled in price, and our money will soon be exceeding scarce for lack of paper and pasteboard wherewith to make it. We pay fifteen cents apiece for sperm candles, and we are told we ought to be glad to get them at that.

Our twelve-months soldiers' time will soon be up; and we can not help asking, as they do themselves, what have they been permitted or led to do? It is an old and ever-proven truism that when two nations are at war, that which has the least means must find success in early and rapid action, for it can gain little by time, while the other finds in time the power to bring into efficient use its more varied means.

Cabined, cribbed, confined as we were, and evidently would be, our shortest, clearest and most noble policy was to find in the rapid use of our early revolutionary enthusiasm an overmatch for the slower and less spirited, but more enduring North. Where shall we ask relief; where should we ask it save in the camps on whom we have lavished our heart's blood, our hopes, our wealth, our whole; where but upon the banks of the Potomac? When will we see an end of the farce there being enacted, at our expense?

Indirectly every mouthful we eat is taxed; our babies wear taxed caps and shoes; our boys write on taxed paper; our girls wear taxed calicoes; our men do a taxed business, and hopelessly ride in a taxed hearse to a taxed grave,

and we, forsooth, are hurting "the cause" if we dare to turn from Messrs. Mason and Slidell to look at the country we were born and bred in, and, having looked, we are hurting the cause if we dare tell what we see. Our cause is right, it is holy.

Our suffering may be God's price of success, but who, seeing what might have been, and knows what is being suffered through its being undone, can refrain from cursing the selfishness or idiocy that stopped the conquering Beauregard, that arrested the march of Price, that checked the gallant Jackson? We have gazed imploringly on the lion, while the fox has been weaving his toils. Our press and our people have trusted far enough. We now ask, are we to continue hemmed in for another six months and lack all things, or shall our armies *on to Washington* and lack nothing?

—DESPATCHES were received at St. Louis, Mo., announcing the capture of the notorious Jeff. Owens, Colonel Jones, and fifty of their bridge-burning gang, near Martinsburg, Adrian county, by General Schofield, commander of the State militia, and that the various guerrilla bands along the North-Missouri Railroad had been pretty thoroughly scattered.—*National Intelligencer* January 4.

January 3.—A detachment of National troops, under Col. Glover, three hundred in number, came upon a camp of rebels, two hundred and eighty strong, nine miles north of Hunnewell, Mo., fired upon and drove in the pickets, when the rebels broke line, leaving guns and hats along in the flight. Glover's men took eight prisoners before they crossed the railroad, south at the Paris crossing, when they were only half an hour behind the rebels, and expected to bag them before night. The names of the prisoners are Harvey Kincade and John Kincade, Ramsdell Payne, and a fellow belonging to Price's army named "Jew Davy," and four others, whose names are not known. John Kincade helped to burn Salt River bridge and tank, and said the bridge should be burned down as often as built up.—*Hannibal Messenger*.

—A scouting party, about seven or eight hundred strong, consisting of six companies of the Coast Guard, six companies of the Twentieth New-York regiment, and three companies of Harlan's Cavalry, left Camp Hamilton, under command of Acting Brigadier-General Weber, ac-

accompanied by Majors Vegesack and Carling, of Gen. Wool's staff. About two miles beyond Little Bethel, the infantry halted, and the cavalry proceeded toward Big Bethel, and six miles east of that place met the mounted picket, which was driven in. The cavalry gave chase, but were unable to overtake them. On arriving at Big Bethel the place appeared to have been deserted, and careful examination showed that to be the case. It had apparently been occupied by three or four thousand men, including two or three hundred cavalry. Breastworks were found nearly half a mile in extent, and pierced for twelve guns. After a short stay, the scouting party returned.—*N. Y. Times, January 6.*

—Two hundred and forty National troops, who had been held prisoners by the rebels, at Richmond, Va., mostly after the battle of Bull Run, and who had been exchanged for a like number of rebel prisoners, arrived at Fortress Monroe. The rebel steamer Northampton brought them down from Richmond, and, nine miles above Newport News, Va., transferred them to the National steamer George Washington. The scene of the transfer was very exciting. As they stepped once more under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, they could not conceal their joy, and cheer on cheer welcomed them from every vessel as they proceeded down the river. The released prisoners immediately proceeded to Baltimore.—*N. Y. Times, January 5.*

January 4.—Huntersville, a dépôt for rebel supplies in the mountains, between Huttonsville and Warm Springs, Va., was attacked by the National troops, and all the supplies there were captured and destroyed. The National troops engaged were detachments of the Fifth Ohio, the Second Virginia, and Bradsin's Cavalry—some seven hundred and forty in all. The rebels had four hundred cavalry and three hundred and fifty infantry. Two miles from Huntersville, the National troops were met by the rebel cavalry, who were driven from point to point, and at last the whole rebel force beat a hasty retreat from the town as the Nationals charged through it.—(*Doc. 4.*)

—ALL the Kentucky banks, located where rebel domination prevails, were consolidated under Henry J. Lyons, formerly of Louisville, as President, who had authority to run them for the Southern Confederacy.—*Louisville Journal, January 4.*

—JUDGE HEMPHILL, ex-Senator in the Congress of the United States, and afterwards a member of the rebel Congress, died in Richmond, Va.

—GEN. JACKSON, with a large rebel force, appeared at Bath, Va., where there were but about five hundred Union troops, these being detachments of several regiments. An attack was made by the whole rebel militia, who were twice repulsed by the National volunteers. Subsequently General Jackson's regulars made an attack in front, at the same time executing a flank movement, when the National troops fell back on Hancock, Va.—(*Doc. 5.*)

January 5.—A party of National troops engaged the rebels in a slight skirmish on the mainland, near Port Royal, S. C., during which seven of the latter were captured, and marched to Beaufort. While under guard they were extremely unruly, and at one time attempted to effect their escape by beating down the guard and seizing their weapons.—*N. Y. Times, January 11.*

January 6.—The second execution by hanging, in the Army of the Potomac, took place to-day. The convict was private Michael Lanahan, Company A, Second Regiment, U. S. Infantry, and the offence, killing Sergeant Brenner, by shooting him. The General-in-Chief, in the order approving the finding of the court-martial, says the proof is clear that he did this in the satisfaction of the grudge he bore toward the deceased; not only for the blow he had given him in the guard-house, a few minutes before, but for old scores, which he mentioned in his statement to the court. It is very reprehensible for a commissioned or non-commissioned officer to strike a soldier, except when it is absolutely necessary to repress disorder. It is never allowable as a punishment for an offence. But for a soldier, because of being struck, to shoot his immediate superior, is at war with every principle of military subordination. It was in evidence that it was not customary for sentinels at Georgetown to have their guns loaded. The prisoner must have loaded his musket for the purpose of carrying out his vindictive design against the sergeant. The homicide in this case seems to lack none of the features which distinguish murder from simple manslaughter. For these reasons the sentence was approved, and the Provost Marshal was charged with the execution of the order.

The gallows was erected in the northern sub-

urbs, and the convict was hung in the presence of detachments from five regiments of the regular infantry.

—THE schooner William Northrop, hailing from Nassau, N. P., and from Havana, December 1, was brought into New-York by Prize-master Rhoades and five men from the gunboat Fernandina. She had a cargo of eighteen bags of coffee, and a quantity of quinine and other medicines. She was taken December 25th, off Cape Fear, by the gunboat Fernandina, while attempting to run the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., and ordered to New York. She was formerly a Charleston pilot-boat.—*Baltimore American*, January 7.

—THE *Richmond Dispatch*, of this date, says: The fortification of Richmond, Va., on the Manchester side of James River, is progressing at a very satisfactory rate, under the capable superintendence of Mr. William A. Mason, who has been appointed one of Captain Hagan's deputies in carrying out the designs of the government. So far as we are capable of judging, all of the defensive works on both sides of the river have been or are being put with a single eye to the amount of resistance which they may be capable of making to the inroads of the enemy, should he ever, at any time hereafter, make his appearance in this section of country.

As the reader is probably aware, companies are now being formed in this city to man the fortifications. When the men are announced as ready, no doubt all the guns which the present force is capable of handling with effect will be immediately placed in position, and the men duly instructed in their use. This subject of manning the batteries, from the abortive attempts made by the "Home Artillery," has been treated more lightly than it deserves.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that the people are now willing to consider the matter in the serious light in which it should be regarded. We hope the enemy may never come this way; we don't believe that he ever will, but should he ever do so, the value of the batteries to our citizens would be beyond computation.

—THIS night Colonel Howell, of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, arrested Captain Gwin at a point twenty miles below Washington. He was an officer of the rebel army, and had, not long before, crossed from Virginia into Maryland, where his family resided. There were found in his possession numerous letters directed to par-

ties both in the North and South, and also bundles of clothing, which doubtless, he intended to transfer across the Potomac to Virginia.—*N. Y. Commercial*, January 8.

—MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. CRITTENDEN, commanding the Confederate forces in Southeastern Kentucky, issued an order, dated at Mill Spring, in which he strongly appeals to all Kentuckians who have not yet taken up arms, to join immediately the rebel ranks, and fight for the cause, not only of the Confederate government, but of their own State. He affirms that the object of the war, on the part of the North, is "the extinction of slavery and the subjugation of the South;" and urges the men of Kentucky, by all obligations of interest, honor, and duty, not to remain inactive, but to join hands and hearts with those who are striving to repel the invaders.—(*Doc. 6.*)

—JOHN LETCHER, Governor of Virginia, sent a message to the Virginia House of Delegates, in relation to resolutions received by him from Joseph E. Brown, Governor of Georgia. After rehearsing Mr. Lincoln's course and designs, he urges the "Mother of States" to reaffirm what the "Empire State of the South" has declared, that "the separation of the Confederate States from the United States is, and ought to be, final and irrevocable," and that, therefore, all efforts to subjugate them will be resisted by the sister States with the utmost vigor, energy, and unanimity.—(*Doc. 7.*)

January 7.—A detachment of General Kelly's forces, commanded by Colonel Dunning, Fifth Ohio, left Romney last night at twelve o'clock, and attacked the rebels, two thousand strong, at Blue's Gap, Va., east of Romney, at daylight this morning. The rebels were completely routed, with a loss of fifteen killed, two pieces of cannon, their wagons, tents, etc., with twenty prisoners, including one commissioned officer.—(*Doc. 8.*)

—EX-GOVERNOR MOREHEAD, of Kentucky, was released from Fort Warren on his parole, and proceeded immediately to New-York.

—AT Washington, D. C., in the Senate, petitions for the emancipation of slaves and for the exchange of prisoners, were presented. A bill relative to the arrest of fugitive slaves by officers of the army or navy, was taken up, but its consideration was again postponed for the present, after a refusal of the Senate to postpone it indefinitely. The Kansas contested seat case was then

taken up, but the Senate adjourned without proceeding with it. In the House, a message was received from the President, accompanying the documents relating to the Trent affair. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, took occasion to express his dissatisfaction at the course pursued by the Government in delivering up Mason and Slidell; remarking that in less than three months we would be at war with Great Britain, or else we would tamely submit to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and the breaking up of the blockade. Mr. Hutchins, his colleague, replied, saying that Vallandigham had heretofore been opposed to coercion as to the South, while now he is against the delivery up of Mason and Slidell, and consequently in favor of war. The position of his colleague was liable to suspicion that his belligerent attitude was one which would benefit the rebels, by causing a war between England and the United States—a war which the South desired. Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, argued in justification of the capture of Mason and Slidell. England did us grievous wrong in making the demand for them, which was unjust and insolent in spirit. She has done that which implanted in the American breast a sense of wrong, and we shall await the opportunity to strike the blow of retributive justice. The message and documents were finally referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

—FLAG-OFFICER FOOTE, with the gunboats Essex, Lexington, and Tyler, made a reconnoissance down the Mississippi River to a point within two miles of Columbus, Ky. He went within two hundred yards of the range of the rebel batteries, and on returning was fired upon by the rebel gunboat Mohawk, but her shots all fell short.

—IN the State Senate of Virginia, (rebel,) a resolution offered by Mr. Newman was adopted, appropriating so much of the public debt of the State and other securities held by resident citizens of the United States and the District of Columbia, as might be necessary to indemnify the citizens of Virginia who were loyal to the State, for losses sustained by them in consequence of any confiscation act of the Congress of the United States, or any other act growing out of the war.—*Richmond Examiner*.

—A SKIRMISH took place between a part of the Second Virginia (Union) cavalry, under Colonel Bowles, and a portion of Marshall's forces, under Shaw, three miles west of Paintsville, on Jennie

Creek, Ky. The rebels lost six killed, fourteen wounded, and seven prisoners. The Unionists lost two killed and one wounded.

Before Colonel Bowles attacked him, Humphrey Marshall addressed his men, advising the surrender of the whole force. The men refused, saying that they preferred fighting to such a cowardly course. After a skirmish Marshall's whole force fled, and three hundred picked infantry and nine Union cavalry pursued.—(Doc. 9.)

—COLONEL J. A. GARFIELD, with his brigade, consisting of the Forty-second regiment of Ohio Volunteers, the Fourth Kentucky, and three hundred of the Second Virginia cavalry, occupied the town of Paintsville, Ky. He says, in his despatch: "On hearing of my approach the main rebel force left their strongly intrenched camp and fled. I sent my cavalry to the mouth of Jennie Creek, where they attacked and drove the rebel cavalry, which had been left as a vanguard, a distance of five miles, killing three and wounding a considerable number. Marshall's whole army is now flying in confusion. He had abandoned and burned a large amount of his stores. We have taken ten prisoners. Our loss was two killed and wounded."

January 8. — This evening, while the First Kansas regiment was on its march from Sedalia to Lexington, Mo., and within a few miles of the latter place, the rear guard was fired upon from ambush, by which a sergeant of a German company, attached to the regiment, was mortally wounded, and two horses shot.—*N. Y. Commercial*, January 22.

—A. W. BRADFORD, Governor of Maryland, was inaugurated at noon to-day, at Annapolis. He made a most able and eloquent address, condemning the rebellion in the strongest terms, and expressing the utmost devotion to the Union and Constitution.

—THIS morning, Captain Latham, Company B, Second Virginia regiment, accompanied by seventeen of his men, fell in with a company of guerrillas, numbering about thirty, on the Dry Fork of Cheat River, in Randolph county, Va., and after a desperate fight of an hour's duration, completely routed them, killing six and wounding several others, and burning up their quarters and provisions. Though the numbers engaged were small, the firing was so rapid that it was distinctly heard for eight miles. The parties were within thirty steps of each other when the fight

commenced, and the rebels, owing to the superiority of their numbers and position, were so confident of success that they fought, for a time, like tigers, but were finally driven entirely off the field. Captain Latham's loss was six men wounded, as follows: Corporal Wm. Jenkins, slightly, in the arm; privates: Frederick Dopp, mortally, shot through the left breast; James M. Pfrom, severely, a ball in each leg, and one through the left hand; James Whitehair, slight wound in the head, and a ball through the right arm; John W. Leese, ball in the leg; Edward Henderson, shot in the left hand.

In a skirmish, on the night of the 5th inst., between the same parties, private A. Watts was slightly wounded in the arm.—*Wheeling Intelligencer*, January 17.

—THE Ninety-first regiment of New-York Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Jacob Van Zandt, left New-York, on board the steam transport Ericsson, for Key West, Florida.

—A BATTLE was fought, this day, at Roan's Tanyard, in Randolph county, Mo. The rebels, one thousand strong, under Colonel Poindexter, were posted in a very strong position, on the Silver Creek, at Roan's Tanyard, seven miles south of Huntsville, and seven miles west of Renick, near the residence of Joel Smith. The attack was made by Majors Torrence and Hubbard, with four hundred and eighty men, at four o'clock P. M. The rebels made but a feeble resistance, owing to the want of an efficient commander. They were routed completely, after only half an hour's resistance. In their flight they left everything; most of them losing overcoats, guns, etc. Some of their horses broke away, and others were cut loose, and but for the lateness of the hour the Federals might have secured a large number of these animals. The Federals burned the rebel camp, consisting of one hundred and five tents, twenty-five wagons, flour, meal, bacon, and an immense number of saddles, bridles, overcoats, carpet-bags, blankets; together with eighty-seven kegs of powder. The rout was most complete.—(*Doc. 10.*)

—WILLIAM F. SMITHSON, a banker in Washington, D. C., was arrested on a charge of holding communications with the rebels. He was sent to Fort Lafayette.—*N. Y. World*, January 10.

January 9.—The Provost-Marshal General, at St. Louis, Mo., issued an order, requiring all publishers of newspapers in the State of Missouri, St. Louis city papers excepted, to furnish him a

copy of each issue for inspection, and failure with such order would render the paper liable to suppression.

Great excitement occurred in the Chamber of Commerce, at St. Louis, this afternoon, on the occasion of the election of officers, which resulted in the disruption of the Chamber by the withdrawal of the Union members, who subsequently established a Union Chamber of Commerce, which will be immediately carried out. The trouble occurred in consequence of the secession members refusing by their votes to admit a number of Union applicants for membership.

—THE vessels, containing the Third and Fourth brigades of General Burnside's expedition, left Annapolis (Md.) harbor, for the rendezvous at Fortress Monroe.—*Baltimore American*, Jan. 11.

—IN the Senate of the United States, Mr. Sumner delivered an elaborate and powerful speech on the "Trent" affair.

—COL. H. ANISANSEL, commanding at Clarksburg, Va., returned to that place to-day, having been out with two companies of the First Virginia Cavalry, and three companies of infantry, in search of some military stores, which had been taken by bushwhackers, at Sutton, Va. After some time, the Colonel came up with the rebels, about thirty miles east of Sutton, killed twenty-two of them, took fifteen horses, and fifty-six head of cattle, and recaptured the greater part of the stores, though in an injured condition.—*Clarksburg Telegraph*, January 10.

January 10.—The *Trenton* (Tenn.) *Standard*, of this date, contains the following: "We regret to say that considerable evidence of disloyalty to the Confederate government has been manifested in some of the counties in West-Tennessee since the call upon the militia was made; one county (Carroll) having gone so far, we learn, as positively to refuse to submit to the detail. In Weakly county, also, we learn there was trouble on Monday last, which led to the fear that serious difficulties would occur there; but we understand that matters were settled peaceably and without bloodshed, which was at one time apprehended. In McNairy county, however, the disaffection seems to have reached its highest point, as we see from the *West-Tennessee Whig* that it was found necessary to send troops into that county to arrest some of the authorities, and to send detachments of soldiers into some of the other counties for the same purpose."

—AT Louisville, Ky., the household effects of General Simon Bolivar Buckner were offered for sale in front of the Court-House. Quite a crowd assembled, among whom were a number of persons as rampant for "their rights" as a Southern sun could make them; but still among them all there were none—no, not one—who would come forward with the amount, settle the tax bill, and prevent the sale.

Mr. Thuxton, the collector, proceeded with the sale until sufficient money had been realized to pay the taxes on Buckner's property in Louisville.—*Louisville Journal*, January 11.

—COLONEL GARFIELD left Paintsville, Ky., yesterday, in pursuit of the flying rebels, and came up with them this morning, finding them posted on an eminence, two thousand five hundred strong, with three pieces of cannon. The fight lasted throughout the day, resulting in the defeat of the rebels, who were commanded by Humphrey Marshall. About sixty rebels were killed, twenty-five taken prisoners, and ten horses with a quantity of stores captured. The principal engagement took place at the forks of Middle Creek, Ky., and the road to Prestonburg, only a few miles distant, was laid open.—(*Doc. 11.*)

—AN expedition under Generals Grant and McClelland, about five thousand strong, left Cairo, Ill., and started down the Mississippi River this afternoon. They went on the following boats: City of Memphis, Belle Memphis, Emerald with one barge, Fanny Bullitt, W. H. Brown, Alps with two barges, Keystone with two barges, Aleck Scott; and were from the Tenth Illinois regiment, Colonel Morgan; Twenty-seventh Illinois, Colonel Buford; Twenty-ninth Illinois, Colonel Reorden; Thirtieth Illinois, Colonel Fouke; Thirty-first Illinois, Colonel Logan; Forty-eighth Illinois, Colonel Kaynie; Eighteenth Illinois, Colonel Lawler; Fourth Illinois Cavalry, Colonel Dickey; and Captain Swartz's Artillery, four guns.

They took five days' cooked rations, about ninety wagons and four hundred mules, together with ambulances, tents, etc. They were landed on the Kentucky shore, eight miles below Cairo, near the mouth of Mayfield creek, and opposite Norfolk, Mo. Two gunboats—the Essex and St. Louis, accompanied them.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

—A PARTY of Kansas Indians visited Leavenworth for the purpose of ascertaining in what manner and for how long a time they could enlist in the service of the United States Government. During their stay the Chief, Y-o-to-wah, delivered

a speech in which he set forth the intentions of his fellows, and expressed the greatest desire to aid in the suppression of the rebellion.—(*Doc. 12.*)

—THE First Kansas regiment, which was sent from Sedalia, Mo., arrived at Lexington and arrested several of the most prominent and active rebels of the town, captured and destroyed about fifteen hundred hogs, which were being packed for the use of General Price's rebels, and took possession of a good deal of other valuable property.—*National Intelligencer*, January 16.

—IN the United States Senate, the reports of the Judiciary Committee, in favor of the expulsion of Waldo P. Johnson and Trusten Polk, Senators from Missouri, were taken up and unanimously adopted. A copy of the resolutions for their expulsion was ordered to be sent to the Governor of Missouri.—*New-York Times*, January 11.

—THE first auction sale of confiscated cotton from Port Royal occurred in New-York, under orders of the Government. There were seventy-nine bales in all, and the cotton sold at an average of nearly sixty cents per pound, with the exception of two out of the ten lots, (a very inferior quality,) which sold at eighteen and twenty-five cents respectively.

January 11.—The Confederate troops burned two bridges on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, at points between Munfordville and Bowling Green.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

—THIS morning three rebel boats from Columbus, Ky., attacked the gunboats Essex and St. Louis, lying off Fort Jefferson. A brisk engagement ensued for a short time, when the rebels retreated, and the national boats pursued until they reached the batteries of the enemy at Columbus.—(*Doc. 13.*)

—THE First Maryland regiment, Colonel Kenly, are strongly entrenched at Old Fort Frederick, above Hancock, where they are frequently reconnoitered at a distance by small bodies of the enemy. The Colonel has sufficient ordnance to maintain himself there, as well as to command the railroad opposite.—*Baltimore American*, Jan. 14.

—THE Florida Legislature has elected A. E. Maxwell and I. M. Baker to the Confederate Senate.—Sixty rebels, belonging to the regiment of Colonel Alexander, a prisoner in St. Louis, were captured about six miles from Sedalia, Mo.

—PICKET-SHOOTING existing to a fearful extent in the vicinity of Cairo, Ill., General Grant this

day issued the following order to General Paine, commanding the United States forces at Bird's Point: "I understand that four of our pickets were shot this morning. If this is so, and appearances indicate that the assassins were citizens not regularly organized in the rebel army, the whole country should be cleared out for six miles around, and word given that all citizens making their appearance within those limits are liable to be shot.

"To execute this, patrols should be sent out in all directions, and bring into camp at Bird's Point all citizens, together with their subsistence, and require them to remain, under penalty of death and destruction of their property, until properly relieved.

"Let no harm befall these people if they quietly submit, but bring them in and place them in camp below the breastwork, and have them properly guarded.

"The intention is not to make political prisoners of these people, but to cut off a dangerous class of spies.

"This applies to all classes and conditions, age and sex. If, however, women and children prefer other protection than we can afford them, they may be allowed to retire beyond the limits indicated—not to return until authorized."

—THE Twenty-eighth regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, under command of Colonel William Monteith, left Boston for New-York, en route for the seat of war.—*New-York Commercial*, Jan. 13.

—COLONEL GARFIELD, having defeated the rebels under Humphrey Marshall, occupied Prestonburg, Ky., to-day.

January 12.—A party of rebels, belonging to the command of Colonel Hammond, burned the dépôt and a blacksmith's shop, and took all the goods from the store of Mr. Mustain, at Horse Cave, Ky. They also burned the Woodland Dépôt at Cave City, the Cave City Hotel, and stables. The citizens at all those points were notified, and escaped to Munfordville, as the rebels stated that they intended to return on Monday night and burn every house that could be used by the Union army in its advance as a hospital or quarters. They also burned up all the hay, oats, and fodder-stacks along the road, and drove off or killed all the cattle, horses, and mules to be found.

—A NEPHEW of the rebel General Polk was

arrested to-day near Blandville, Ky., by one of the National scouting parties. He had despatches in his possession to spies at Columbus, Ky.—*N. Y. Herald*, January 14.

—THE United States sloop-of-war Pensacola ran the rebel batteries at Cockpit and Shipping Points, on the Potomac, this morning, and reached the open sea without having been touched by shot or shell.

—A RECONNOITERING party under command of Lieutenant W. T. Truxton, U. S. N., left St. Helena Sound, S. C., day before yesterday, and visited Bailey's Island, but found it entirely deserted, though well stocked with cattle, sheep, and horses. They visited many fine plantations, and yesterday marched to Bailey's Landing on the North-Edisto River, but met with no adventures. They returned to the Sound this afternoon.

—THE advance of General Burnside's Expedition to the coast of North-Carolina, sailed from Fortress Monroe, Va.

—THE Twenty-fourth regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Grigsby, passed through Louisville, on the way to the seat of war.—*Louisville Journal*, January 13.

—BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIGEL issued an address to the officers of his command in camp near Rolla, Mo., instructing them to give continuous and strict attention to all matters relative to the condition and treatment of the sick. He also directed the commanders of companies to occupy their commands by regular drills, and by practical and theoretical instruction in military affairs. The officers of regiments were recommended to form military associations for discussing all subjects relative to their common interest and the good of the public service. Such a course, the General thinks calculated to produce harmony of action and feeling among the officers of the same regiment.—(*Doc. 14.*)

January 13.—The New-York State Senate to-day passed a resolution requesting President Lincoln to make arrangements for the immediate exchange of prisoners. Bills were introduced in the House appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars to furnish the prisoners of the State held by the rebels with provisions, etc., and to support the volunteers' families by a State tax; also, a resolution asking Congress for an appropriation for harbor and border defences.

—SIMON CAMERON resigned his position as Secretary of War to-day.—Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania, was appointed to fill his place.—*N. Y. Tribune, January 14.*

—THE steamship Constitution with the Maine Twelfth and the Bay State regiments, sailed from Boston, Mass., at seven o'clock this morning for Fortress Monroe.

January 14.—In the United States Senate a communication was received from the President, transmitting a copy of the instructions received by the Austrian Minister from his government relative to the Trent affair, and the reply of Mr. Seward thereto.

—GOVERNOR TOD, of Ohio, was inaugurated at Columbus, and delivered his message. He expressed the fullest confidence in the President of the United States, and commended his conduct of the war for the Union.

—THE Seventh regiment New-Hampshire Volunteers, numbering one thousand and twenty men, rank and file, under the command of Colonel H. S. Putnam, left Manchester for the seat of war. This regiment, composed of intelligent, hardy men, was recruited by Lieutenant-Colonel Abbott, under direct authority from the United States Government.

Previous to their departure, the citizens turned out *en masse* and tendered the soldiers a fitting ovation, the Eighth regiment escorting them to the cars, where an appropriate address was delivered by N. S. Berry, Governor of the State.

—D. W. C. BONHAM, Colonel commanding the Twenty-third regiment of Mississippi troops, died at Camp Beauregard, Kentucky.

—THE gunboats Essex, St. Louis, and Tyler made a reconnoissance down the Mississippi river to-day. They approached within a mile and a half of Columbus, Ky., and fired several shots into the rebel camps. The rebels returned the fire from three or four guns without doing any damage. No obstruction in the river nor masked batteries on shore were discovered.

—GENERAL M'CLERNAND's column moved in the direction of Blandville, Ky., to-day.—General Paine's force moved forward this morning from Bird's Point, Mo.

January 15.—This day, the steamers blockading the Rappahannock River, observed a schooner coming out of Thompson's Creek, about a mile and a half from the mouth of the river,

and standing up the river, as if to make away from the gunboats, keeping close to the shore. The Mystic was ordered to give chase, and succeeded in beaching the schooner, when the crew of the latter vessel deserted her, and made the shore in safety.

Two boats were lowered from the Mystic, and the tars took possession of the schooner, when they were fired on by a party of rebels, some five hundred yards distant, with canister, apparently from a howitzer. The balls passed over them, and no one was injured. The Mystic then opened fire, and shelled the surrounding woods, covering the retreat of the boats.

The gunboat Dawn then moved up to assist the Mystic, and fired four shells at different points, without any reply being made by the rebels. The Dawn then proceeded higher up the river, and closer into shore, when she was fired on from a rifled piece, placed some distance up the beach. No damage was done, however, and it was discovered that the rebels had a howitzer and a rifled cannon, which they were moving up or down as necessary, and that no battery was to be found.

The schooner was burned, and the gunboats returned to their station at the mouth of the river.

—A CORRESPONDENCE has passed between Price, commanding the rebels in Southern Missouri, and General Halleck, in command of the Department of the Missouri, in reference to the disposal of bridge-burners, and other rebels, captured by the Federal forces. Price states that he has information that certain citizens, soldiers, and bridge-burners, have been shot, which statement he can not believe. Nevertheless, he propounds certain questions to General Halleck, the first of which is, whether his men are to be treated as rebels or belligerents. General Halleck replies, that the bridge-burners have been court-martialed, and that "no order of yours (Price's) can save from punishment spies, marauders, robbers, incendiaries, guerrilla bands, etc., who violate the laws of war." But if any of Price's men are captured in the garb of soldiers, they shall be treated as prisoners of war. He promises further communication with Price, when he shall receive instructions from his Government.

—EDWIN M. STANTON's nomination, as Secretary of War, was confirmed. Mr. Lincoln's nomination of Mr. Stanton was received with great

favor by the loyal Democratic press. They regarded it as an indication of a more cordial union of parties, in the great work of sustaining the Government.

—THE Second regiment of Ohio Cavalry, (Ben. Wade Brigade,) under the command of Colonel Doubleday, passed through Cincinnati, on their way to Leavenworth, Kansas. The regiment numbers one thousand two hundred and forty men, with one thousand one hundred and eighty-four horses. — *Cincinnati Gazette*, January 16.

—THE following notice was published in Barren County, Ky., this day :

"All free white males of Barren County, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, who will not volunteer in the Confederate service, who have a gun or guns, are required to deliver said gun or guns, within twenty days, in Glasgow, Ky., at the office of the undersigned, Inspector of Arms for Barren County. All persons, within the ages above named, who have taxable property to the value of five hundred dollars, and upwards, who have no gun, will attend at the office aforesaid, at the time aforesaid, and make oath to the same, and pay twenty dollars. For which amount, and all guns that are delivered, the said inspector will receipt; which receipt will be evidence of debt against said Confederate Government. All persons, failing to comply with this requisition, will subject themselves to a fine of fifty dollars, and imprisonment until said fine is paid. The undersigned is authorized to receive, accept and qualify, volunteers for the Confederate service, for the term of twelve months.

Z. McDANIEL,

Inspector of Arms, Barren County.

January 16. — The Florida Legislature has passed an act forbidding the exportation from that State of any beef cattle, dried or pickled beef, hogs, pork, or bacon, corn, or corn meal, or salt, or provisions of any kind, whether salt or fresh. The act also forbids any person or corporation from buying these articles for purposes of speculation, and provides that all provisions of life shall be sold at a price not to exceed over thirty-three per cent over cost and charges.

—AN imposing demonstration of the Germans of New-York, in favor of General Franz Sigel, was held in that city this evening. Resolutions expressive of the highest confidence in the General were unanimously adopted, and enthusiastic

speeches were made by R. A. Witthaus, and other public personages. — (Doc. 15.)

—Two companies of cavalry made a reconnoissance from Lexington, Mo., and succeeded in capturing several notorious rebel desperadoes, together with a large lot of horses, mules, wagons, and commissary stores, which had been taken from Colonel Mulligan's command, and a considerable quantity of boots and shoes, which the rebels took from the steamer Sunshine.

—COLONEL DIETZLER, in command at Lexington, ordered the arrest of a large number of wealthy and influential secessionists, whom he held responsible for the conduct of their hirelings in assassinating his men.

—IN the House of Representatives at Washington, Mr. Dunn, from the Military Committee, reported a bill authorizing and directing the Secretary of War to furnish the prisoners of the United States, in the revolted States, with clothing and other necessities of life, and for this purpose that he employ such agents as may be necessary. The bill was passed.

—THE *Richmond Examiner* of this date has the following: "The report of the keeper of Holywood Cemetery that up to the 12th inst., five hundred and forty Confederate soldiers had been buried at that place, was one well calculated to induce reflections of an unpleasant nature. To account for this seeming excessive mortality among our brave defenders, we may state that, to within a very recent period, it had been the practice in the army of the Potomac to retain all sick and disabled soldiers in the scanty and ill-provided hospitals at that place, till, from want of skill, the virulence of the disease, exposure, or some other cause, they were past the power of human skill. When the soldier was thus reduced he was despatched to Richmond. It may in truth be stated, that many who thus came were as good as dead on their arrival. The parties having charge of the hospital here have shown neither want of attention or skill. The soldiers, or many of them, when received, were past hope. No wonder that they died. The matter having attracted the attention of those in authority, steps have been taken tending to give the sick soldier a chance for his life, as we learn it is not contemplated in future to bundle them off from Manassas after the sands of life have so nearly run out as to leave the subject one chance in a hundred of surviving the journey to Rich-





Eng^d by A. H. Ritchie.

MAJ. GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.
"CONFEDERATE" ARMY.

NEWYORK: G. P. PUTNAM.

mond. A hospital, with all the necessary adjuncts, has been established at or near Manassas. In this all sick and disabled soldiers will be taken for treatment. When sufficiently convalescent to bear the fatigue of a journey to this place, and not before, he will be sent down in the sick train to be either cured, killed, or discharged here. This is as it should be."

January 17.—One hundred and fifty prisoners, released from the rebel government at Richmond, Va., arrived at Fortress Monroe. All of them were convalescents from the hospital. About twenty had crutches, and a dozen had to be carried on board, some on cots. All of them had been wounded. Dr. Higginbotham accompanied them, and the men were loud in commendation of his uniform kindness to them, and after cordially grasping his hand in taking leave of him, they gave him three enthusiastic cheers. They then saluted the old Stars and Stripes with a burst of enthusiasm that brought tears to the eyes, many waving their crutches above their heads. On the way back the wharves and embankments at Newport News were thronged with soldiers who greeted the released prisoners with tremendous cheers. The Cumberland and Congress, lying in the Roads, were also manned and gave a most enthusiastic greeting to the prisoners.

—THIS night, at Lynchburgh, Va., the Confederate flag, which had been flying from the yard of John O. L. Goggin, was forcibly torn down by some traitorous scoundrel, the flag-staff broken in two, and the cord by which the flag was hoisted cut up into small fragments. The flag itself was torn into tatters, and from its appearance, when found, would seem to indicate that the guilty party desired particularly to strip the stars from it, as not a vestige of any of them was left. The act was a mean and despicable one, and proves conclusively that there is at least one Lincolnite in our midst, for no one, we feel sure, with one speck of Southern spirit could have been guilty of such an act.—*Lynchburgh Republican, January 18.*

—THE Burnside Expedition, which left Fortress Monroe on the 11th and 12th, arrived at Hatteras, N. C., having met with a severe storm and adverse winds.

—THIS day about four o'clock the steamer Connecticut spoke a small steamer off Juniper Inlet, on the Florida coast. She promptly dis-

played a suspiciously new British ensign, which told the whole story—she had no name on her stern. She proved to be the Emma, (or, as some of the crew call her, the Onward, that being the name they shipped under,) that ran the blockade at Apalachicola in November last. She had been to Havana and taken a cargo of cotton and other stores, in value, according to the invoice found on board, twelve thousand dollars. The captain denied all knowledge of the intentions of the owners. He and the crew, he said, were shipped for St. John's, N. B. Some correspondence was found, sufficient to condemn her; one paper was a telegraphic despatch stating the "blockade was open and the coast clear" at Apalachicola. This was at the time she slipped out. The Connecticut took possession of her as a prize.

—THE Fortification Bill passed the United States House of Representatives to-day, appropriating an aggregate of five millions nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Among the appropriations were one hundred thousand dollars for Fort Knox, on Penobscot River; one hundred thousand dollars for fort on Hog Island, Portland harbor; seventy-five thousand dollars for Fort Warren, and fifty thousand dollars for Fort Winthrop, Boston harbor; one hundred thousand dollars for the fort in New-Bedford harbor. The appropriation also included the following for the year 1862: fifty thousand dollars for Fort Knox; fifty thousand dollars for Hog Island Fort; fifty thousand dollars for Fort Winthrop and exterior batteries; fifty thousand dollars for fort at New-Bedford; fifty thousand dollars for Fort Adams, Newport.

—THE Seventy-sixth Regiment New-York State Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Green, and two artillery companies, commanded by Captains von Puttakamer and Ellis, left Albany for the seat of war. They were reviewed in the Park by Governor Morgan, and addressed by Governor Pierce, of Ulster, before their departure. They are a fine body of men, and number one thousand and three hundred strong.

—NAVIGATION of the Mississippi River was entirely suspended at St. Louis in consequence of the gorging of the ice twenty miles below the city, extending to a point some distance from there, the ferry-boats not being able to run, and the ice not being sufficiently strong to bear heavy weights.

—A FLAG of truce from Fortress Monroe to the rebels took to-day the following released prisoners: Colonel Pegram, Captain Sutton, Lieutenant A. C. Bell, Captain Tansill, Lieutenant John W. Pool, Lieutenant J. C. Lassell, Dr. R. W. Jeffreys and Captain L. J. Johnson.

January 18.—John Tyler died at Richmond, Va., in his seventy-second year, having been born in 1790. He was a native of Charles City County, Va. On reaching his majority, he was elected to the Legislature of that State, and five years subsequently to the House of Representatives. In 1836, he was chosen Governor; but served only a year and a half, having been sent to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy. This spring-tide of promotion continued until 1840, when he received the nomination for Vice-President from the Whig party. The death of General Harrison opened the White House to Mr. Tyler, soon after which, by turning his back upon the party which had placed him in power, he added a new term to the political vocabulary.

The great events of his administration were the vetoing of the United States Bank Bill, and the making of preparations for admitting Texas—a measure which was brought about shortly after his retirement, in 1845. Since that date Mr. Tyler lived on his plantation, near the village of Hampton, Va. The commotions of last winter brought him out of obscurity, when he acted the part of a peace-maker for some time, previous to his allying himself with the rebel faction.—*N. Y. Commercial*, *January 21*.

—CAPTAIN PHELPS, with the gunboat *Conestoga*, made a reconnoissance, from Cairo, Ill., up the Tennessee River to-day, and shelled a point just below Fort Henry, where a masked battery was supposed to be, but did not succeed in drawing its fire.

—CAPTAINS MURDOCK and Webster returned to Cairo last night, from an expedition to Bloomfield, Mo. It was a complete success. They captured forty of the rebels, among them one lieutenant-colonel, two surgeons, one adjutant and three captains.

January 19.—A battle took place to-day at Mill Springs, near Somerset, Ky., between the National forces under command of General Geo. H. Thomas, and the rebel forces, commanded by General F. K. Zollicoffer, resulting in the utter rout and defeat of the rebels. The Confederates commenced the attack at half-past five in the morning. The fight lasted till late in the afternoon,

when the rebels were driven off the field in great confusion, their leader, General Zollicoffer, being among the slain. On reaching their entrenchments, a few miles distant from the scene of action, they were cannonaded until dark, by the National batteries, and during the night succeeded in making good their escape across the Cumberland River. About one hundred and fifty rebel prisoners were taken, and ten guns, about one hundred wagons, upwards of twelve hundred horses and mules, large quantities of small arms, with subsistence and hospital stores captured. Besides these a large number of flags were taken on the field of battle, and in the deserted entrenchments.—(*Doc. 16.*)

—THIS evening the United States gunboat *Itasca* captured the schooner *Lizzie Weston*, of Apalachicola, Fla., loaded with two hundred and ninety-three bales of cotton, one hundred and fifty-two thousand five hundred pounds, bound for Jamaica or a market. She was sent in charge of a prize crew to Philadelphia.

—COLONEL WILLIAMS' regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry passed through Louisville, Ky., on their way to Munfordville, where they will take a position a few miles beyond Green River. They are well supplied with arms, though their horses are not generally up to the requirements of active service.—*Louisville Journal*, *January 20*.

January 20.—The Confederate schooner *Wilder*, from Havana, was captured in Mobile (Ala.) Bay, three miles below Fort Morgan. The schooner, seeing the Union cruiser approach, made for the beach, but had no time to save any thing before the cruiser came within range.

The Unionists lowered their launches, boarded the schooner, lowered the colors, and commenced discharging the cargo into their launches within three hundred yards of the beach. Capt. Ward, of the *Wilder*, says he had set English colors before he left. As regards the fight, he says that the enemy came up in their launches. Some of Capt. William Cottrill's scouts met them and fired a few volleys, but did little or no damage. A despatch was sent to the Captain, who came down at about eight o'clock in the evening with reinforcements, and went into the engagement in good earnest, killing about twenty-five or thirty, that is, all that were in one launch, and some others in another launch. The Unionists fired several rounds of shots and shells from the steamer, and also several rounds from the howitzers on the launches and musketry, but not doing the slightest dam-

age to any one on our side. One of the steamers drew off, and her place was filled by another, which also took part in the engagement, but with no effect. At night the steamer came alongside and towed the schooner off. Afterward, Captain Cottrill's men picked up one of their small-boats, which was pierced from stem to stern with bullets.—*Mobile Tribune*.

—DR. GEORGE BLACKNALL, a surgeon in the rebel navy, died at Norfolk, Va., this day. He was, before his death, in charge of the general hospital at the above place.

—THE Secretary of War, at Washington, this day issued the following:

This Department recognizes as the first of its duties to take measures for the relief of the brave men who, having imperilled their lives in the military service of the Government, are now prisoners and captives. It is, therefore, ordered that two Commissioners be appointed to visit the city of Richmond, in Virginia, and wherever else prisoners belonging to the army of the United States may be held, and there take such measures as may be needful, to provide for the wants and contribute to the comfort of such prisoners at the expense of the United States and to such extent as may be permitted by the authorities under whom such prisoners are held.

—THE Eighty-first New-York regiment, Colonel Edmund Rose, left Fort Ontario this morning for Albany, *en route* to the seat of war.

—THE *Richmond Examiner*, of this day, has the following:

The times when the cat-o'-nine-tails was the instrument of naval discipline, and soldiers were strapped to the ground, and their backs mangled with the scourge, have passed, for us at least, into the traditions of another generation. We are shocked, however, to hear that a navy punishment has been invented in our army which surpasses the horrors of the scourge, and has borrowed its suggestion from the punishments of the Inquisition. It is the thumb torture.

The mode of punishment is to hang the soldier by stramps on the thumb, so that his toes may scarcely touch the ground, and the weight of his body depend from the strained ligaments. We are informed, by testimony that does not admit of question, that this horrid punishment has been practised in a portion of the army on the Potomac, and has been witnessed in the case of two or three men subjected to the torture.

January 21.—The expedition which left Cairo, Ill., on the 10th inst., consisting of nearly five thousand men of all arms of the service, under command of Brigadier-General McClelland, returned to camp to-day, having been absent about ten days. The object of the expedition was to penetrate the interior of Kentucky, in the neighborhood of Columbus, on the Mississippi, and towards Mayfield and Camp Beauregard. The expedition was highly successful, having reconnoitered the country within a mile and a half of the enemy's entrenchments at Columbus, by which fears of an attack were excited in the rebel camps. Several mounted rebel pickets were taken prisoners during various reconnoissances on the way; rebel couriers from Columbus were captured, and a number of roads, not mentioned on the maps, were discovered. The enemy's position at Columbus was fully ascertained, and the existence of many loyal citizens proved.—(*Doc. 17.*)

—A REPORT by Adjutant-General Harding to Governor Gamble, shows that thirty-three thousand eight hundred and eighty-two Missouri troops have entered the Federal service for three years, or during the war; of which twenty-five thousand are infantry, three thousand artillery, and six thousand cavalry. The number of militia organized under the Governor's call for six months men is upward of six thousand.

—LIEUTENANT AMMEN, commanding United States gunboat Seneca, reported to Commodore Dupont that the negroes in the neighborhood of Port Royal, S. C., were anxious to obtain arms, confident of their ability to use them with effect.

January 22.—The *Memphis Argus* of this date holds the following language: "We are every day called upon to record the farcical freaks of Federal legislation, that transpire in the Lincoln Congress, as a part of the extraordinary history of the times. The bills proposing the indiscriminate confiscation of Southern property, and the disfranchisement of Southern citizens, have been already alluded to by us as measures of atrocity such as no truly civilized and Christian nation could endorse. We notice from the late Northern papers, that this pretended right of legislation for the Confederate States is still claimed by the Washington Parliament, and that we are to have a happy exemplification of it in a bill which one Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio,

has announced that he will soon introduce into the lower house of that august body.

"This measure very humanely proposes that the enlightened and Christian North shall assume complete control over the ignorant and barbarous South, reducing all her States to the condition of a territorial or provincial government, and then immediately abolish slavery within their limits. This is another specimen of that wild and ferocious fanaticism which has seized on the Northern mind since the war began—a fanaticism which neither thinks, nor hears, nor sees, but feels, and raves, and burns. If Congress passes the measure, which is a more violent form of the bill introduced by Senator Baker, last fall, in the upper house of that body, the world may well regard it as an imitation of the vile and unmitigated iron despotism which Russia once maintained over Poland, and Austria over Hungary. But, happily for the South, the issue is not now one of legislation, but of the sword—not one of the ballot, but of the bayonet. The more violent and ultra the measures introduced into the Lincoln Congress, the deeper the gulf between the Northern and Southern people for all future time."

—THE Ninth German regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Solomon, who so greatly distinguished himself under General Sigel at Springfield, Mo., left Milwaukee to-day for Fort Leavenworth, well armed and equipped.

—A PROCLAMATION was issued to-day at Hatteras, N. C., by Marble Nash Taylor, loyal Provisional Governor of North-Carolina, congratulating the people of his State upon their deliverance from rebel thralldom by the "invincible arms of the Republic." He calls upon all well-disposed persons to coöperate with this friendly army in restoring to their commonwealth the "ancient and inalienable rights" so recently lost. For this purpose, he announces the establishment of a Provisional Government for North-Carolina, and appoints the 22d of February, an anniversary so sacred, as the day on which the ordinances of the Convention of November 18, 1861, will be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection. In order, also, that the State may resume her participation in the councils of the Union, he directs that, "upon the same day aforesaid, the polls be opened for the election of representatives in the Congress of the United States to fill existing vacancies."—(*Doc. 18.*)

January 23.—The rebel steamer Calhoun was captured off the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River. Previous to leaving her the rebels set her on fire, which was with difficulty extinguished.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—A FORCE of one hundred rebel cavalry entered Blandville, Ky., and carried off the books and records of the county. The captain of the band made a speech to the inhabitants, in which he said that the rebel citizens who shall or have suffered from the incursions of a Union army, shall be reimbursed by levies upon Union men.

—SEVERAL of the Secessionists of St. Louis, Mo., who were assessed for the benefit of the southwestern fugitives, by order of Major-General Halleck, having failed to pay their assessments, their property has been seized under an execution to satisfy the assessment, with twenty-five per cent additional, according to General Order No. 24.

To-day Samuel Engler, a prominent merchant, and one of those assessed, had a writ of replevin served on the Provost-Marshal, for the property seized from him, whereupon he and his attorney, Nathaniel Cox, were arrested and lodged in the military prison.

General Halleck issued a special order, directing the Provost-Marshal General to send Mr. Engler beyond the lines of the Department of Missouri, and to notify him not to return without permission from the commanding General, under the penalty of being punished according to the laws of war.

General Halleck adds: Martial law having been declared in this city by authority of the President of the United States, all the civil authorities, of whatever name or office, are hereby notified that any attempt on their part to interfere with the execution of any order from these headquarters, or impede, molest, or trouble any officer duly appointed to carry such order into effect, will be regarded as a military offence and punished accordingly.

The Provost-Marshal General will arrest each and every person, of whatever rank or office, who attempts in any way to prevent or interfere with the execution of any order issued from these headquarters. He will call upon the commanding officer of the Department of St. Louis for any military assistance he may require.

—THE second stone-fleet was sunk in Maffit's Channel, Charleston, S. C., harbor.

January 24.—A large meeting was held at the St. Charles' Hotel, in New Orleans, La., for the purpose of expressing regret at the death of General Zollicoffer. Colonel Andrew Erwin was called to the chair, and Mr. H. L. Goodrich requested to act as Secretary. On motion, the Chairman appointed the following Committee, to draft resolutions: Colonel J. G. Pickett, Major-General Lovell, Brigadier-General Ruggles, Commodore Hollins, W. A. Johnson, A. L. Davis, W. J. Barry, Alexander Fall, D. M. Hildreth, M. Hilcher, and J. C. Goodrich; which reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we have received the intelligence of the death of General Felix K. Zollicoffer, with feelings of the profoundest sorrow, and lament his untimely end as an irreparable loss to the cause for which he heroically gave his life. In private life, or in discharging public duties, we always found him an incorruptible patriot. Cool and collected amidst troubles, he was unfaltering in the execution of his purposes. No man, since General Andrew Jackson, enjoyed, so completely, the confidence and undivided esteem of the people of Tennessee.

Resolved, That we mourn his death as a great public loss, which is only relieved by the recollection that he fell fighting bravely at the head of his column, against the invaders of his country.

—THE Second Maryland regiment, under the command of Colonel John Sommer, who have been encamped some time at Pikesville, Baltimore county, arrived at Annapolis, about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, in the steamer Columbia, and marched immediately to the Naval School, where they took up their quarters. The regiment presented quite a fine appearance as they marched through the streets, and looked as if they were glad of the prospect of more active duties. — The Forty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, Colonel T. C. Goode, also arrived about ten o'clock last evening, from Washington, in a special train, and took quarters in the Naval School.

—THE Union light-boat, stationed near the Middle Ground, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, went ashore at the Pleasure House beach, near Cape Henry, and, with its crew, consisting of seven men, was captured by the rebels.

—Two rebel vessels, with valuable cargoes of cotton, attempted to run the blockade, off Pass à l'Outre, at the mouth of the Mississippi, this morning, but having got aground, were set on fire, and burned to the water's edge.

January 25. — William H. Seward, Secretary of State, issued an order to the Marshal of the District of Columbia, directing him "not to receive into custody any persons claimed to be held to service or labor within the District, or elsewhere, and not charged with any crime or misdemeanor, unless upon arrest or commitment, pursuant to law, as fugitives from such service or labor:" and "not to retain any such fugitives in custody beyond a period of thirty days from their arrest and commitment, unless by special order of competent civil authority." The order was to be enforced ten days after its publication, and had no relation to arrests made by military authority.—(*Doc. 19.*)

—THE Twentieth regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Sanders D. Bruce, left Camp Wallace, for the seat of war.—*Louisville Journal*, January 25.

—THE Eighth regiment of New-Hampshire Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Fearing, left Manchester for the seat of war.

—GOVERNOR PIERPONT declared all the civil offices, on the Eastern shore of Virginia, vacant, and the Commanding General of the Federal forces, stationed on the Peninsula, issued a proclamation requesting the people to elect others.—*National Intelligencer*, January 25.

—THE Wisconsin First Battery, Captain J. F. Foster, and the Wisconsin Third Battery, Captain Drury, arrived at Louisville, Ky. The batteries number three hundred men and twelve guns, and are splendidly equipped. The guns are six pounders, and twelve-pounder howitzers. Some of the members were armed with rifled yagers — saber bayonets.—*Louisville Journal*, Jan. 27.

—THE *Petersburgh Express*, of this date, contains the following: "An order, signed by John Withers, Assistant Adjutant General, has issued from the Inspector General's office, at Richmond, Va. The two hundred and fifty Confederate States troops, ten officers, and two hundred and forty non-commissioned officers and privates, who were captured by the United States troops at Hatteras, N. C., subsequently released from Fort Warren, Boston harbor, and released on parole by General Wool, United States Army, are hereby released from said parole, and will immediately report for duty with their respective companies, General Wool having acknowledged, in exchange, the receipt of a like number of United States prisoners, sent to Fortress Monroe, Va., by the Confederate Government.

—THE Fifty-fifth regiment of Illinois volunteers, under the command of Colonel M. M. Baine, arrived at Cairo, Ill., *en route* for the seat of war. —*Cincinnati Gazette*, January 27.

January 26.—A force consisting of Willich's Indiana regiment, Colonel Starkweather's Wisconsin regiment and a company of Indiana cavalry, Captain Gaddis, made a reconnoissance from Camp George Wood, near Munfordville, Ky., in the direction of the enemy. Willich's regiment and the cavalry penetrated to Horse Cave, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, eight miles beyond Green River. Colonel Starkweather's regiment was placed in reserve about four miles out. Willich learned that Hindman had recently advanced with his brigade and had encamped only three miles beyond Horse Cave. The railroad track was destroyed in places up to and within five miles of the national camp, and the turnpike was blocked up by trees which the rebels had felled across the road for a distance of four miles this side of Horse Cave. Several reservoirs of water, which they passed, filled the air for some distance around with stench arising from the decaying cattle and hogs the rebels had thrown into them. —*Cincinnati Gazette*, January 31.

—THIS day was celebrated at New-Orleans as the anniversary of the secession of Louisiana from the United States. A parade of about fifteen thousand men took place, after which the Governor and principal officers partook of a collation at the St. Charles' Hotel; the great sentiment of the occasion being the Independence of Louisiana. —*New-Orleans Picayune*, January 27.

—AT St. Louis, Mo., General Halleck issued a special order directing the President, and other officers of the St. Louis Mercantile Association and the Chamber of Commerce, to take the oath of allegiance prescribed by law. In case of failure to do so for the space of ten days, the officer so failing shall be deemed to have resigned; and if he attempts to exercise the functions of his office, he shall be arrested for contempt and punished according to the laws of war. —(*Doc.* 20.)

—THE Southern expedition left Port Royal, S. C., and consisted of all the light-draft steamers, light gunboats, and eight thousand troops. The object supposed to be an attack on Savannah, commencing with Fort Pulaski.

—OFFICIAL despatches received at St. Louis, Mo., from the expedition sent from Cape Girardeau to Benton and Bloomfield. It captured

Lieutenant-Colonel Farmer and eleven other officers and sixty-eight privates, with a quantity of arms, horses, saddles, etc. Most of the rebel officers were surprised and captured in a ball-room. —*General Halleck's Despatch*.

January 27.—In a speech delivered on the opening of the French Legislative Session to-day, the Emperor Napoleon made use of the following language in alluding to American affairs: "The civil war which desolates America has seriously compromised our commercial interests. Nevertheless, so long as the rights of neutrals are respected, we must confine ourselves to the utterance of wishes that these dissensions may soon be terminated."

—IN the Western Virginia Legislature a proposition was introduced to provide that no slave should be brought into the new State, and that all children born to slaves after July 4, 1865, should be free. The State was, also, to take measures for the apprenticeship of these children. The proposition was referred to the Committee on General Provisions.

—THE following order was issued from the War Department, at Washington, to-day:

"Ordered, that the Rev. Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New-York, be and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to visit the prisoners belonging to the army of the United States now in captivity at Richmond, Virginia, and elsewhere, and under such regulations as may be prescribed by the authorities having custody of such prisoners, relieve their necessities, and provide for their comfort, at the expense of the United States, in pursuance of the order heretofore made on this subject, and that said Commissioners be requested immediately to signify by telegraph to the department their acceptance or refusal of this appointment, and report in person at Washington without delay.*

* The *Norfolk Day-Book* of January 30th says of this appointment: The Hon. Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, who succeeds General Cameron in King Lincoln's war office, favors us with a remarkable document, the cool effrontery of which excites our unqualified admiration. This document published in our issue of yesterday, after reciting the heroic services of the prisoners now in our hands, goes on *sic*:

"It is therefore ordered that two Commissioners be appointed to visit the city of Richmond, in Virginia, and wherever else prisoners belonging to the United States army may be held."

The exquisite modesty of this proposition to send official inspectors of our defences and general condition entitle Mr. Stanton to the reputation of being the most impudent man among all King Lincoln's proverbially impudent subjects.

The distinction has been earned—let it be awarded.

—DIPLOMATIC correspondence passed between Earl Russell and Secretary Seward, in which the former condemns in strong terms the fact of the British schooner *James Campbell*, captured for a breach of the blockade, having been brought to New-York with the British flag flying under that of the United States. Mr. Seward replies that the unseemly act was occasioned by a misapprehension of his duty on the part of the Federal officer who directed it, and that orders have been issued to prevent a repetition of the same.

January 28.—In the United States Senate a petition from citizens of Illinois, asking Congress not to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and asking for the expulsion of members who advocate it, was presented by Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware.

A resolution was offered by Mr. Foster, of Connecticut, and adopted, asking the Secretary of the Treasury whether any further legislation is necessary in order to take charge of the cotton and other lands of South-Carolina, now in possession of the Government, and to place them under cultivation, and also in relation to the blacks in these localities.

—RECONNOISSANCES from Port Royal, S. C., having discovered the fact that the Savannah River, Ga., could be entered some distance above its mouth, and Fort Pulaski, commanding the entrance, flanked and cut off from all communication with the city of Savannah, an expedition of United States gunboats, under command of Captain C. H. Davis, U.S.N., and Captain C. R. P. Rodgers, U.S.N., was despatched yesterday for the purpose of entering the Savannah River in the rear of the Fort. Captain Davis's detachment followed the Wilmington Narrows on the south side of the river, while Captain Rodgers sailed up Wall's Cut, and thence into Wright River, on the north side. The two expeditions appeared this morning on opposite sides of the savannah, both being detained by piles driven in to oppose their progress, or by the shallowness of the water. While in this position, Commodore Tatnall, of the Confederate Navy, came down the savannah with five rebel gunboats, and a fleet of lighters in tow with provisions for Fort Pulaski. The national gunboats immediately opened fire on him, and a triangular engagement took place, during which three rebel boats succeeded in reaching the Fort, and discharging their lighters. They then returned and passed between the National fleets, being nearly two miles distant from each, up the river. No

damage was sustained by the National gunboats during the fight.—(*Doc. 21.*)

—A DIVISION of the Union troops in Missouri, under command of Jeff. C. Davis, left Versailles on the march towards Springfield. The division comprised the Eighth and Twenty-second Indiana, the Thirty-seventh Illinois and Ninth Missouri, accompanied by two batteries of twenty-four pieces, and three companies of cavalry under Major Hubbard.

January 29.—At sundown last night General Heintzelman sent fifty of the New-York Thirty-seventh, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Burke, to capture some rebels, who were at Porter's, near Occoquan Bridge, Va. They had to march ten to eleven miles through mud, and reached there about one o'clock this morning. A dance was progressing in the house, which was frame, and covered with clapboards. A gun was fired, and they were ordered to surrender. They immediately refused, and opened fire on the National troops through a window, and then made port-holes through the sides, hoping that their firing would be heard by their comrades, and aid come to them. After considerable random firing, a whole platoon fired through the weather-boards, and in a few minutes afterwards the firing ceased, and some one cried out they had surrendered. On examination it was found that inside were bodies of nine privates and one major, of the Texan Rangers, and one civilian dead. The man of the house, Porter, about seventy years old, was taken up-stairs, with a musket, which he had been using from a window. The one who surrendered was a civilian, and he said he had been fiddling for a stag-dance; that he was a Union man, and did not fire a gun, but wanted them to surrender at first. The Nationals had one man killed and four wounded. They had the advantage of darkness to cover them, and only could be seen when a gun flashed in firing, while they never put out their lights. Thus not a rebel escaped to tell the tale, unless they had some outside as pickets.*

* The following acknowledgments of bravery in this action were made public soon after it occurred:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1862. }

Special Order, No. 31:

The Commanding General thanks Lieutenant-Colonel John Burke, Thirty-seventh New-York Volunteers, and the handful of brave men of that regiment, and the First New-Jersey Cavalry, under his command, for their services in the affair at Lee's house, on Belmont or Occoquan Bay, on the night of the 28th inst. Their coolness under fire, and the discretion and judgment displayed by Lieutenant-Colonel Burke, have won the

—MASON and Slidell arrived at Southampton, Eng., this morning. They embarked on board the British ship *Rinaldo*, at Boston, bound for Halifax. Owing to a furious gale, the *Rinaldo* could not make Halifax, and after trying ineffectually for four days to do so, she ran for Bermuda. Here the English admiral offered to send the commissioners home in Her Majesty's ship *Racer*, or convey them to St. Thomas to catch the West-India packet. The latter course was preferred.

They acknowledge having been treated in the most handsome manner on board the *Rinaldo*, and at Bermuda by the British authorities.

They were received at Southampton by the officers of the Confederate steamer *Nashville* and other gentlemen. A large crowd gathered together in the dock to catch a glimpse of men who had caused such anxiety, but no demonstration was made on their landing.—*Manchester Guardian*, January 30.

—THE Twelfth regiment of Iowa Volunteers, under command of Colonel Jackson J. Wood, arrived at Smithland, Ky., to-day.

—THE House of Delegates of Virginia passed resolutions in secret session, thanking, in appropriate terms, General Jos. E. Johnson for his distinguished services, and conferring, as a slight testimonial of appreciation by the Legislature, the right for life of annually appointing two cadets to the State Military Institute.—*Norfolk Day Book*, January 31.

—THE rebel Major-General Earl Van Dorn, issued an order assuming command of the Trans-Mississippi District Department, embracing the State of Arkansas, part of the State of Missouri, the Indian Territory west of Arkansas, and the

confidence of the Commanding General, who recognizes in these qualities the results of discipline and attention to duty.

By command of	Maj.-Gen. McCLELLAN.
Official copy.	S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.
	J. M. NORVELL, A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION, }
FORT LYON, Va., Jan. 30, 1862. }

General Orders, No. 2:

The General commanding the Division takes pleasure in commending Lieutenant-Colonel John Burke, of the Thirty-seventh New-York Volunteers, the officers and men with him, together with the guide, Williamson, for the gallantry and good conduct displayed by them in destroying a party of Texan Rangers, located at Mrs. Lee's house, on the banks of the Occoquan, and in sight of the rebel batteries. It is to be regretted that after all resistance had ceased, a more thorough search was not made of the house to discover the actual loss of the enemy, and to bring away all their arms.

By order,	Brig.-Gen. HEINTZELMAN.
ISAAC MOSES, A. A. G.	

State of Louisiana as far south as Red River. The headquarters of the department are at Poca-hontas, Ark.—(*Doc. 22.*)

January 30.—The Senate of the United States confirmed the nomination of Major Frederick Steele, of the Eleventh regiment Infantry, as Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

—CAPTAIN ERICSSON's iron-plated steam battery, the *Monitor*, that for some months past has attracted no small share of attention, was successfully launched to-day from Sneed's ship-yard, at Greenpoint, Long Island, N. Y. A large number of people witnessed the launch, and as the strange-looking craft glided swiftly and gracefully into its new element, the assemblage cheered rapturously, and several salutes were fired from vessels in the neighborhood in honor of the event.—(*Doc. 23.*)

—A NOTORIOUS rebel marauder, Captain John Morgan, seized a party of six Union men at a church near Lebanon, Ky., to-day. Five he allowed to leave with some of their clothing, and setting fire to the church, forced the remaining victim into the building, intending to burn him alive. After some ineffectual attempts to escape, the man finally succeeded, while the attention of his persecutors was drawn off. As soon as the news of the occurrence reached the camp of the First regiment of Ohio Cavalry, not far distant, two companies were despatched in pursuit, but owing to the bad condition of the roads, and impassable streams, the chase had to be abandoned.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

—IN the United States Senate, H. M. Rice, of Minnesota, offered a joint resolution, which was adopted, that the Secretary of War be authorized to procure from officers and soldiers, now prisoners in the so-called Confederate States, allotment pay for families; the Secretary of War to issue drafts on New-York or Boston, Mass., to families.

January 31.—Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, directed to-day the release from Fort Lafayette of all the persons taken on board of vessels which had violated the blockade.—*Baltimore American*, February 3.

—GEORGE W. McCADDON, Sylvester Bartlett, and Amon Wells, of Harmar, and Wm. C. Olney, of Marietta, Ohio, were in Kentucky with a company who were putting up a telegraph line for the National army, and were captured by a party of rebels near Campbellsville, by whom they were taken South.—*Ohio Statesman*, February 8.

—QUEEN VICTORIA this day declared her determined purpose "to observe the duties of neutrality during the existence of hostilities between the United States and the States calling themselves 'the Confederate States of America,' " and "to prevent, as far as possible, the use of her Majesty's harbors, ports and coasts, and the waters within her Majesty's territorial jurisdiction, in aid of the warlike purposes of either belligerent."

—AN act was passed to day in the Congress of the United States, authorizing the President to take possession of the telegraph and railroad lines in the United States, whenever, in his judgment, the public safety required it. Also, that any attempt to resist the unrestrained use by Government of such property, when too powerful to be suppressed by ordinary means, shall be punished by death, as a military offence. It was also enacted that three Commissioners be appointed by the President to assess and determine the damages suffered by railroad or telegraph companies in consequence of such seizures, the compensation of each Commissioner to be eight dollars per day while in active service. It was further enacted that the transportation of troops, munitions of war, etc., be under the immediate control of the Secretary of War, and such agents as he may appoint. Finally, the provisions of this act, so far as it relates to the operating and using said railroads and telegraphs, shall not be in force any longer than is necessary for the suppression of this rebellion.

February 1.—At Leavenworth, Kansas, an interview was held between Mr. Dole, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the chiefs of several of the loyal tribes of Indians. The chiefs were Opothleyoholo, of the Creeks, Alektustenuk, of the Seminoles, and several representatives of the Iowa tribes. The interview was of an impressive character, and the conference covered the entire range of topics relative to the status of the Indian tribes, their relations to the Government, and their position as regards the rebellion. Commissioner Dole informed the chiefs that the Federal Government had no intention of ever calling upon its red children to take a share in the contest, but a portion of the Indians having proved false to their allegiance, and, under the instigation of designing men, having driven the loyal Indians from their homes, the Government would march its troops down into the Indian country and compel submission.—(*Doc. 24.*)

—By order of the Provisional Government of Kentucky, the name of Wolfe County was changed to Zollicoffer County. The county of Zollicoffer will perpetuate on the records of Kentucky the name of one whose fame belongs to struggling freemen every where.—*Louisville-Nashville Courier, February 3.*

—A SKIRMISH took place to-day near Bowling Green, Ky., on the Green River, between a party of rebels and a company of the Second Cavalry, Forty-first regiment Indiana Volunteers, commanded by Captain J. B. Presdee. The rebels lost three killed and two wounded; none of the National soldiers were injured.—(*Doc. 25.*)

—THE Spanish steamer Duero arrived at Liverpool, Eng., from Cadiz, bringing as passengers the captains of three American ships, captured and burned by the privateer Sumter.—(*Doc. 26.*)

February 2.—Lieutenant-Colonel White's cavalry encountered a force of Lincoln's infantry in Morgan County, Tenn., on the mountain side. The Lincoln force was estimated at from one hundred to three hundred. White charged upon the enemy. Captain Duncan rallied his men twice, when he was shot through the head and killed by J. Roberts, a lad fifteen years old. The Kentucky Unionists were then completely routed and fled in confusion, leaving seven of their dead upon the field.—*Norfolk Day Book, February 6.*

—THE bark Trinity left Boston, Mass., to-day, for Fortress Monroe, Va., with three hundred and eighty-six rank and file, and eleven officers, from Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, to be exchanged for an equal number of National soldiers in the hands of the rebels.—*N. Y. Herald, February 3.*

February 3.—In accordance with the decision of the Administration of the United States, the privateersman who had been confined in the City Prison, were released from that place and confined as political prisoners in Fort Lafayette. The persons captured on the British ship M. S. Perry, and held as witnesses, were released entirely.

—IN the Superior Court at Salem, Mass., Henry M. Bragg, Francis W. Bayley, Isaac M. Daggett, Martin L. Stevens, Joseph S. King, and George W. Edwards, all of Haverhill, indicted for tarring, feathering, and riding on a rail, in August last, the editor of the Haverhill Gazette, Mr. Ambrose L. Kimball, were severally held to bail for trial, in the sum of one thousand dollars each.

—In the United States Senate, Mr. Chandler presented resolutions from the Legislature of Michigan reaffirming loyalty to the Government and hatred of traitors, and asking the Government to speedily put down the insurrection, favoring the confiscation of the property of the rebels, and asking that, as slavery is the cause of the war, it be swept from the land.

—By the operation of Earl Russell's circular of neutrality, the privateer *Nashville* was sent off from Southampton, Eng., to-day. The Union gunboat *Tuscarora* was anchored off Cowes, where the rebel vessel passed her. The *Tuscarora* steamed up and was ready to start in chase of her, when she was stopped by the British frigate *Shannon*, (fifty-one,) to be detained for twenty-four hours, in accordance with the strict letter of international law.

The London *Times* and *Post* congratulate the English people on their seeing the last of both vessels, as well as of all other American naval belligerents.

February 4.—The *Richmond Examiner*, of this date, has the following on the situation of affairs at the South: "*We have a thousand proofs that the Southern people are not sufficiently alive to the necessity of exertion in the struggle they are involved in. Our very victories have brought injury upon the cause by teaching us to despise the public adversary. The immense magnitude of his preparations for our subjugation has excited no apprehension, and had little effect in rousing us to exertion. We repose quietly in the lap of security, when every faculty of our natures should be roused to action.*"

"The evidences of the prevailing sentiment are manifold. They are proved by the set of men who are elected to responsible positions. Men of palliatives, expedients and partial measures, control in our public councils. Men who could not perceive the coming storm that is now upon us, and who continued to cry peace, peace, when peace had ceased to be possible, are those who receive the largest support for controlling stations. The government is almost turned over already to these passive characters, who look upon confiscation as barbarous, aggression as impolitic, and vigorous war as a policy to be avoided, because tending to incense the enemy against us.

"The men who descried the cloud of war when it was no bigger than a man's hand, and who can now see no peace but as the result of vigorous

measures, and renewed and repeated victories, are relegated to subordinate positions, and their views being a burning rebuke to the statesmen in position, they are laboring under the weight of implied censure. To win a fight by an aggressive movement is to incur a sort of obloquy; and to lose a battle in a brave push upon the foe is to provoke a chuckle of satisfaction, and the taunt, 'I told you so.'

"*Better to fight even at the risk of losing battles, than remain inactive to fill up inglorious graves.* Better that government and people should be roused to duty by defeat, than that the army should go to sleep, the government doze and the people grow drowsy, in the very jaws of destruction. To fill our public councils with men of passive measures, who would administer war on Homœopathic principles, who would whip the enemy by cowardice and sloth, is to paralyze the government and to enervate the people. The people are alive to the demands of the crisis, but if Congress frowns upon them, they grow tame and crouching.

"In the midst of revolution, no greater calamity can befall a people, than for their affairs to pass into the control of men who could not understand it in the beginning, and are incapable of appreciating the demands of the crisis as they arise. The French, in their revolution, had an easy way of getting rid of such characters—they chopped off their heads. They felt it necessary, as all subsequent opinion has acknowledged, to push their revolution through to a climax, at any cost, and, though often with tears and sorrow, they guillotined the public men who leaned back against the harness. The revolution succeeded, and owed its success solely to their excesses. They passed to the promised land through a red sea of blood. Old institutions, abuses and enormities were swept away, with every relic of opinion that upheld them. France became a *tabula rasa*, upon which a new destiny was to be written.

"All Europe moved against her more formidably than the Northern hordes are beleaguering our own country; but such was the fiery earnestness of her leaders and her people, that the gathering hosts of invasion were scattered to the four winds. At last, it must be confessed, that the subjugation of a nation is not to be defeated so much by armies and guns, as by the fierce resolution of its rulers and people. An unconquerable will and fierce combative purpose, are more effective than invincible arms. Does such a fiery



S. P. Heintzelman

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purpose blaze in our government, imparting its hot flame to the hearts of our people?

"There are two things needful for the early extinction of this war. *We must first banish from the country every stranger in it who cannot give a satisfactory account of his purposes and objects here.* This riddance of spies is a measure of importance, but comparatively of minor importance. The next thing requisite *is for the whole community to throw themselves heart and soul into the war, and practise all the self-denial that the crisis demands.* Why should the country be taxed with the support of the hundreds of hack teams employed in Richmond, when, if each gentleman would consent to walk a few squares, horses enough for a dozen or two batteries, well broken and well conditioned, with a complement of teamsters, could be thus secured to the army? This is but a single instance to show what might be accomplished by a general spirit of patriotic self-denial. What a vast system of expenditure, now exhausted upon mere luxuries, might be turned to advantage in the war, if the pampered classes of society would but consent to a temporary sacrifice of useless pleasures! He who will take the pains to run through the whole catalogue of items which could thus be turned to valuable account in the war, will be astonished at the extent and value of latent resources which the country affords. The most efficient class to bring out the men and resources of the country in this war have been its women. In the great struggles of nations, like that in which we are engaged, they should have queens for their rulers; for it is woman alone who is proof against the persuasions of time-servers and the sin of backsliding. There has been but one Lot's wife in all the tide of time."

—THE steamship Constitution, with the Bay State regiment, of Massachusetts, the Twelfth regiment Maine volunteers, and other troops, sailed from Fortress Monroe, Va., for Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, this forenoon.—*N. Y. Evening Post, February 5.*

—AT Richmond, Va., J. P. Benjamin, rebel Secretary of War, issued the following order:

Bands of speculators have combined to monopolize all the saltpetre to be found in the country, and thus force from the government exorbitant prices for an article indispensable to the national defence.

The department has hitherto paid prices equal to four times the usual peace rates in order to

avoid recourse to impressment, if possible. This policy has only served to embolden the speculators to fresh exactions.

It is now ordered, that all military commanders in the Confederate States, impress all saltpetre now or hereafter to be found within their districts, except such as is in the hands of the original manufacturers, or of government agents and contractors, paying therefor forty cents per pound, and no more. The price fixed is the lightest rate at which contracts have been made, and leaves very large profits to the manufacturers.

—HENRY M. NAGLEE was confirmed to-day as Brigadier-General of volunteers, by a unanimous vote of the United States Senate. Mr. Naglee is a native of Philadelphia, Pa., and has been for some time a resident of California. He is an experienced and capable officer, having graduated at the West-Point Military Academy.—*Philadelphia Press, February 5.*

—IN the Virginia House of Delegates the following debate took place on the subject of enrolling free negroes for the rebel army.

The bill amending the Convention Act for the enrolment of free negroes was, on motion of Mr. Prince, taken up. Among the amendments in this bill, Mr. Prince called attention to the one allowing ten cents for each negro so enrolled to the sheriff or officer so enrolling them. He proposed to strike out this amendment, and insert in lieu of the proposed compensation that, if the said officers fail to comply with the requisition of this law, they be subjected to a penalty of not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars. As these officers were exempt from military duty, he said it was about as little as they could do to perform the service of enrolling the free negroes of their respective counties, as a part of their official duties. His amendment was adopted.

Mr. Rives proposed that the amendment in the bill respecting the term of the enlistment of negroes, be amended to make the term ninety days, instead of a hundred and eighty. His reason for this was the fact that the families of many of the free negroes so enlisted, having no other means of support, would—as had been the case in his own county—suffer very much from want.

Mr. Prince agreed to compromise with the gentleman on one hundred and twenty days.

Mr. Anderson, of Botetourt, hoped that the amendment would not pass. One hundred and eighty days were only six months; and if white men could be drafted for two years, he saw no

reason why free negroes should be entitled to such charitable discrimination.

Mr. Rives replied, that he made the proposition from no particular friendship to free negroes; *if it were in his power, he would convert them all into slaves to-morrow.* But it was simply to call the attention of the House to the fact that, in his own county, many severe cases of suffering had occurred among the families of free negroes from this cause, and he thought that possibly some alleviation might be brought about by the amendment proposed.

The amendment was rejected, and the bill was then ordered to its engrossment.—*Richmond Examiner.*

—THIS afternoon a skirmish occurred near the banks of the Occoquan, on the Potomac, Va. It was reported in the morning that a body of rebels was at Pohick Church. Captain Lowing, of the Third Michigan regiment, then on picket-duty in front of General Heintzelman's Division, took thirty-four men, under command of Lieutenant Brennan, from Company F, and forty-four under Lieutenant Bryan, from Company H, and went to meet them. Arriving at Pohick Church, no rebels were seen. The party, however, proceeded to the banks of the Occoquan, opposite the town of that name. Arriving there early in the afternoon, a few unarmed men were observed drilling. They gave the alarm, when a number of rebels came from the houses and fired on the National soldiers. A brisk skirmish took place. Four of the rebels were seen to fall, and were carried off by their comrades. No injury was sustained by the National party, except by one man, who was slightly bruised by a spent ball.—*Baltimore American, February 6.*

February 5.—Brigadier-General T. F. Meagher, accompanied by General Shields and a brilliant staff, formally took command of the Irish Brigade, in the army of the Potomac, amidst great enthusiasm and much rejoicing from officers and men. General Shields addressed the troops in most effective terms on the occasion.

—JESSE D. BRIGHT was this day expelled from the Senate of the United States.—(*Doc. 27.*)

—THE British schooner Mars, laden with salt, was captured to-day off Fernandina, Fla., by the United States steamer Keystone State. Her charter party indicated her intention of running the blockade. A small sum of money was found on board, among which were bank-bills and certi-

ficates of deposit in South-Carolina and Georgia banks.—*Baltimore American, February 14.*

—THE Fourteenth battery of Ohio artillery, under the command of Captain Burrows, consisting of one hundred and forty-five men, one hundred and twenty-three horses, six pieces of cannon, six caissons, and one forge, left Cincinnati for St. Louis on the steamer J. W. Cheesman.

—SALMON P. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury, received to-day the following telegram from the Governor of California:

"SACRAMENTO, January 31.

"I am instructed by a resolution of the Legislature of California to inform you that this State will assume and pay into the Treasury of the United States the direct tax of \$254,538 apportioned to this State by act of Congress.

"LELAND STANFORD, Governor of California."

—*Boston Advertiser, February 5.*

—A MONSTER meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., this evening, in behalf of Colonel Corcoran, confined at Richmond, Va. Mayor Wightman presided and made one of a number of speeches. Letters from several distinguished men were read, and strong resolutions were adopted.—*N. Y. Tribune, February 6.*

—THE funeral of Adjutant George F. Hodges, of the Eighteenth regiment Massachusetts volunteers, who died of fever at Hall's Hill, Va., on the thirtieth of January, took place this afternoon at Roxbury, Mass.—*Boston Traveller, February 5.*

—THE Fourteenth regiment, Maine volunteers, under command of Colonel Wickerson, arrived at Boston, Mass., to-night from Augusta, Me., and were quartered in Faneuil Hall. They were attached to General Butler's expedition.—*N. Y. Times, February 6.*

—HER Majesty, Queen Victoria, this day removed the prohibitions "subsisting under her majesty's royal proclamations of the thirtieth day of November, and the fourth day of December, 1861, on the exportation out of the United Kingdom, or carrying coastwise, of gunpowder, saltpetre, nitrate of soda, brimstone, arms, ammunition, and military stores, (including percussion-caps and tubes,) and lead."

February 6.—Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, was taken by the squadron of gunboats, commanded by Flag-Officer A. H. Foote.

In consequence of the efforts of the enemy to reënforce the garrison, information of which had been received by General Grant, that officer de-

terminated, last night, to attack the fort to-day, although his troops had not then come up, and he issued orders accordingly.

The First division, under General McClelland, was ordered to move at eleven o'clock this morning, and occupy the roads leading to Dover and Donelson, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the garrison, as well as to prevent the enemy from throwing reinforcements into the fort. The First and Second brigades of the Second division were ordered to take and occupy the high grounds on the west bank of the river, which commanded the works. The Third brigade of the Second division was ordered to advance up the eastern bank of the river, as rapidly as possible, and to hold itself in readiness to act as circumstances might require, either in assaulting the works or in supporting the First division.

In the mean time, the gunboats were prepared for action, and at half-past twelve o'clock this morning, Flag-Officer Foote opened a fire on the enemy's works, at seventeen hundred yards distance, from the iron-clad gunboats Cincinnati, (flag-ship,) Commander Stembel; Essex, Commander Porter; Carondelet, Commander Walke; and St. Louis, Lieut. Commanding Paulding. The old gunboats Conestoga, Lieut. Commanding Phelps; Tyler, Lieut. Commanding Gwin; and Lexington, Lieut. Commanding Shirk, forming a second division, also accompanied the assailing squadron, taking position astern and in-shore of it.

The First division, composed of the iron-clad gunboats, approached the fort in a parallel line, the Second division following at a short distance, and, as they slowly steamed up the river, the fire on both sides was warmly and skilfully conducted.

At about half-past one the Essex received a shot in her boiler, which resulted in the wounding and scalding of twenty-nine officers and men, including Commander Porter; when she necessarily dropped astern, out of the line, and took no further part in the action.

The firing continued with unabated rapidity and effect, as the three forward vessels approached the works, until a quarter before two o'clock, when the enemy ceased his fire, lowered his colors, and surrendered to the naval officers, to which arm of the service alone—the land forces not having participated in the action—the honor belonged.

The works were very finely situated; and twenty pieces of artillery, mostly of heavy calibre, were mounted for their defence. These, together

with barracks and tents capable of accommodating fifteen thousand men, a hospital-ship, containing sixty invalids; General Tilghman and some sixty or seventy men, and quantities of stores, etc., fell into the hands of the victors. The main body of the garrison escaped before the works were occupied by the victors.

General Grant arrived at the fort within an hour after it had been surrendered, when Flag-Officer Foote gave up the fort and his prisoners, into the hands of the land forces, and, after having despatched Lieutenant Phelps, with the Conestoga, Tyler, and Lexington up the river, in pursuit of the enemy's gunboats, the Flag-Officer, with the Cincinnati, Essex, and St. Louis, returned to Cairo.

The Cincinnati received, during the action, thirty-one shots, and lost one man killed and nine wounded; the Essex received fifteen shots, and lost one man, exclusive of those injured by the escape of steam; the St. Louis received seven shots, and the Carondelet six, neither of them sustaining any loss of men.—(Doc. 28.)

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN approved the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to strike from the pension rolls the names of all such persons as have, or may hereafter, take up arms against the Government of the United States, or who have, in any manner, encouraged the rebels or manifested a sympathy with their cause.

—In the United States House of Representatives, the Treasury Demand Note Bill, with the "legal tender" clause included, was passed by a vote of ninety-three to fifty-four, substantially in the form in which it came from the hands of the Committee. The bill provides for the issue, by the Secretary of the Treasury, of demand notes to the amount of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, which notes are to be received as a legal tender for all purposes.

February 7.—General Lander's forces occupied Romney, Va., without a fight. The rebels retreated toward Winchester.—*Cincinnati Gazette, February 8.*

—At four o'clock this morning eleven companies of the Cameron Dragoons, Colonel Friedman, started from their camp near Washington, D. C., in the direction of Germantown, about a mile and a half from Fairfax Court-House, Va. It was the intention to make a thorough examination of the enemy's picket lines outside the division boundaries. Owing to the early

hour of starting, and secrecy and silence of the advance, they surprised a rebel picket detachment at a house near Germantown. Surrounding the house they took twelve prisoners, a capture effected, however, not without some show of resistance on the part of the enemy. Over a dozen shots were fired from the house at the Nationals. Captain Wilson was hit by one shot in the right ear, the ball passing through and making an ugly but not dangerous wound in the back of the neck. Sergeant Crumley was shot in the right leg, causing a painful but not serious flesh-wound. These were the only shots of the enemy that took effect.

While this firing was going on, a large company of mounted pickets, some of whom had escaped from the house, fled to a thicket near by and opened fire upon the National troops. Major Curry, placing his revolver at the head of one of the captured prisoners, called out to the men in the thicket if they fired another shot he would blow out the brains of every prisoner taken. This bold threat stopped the firing, and caused the rebels to plunge spurs into their horses and beat a rapid retreat across an open field.

Subsequently, upon looking into the vacant wood, the body of a dead rebel was found, which, in their retreating haste, they had left. One of the prisoners gave the name of the deceased as William Birbanks, and his residence as Barnwell Court House, N. C. He says that the deceased was a lawyer, and belonged to one of the wealthiest and most influential families in that place. This was the only rebel killed, so far as known. From traces of blood it was evident that several had been severely wounded. Besides the twelve prisoners, eight horses were taken.

The National cavalry proceeded to convey their prisoners and booty to the division headquarters. On the return the companies got separated. One squadron, under command of Captain O'Farrell, elated by their recent splendid performance, determined to make a dash towards Fairfax Court House on their own account. They had not advanced far before they had the satisfaction of taking four prisoners, one wagon and four horses. The men surrendered without opposition.—*N. Y. Herald, February 8.*

—A SWORD voted to Colonel Dixon H. Miles by the Legislature of the State of Maryland, was presented to him in the Hall of the House of Delegates, at Annapolis, in the presence of the members of both Houses and the Judges of the Court of Ap-

peal. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by Governor Bradford and by Col. Miles.—*Baltimore American, February 8.*

—HARPER'S FERRY, Va., was again the scene of stirring events resulting in the greater portion of it being reduced to ashes. A rebel flag of truce having approached the river, a boat was sent over to them, which was fired upon and one of the boatmen killed. Colonel Geary immediately ordered the shelling of the houses in which the rebel riflemen were concealed, including the Wager Hotel, all of which were subsequently burned. Another rebel flag afterwards approached the river, but Colonel Geary warned them off, refusing to receive it.—(*Doc. 29.*)

—A RESOLUTION in favor of confiscating, liberating, and also arming the slaves of rebels, if it should become a military necessity, passed the State Senate of Maine to-day by a vote of twenty-four against four.

—THE Lower House of Kansas, by a vote of sixty to seven, passed a resolution requesting President Lincoln to appoint General Lane a Major-General, and give him command of the Southern expedition.

February 8.—A skirmish occurred on Linn Creek, Logan County, Va., to-day. Captain Smith, of the Fifth Virginia regiment, with twenty-one men, surprised a squad of Jenkins's cavalry—thirty-two in number—killing eight, wounding seven, and taking the remainder prisoners, with thirty-two horses. The loss on the Union side was one killed and one wounded. Among the rebels killed was Stevens, one of the party who murdered three of Piatt's Zouaves in such a shocking manner.—*Louisville Journal, Feb. 15.*

—ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., with all its defences, was captured to-day by the combined military and naval forces of the United States, under General Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough.

The expedition entered Roanoke Inlet yesterday morning; and, soon afterwards, it entered Croatan Sound, on the western front of Roanoke Island. The enemy's gunboats occupied a position close in-shore under the guns of two heavy works, named respectively Forts Bartow and Blanchard; and at eleven o'clock the fire was opened between them and the flag-ship of the Union squadron, (the Southfield,) and as the opposing forces more nearly approached each other, the fire became more rapid.

The enemy having obstructed the channel of

Croatan Sound by an ingenious arrangement of piles extending nearly from the main-land to the island, the enemy's gunboats, soon afterwards, fell back with the evident intent to draw the Union squadron into confusion within range of the guns of Fort Blanchard. In this, however, the enemy was not successful, and the guns of the squadron were turned on the fort with marked effect, setting fire to the barracks, etc., which burned with great fury during the remainder of the day.

During the afternoon, the transports having come up, preparations were made to debark the troops; and at half-past three o'clock, covered by the gunboats, the Fifty-first New-York, the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, the Tenth Connecticut, Fourth and Fifth Rhode Island, and Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiments, and Companies E and K of the Ninth New-Jersey were landed at Ashly's Harbor, about two miles below Fort Bartow, and waded through mud knee-deep to Colonel Ashly's house, and bivouacked. The landing was guarded by one third of the disposable force of the enemy, under Colonel Jordan of North-Carolina, but the fire of the covering gunboats drove it from its position without resistance.

During the afternoon the enemy's gunboats renewed the action with the Union squadron, and a brisk engagement ensued, terminating, for the day, with the loss of the Curlew, the enemy's largest steamer, and of the Forrest, one of his propellers, which was disabled.

At about six o'clock, after having thrown about fifteen hundred missiles of various kinds into the enemy's squadron and battery, the fire ceased for the day, both parties preparing for a renewal of the action.

This morning, at about nine o'clock, the action between the Union gunboats and Fort Blanchard was renewed; but, after continuing about fifteen minutes, it ceased—other elements, meanwhile, having taken part in the struggle.

The approach to the enemy's works was through a swampy wood, with dense undergrowth, rendering it almost impenetrable. Immediately in front of the first of the series of defences, a distance of three hundred yards, the trees had been felled, in order that no obstruction should prevent a proper use of the guns; and it was also defended with a ditch eight feet wide and three feet deep. It was flanked by the same impenetrable swamps which skirted the approach to it; and a heavy

force of skirmishers on the left furnished an ample support.

Against this and the other defences of the island, at about half-past seven this morning, the troops were moved in three separate columns of attack. The centre, composed of a marine battery of six twelve-pounders, the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and the Tenth Connecticut regiment, commanded by General Porter, moved up the narrow road, during which it encountered strong bodies of light troops, until it came in front of the enemy's work, when its skirmishers were called in, and preparations were made for an assault.

The marine battery opened its fire on the enemy's works, and continued it with great spirit until its ammunition had been expended, and the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, supported by the Tenth Connecticut, suffered very severely from the enemy's fire.

In the mean time, the left flanking column, composed of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, the Fifty-first New-York, the Ninth New-Jersey, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiments, commanded by General Reno; and the right flanking column, composed of the Fourth and Fifth Rhode-Island, and the Ninth New-York regiments hastened through the dense woods and swamps toward either flank of the enemy's position, without attracting his attention.

A desperate attempt soon afterwards was made to turn the right flank of the central column of attack; and a very spirited encounter between parties from the Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiments and the Second Battalion of the Wise Legion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Anderson, resulted in the utter repulse of the latter with heavy loss, including Captain Robert Coles, killed, and Capt. O. Jennings Wise, mortally wounded.

During this engagement the two flanking columns approached the works. That on the right (General Parke's) passed the right of the central column, when the Ninth New-Yorkers (Hawkins' Zouaves) were ordered to charge. Major Kimball headed the storming party, and with the peculiar cheer of the regiment, the men dashed forward.

Almost at the same moment, General Reno, commanding the left column of attack, ordered the Fifty-first New-Yorkers (Shepard Rifles) and the Twenty-first Massachusetts to charge the enemy on his right flank; and, almost at the

same moment, the two storming parties appeared on the opposite flanks of the enemy's position.

Without waiting for any nearer approach of the assailants, the enemy beat a precipitate retreat, casting off their knapsacks, haversacks, coats, etc., to facilitate their flight.

The Fifty-first New-Yorkers were the first to enter the works, when they planted the stars and stripes, and the Twenty-first Massachusetts and the Hawkins' Zouaves immediately afterwards dashed through the ditch into the captured redoubt.

The three regiments which had taken the battery, immediately pushed forward in pursuit of the fugitives, and captured several prisoners—some of them, already in boats, pushing off from the shore in their flight from the island.

The Twenty-first Massachusetts regiment diverged from the line of the enemy's retreat to attack an encampment of North-Carolinians, which was to the northward of the captured battery, when, after a slight resistance, the enemy surrendered unconditionally to General Reno.

A few minutes afterwards, the entire island, with all its defences, garrisons, etc., together with Fort Forrest, on the main, was surrendered to General Foster, and hostilities ceased.

About three thousand prisoners, six batteries or forts, mounting forty guns, upwards of three thousand stand of small arms, and immense quantities of military stores, were taken by the Union forces, with the loss of about thirty-five killed and two hundred wounded, among the former Colonel Russell of the Tenth Connecticut, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Monteil of the Zouaves.—(*Doc. 30.*)

February 9.—Secretary Stanton ordered the arrest and incarceration in Fort McHenry of one Doctor Ives, a correspondent of the New-York *Herald*, on the charge of being a spy, and for violating the rules and regulations of the War Department. According to the order of Secretary Stanton, Ives introduced himself into the chambers of the Department, when private consultations were being held, and demanded news for publication.

—THE Seventy-sixth regiment of Ohio Volunteers, under command of Colonel C. R. Woods, passed through Columbus on their way to Kentucky.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, February 11.

—THE efficiency of United States mortar-boats was fully tested to-day by Captain Constable,

U. S. N., in the Mississippi River, just below Cairo, Ill., and near Fort Holt, on the Kentucky shore. The experiments showed that thirteen-inch shells, filled with sand, could be thrown a distance of three and a half miles—the time of flight being thirty-one seconds, and the recoil of the gun-carriage about two feet. Filled with powder, the shells could be thrown much further.—(*Doc. 31.*)

—BRIGADIER-GENERAL Charles P. Stone was arrested in Washington this morning, at two o'clock, by a posse of the Provost Marshal's force, and sent to Fort Lafayette, New-York harbor. The charges against General Stone are: First, for misbehavior at the battle of Ball's Bluff; second, for holding correspondence with the enemy before and since the battle of Ball's Bluff, and receiving visits from rebel officers in his camp; third, for treacherously suffering the enemy to build a fort or strong work, since the battle of Ball's Bluff, under his guns, without molestation; fourth, for a treacherous design to expose his force to capture and destruction by the enemy, under pretence of orders for a movement from the commanding general, which had not been given.

February 10.—The expedition which had been sent up the Tennessee River, after the capture of Fort Henry, returned to the railroad crossing, twenty-five miles above the fort.

The expedition, embracing the gunboats *Conestoga*, *Taylor* and *Lexington*, under Lieutenant Phelps, left Fort Henry on the sixth inst., and on the same day it destroyed a quantity of camp equipage, which had been abandoned by the rebels.

On the following day, (the seventh,) several rebel transport steamers were pursued, and two of them, laden with military stores, were abandoned and burned by their crews.

On the same night, at Cerro Gordo, Tenn., the steamboat *Eastport*, in process of alteration into an iron-plated gunboat, and large quantities of timber and lumber, were seized, and the *Taylor* was left behind to protect them, until the return of the expedition.

On the morning of the eighth, at Chickasaw, Miss., two other steamboats—the *Sallie Wood* and *Muscle*—were seized; and on the same day, at Florence, Ala., three other steamboats were burned, and great quantities of supplies for the rebel army were taken and destroyed.

The expedition proceeded no farther up the

river; but a deputation of citizens waited on Lieutenant Phelps and requested him to respect their persons and the property of the citizens, and the railroad bridge, which connects Florence with the railroad on the south bank of the river, all of which was complied with.

Returning to Cerro Gordo, the prize steamboats Eastport, Sallie Wood and Muscle, were laden with upward of a quarter of a million of feet of valuable lumber and ship-timber, which, with all the iron, machinery, spikes, plating, nails, etc., belonging to the rebel gunboats, was carried down to the Union lines.

A rebel encampment at Savannah, Tenn., was also broken up, and considerable quantities of arms, clothing, shoes, provisions, etc., were secured or destroyed.

The expedition met with the most gratifying proofs of loyalty everywhere on the Tennessee River; twenty-five Tennesseans were enlisted at Cerro Gordo, by Lieutenant Gwin of the Taylor, and the most perfect success crowned the arduous labors of the party.—(Doc. 32.)

—ETHAN A. HITCHCOCK was confirmed as Major-General of Volunteers in the Army of the United States.

—GENERAL HUNTER proclaimed martial law throughout the State of Kansas, and declared the crime of jayhawking should be put down with a strong hand and summary process.

—COMMANDER ROWAN, with fourteen vessels, left Roanoke Island yesterday afternoon, and at six minutes past nine, this morning, when off Cobb's Point, N. C., he attacked the rebels' squadron, which had fled from Roanoke, under Commander Lynch, and two batteries, mounting five guns. Within twenty minutes a schooner belonging to the enemy, struck her colors, and was burned by her crew; and immediately afterward, the crews of the Powhatan, Fanny, Sea Bird and Forrest, ran them ashore and set fire to them, while those of the Raleigh and Beaufort ran their vessels into the Canal and escaped; the Ellis was captured, and brought away by the Union forces.

The battery on Cobb's Point was also abandoned by the enemy, and occupied by acting Master's Mate Raymond during the morning; and before ten o'clock Elizabeth City also surrendered.—(Doc. 33.)

February 11. —The *Nashville American*, of this day, has the following: From the beginning of this war to the present time, the constant cry

of the people of the South has been, God and the British are on our side. That cry has seemed to satisfy too many of those whose lives and all have been at stake, that we would triumph without proper energy of our own. The first news that is looked for in the morning paper is the "Latest Foreign Intelligence." We are like the "unprofitable servant" to whom was given the one talent. Instead of putting it to use, we have digged in the earth and hid that which was given to us. Still we put our trust in God and the British. The disaster at Fishing Creek, and the equally fatal result at Fort Henry, may begin to open our eyes to the fact that God and the British will not help us until we learn to help ourselves. These defeats may also teach us that which every great general found out before he fought many battles, that individual bravery is valueless against organized drill and discipline. It behooves the people of Tennessee, at least to awake to the impending danger. The twelve months system of volunteering will not save us. The hordes of Lincoln have volunteered *for the war* to subjugate. Will we not enlist for the same length of time *to defend ourselves and our homes*?

—DR. LUTHER V. BELL, Medical Director to Gen. Hooker's division, in the National Army, died a camp, near Budd's Ferry, Md., this evening.

Dr. Bell was a distinguished physician, a native of New-Hampshire, and enjoyed a prominent European as well as national reputation. His family connections, as well as himself, filled many of the most honorable and important positions in the records of his native State. Subsequently he removed to Massachusetts, and took charge of the McLean Asylum for the Insane, at Somerville, in which position he won the attention and applause of eminent European physicians, as well as those of his more immediate surroundings. For several years he was also President of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He had always taken a lively interest in politics, and held many important offices, among which may be mentioned that of the Governor's Council. He was also several times made a candidate for Congress, and the Gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts.

Immediately following the attack on Fort Sumter, he offered himself to the Governor of Massachusetts as surgeon in any of the regiments which might require his service. His offer was eagerly accepted, and he was appointed Surgeon to the Eleventh Massachusetts volunteers, and with them departed for the seat of war. He was present at

the battle of Bull Run, and distinguished himself by his unremitting attentions to the wounded, both friends and foes, and among the last he lingered devotedly among the suffering soldiers on the field, upon the retreat of the forces on Washington. Soon after he was appointed by President Lincoln a Brigade-Surgeon, under General Hooker.

When Gen. Hooker was appointed Major-General of a division, Dr. Bell was promoted to his staff, and since acted as Medical Director.

He was amiable and courteous, and was greatly beloved by all with whom he came in contact, and by none more so than the officers and soldiers of the Eleventh Massachusetts volunteers, who experienced the pleasures and benefits of his generous liberality and eminent medical skill. — *N. Y. Times, February 23.*

—THIS afternoon, the Sawyer gun, at Newport News, Va., burst while being fired. Privates Josiah Jones, of Company C, and James Shepard, of Company B, of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts regiment, were instantly killed, and W. W. Bowman, of Company I, same regiment, was seriously injured. Jones belonged in Greenpoint, Long Island, and Shepard in Lowell, Mass. Four or five other persons, who were in the vicinity, were also injured, but none of them seriously.

—A FLAG of truce was sent from Fortress Monroe to Craney Island, Va., early this morning, to inform General Huger that the prisoners of war from Fort Warren, had arrived. The bark was accordingly towed up opposite Sewell's Point, by the steamer Rancocas, and the tug Adriatic; and at about one o'clock, the rebel steamer West-Point came out from Norfolk, and the prisoners were transferred. They numbered four captains, three first lieutenants, six second lieutenants, two third lieutenants, and three hundred and eighty-four others, rank and file, and colored servants. They were taken at Hatteras and Santa Rosa, and were the last of the prisoners of war at Fort Warren, except Commodore Barron.

—THE *Richmond Examiner*, of this date, publishes an elaborate communication, the object of which is to show that the proper national emblem for the South, would be a "single star." The editor, however, disapproves the idea, as not original, and suggests that a more appropriate symbol is the "horse." — (*Doc. 34.*)

February 12.—General Price, C. S. A., retreated from Springfield, Mo., towards Ozark and Wilson

Creek, leaving a large amount of military stores and equipments, which were captured by General Curtis.

—AN expedition under command of Colonel Reggin, returned to Fort Henry, Tenn., to-day, from up the Tennessee River, having captured seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of contraband goods at Paris, Tenn. They also found the tents and camp equipage of the troops that left Fort Henry. — *Chicago Journal.*

—THE rebel Congress passed and Jeff. Davis approved an act authorizing the construction of the railway between Danville, Va., and Greensboro, N. C., on the ground of its being a military necessity. — *Richmond Examiner, February 13.*

—THE city of Edenton, at the west end of Albemarle Sound, N. C., was taken possession of this morning by an expedition under command of Lieutenant A. Maury, U.S.N. A portion of a rebel flying artillery regiment, situated in the town, fled on the approach of the National vessels, as did also many of the inhabitants. Eight rebel cannon and one schooner were destroyed, and two schooners captured. — (*Doc. 40.*)

February 13.—The Constitutional Convention, in session at Wheeling, Va., adopted this morning the following as a section of the article on the fundamental provisions of the constitution of the proposed new State of Western Virginia, with the understanding that this action should be a settlement of the vexed question:

"No slave or free persons of color shall come into this State for permanent residence after this constitution goes into operation."

—THIS day an extensive fire occurred at Bowling Green, Ky., which resulted in the destruction of several large establishments. The soldiers worked hard, and finally succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration. Generals Johnston and Hardee, in person, directed the movements of the troops. — *Lynchburgh (Va.) Republican, Feb. 16.*

—IN the United States Senate Mr. Davis introduced a series of resolutions declaring that the Constitution is the fundamental law of the Government, and that any attempt to abrogate the rights guaranteed by it would be inhuman and an outrage upon civilisation; that any rights and privileges suspended by the existence of the war be resumed at its termination; that no State, by any vote of secession, or any other act, can abrogate her rights or obligations, or the obligations of the United States, to preserve her people in all their

rights, and guarantee to them a State republican government; that it is the duty of the United States to suppress the rebellion, to carry the "sword" in one hand and the "olive branch" in the other, and to restore the States as they were before the war.

—THE Thirteenth regiment, Michigan volunteers, passed through Cincinnati, O., to-day, en route for Kentucky.—*New-York Times*, Feb. 14.

—SPRINGFIELD, Mo., was occupied by the National troops. At about three o'clock in the morning General Curtis's army advanced in line of battle, and at daybreak the third division, headed by the Fourth Iowa, entered and took peaceful possession of the town. The rebel General Price had left at two o'clock the same morning, leaving over six hundred of his sick behind. Large quantities of forage wagons were also left. He had twelve thousand effective troops and fifty pieces of artillery.

—THE Secretary of the Navy returned the thanks of the Department to Lieutenant Phelps, who commanded the recent gunboat expedition up the Tennessee River, destroying or capturing the rebel gunboats and stores, dispersing their forces, and breaking up their encampments.—(*Doc.* 35.)

—AN expedition under command of Lieutenant William N. Jeffers, U.S.N., left the mouth of North River, near Edenton, N. C., and proceeded to the mouth of the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, in North-Carolina, for the purpose of obstructing it. The proposed work was found to have been partially executed by the rebels themselves, some of whom were discovered engaged in sinking vessels across the canal. After driving off the rebels, the work was completed by sinking two schooners in the mouth of the canal and burning all that then remained above water.—(*Doc.* 41.)

—IN the United States Senate the Treasury-Note bill, with the legal tender clause, and the clause providing for the payment of the interest of the public debt in coin, was passed by a vote of thirty to seven.

February 14.—The Ninety-third regiment of New-York Volunteers, (Morgan Rifles,) under the command of Colonel John T. Crocker, left Albany for the scene of active service. The regiment embraces three companies from Washington county, two from Warren, one from Essex, one from Saratoga, Fulton and Hamilton, one from Oneida

and Albany, one from Alleghany, and one from Rensselaer. There are five full companies of sharpshooters, and a large proportion of the other companies are good shots. Colonel Crocker is a lawyer by profession, and a native of Cambridge, Washington county. He was for a long time Colonel of the Thirtieth regiment N.Y.S.M.

—IN the British House of Lords, in reply to a question from the Earl of Stanhope concerning the stone blockade at Charleston, S. C., Earl Russell spoke as follows, declaring his approval of that measure:

"He said the government had no official information on this subject subsequent to that which had already been laid on the table of the House. However, the sinking of vessels at the mouth of a harbor was an operation of so much importance that he could not but believe that the reports which had appeared must have some foundation. He was happy to hear the noble Earl's protest against the permanent destruction of any harbor. Considering that these were commercial harbors, and that in time of peace, when there was severe weather, vessels of all nations, even those not ultimately destined for them, ran there to find refuge, to destroy them was undoubtedly an act of barbarity. The noble Earl would have seen that the reply of the American Government was that these stone vessels were intended to be an obstruction in the channel to aid the blockade, but that they were not intended for the permanent destruction of the harbors. In conversing with the American Minister at this Court, that was the view which he took. He said that the permanent destruction of Charleston harbor was impossible; that the two rivers which formed the harbor would be sure to make a channel, and that it was impossible, even if it had been intended, to effect the permanent destruction of the harbor. That, he said, however, was not the intention. The intention was only to make a temporary obstruction, and when peace was restored that obstruction would be removed. That, he believed, was the view taken by the American government. There had been some communication between Her Majesty's government and that of France on this subject, with regard to which the government of the Emperor took the same view as that of Her Majesty. But whether France has made any official representation on the matter to the Federal Government he was not able to say."—*London Times*, February 15.

—EDWIN M. STANTON, United States Secretary of War, issued an order releasing all political prisoners held in confinement, on condition that they would take an oath not to aid the rebellion, or in any way attempt to injure the Federal Government. The President also granted an amnesty to such persons for all past offences.

—GENERAL Lander made a forced reconnoissance last night and to-day, and, with four hundred cavalry, broke up the rebel nest at Blooming Gap, Va., taking seventeen commissioned officers, fifty-eight privates, and killing thirteen others, with the loss of only two men and six horses.—Colonel Carroll, of the Fifth or Eighth Ohio regiment, made a very daring reconnoissance to Unger's Store, in Va.—General Dunning arrived at New-Creek from Moorefield, Va., at which place he captured two hundred and twenty-five beef-cattle, and dispersed the guerrillas there, with the loss of two of his men wounded.—(*Doc. 36.*)

—THE iron-clad steam gunboat *Mystic* was launched at the town in Connecticut from which she takes her name. Her extreme length over all is two hundred feet, and her armor, which extends two feet below the water-line, is composed of longitudinal iron bars three and a quarter inches thick, showing four inches face, and bolted every six inches with three-quarter inch bolts. Her rig is that of a brigantine.—*N. Y. Times, February 16.*

—HAMILTON FISH and Bishop Ames returned to Washington to-day, and made report to the Government of their mission to relieve Union prisoners in the South. They repaired to Fortress Monroe, and made known their commission to the Confederate authorities at Norfolk, by whom the matter was referred to Richmond. A reply came refusing to the Commissioners admission to the Confederate territory, but expressing readiness to negotiate for the general exchange of prisoners. The Commissioners opened negotiation, which resulted in perfect success. An equal exchange was agreed on, but the Confederates had three hundred more prisoners than the National Government; with commendable magnanimity, they proposed to release those also on parole, if the Government would agree to release three hundred of their men that may next fall into its hands.

—THREE rebel schooners and one sloop, all heavily laden with rice, lying at anchor in Bull's

Bay, S. C., were destroyed by an expedition under command of Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Edward Conroy.—(*Doc. 42.*)

—A SKIRMISH took place near Flat Lick Ford, on the Cumberland River, Ky., between two companies of cavalry under command of Col. Munday, and two companies of sharpshooters from the Forty-ninth Indiana, and some rebel pickets, which were prowling around the Ford. The fight took place near some rebel batteries, and resulted in a rebel loss of four killed, four wounded, and three taken prisoners. The National troops met with no disaster.—*Louisville Journal.*

February 15.—The National batteries at Venus Point, on the Savannah River, were attacked at three o'clock this afternoon, by four rebel gunboats, with a view of effecting a passage from Fort Pulaski for the rebel steamers then at that place. After an engagement of one hour the rebels were driven off; the flag-officer's boat being disabled and taken in tow and the steamer that attempted the passage of the river returning to Fort Pulaski. The guns were manned by the Third Rhode Island detachment, under Capt. Gould, and effectively worked. There was no loss on the National side.—*Brig-Gen. Viele's Report.*

—THE Ninth battery of Rhode Island Artillery, under the command of Lieut. Wightman, passed through New-York, *en route* for Port Royal, S. C.—*N. Y. Times, February 16.*

—THE President, through the Secretaries of War and the Navy, returned thanks to Brig.-Gen. Burnside and Flag-Officer Goldsborough, and to Brig.-Gen. Grant and Flag-Officer Foote, and the land and naval forces under their respective commands, for their gallant achievements in the capture of Fort Henry and at Roanoke Island.

—BOWLING GREEN, Ky., was evacuated this morning by the rebels, and occupied by the National army under command of Brig.-Gen. D. C. Buell. The National troops reached Big Barren River, opposite the city, about two o'clock this afternoon, having accomplished a difficult march of forty miles in twenty-eight hours and a half. They found the bridge across the river destroyed. Col. Turchin's brigade crossed on a flat-boat, the artillery, under command of Captain Loomis firing shell across the river, which caused a hasty evacuation by the rebels.—(*Doc. 45.*)

February 16.—The ship E. W. Farley, having on board six companies of the Eighth regiment of New-Hampshire volunteers, sailed from Boston, Mass., for Ship Island, Miss.

—THE *Mississippi*, the *Organ Democrat*, and *Los Angeles*, and *California Star* have been suppressed from the mails, on the ground that they have been used for the purposes of overthrowing the Government, and giving aid and comfort to the enemy now at war against the United States. —*New-York World*, February 17.

—BRIG.-GEN. PRICE, a son of Sterling Price, Col. Phillip, Major Cross, and Capt. Crosby were captured near Warsaw, Mo., by Capt. Stubbs, of the Eighth Iowa regiment. They had some five hundred recruits with them, in charge, but they had just crossed the Osage River, and as Capt. Stubbs had but a small force, he did not follow them. —*N. Y. Commercial*, February 20.

—THE United States gunboat St. Louis, under command of Com. A. H. Foote, proceeded up the Cumberland River, Tennessee, this afternoon, and destroyed, a few miles above Dover, the Tennessee Iron Works, which had been used for the manufacture of iron plates for the rebel government. One of the proprietors, named Lewis, was taken prisoner. —*Chicago Post*.

—FORT DONELSON, Tenn., with from twelve to fifteen thousand prisoners, at least forty pieces of artillery, and great quantities of stores, was surrendered, this morning, to the Union forces under Gen. Grant.

A small squadron of gunboats, convoying several transport steamboats, and a large body of troops, were despatched from Cairo, Ill., on the eleventh; and, on the morning of the twelfth instant, three divisions of troops, under Generals McClernand, Smith, and Wallace, left Fort Henry, both destined for operations in front of Fort Donelson.

The latter body moved in two columns; and at noon of the twelfth, the head of Gen. McClernand's column came to the outposts of the enemy, and drove in his pickets; the remainder of the day being occupied in assuming the positions to which the different corps had been assigned, and with occasional skirmishing on the line. Gen. McClernand's command formed the right of the extended line, with his right resting on Dover; while the command of Gen. Smith formed the left, his left extending to the creek on the north of the Fort.

The night of the twelfth was spent quietly; and on the following day, also, but little was attempted by the army, in consequence of the non-arrival of the gunboats, and the reinforcements which had been sent from Cairo by water. The gunboat Carondelet, however, under direction of Gen. Grant, approached the Fort, on the morning of the thirteenth, and, after two hours' steady fire, during which she expended nearly two hundred shots, she was compelled to withdraw from the action to repair damages.

The gunboats St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Louisville, and Conestoga, with sixteen transports and about ten thousand fresh troops, having arrived at the place of rendezvous, preparations were made for attacking the enemy's works; and at two o'clock on the fourteenth, the St. Louis, Louisville, Pittsburgh, and Carondelet, forming a single line in front, with the Conestoga and Tyler a quarter of a mile in the rear, moved up the river, receiving the fire of the enemy's lower batteries. At seven minutes to three the St. Louis opened her fire with an eight-inch shell, which was kept up with great spirit during an hour and a half, bidding fair to result very favorably. The iron-clad boats took a position within three hundred yards of the batteries, silenced the water-battery, and drove its gunners from their posts; but the "plunging shot" from the batteries having entered the pilot-house of the St. Louis and shattered her wheel, and the other vessels having also suffered severely, the Commodore ordered the squadron to drop down the river; and the action ceased.

These mishaps led to the determination, by Gen. Grant, to make the investment of the Fort as perfect as possible, to strengthen his position, and to await the repair of the gunboats; but the enemy frustrated all his purposes.

Soon after daybreak, on the morning of the fifteenth, the extreme right of the Union line, near the river, below the Fort, was attacked by a heavy body of the enemy's forces. The Eighth and Forty-first Illinois regiments, first received the shock; and they maintained their position with great coolness, until reinforcements joined the assailants, when McAllister's and Schwartz's batteries were also attacked and captured. The Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois were quickly moved to the support of their associates; and after a desperate struggle, in which both sides displayed great daring, all but three of the pieces of the captured batteries were recovered by the Union troops. At

length, overpowered by numbers and without ammunition, the Illinoisians were compelled to fall back; and the enemy, with cheers, pressed forward and outflanked them on the right, when the Seventeenth and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, and the Thirty-first and Forty-fourth Indiana regiments, all under Col. Cruft, were brought up to support the failing fortunes of the Union men. An unfortunate mistake, on the part of this reinforcement, led the Twenty-fifth Kentuckians to pour a volley into the ranks of the Thirty-first Illinoisians, causing terrible loss, and increasing the confusion, of which the enemy promptly availed himself by pressing forward with greater energy than before.

A few minutes afterward, Col. Wallace's brigade, embracing the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-eighth Illinois regiments, came up; but so completely had the enemy brought up his forces, that they were compelled to fall back with very heavy loss; notwithstanding, in another part of the line, another strong body of the enemy was driven back by the Forty-eighth, Fifty-eighth and Seventy-sixth Ohio, and the First Nebraska regiments and Taylor's Chicago battery.

At this moment the prospect was gloomy enough. The Union men had been repulsed, with the loss of six pieces of artillery, and great numbers of officers and men; and the enemy held the dearly-bought position. Gen. Grant saw the emergency, and he hastened to meet it. Gen. Smith was ordered to make a strong assault on the left of the line, and to carry the position at all hazards; while preparations were also made to renew the operations on the right, with a view to recover the position which had been lost in the morning.

Gen. Smith immediately ordered Col. Cooke, commanding the Third brigade of his division, to move with his command—embracing the Seventh, Fiftieth, and Fifty-second Illinois, the Twelfth Iowa, and Thirteenth Missouri regiments—against one portion of the enemy's lines; while, with the Fourth brigade, commanded by Col. Lauman—embracing the Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa, and the Twenty-fifth Indiana regiments—he, in person, dashed against another part of the works.

The Second Iowa regiment led the advance, followed by the Fifty-second Indiana; and the other regiments of the brigade, while the sharpshooters were deployed on either flank as skirmishers. The column of attack moved forward, without

firing a gun, and charged into the work, driving the enemy before it at the point of the bayonet, and occupying the position. The colors of the Second Iowa occupied the post of honor; but the loss with which it was purchased was immense.

The successful result of this desperate struggle inspired the troops, and in every portion of the line of offence the wildest enthusiasm prevailed.

Soon afterwards Col. Smith, commanding the Fifth brigade, moved the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana regiments against the position, on the extreme right of the line, from which the Union troops had been driven, at an earlier hour of the day; and part of the First brigade, commanded by Col. Cruft—embracing the Thirty-first and Forty-fourth Indiana regiments—was moved to his support. The assault was made in two columns; and it was a complete success, the hill was carried by storm; and the enemy was driven into his works, amidst the hearty cheers of the victors.

No further movements were made during the fifteenth; both armies occupying their respective positions and preparing for a renewal of the engagement this morning. At daybreak, however, the enemy sounded a parley and displayed a white flag, to which Col. Lauman, commanding the Fourth brigade, responded; and proposals for a surrender were tendered and accepted.

Generals Floyd and Pillow, with about five thousand of the garrison, escaped in the night; and those who surrendered embraced Generals Buckner and Tilghman, some fifteen thousand prisoners, twenty thousand stand of arms, immense quantities of stores, etc.

During the action on the fourteenth, the gunboats suffered severely. The St. Louis was struck sixty-one times, and lost ten men killed and wounded. The Pittsburgh was struck forty-seven times, and lost two men, wounded; the Carondelet was struck fifty-four times, and lost thirty-three men; and the Louisville was struck about forty times, and lost nine men.—(*Doc. 46.*)

February 17.—At Columbus, the Legislature of Ohio held a mass-meeting in the State House to rejoice over the recent victories of Forts Henry, Donelson, etc.

Gov. Tod was called to the chair; prayer was made by the venerable Dr. Hoge, amid the booming of cannon. Gov. Tod said:

"If there is a man in all the country that does not rejoice over the news of to-day, frown on him, brand him as a traitor. Is he in your churches? turn him out. Is he in your Assembly? put him



Eng^d by Geo. E. Perine, N. Y.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN POPE, U. S. A.

out. Is he in your family? shut the door in his face. [Cheers.] We want it understood as the voice of this meeting, that the Government is to hang all guilty traitors; and that if England continues to threaten, we will next pay our respects to her."

Speeches were also made by Mr. Thomas Ewing, Lieut.-Governor Stanton, Mr. Delano, Col. B. McCook, Messrs. Groesbeck, Fink, Monroe, Flagg and Galloway. Senators, Representatives, State officers and the people, had a refreshing season, and adjourned after three cheers for the Union.

—A BATTLE took place at Sugar Creek, Arkansas, this day. The rebels were concealed in the woods on both sides of the road. The country was broken, hilly woodland. The First Missouri cavalry, while charging up the hill, were fired upon by the ambushed foe, concealed behind the trees.

After receiving a murderous fire, in which thirteen of the Nationals fell and five were wounded, the cavalry fell back and formed in line. Major Bowen came up and shelled the woods with his mountain howitzers. The enemy replied with their artillery. The latter ceased firing, and the National advance fell back to their camp. Major Bowen was wounded in the wrist. Capt. Switzer, of Wright's battalion, Fourth cavalry, and Major T. C. McKinney, Assistant Adjutant-General, were among the wounded.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

—GEN. HUGER, at Norfolk, Va., issued the following order this day: "Such portions of the militia as are called into service, in this Department, will report to the nearest confederate officer, and will be employed in defending their property and homes now threatened by the invader.

"They will obstruct the water-courses and roads by which the enemy may approach, and from the narrow banks of the rivers use their shot-guns on the ravagers. They will arrest all citizens who hold intercourse with the enemy.

"Let every man do his duty, and the destroyers will be driven from your country."

—THIS day two regiments of rebel Tennesseans marched into Fort Donelson to reinforce it, being unaware of its capture. They went along with their colors flying and their bands playing, and were allowed to enter the camp without any warning as to the character of the possessors of it. They were all (one thousand four hundred and seventy) captured.—*N. Y. Herald*, March 1.

February 18.—A skirmish occurred at Independence, Mo., between a detachment of Ohio cav-

alry and a band of rebels, headed by Quantrel and Parker. The latter were routed, with a loss of three killed, several wounded, and several taken prisoners. A quantity of arms was also captured. The Federal loss one killed and three wounded.—(*Doc.* 47.)

—THIS morning, Gov. Rector, of Arkansas, issued a proclamation, drafting into immediate service every man in the State subject to military duty, to respond within twenty days.—*Memphis Appeal*, February 19.

—THE Constitutional Convention in session at Wheeling, Va., adjourned this evening, after fifty-nine days' session. The Free State measure was defeated. Commissioners were, however, appointed, with powers to reassemble the Convention in case the new State was recognised by Congress.—*National Intelligencer*, February 20.

—IN the British Parliament, John Bright made a strong speech denouncing the policy of the English government as to the Trent affair, and was answered by Lord Palmerston. Earl Russell explained the case of Mr. Shaver, a British subject imprisoned in Fort Warren, sustaining the action of the American Government.

—AT Baltimore, Md., S. S. Wills, the publisher, and Thomas S. Piggott, editor of *The South*, were arrested and taken to Fort McHenry.

—THE first session of the Congress of the "permanent" government of the Confederate States, was opened at noon to-day in the capitol at Richmond, Va., Vice-President-elect, Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, occupying the chair in the Senate. Nineteen Senators were present, and a quorum of Representatives. After the election of proper officers, and a speech from Thomas S. Bocock, of Virginia, Speaker of the House of Representatives, the "permanent" Congress was declared duly organized.—(*Doc.* 48.)

—THE Thirteenth regiment of Maine volunteers, under the command of Colonel Neal Dow, left Camp Beaufort, Augusta, for the seat of war.

—FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH and Brig.-Gen. Burnside issued a proclamation at Roanoke Island, explaining the object of their mission, declaring the course they intend to pursue, and inviting the inhabitants of North-Carolina to separate themselves from the malign influence of the bad men in their midst, and to return to their allegiance.—(*Doc.* 49.)

—HOWELL COBB, R. Toombs, M. J. Crawford, Thomas R. R. Cobb, members from Georgia, have

issued an address to the people of that State, on relinquishing their seats in the provisional Congress of the Confederate States. They call upon the people of Georgia to exert every nerve, and strain every muscle, to repress the invaders. Though acknowledging the Southern inability to cope with the resources, numbers, equipments and munitions of war of the North, they urge the confederates to provide against these odds by "desperate courage, unflinching daring, and universal self-sacrifice." They warn the Georgians against being lulled into a fatal security, and incite them to prepare for all contingencies, by arming every woman and child with a firebrand, that nothing but "blackness and ruin" may "welcome the vandals."

They recognise with gratitude the hand of Providence in preserving the Confederacy from those who, having complete control of the seas, and an immense army, "disciplined to the unthinking stolidity of regulars," were preparing to "crush them with a giant's grasp." Finally they impress upon them the importance of an unshaken faith in God, declare their confidence in the ultimate issue of the struggle, and a belief that their children's children will rise up to call them "blessed."
—(Doc. 50.)

February 19. — President Lincoln issued the following proclamation to-day:

"It is recommended to the people of the United States that they assemble in their customary places of meeting for public solemnities, on the twenty-second day of February, inst., and celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the father of his country, by causing to be read to them his immortal Farewell Address.

"Given under my hand and the seal of the United States, at Washington, the nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-sixth."

—Gov. HARRIS, of Tennessee, having taken the field in person, issued orders, from his headquarters at Memphis, appointing his division commanders, and calling upon the people to meet and repel the invaders of the State.—(Doc. 51.)

—THE first payment of interest on the Government war-loan, was made at the office of the United States Assistant Treasurer, in New-York City.

—IN the Confederate Congress, in session at Richmond, Va., the electoral votes for President

and Vice-President were counted. The total number of electoral votes was one hundred and nine, all of which were cast for Jeff. Davis, for President, and Alexander H. Stephens, for Vice-President.

—THE *Memphis Appeal*, of this date, has the following:

"Gen. Polk issued orders yesterday, that the track of the Memphis and Ohio railroad should be torn up, and the bridges burned, which order was obeyed, and by this time the work of destruction is complete on a great part of the road. A rumor prevailed on the streets this afternoon, that Polk was preparing to evacuate Columbus to-morrow, remove all the guns, etc., and demolish the fortifications. The forces at New-Madrid and Fort Pillow, together with the Columbus troops, are to repair at once to Memphis, and make a stand, making an army of about fifty thousand men."

—THE city of Clarksville, on the Cumberland River, Tennessee, was taken possession of to-day by the National forces, under command of Flag-Officer A. H. Foote, U.S.N., having surrendered without an engagement. Two thirds of the inhabitants having fled from the town, Com. Foote, at the request of the Mayor, issued a proclamation, assuring all peaceably-disposed persons, that they might resume with safety their business avocations, requiring only the military stores and equipments to be given up.—(Doc. 52.)

February 20. — Gen. Mitchell sent a cavalry force to Russellville, Ky., and captured eleven rebels.—One thousand rebel prisoners, captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., mostly Mississippians and Texans, left Cairo, Ill., to-night, for Chicago.

—ISHAM G. HARRIS, rebel Governor of Tennessee, addressed a message to the Legislature of the State, giving his reasons for removing the records of the government to and convening the Legislature at Memphis, in accordance with a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, providing for such a necessity. He states that the reverses to the confederate arms, leaving the State open from the Cumberland Gap to Nashville; the National victories on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, enabling the enemy to penetrate the heart of the State with impunity, and the fact that Gen. Johnston had fallen back south of Nashville, with his army, had left the State capital in a wholly defenceless condition. The removal to Memphis then became unavoidable.

able. He complains of the difficulties he had found in organizing well-disciplined and equipped troops for the confederate government, urges a remodelling of the State militia system, and expresses his conviction that the invader will yet be driven from the soil of Tennessee.—(Doc. 59.)

—THIS morning the United States steamer *Stepping Stones*, with a launch and boat's crew from the *Yankee*, went on a reconnoissance up *Occoquan Creek*, Va., some four miles. Lieut. Eastman sent out Acting Master Lawrence with the launch, who visited the north and south shores of the creek, penetrating a short distance into the interior, but without finding any signs of the rebels. Just as the launch was leaving the south side of the creek, a brisk fire was opened on them by the rebels, from five or six field-pieces posted in a clump of woods. Some forty shells were thrown by the enemy, all of which flew uncomfortably near the *Stepping Stones*, but doing no damage save slightly tearing the flag. The fire was returned from the *Stepping Stones*, and a howitzer in the launch plunged a shower of rifled shot into the cover of the rebels, which undoubtedly damaged them, as their fire soon slackened.—(Doc. 53.)

—THE *Richmond Enquirer* of this date, says: "An immense defence meeting was held in Memphis, Tenn., last week. Resolutions were passed, appointing committees in each ward of the city, to form a complete military organization, and to drill the levies. It was also resolved that the times demanded the proclamation of martial law in Memphis. In the afternoon, most of the stores on Front row, and many of those on Main street, closed their doors, in compliance with a proclamation from the Mayor. A considerable number of citizens, who had given in their names to join the defence organization, met in the Council Chamber in the evening, and went out in procession to drill."

—WINTON, N. C., was burned by the forces of Gen. Burnside. The Federal troops, with gunboats, ascended the *Chowan River*, where the rebels opened a heavy fire upon them. The National troops landed and destroyed the town.—(Doc. 54.)

February 21.—The *Richmond Whig*, of this date, has the following: "We had not supposed it was seriously contemplated in any quarter to call out into active service the whole male population of the State. The proposition of Governor

Letcher, to have all over sixteen and under sixty-five, in cities, drilled for the defence of their respective localities, is a different affair. That may be practicable, and, under circumstances, might be desirable. But we have very great doubts whether such a mass would effect more good than mischief. But in respect to the rural districts, to call out the whole male population over sixteen and under sixty-five, or even between eighteen and forty-five, would be a mischievous and inexcusable folly. In the first place, we have not arms to put in their hands. That objection alone is sufficient. In the second place, it would ruin the industrial pursuits of the State, and leave us without the means of prosecuting the war beyond the present session.

"We hear that the rage for volunteering is greater than it has been since the beginning of the war. There will be no want of men, without any extraordinary legislation, if they can only get arms and leaders to conduct them against the enemy. If there should be any deficiency, it could be easily supplied by a draft on the superabundance of 'able-bodied' young men in the Commissary and Quartermaster's Department.

"Far better this expedient than to draw the boys from their books, and the old men from their useful labors."

—RUMORS of the partial evacuation of *Manassas*, Va., by the rebels, were prevalent in Washington to-day, but they were not generally credited.

—A BATTLE took place, to-day, about seven miles from Fort Craig, near *Valverde*,* on the *Rio Grande*, New-Mexico, between the rebel forces under Col. Steele, and the National forces commanded by Col. Canby. The battle lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till sundown, and resulted in the defeat of the National troops, who were obliged to retreat to the Fort. *McRae's* battery of six pieces was captured by the rebels, after a gallant defence in which Capt. *McRae* was killed.—(Doc. 55.)

—CAPT. NATHANIEL P. GORDON, commander of the slave-ship *Erie*, was executed at New-York, according to sentence. About three o'clock in the morning he attempted to commit suicide by swallowing strychnine, which he had concealed

* *Valverde* is a small village, situated on the left bank of the *Rio del Norte*, or *Rio Grande*, near the border of New-Mexico and Arizona. Fort Craig is ten miles north of this point, on the same river. Col. Kit Carson, who is said to have done good service with his regiment, deployed as skirmishers, has had his headquarters at *Albuquerque* for some time, and appears to have arrived at the scene of conflict at a most opportune time.

in his cell, but the exertions of three physicians managed to prolong his life sufficiently to allow the execution, which took place at a quarter past twelve o'clock.

—THE first battalion of Connecticut cavalry, three hundred and twenty-five men, under the command of Major Judson M. Lyon, passed through New-York City *en route* for Wheeling, Va., to join Gen. Rosecrans.

—THE Massachusetts Thirty-first regiment, and five companies of the Thirteenth Maine regiment, sailed to-day from Boston, Mass., in the steamer Mississippi for Ship Island.

February 22.—A proclamation was issued by Henry T. Clark, rebel Governor of North-Carolina, calling upon the people of his State to respond to the requisition made upon them by the President of the Confederate States, and fill up their quota in the army for the special defence of the State. He urges every argument of past renown and present need to induce them to enlist against their "invaders," who are threatening to advance upon them, he says, "in a spirit of vengeful wickedness without a parallel."—(*Doc. 56.*)

—IN accordance with the recommendation of the President of the United States, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington was celebrated throughout the loyal United States with appropriate ceremonies.—The sloop-of-war Adirondack was launched at the Navy-yard at Brooklyn, New-York, to-day.

—AT Fort Donelson Gen. Grant issued the following order:

"Tennessee, by her rebellion, having ignored all laws of the United States, no courts will be allowed to act under State authority, but all cases coming within the reach of the military arm, will be adjudicated by the authorities the Government has established within the State.

"Martial law is therefore declared to extend over West-Tennessee. Whenever a *sufficient* number of citizens return to their allegiance to maintain law and order over the territory, the military restriction here indicated will be removed."

—THE inauguration of Jefferson Davis, as President of the "permanent" government of the Confederate States, was celebrated to-day, with befitting solemnity, at Richmond, Va. The ceremonies began at noon, and were conducted in front of the capitol. An earnest and impressive inaugural was delivered by the President-elect,

after which the oath of office was administered to him by J. D. Halyburton, Confederate Judge. The oath to the Vice-President-elect, Alexander H. Stephens, was then administered by the President of the Senate, after which the President and Vice-President were escorted to their respective homes by the committee of arrangements.—(*Doc. 58.*)

—THE anniversary of the birthday of Washington was celebrated to-day at a public breakfast at Freemasons' Tavern, in London, England. The Bishop of Ohio presided, and two hundred ladies and gentlemen were present.

Hon. C. F. Adams, United States Minister, in proposing a toast to the memory of Washington, referred to the crisis in America. "The United States," he said, "are engaged in throwing off the burden of a malign power. The assault on the Federal Government carries with it an aggressive principle. It involved the acknowledgment of a proscriptive right of some men to rule over their fellows. We must then fully reestablish our fundamental doctrines at every hazard. It will doubtless cost us a severe effort in men, money, time, disorder, and perhaps confusion; but let us remember the trials which Washington endured; let us trust that we are passing through this fire of purification, only to gather, as of yore, the moral fruits of self-devotion."

The Bishop of Ohio proposed "the health of Queen Victoria," which was drank with much enthusiasm.

Mr. Moss, United States Consul at London, proposed the next toast, which was, "the Union."

Mr. Cyrus W. Field proposed, "England and America," and invoked the sympathy of England, which would ultimately remove from the United States the great cause which had produced the present troubles.

The proceedings lasted for upward of five hours, and terminated in a vote of thanks to the Bishop of Ohio.—*New-York Times, March 6.*

February 23.—Gen. Buell, with three hundred mounted men and a battery of artillery, took possession of Gallatin, Tenn.—*New-York Herald, March 3.*

—THIS day Fayetteville, Arkansas, (a town on White River, one hundred and ninety-six miles northwest of Little Rock,) was captured by Gen. Curtis. The rebels fled in great confusion across the Boston Mountains. They burnt a portion of the town before they retired, besides perpetrating an act of cowardly vandalism, which it is almost

difficult to believe, had it not been too fatally verified. The rebels left a quantity of poisoned meat behind them, which unhappily was partaken of by the National troops, and resulted in poisoning forty officers and men of the Fifth Missouri cavalry, among them one or two valuable commanding officers. Such deeds entitle the perpetrators to no mercy.—(*Doc. 60.*)

—THE Eighty-first regiment of New-York volunteers, under the command of Col. Edwin Rose, arrived in New-York from Albany.

—GEN. HALLECK issued an order, to be read to all the troops under his command, defining the policy to be pursued by the forces as they advance. Private property is to be strictly respected, and all non-combatants are to be regarded as neutrals in the existing war; those, however, who give any aid to the secessionists are to be regarded as belligerents, and treated as such. Regarding the slavery question as a matter in which the civil and not the military authorities have jurisdiction, he prohibits the admission of fugitive slaves within the lines of the army, except by special order of the generals commanding.—(*Doc. 61.*)

—NASHVILLE, Tenn., was evacuated by the rebel troops this day.

February 24.—A slight skirmish took place at Mason's Neck, in the neighborhood of Occoquan, Va., between a body of Texan rangers and a party of National troops. The rangers fired from a house in which they took refuge. Two of the Nationals, belonging to the New-York Thirty-seventh regiment, were killed, and another man was wounded. The loss of the rebels was not ascertained.—*N. Y. Herald, February 26.*

—THE Twelfth regiment of Connecticut volunteers, under the command of Colonel Henry C. Deming, left New-Haven for the seat of war at Ship Island, Gulf of Mexico.

—COLS. WOOD, of the Fourteenth New-York, Lee, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, and Cogswell, of the Tammany regiment, (N. Y. S. V.,) arrived at Baltimore from Fortress Monroe, having been released by the rebels. Colonel Wood, who was present at the inauguration of Jeff. Davis, states that there was no enthusiasm manifested on the occasion.

—BISHOP THOMAS F. DAVIS, of the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church of South-Carolina, now in session at Charleston, has pronounced an address, in which he states that prior

Conventions of the Church in the Confederate States had declared that "we were no longer, as a Church, in administrative union with the Church in the United States."—*N. Y. Times, February 25.*

—AN expedition, composed of four iron-clad gunboats and two mortar-boats, with the Twenty-seventh Illinois and a battalion of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiments, made a reconnoissance from Cairo, Illinois, down the Mississippi river this morning, and discovered that the rebels had seized all the flatboats and skiffs as far up as they dared to come; also that there had been a movement among the troops at Columbus. The gunboats and mortar-boats getting into position on the Missouri-side of the river when a rebel steamer, with a white flag, made its appearance, some rebel officers came on board the Cincinnati, and a consultation took place.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—HARPER'S Ferry, Va., was occupied by the National forces, under the command of General Banks. The troops were unopposed, and found all the necessaries for a permanent occupation.

—LIEUT. A. C. RHIND, U. S. N., went, with Lieut. Prentiss and three men, on an expedition to Bear Bluff, opposite White Point, on North-Edisto River, S. C., where the rebels were erecting a battery. Two men were found, as picket guards, in the magazine of the unfinished battery, asleep. In attempting to secure them, one was shot by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Lieutenant Rhind. The other was captured.—(*Doc. 62.*)

February 25.—General Henry Heth and staff have arrived at Lewisburgh, Va. He takes command of the forces of Kanawha. He was greeted with great applause by the troops, many of whom were in his old command, and all knew him by reputation. Great confidence is felt in this young and talented officer, and no one could have been sent who gives so universal satisfaction.—*Richmond Dispatch, February 28.*

—THE *Savannah Republican* of this date says: A reconnoissance by the steamer Savannah, yesterday, brought to light all the movements of the enemy in our river. They have erected three batteries, which effectually cut off all communication with the Fort—one of four guns, on Venus's Point, one of the same number of guns on a small marsh, just above Long Island, and commanding the south channel, and the third on boats moored in Mud River. The three are located in the form

of a triangle, and could not be passed by any vessel in our service. The guns are all of a heavy calibre, most of them throwing shot to the distance of three miles. A number were fired at the Savannah, but they all fell short.

—MAJOR FERDINAND LACOMTE formally received his appointment on Major-General McClellan's staff. He is considered one of the most intelligent, energetic officers in the Swiss service, and is known as an author as well as a soldier. He obtained leave of absence from his own government to enter the National army.

—THE city of Nashville, on the Cumberland River, capital of Tennessee, was occupied this morning by the National forces under command of General Nelson, U.S.A. No opposition was made to the landing of the troops, who had been conveyed from Clarksville by steamer. The greatest panic prevailed in the city on the announcement of the approach of the National soldiers. Large numbers of the inhabitants fled with the retreating rebel army, and a vast amount of property was wantonly destroyed by the fugitives.—(*Doc. 63.*)

—THE Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota regiments this afternoon received two splendid flags from the loyal ladies of Louisville, in commemoration of their victory at Mill Springs on January nineteenth. Considerable enthusiasm attended the presentation.—*Louisville Journal, Feb. 26.*

—AN important order was issued from the War Department at Washington, in relation to the transmission of intelligence in regard to military operations. All the telegraph lines in the United States (loyal States, we presume, is meant) were taken possession of by the War Department, and all telegraphic communications in respect to military operations, not authorized by the War Department, were forbidden. Newspapers publishing military intelligence, however obtained, and by whatever medium received, not authorized by the official authority, were excluded thereafter from receiving intelligence by telegraph, or transmitting their papers by railroad.

—THE rebel General Sterling Price sent an official report of his retreat from the State of Missouri, to the disloyal Governor C. F. Jackson, dated at Camp on Cove Creek, Arkansas. He states that, having occupied Springfield, Mo., for the purpose of being within reach of supplies, etc., he was attacked by superior numbers of National troops on the twelfth inst., and deemed it prudent

to retreat. After a fatiguing march of over four days' duration, with continual skirmishing with the National troops, he succeeded in reaching Cross Hollows, Arkansas, with a loss of from four to six killed and fifteen or eighteen wounded.—(*Doc. 64.*)

February 26.—This day, in the Maryland House of Delegates, Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore County, submitted the following:

Preamble and Resolution on the subject of the course the State will pursue in the present rebellion.

Whereas, Jefferson Davis, a pretended president of a pretended confederacy, in a paper styled an inaugural, delivered by him in Richmond, Va., on the twenty-second inst., has repeated an assertion often recklessly uttered in public bodies of the so-called Confederate States, that "Maryland, already united to us by hallowed memories and material interests, will, when able to speak with unstified voice, unite her destiny to the South;"

And whereas, it is due to the intelligence, patriotism and good name of our people that such assertion be at once repudiated by their Representatives here assembled; therefore be it

Resolved, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That such assertion is an unfounded and gross calumny upon the people of the State, who, sincerely lamenting the madness and self-inflicted misfortunes of our brethren of the South, acting under a delusion caused by the arts of the aspiring and criminal ambition of a few designing men, are but admonished by the sad condition of such brethren, of the fatal results sure to follow from the course which they have pursued, and are more and more convinced of the obligation, alike of interest and of duty, to abide, with undying attachment, to the Union devised for us by our fathers, as absolutely necessary to our social and political happiness, and the preservation of the very liberty which they fought and bled to achieve for us.

—THIS night Capt. Montgomery, of Wright's battalion, with his company, was surprised at Keittsville, Barry Co., Mo., by eight hundred and fifty rebels, supposed to belong to McBride's division, but who represented themselves as Texas Rangers. They fired into the house occupied by the National troops, killing two and wounding one. One of the rebels was killed, the rest fled, taking with them about seventy horses.

Two wagons, loaded with sutler's stores, were

burned at Major Harbine's farm, two miles beyond Keittsville.

—THE Fifteenth regiment of Maine volunteers arrived from Augusta at Portland, and embarked on board the ship Great Republic.

—IN the Confederate Congress at Richmond, Va., Senator Simms, of Kentucky, offered resolutions, declaring that the people of the Confederate States will, to the last extremity, maintain and defend their right to self-government and the government established by them, and to this end do pledge their last man and their last dollar for the prosecution of the war, until their independence is acknowledged; and also, that they will submit to any sacrifice, and endure any trial, however severe, and firmly relying upon the justice of their cause, and humbly trusting in the providence of God, will maintain their position before the world and high Heaven, while they have a voice to raise, or an arm to defend. The resolutions were referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.—(Doc. 65.)

—THE President of the United States approved the Loan and Treasury Bill, and the measure became the law of the land. It creates a national currency of United States notes, of the denominations of five dollars and upwards, made lawful money, and a legal tender for all debts, public and private, and in all payments to and from the Government, other than for customs duties to the United States, and interest on the public debt by the United States. The total amount of this currency authorized is not to exceed one hundred and fifty million dollars, including the sixty million dollars of United States notes issued under the Act of July seventeenth. These being made receivable by that act, for all public dues, are now authorized to be accepted in place of gold, for customs duties; but the whole issue is to be withdrawn and cancelled, and regular legal tender United States notes substituted, as soon as practicable. The customs duties, whether in gold or United States notes, are specifically pledged for the interest on the public debt, *which is to be invariably paid in gold.*

The loan authorized by this act is limited to five hundred million dollars, on the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the service of the remaining four months of the present fiscal year, and the succeeding fiscal year. Only one form of loan is prescribed—a twenty year six per cent stock, coupon or registered, which may be

redeemed, at the pleasure of the Government, at any time after five years, at the par value thereof. Into this stock the United States notes of circulation are made convertible, the conversion not to affect the sum total of United States notes, legal tender, which the Treasury is authorized to keep in circulation.

—THE National gunboat R. B. Forbes, having run ashore near Nag's Head, N. C., was set on fire this morning, and totally destroyed. The rebels threatened to take her, but the captain by his great coolness prevented.

—A MEETING of cotton and tobacco-planters, was held in Richmond, Va., to take into consideration the voluntary destruction of the cotton and tobacco crop, in view of the fact that the enemy's efforts were mainly directed toward robbing the South of the accumulation of those two great staples:

"On motion of Col. C. M. F. Garnett, Gen. Thomas J. Green, of North-Carolina, was called to the chair, and R. R. Rhodes, Esq., Commissioner of Patents, appointed Secretary. The Chairman explained the objects of the meeting, saying that as cotton was king and tobacco vice-regal, it was proposed to ascertain how far they could be made to subserve the cause of our independence.

"An eloquent address was delivered by Dr. C. K. Marshall, of Mississippi, in which he advocated the purchase of the cotton and tobacco crop by the government, and its destruction, if necessary. He deprecated reliance on foreign intervention, saying that we must fight out the battle ourselves.

"Gov. Brown, of Mississippi, being called upon, responded in a few spirited remarks, in the course of which the extortioners and the Yankee acquisitiveness of the shopkeepers and money-makers who have selected Richmond as the theatre of their exploits, were alluded to in terms of withering contempt.

"The Mayor responded, defending the resident population from any charge tending to impugn their devotion to the cause of Southern rights.

"Thomas H. Wynne, Esq., of the House of Delegates, spoke effectively in vindication of his fellow-citizens from the charge of want of appreciation or patriotism, showing that those entitled to be called citizens of the metropolis had, since the commencement of the war, met the requirements of the crisis. The city, he said, had sent to the field a soldier for every voter.

"Gov. Brown briefly responded, again excoriating the extortioners and cheating shopkeepers now domiciled in our midst."—(*Doc. 66.*)

—THE Raleigh (N. C.) *Register* of this date, has an editorial which begins by saying that "it would be criminal as well as idle to deny that the present is the most gloomy period that the South has witnessed since the commencement of the war," and the editor in the most earnest manner calls upon the people to remain by their colors and fight to the last.

February 27.—John Gold and Elias Paulding were arraigned in the Mayor's Court, at Richmond, Va., for avowing themselves subjects of the Lincoln Government, and expressing sentiments disloyal to the Southern Confederacy. John Gold is an Irishman; Elias Paulding, the other prisoner, is a man about fifty years of age, and apparently an American. William Hammond, a McCulloch Ranger, and another member of the same company, were sworn as witnesses.

Hammond deposed: I was taking supper last night at Ford's, and the conversation at the table turned on the late affair at Roanoke Island, and the subsequent treatment of our men by the Yankees. I said we had been treated about as well as prisoners of war could expect. Gold spoke up, and asked if any one ever had been maltreated under the Stars and Stripes. He said he himself was a soldier, and a member of the Polish Brigade. *That he had been dragged to the recruiting office in New-Orleans with a halter about his neck, and forced to enlist. He said he was a citizen of Philadelphia—that the Star Spangled Banner had once waved over this city, and would soon do it again.* This man Paulding, at this, spoke up and said: "That's so." I then left the table and went into the front-room, and when Gold and Paulding came out, I arrested Gold, and told my comrade to arrest Paulding, and we carried them to the watch-house.

At the watch-house Gold repeated that he was a citizen of Philadelphia, and had a wife and four children there, *and said he claimed the protection of the United States, and that he did not recognise the Confederate Government.* He showed a medical discharge from the Polish Brigade, and a recommendation from some of the authorities here to the authorities at the Portsmouth Navy-Yard to give him employment. If he had said all this to me anywhere in the

neighborhood of Greenbriar River, I should not have troubled your Honor with him—I should have shot him on the spot.

Gold made no denial of having used the language imputed to him. Mr. Paulding said: "Whatever I said last night was but idle talk. I was drunk."

Mayor—Idle talk may induce idle fools to believe and act. *You wish to establish a new banner in this city. If ever the Stars and Stripes, of which you speak, again wave over this building, it will be after the best blood of this city has been shed. If you do not keep liquor out of your mouth, it may cause you to be hung for treason.*

Both prisoners were turned over to the confederate authorities.—*Richmond Examiner, February 28.*

—MR. ERICSSON's iron-clad steamer the Monitor, went to sea from New-York, to-day, for some unknown destination. Mr. Ericsson is on board, and desires to test the invulnerability of his ship by engaging the strongest battery of the enemy which can be got at. The Monitor carries only two eleven-inch columbiads. Lieut. Worden, who commands the battery, is an officer of great experience and tried courage, and the sailors and gunners are picked men.

—IN the rebel Senate, at Richmond, Va., A. B. Hill and J. J. Pettigrew, were confirmed as Brigadier-Generals. A resolution was unanimously passed to entertain no peace propositions excluding any portion of the soil of any of the Confederate States, and declaring that the war be continued until the enemy be expelled entirely from the Confederacy.

—IN the United States Senate, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, introduced a Confiscation bill as a substitute for that introduced by Mr. Trumbull. It confiscates the property, of all kinds, of those who have levied war against the United States or adhered to its enemies, during the natural life of the owners for the benefit of loyal citizens who have suffered losses by the rebellion.

—THE EVACUATION of the city of Columbus, Ky., was commenced by the rebels this day.

—THE Secretary of War appointed Major-General Dix and Edwards Pierrepont, of New York, Special Commissioners to examine into the cases of the political prisoners still remaining in military custody, and to determine whether, in view of the public safety and the existing rebellion, they



HON. EDWIN M. STANTON.
SECRETARY OF WAR.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM.

should be discharged, remain in military custody, or be remitted to the civil tribunals for trial. The examination to be *ex parte* and summary, and at such times and places as the Commissioners should direct.

—MARTIAL law was, by a proclamation of Jefferson Davis, declared to be extended over the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., and the surrounding country to the distance of ten miles from said cities. The writ of *habeas corpus* was also declared suspended within those limits.—(Doc. 67.)

February 28.—The British ship *Labuan*, of Hull, England, arrived at New York, in charge of a prize-crew from the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*. She was captured by the *Portsmouth* a few miles to the northward of Brecca Chica, a small village near the Rio Grande, and it is supposed that she intended to run the blockade. The vessel is worth £33,000. Her cargo consists of a large quantity of blankets, etc.

—COUNTERFEIT five-dollar Treasury notes made their appearance in New-York. They were excellent imitations of the genuine. The letters "U.S.," one within the other, on the shield in the goddess of liberty, being left out.

—THIS day was observed throughout the Confederate States, in accordance with a proclamation issued by Jefferson Davis, as a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer." The rebel President appointed the day as a fitting occasion on which to make a grateful acknowledgment of the watchful care of Providence during the existence of the provisional government.

—THE rebel steamer *Nashville*, from Southampton, England, commanded by R. P. Pegram, of the confederate navy, ran the blockade of Beaufort, North-Carolina, and reached the town this morning in safety.—(Doc. 68.)

—THE United States transport steamer *Mississippi*, having on board Major-General B. F. Butler and fourteen hundred troops, ran aground on Frying-pan Shoals, off Wilmington, N. C., while on her way from Boston, Mass., to Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico. Her situation being discovered by Commander O. S. Glisson, U.S.N., he immediately went to her assistance with the steamer *Mount Vernon*; and after laboring in vain for many hours, during which about three hundred troops were transported to the *Mount Vernon*, the *Mississippi* was finally got off at about seven o'clock in the evening. The troops were then

transferred back to the *Mississippi*, and every man saved.—(Doc. 69.)

—CHARLESTOWN, Va., situated on the line of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, eight miles southwest of Harper's Ferry, was this day occupied by the National troops.

—CAPT. NOLEN, of the Seventh Illinois cavalry, with sixty-four men, while making a reconnoissance of the country west of Charleston, Mo., came across ninety rebel cavalry, commanded by Jeff. Thompson, and after pursuing them a long distance, forced them to make a stand about five miles below Sikeston.

Thompson's artillery was planted in the road in such a manner as to command all approaches, and the National forces were compelled to charge in the face of his battery. This they did with great gallantry, and succeeded in capturing four guns and putting the confederates to flight, with a loss of one man, who straggled from the command and was taken prisoner. The rebel loss was not ascertained.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, March 4.

March 1.—Last evening the second battalion of Ohio cavalry arrived at Independence—in the capacity of a patrol guard, and this morning a portion of Col. Parker's rebel force rode into the town and commenced firing upon the sentries and scouts of the Federals, but almost immediately retreated, followed by the Ohio boys, who kept up a sharp and spirited firing; but owing to the thick fog, it was comparatively ineffective, the rebels scattering to evade pursuit. One of the Federals was killed—private Hickins, of company L. Five rebel prisoners were taken, one of whom stated that Col. Parker was killed in the pursuit.—*Louisville Journal*, March 4.

—THE *Mobile Register* says: Since the late reverses to our arms, we notice quite a deplorable disposition to growl and grumble against the government of the Confederacy; to charge upon it the responsibility of these disasters, and to complain generally of the administration of affairs. This seems to us all wrong—transparently and absurdly wrong. It evidences no judgment, and is far from speaking well for the possession of those stable qualities of fortitude and patient determination which it is believed the Southern race possesses, and which are essential to our success in this war, and to the maintenance of a sustained career of national greatness in the future. If our confidence in the ability and rectitude of our government is so little that

it is to be overthrown by a few insignificant reverses; if our patriotism is of so poor a quality that it may feel disheartened by them, we are not the people to deserve, or to win, or to sustain our independence.

It is as unjust to the government to charge it with the responsibility of losses as it would be to charge with cowardice and inefficiency the brave men who are directly their victims, and experience the misfortunes of war through stress of circumstances and overpowering numbers. We must make up our minds to bear a certain amount of disaster. It is impossible that such a war as this should be a career of uninterrupted successes. *We are engaged with an enemy who marshals the most majestic military strength that modern times have witnessed.* He assails us along land and coast frontiers of near five thousand miles in extent. Is it possible that our government should have the means or the prescience to make every post impregnable which the foe may choose to select for an assault with overwhelming force?

The enemy is ranging along our lines on coast and frontier, and is prepared at any moment to concentrate an overwhelming force at any weak point he may detect. Our government has neither the men nor munitions, nor the supernatural foresight to enable it to have a powerful force at any position which the enemy may choose to select. With such a foe we must force ourselves to the conclusion—rendered doubly distasteful by our invariable successes in its outset—that the war is a war of “give and take.” We must take the bad with the good, and may conceive ourselves especially fortunate if the latter so far predominates that the war will be shortened as much by the successes of our arms as by the self-exhaustion of the enemy’s efforts.

We should not be disheartened if we hear of a succession of such small successes as have encouraged them, as a consequence of the grand advance and general offensive policy of the enemy. These effect little to directly weaken our vital strength, while they nerve the valor and determination of the nation to its best efforts and sternest resolve. We make them pay dearly for these small successes, and trace in blood every step that they advance upon our soil, and they do not weaken our vital strength, for our grand armies remain intact, and must be overthrown

and destroyed ere the cause of the South will look gloomy.

To keep the grand armies of Kentucky and Virginia strong, and to strengthen them, will be the policy of the government, and we may probably soon hear that the forces, which are popularly considered already too small at some points, are being weakened to reinforce the grand armies. It may be that some of these points, where the forces have been so weakened, will be successfully attacked. Grumblers will then have a fine text, of course. But let them not be heeded. The great armies are the true bulwarks of our safety. On them we must rely when the enemy attempt to pour their solid columns of a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand men into the country. How could such forces be confronted with our troops scattered in squads of five thousand to twenty-five thousand at all the divers points on coast and inland frontier which the people adjacent thereto think should certainly be defended by the best efforts of the government? We must keep our great armies massed in such strength as to be able to give battle to the strongest armies of the enemy.

—JOHN MINOR BOTTS, Valentine Heckler, Franklin Stearns, and others were arrested in Richmond, Va., and committed to prison for “treason” against the Southern Confederacy, having openly avowed their sympathy for the Union, and loudly proclaimed their denunciations of the rebellion. The *Richmond Examiner* of March third, gives the following minute account of the affair:

“On Saturday night, Capt. Goodwin, by order of the government, proceeded with a party of select men to the farm of John Minor Botts, and took him and all of his papers and private correspondence, in custody. Leaving an officer in charge of the papers and house of Botts, Capt. Goodwin brought him prisoner to this city, and lodged him in McDaniel’s negro-jail, situated in Blankinship’s alley, some fifty yards north of Franklin street.

Capt. Goodwin then went to the farms of Valentine Heckler and Franklin Stearns, and took both of these well-known Union men, and all of their papers and letters, and brought them to this city.

Botts’ and Heckler’s letters and papers have not yet been examined. Stearns’ have undergone only a cursory examination, and so far,

nothing of interest has been found among them, except several letters from his friend Botts, begging for money.

We are under the impression that, as yet, the government is in possession of no positive information that would convict Botts of treason. But he is known to be the recognised leader of all the disaffected — all the low Germans of the Red Republican, Carl Schurz school, and of the vile remnant of the Union Party.

Against Stearns' and Heckler's loyalty the government has been for a month in the possession of the most conclusive evidence; and it feels confident of its ability to prove that both of these men have been loud in their denunciations of what they have been pleased to term the "Rebellion," and have, over and again, expressed their willingness to sacrifice their entire property to restore the dominion in the South of the United States Government.

The man Wardwell, another party arrested, has, since the beginning of the war, been known to every citizen as a blatant and defiant Union man.

Miller, who has also been lodged in jail, is the chief or high-priest of the secret Black or Red German Republican Societies of Richmond, some of whose members, it can be proved, have, since the reverse of our army at Fort Donelson, boasted that they had thousands of arms and abundance of ammunition concealed in the city, and that the men were enrolled who would use them on the first approach of the Yankee army.

An Irishman, named John M. Higgins, has also been arrested and put in the same prison. Higgins is a connection of Col. Corcoran, of the Yankee army. Two of Higgins' aunts married two of Corcoran's uncles. A letter from Corcoran to Higgins, advising the latter to send his wife and family North, and containing assurances that he (Corcoran) would have them safely conveyed under flag of truce, has recently been intercepted by our government. Whether our government has any evidence of Higgins' intention to follow Corcoran's counsel has not transpired.

It is said that Stearns, the whisky man, on approaching the prison, surveyed it with a most contemptuous expression, and remarked: "If you are going to imprison all the Union men, you will have to provide a much larger jail than this." Mr. Stearns will, we think, be not a little mistaken in his calculations. If the government use

its power wisely and firmly, this great Union party, on which Stearns, and others like him, have based such great expectations, will, in a day, dwindle into ridiculously small proportions. By neglect, idle, ignorant, and vicious persons have been allowed with impunity to boast their treason in our streets.

The rumor that the above-mentioned parties had been arrested was on every tongue yesterday morning, but no one could, with certainty, say whence the rumor originated, or whether it was authentic. And not until a late hour in the evening was it known to be a fact that the parties were confined in McDaniel's jail. Very soon after the information became generally diffused, a crowd collected in the vicinity, and the matter was freely discussed. Not a man was there but expressed himself in unmeasured terms of approbation of the course of the government. The only apprehension that seemed to be felt was, that the government would not be thorough and summary enough in its treatment of traitors. The universal Yankee sympathizers dangling from as many lamp-posts would have a most wholesome and salutary effect.

While standing in the crowd, near the jail, our attention was attracted to a great quantity of burning paper flying out of one of the chimneys. It was immediately suggested that the prisoners, not having been properly searched, were destroying private and perhaps treasonable documents which they had about them.

We have reason to believe that many other arrests will be effected within the next twenty-four hours. We forego to mention names, lest we might throw some impediment in the way of the authorities.

Now that the government appears really in earnest in the suppression of treason, it becomes every citizen who knows a man or set of men inimical to our country and cause to point them out.—*Richmond Examiner, March 3.*

—THE rebels have established powder-mills in Virginia, South-Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and have an abundance of powder, such as it is—a very weak article and deficient in power. As an evidence of this, it may be stated that many of the Federal soldiers wounded at Fort Donelson picked the buckshot out of their merely skin-deep wounds without the assistance of surgeons.—*St. Louis Daily News.*

—YESTERDAY Lieut. Orlando Houston, of Capt. Carlin's Second Ohio battery, while on a foraging

expedition ten miles west of Gen. Curtis's camp in Missouri, was attacked by three companies of Texas Rangers, and himself, eight men, and three horses captured. The balance of the Lieutenant's men retreated to camp, bringing in their wagons, forage, and a fine stallion which they captured. No lives were lost on the National side.—*N. Y. Commercial*, March 11.

—THE *Raleigh* (N. C.) *State Journal* of this date, has the following: "We have no more doubt of the ultimate independence of the South than we have that there is a heaven above us. The simple virtue of patience and endurance on the part of the people of the South will break down the war and the Government of the North, as surely as the war now rages. It is this truth which tends to strengthen the belief of our independence, and the short duration of the war, amongst the statesmen of Europe. Let us, then, continue to show to the world that subjugation is simply *impossible*, and the war will speedily end without the intervention of Europe. But we predict that our recognition as a government will shortly be announced."

—YESTERDAY the National steamer Mount Vernon captured the British schooner British Queen—which was attempting to run the blockade of Wilmington, N. C. She was sent with a prize crew to Philadelphia.

—GEN. CURTIS, at Camp Halleck, in Arkansas, in reply to a private communication from a citizen of that State, relative to the subordination of the National troops of his army, issued an address to the people of the South-west, in which he asserts that the legitimate object of war is peace, "that peaceable persons shall be protected," and advises those in arms against the Government to disband and return to their proper employments, assuring them safety and the fullest protection.—(*Doc. 71.*)

March 2.—An engagement took place this day between the National gunboats Tyler and Lexington and a rebel battery at Pittsburgh, Tennessee, resulting in the defeat and total rout of the rebels, with a loss of five killed and missing and five wounded on the National side. The number of rebels killed was not known.—(*Doc. 72.*)

—GEN. FREDERICK W. LANDER died in his camp, at Paw Paw, Western Virginia, this afternoon, from congestion of the brain, superinduced by the debilitating effects of the wound he received near

Edwards's Ferry, in his reconnoissance the day after the fall of Col. Baker. The country loses, in the death of Gen. Lander, one of its bravest and most energetic officers, and one who had given the highest promise of valuable service in this its time of greatest need.—*N. Y. Tribune*, March 3.

—At Perryville, Md., a National color, the gift of Mrs. John D. Jones, of New-York, was presented to the First battalion of the Eleventh regiment of United States infantry.

March 3.—The rebel Brig.-Gens. Simon Bolivar Buckner and Lloyd Tilghman, arrived at Boston, Mass., and were immediately sent to Fort Warren, in the harbor. It was not generally known that they were to arrive, but there was a crowd present large enough and noisy enough to make it decidedly unpleasant, both to the prisoners and the officers who had them in charge. They occupied a car situated in the middle of the long train. The crowd pressed round this car as soon as the Generals were discovered, and commenced hissing, groaning and howling in a manner calculated to give the occupants an impression not altogether favorable to the citizens of the "Yankee capital."

United States Marshal Keyes, Deputy-Sheriff Jones, and Capt. McKim, Assistant United States Quartermaster, went into the car attended by a number of policemen. They soon appeared with the two Generals, and conducted them to the front of the dépôt, followed by the crowd, which was rapidly swelling in numbers. The prisoners jumped into a hack in waiting there, and were followed by Marshal Keyes and Col. Cutts. Sheriff Jones mounted the box with the driver. As they drove off, the crowd amused itself by groaning vehemently for Jeff. Davis. The hack was driven rapidly to Union Wharf, where the prisoners and officers went on board the steamer May Queen, and started soon after for Fort Warren.

The guard of soldiers did not leave the car in which they had arrived at the dépôt until the prisoners had been driven off in the hack. When they marched out into the street, some persons in the crowd which still lingered about the place were belligerently inclined. One fellow appealed to his comrade to know if they were going to let "rebels" run loose about the streets; to which appeal one of said comrades made bold to reply that they "warn't goin' ter du nuthin' er that sort." A policeman made proclamation that the soldiers were good Union men and true, and the

crowd thereupon set up a mighty cheer, and poured in compliments upon the soldiers. — *Boston Courier*, March 5.

—THE *Richmond Examiner* of this date has the following: "The Yankees in Richmond, who have been trading and peddling in the necessities of the war, are showing characteristic acuteness in eluding the draft for military service. Their management is to get some contract from the government, no matter how petty, and then plead the exemption of public contractors. Of course these creatures are close calculators, and are quite willing to take petty contracts, even at losing prices, to save thereby the unpleasantness of fighting, or the cost of obtaining a substitute.

"We can count on our fingers a score of instances of this management, by well-known Yankee merchants and tradesmen in Richmond. We hear of a Yankee dealer effecting the exemption of himself and workmen from military service, by some paltry contract for official upholstery; of another, a coachmaker, getting a contract for haversacks, or some other trifle; and of a third 'son of the Puritans,' a bonnet-maker, or milliner, notoriously unsound on the Southern question, who has screwed himself into the employment of the government as a travelling agent to purchase leather."

—THE Senate of the United States confirmed Gens. McDowell, Buell, Burnside, McClelland, C. F. Smith, Lew. Wallace, and Sigel, as major-generals, and the following as brigadiers: Speed of Tennessee, Col. Logan of Illinois, Col. McArthur of Iowa, Col. Lauman of Iowa, Col. Wallace of Indiana, Col. McCook of Ohio, Col. Berry of Maine, and Col. Ferry of Connecticut.

Both Houses of Congress passed the bill giving generals in command of divisions, staffs—one assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of major; one inspector-general, with the rank of major; three aids, with the rank of captains, and making the senior officer in command of artillery the commander of all artillery in the division, and giving him a position on the staff of the general.

—AT ten o'clock this morning, the Twenty-seventh, Fifty-second, and Fifty-fifth Illinois regiments, hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the fortifications at Columbus, Ky.

The gunboats Cincinnati, (flag-ship,) Louisville, Carondelet, St. Louis, and Lexington, four mortar-boats in tow of the steamer Lake Erie, and the Twenty-seventh Illinois, Col. Buford, Fifty-sec-

ond Illinois, Col. Roberts, and Fifty-fifth, Major Sanger, Acting-Colonel, upon the transports Aleck Scott, Illinois, Magill, and Ike Hammett, left Cairo this morning at four o'clock, for Columbus. The fleet arrived at Lucas Bend, about two miles above Columbus, at six o'clock, and was drawn up in line-of-battle order. The drums beat to quarters, and the guns were manned, ready for action. Two tugs were sent in advance, reconnoitring, but failed to provoke a shot from the enemy. Everything about the works was quiet. The glasses revealed stragglers on the bluffs and water-batteries, and in a few moments a flag was waved, but its character could not be made out.

The fleet gradually neared the town, and lay in the stream off the Belmont battle-field; while scouts were sent out upon tugs toward the rebel works. The tugs approached cautiously until within a quarter of a mile of the batteries, and finding the works deserted, both set off at top speed for the honor of landing first.

The scouts rushed on the double quick to the top of the bluff, and unfurled the Stars and Stripes, saluted by the crews of the gunboats as they steamed up to the town. The transports landed their troops, and Columbus was "occupied." The works were entirely deserted, and the barracks, or rather rough board and log-cabins, were burned.

An immense amount of coal, stores, and ordnance fell into the hands of the National troops. Many of the rebel cannon were thrown into the river, but six thirty-two-pounders, some howitzers, and an almost innumerable quantity of grape, canister, shell, and round-shot, were found in the batteries. The fortifications were very extensive, and the natural position was almost impregnable.

Columbus was completely deserted, every building was thoroughly ransacked and its contents destroyed by the rebels. The rebels commenced leaving on Thursday last, and finished yesterday.—(*Doc. 73.*)

—GEN. BANKS's forces occupied Martinsburgh, Va., without opposition. Among the many prisoners taken was Rev. T. J. McNeigh, Chaplain of the Second Virginia infantry. He was captured by company K, Michigan cavalry, Capt. Mann, near Perryville.

—THE steamer Atlantic sailed from New-York for Port Royal, S. C., with a large cargo of army stores, and about sixty persons, who accompany

Mr. Edward L. Pierce, the Government agent in charge of the plantations and contrabands at Port Royal. These persons were all recommended by the National Freedman's Relief Association, and its auxiliary, the Educational Committee, at Boston. Three fourths of the whole number are men who are to be the superintendents of the abandoned estates, and will direct the labors of the negroes, who are to be employed in such agricultural pursuits as cotton-culture and raising vegetables for their own support and for the use of the army at that point.

Twelve or fifteen of the passengers are ladies, who will become teachers of an industrial school, which will be at once established at Port Royal, under the superintendence of Rev. M. French, of New-York. Mrs. Senator Harlan of Iowa, is among the ladies, and will assist in some department of the work. Rev. Dr. Floy, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New-York, is passenger by the Atlantic. He goes to Port Royal for the purpose of preparing for missionary efforts among the negroes.

A portion of the superintendents and teachers receive compensation from the associations in New-York and Boston; but some are volunteers. Among the number are men of almost all trades, and some professions. There are several physicians and one or two clergymen.

All the superintendents and teachers were requested to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, previous to going on board the steamer. Twenty-seven gentlemen and four ladies from Boston; twenty-one gentlemen and seven ladies from New-York, and Miss Susan Walker, Mrs. Walter R. Johnson, and Miss Mary Donalson, from Washington and Philadelphia, subscribed to the oath. No man who would not, in case of necessity, fight for his country was permitted to go to Port Royal to assist in the management of the contrabands.—(Doc. 74.)

—Four regiments of rebels, with a four-gun battery, attempted to flank Colonel Geary, near Lovettsville, Va., but were driven off without a skirmish.

—An engagement took place between the National forces, under command of Gen. Pope, and the rebels, about two miles north of New-Madrid, Mo. After a fight of between two and three hours, the National forces retired a short distance, having met with a slight loss from the fire of the rebel gunboats.—(Doc. 75.)

—An order, dated at St. Louis, Mo., was issued to-day by Maj.-Gen. Halleck, U.S.A., establishing regulations "for the conduct of restored intercourse between the loyal section of the Department of Missouri, and the counties on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers," in Tennessee. By it, all vessels running in trade on those rivers, to and from St. Louis, are ordered to take out a special license for that purpose, and be subject to the revenue laws of the United States, and to the regulations and instructions of the Treasury Department. Surveyors and other officers of the customs, or, in their absence, the nearest military commander, were directed to see to the proper execution of the order.

—The town of Fernandina, Fla., surrendered to-day to the United States forces under command of Commodore S. F. Du Pont and Brig.-Gen. H. G. Wright. The expedition for its reduction sailed from Port Royal, S. C., on the twenty-seventh of February, and after some delays, owing to the difficult and narrow channels, and frequent reconnoissances, the harbor was entered to-day by the United States steamer Ottawa, Lieutenant Commanding Thomas H. Stevens, and the place found deserted, the rebels being in full retreat, and all the fortifications abandoned.—(Doc. 76.)

March 4.—An intelligent gentleman, arrived in Richmond, Va., from the South, states that the whole country is in a blaze of patriotic enthusiasm. The late reverses have awakened a military spirit which throws into the shade the glorious demonstrations at the beginning of the war. The whole population is offering itself *en masse* for the defence of the county. It is said that nothing like the universal and fervid awakening of the people to the exigencies of the times has occurred before from the beginning of the war. Men of all ages are eager to unite in the holy work of driving back the foul invader from our Southern homes, and even the women, if they could procure arms, would buckle them on and hasten to the field. As it is, the prayers of mothers, wives and daughters, were sent up unceasingly to Heaven in behalf of "the case, the cause, the course," that is giving strength even to the arm of old age, converting boys into veterans, and even the weak and timid into heroes.

Let the government keep up with the energy of the people, and we have every reason to believe it will; let the government emulate the splendid boldness of the soldier, and the tide of

battle will soon be in our favor. Let all be prepared for sacrifices, to make bonfires of cotton and tobacco, and convert every Southern town to ashes, rather than to submit to a base and inhuman foe. In such a spirit, and with humble reliance on Heaven, our independence is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun.—*Richmond Dispatch*, March 5.

—A GENERAL order was issued by Gen. McClellan, dismissing Col. James E. Kerrigan, of the Twenty-fifth regiment N. Y. S. V., from the service. The court-martial found him guilty of habitual neglect of duty; conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline; violation of the forty-fourth article of war in failing to attend a meeting of officers ordered by his brigadier-general; a violation of the ninth article of war; and sleeping outside the camp without leave.—*N. Y. Commercial*, March 5.

—THE Senate of the United States confirmed the nomination of Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, as Brigadier-General, at the nomination of the President, and the Senator at once proceeded to organize a provisional government for Tennessee, over which he is to preside as Military Governor until a regular civil government is organized.—*National Intelligencer*.

—GEN. SHIELDS passed through Charlestown, Va., this day, on his way to take command of the late Gen. Lander's brigade.—Mrs. William H. Norris was arrested at her residence in Baltimore, Md., by orders from Washington, and conveyed to that city, on the charge of transmitting clothing to persons in the rebel army in Virginia.—*Baltimore American*, March 5.

—GEN. HITCHCOCK has been compelled, on account of impaired health, which will not permit him to perform the responsible duties of the position in the field, to decline the appointment of Major-General, lately tendered by the President with the approval of the Senate. His letter to this effect utters strong Union sentiments, his fervent desire that the rebellion may be speedily overthrown, and his confident belief that this will soon take place, and the authority of the Federal Government everywhere be reestablished. He expresses great admiration of the recent brilliant achievements in the West, and of the military genius which they manifest.—*National Intelligencer*, March 5.

March 5.—An order, dated at Jackson, Tenn., was issued by Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, of the con-

federate army, assuming command of the rebel army of the Mississippi. The order declares that the Northern "invaders" must be "made to atone" for the reverses experienced by Southern arms, and terminates by calling the rebel cause as "just and sacred" as any that ever animated a nation.—(Doc. 77.)

—IN the Confederate Congress, Mr. Smith offered a resolution that the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to prevent the appointment, as postmasters, of persons between eighteen and forty-five years of age, where the compensation is under seventy-five dollars per annum; but such appointment shall be made with reference to those persons who, by bodily infirmity, age, or sickness, are exempt from military duty.

The object of the mover of the bill was mainly set forth in the bill as it read. He wished to cut off from the benefit of the exemption law many persons, able-bodied and active young men, who sought these offices, some of which paid but ten dollars a year, only for the purpose of escaping military duty. In these offices, where so little exertion was required, persons could be placed who were unfit for the field, or, if necessary, some of the noble women of our country could be looked to to perform these duties.—*Richmond Examiner*, March 7.

—THIS day the United States steamer Water Witch captured, off St. Andrew's Bay, west coast of Florida, the rebel schooner William Mallory, of Mobile, from Havana February twenty-eighth, and bound wherever she could make a port. She is a schooner of one hundred and eight tons burden, and is a remarkably fast sailer, having been chased five hours and fired at several times before she would heave to.—*National Intelligencer*, March 20.

—A PROCLAMATION was issued by F. W. Pickens, rebel Governor of South-Carolina, calling for five volunteer regiments, to serve during the war, in response to a requisition for that number made upon the State by the President of the Confederate States. He urges upon the people the necessity of the call, in consequence of reverses to the Southern arms, and threatens to meet the demand by conscription, if the regiments are not formed by volunteers within fifteen days.—(Doc. 78.)

—THE public mind of the entire South is fast recovering from its causeless panic occasioned by

the unfortunate affairs at Roanoke Island and Fort Donelson. Considerate men see that much ultimate good may come of them by inuring us to defeats that must often occur in a war with a power possessed of superior numbers and superior resources of all kinds, by curing us of that rashness which our continued successes had begotten, and, most of all, by stimulating enlistments, and thus increasing the number and efficiency of our armies. It is now almost certain that by the last of April we shall have a larger disposable force in the field than that of our enemies; for they must retain two hundred thousand men in Maryland to guard and retain that State and the city of Washington, one hundred thousand in Kentucky and Missouri to hold those States, some twenty thousand in their various forts, and probably eighty thousand in their fleets. Thus their stationary force being four hundred thousand, even if their armies number seven hundred thousand, they will have a disposable force of only three hundred thousand with which to invade our interior; and, in long incursions, this will be diminished at least one third by the forces detailed to keep up communication with their base of operations. Besides, by deferring their invasion of the South until the warm season, they will soon decimate their ranks by the malarious diseases of our climate.

Heretofore we have had to fight against superior numbers, but so soon as they quit their vessels, march into the country and meet us in the open field, we shall out-number them, if we please, in every conflict.

They cannot probably hold Nashville longer than the rainy season keeps the Cumberland River flooded. We know not how large an army they have there, but believe it cannot be very large. Should we be mistaken, and they attempt to hold it permanently, we ought, in a few weeks, to make prisoners of their whole army. Their present occupation of that city, of Fort Donelson, and of Clarksville so divide their land and naval forces as to disable them from attacking and taking Columbus, and proceeding down the Mississippi to Memphis and the cotton region.

If, with their whole land and naval force, and their eager appetite for cotton, they durst not attempt to descend that river, they will surely not now venture to do so with a crippled and divided navy and army. It may yet turn out that the fall of Fort Donelson and of Nashville will be a great gain to us, and a great misfortune to them.

The whole country, from the Ohio to Nashville, is inhabited by brave men and zealous secessionists. They cannot make that city a base of operations from which to invade the cotton States, for in a few weeks, probably days, the Cumberland River will become unnavigable for the smallest gunboats, and they would be cut off from their Northern supplies and resources. If they attempt it, even with a force of a hundred thousand men, we should at once surround them with a force of a hundred and fifty thousand, and capture their whole army. This would end the war; and we should not be surprised that it should end somewhat in this way. The North, under a weight of debt and want of cotton, is become desperate, and will rashly quit its woven walls ere long and march far into our interior. Then we will make prisoners of their armies, and gloriously and triumphantly wind up the war. Let faint-hearted people recollect that we never yet met them with equal numbers, in the open field, without defeating them; and that under the levy *en masse* which is going on in the South, if they invade us by land after the first of April, we will meet them with superior numbers. Our bad roads will prevent their invading us sooner.—*Richmond Dispatch*, March 5.

—BUNKER HILL, Va., was occupied by the National forces.—Reverdy Johnson was to-day elected United States Senator by the Maryland Legislature for six years from March, 1863.

—A RECONNOITRING party of the Sixty-third regiment of Pennsylvania, Heintzelman's division, was ambushed this morning beyond the Occoquan, Va., two or three miles in advance of the Union pickets, and received the fire of a party of concealed rebels, who instantly fled through the woods. Capt. Chapman and Lieut. Lyle were killed, and two privates were wounded, one of them mortally.

—THE National pickets at Columbus, Ky., were this day driven in by the rebel cavalry, who fled upon being shelled by the gunboats.

—AN order was issued, dated at Jackson, Tennessee, by Major-Gen. Bragg, of the confederate army, designating different rendezvous for troops coming within his division, assuming authority of the railroads in the limits of his command, and declaring martial law in the city of Memphis, Tennessee. All prisoners of war at Memphis were ordered to be transferred to Mobile and thence to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, for confinement.

March 6.—A squad of Van Allen's cavalry to-day captured a rebel picket, five in number, near Bunker Hill, Va. They belonged to the Second Virginia infantry. They were carried before the Division Provost-Marshal, Lieut.-Col. Andrews, of the Massachusetts Second, for examination.

—THE confederate Congress passed the following substitute for the original bill offered by Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, to authorize the destruction of cotton, tobacco, and other property in military emergencies:

Be it enacted by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That it shall be the duty of all military commanders in the service of the confederate States to destroy all cotton, tobacco, or other property that may be useful to the enemy, if the same cannot be safely removed, whenever, in their judgment, the said cotton, tobacco, and other property is about to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The following clause was struck out of the original bill on a motion to amend:

The owners thereof shall receive just compensation therefor from the confederate government, under such laws and regulations as may hereafter be established by Congress.

It will be seen that the question of the compensation of owners of the property destroyed is cut off.—*Richmond Examiner, March 7.*

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN transmitted to Congress a message, recommending the adoption of a joint resolution that "the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system." The President does not urge the adoption of the resolution, but says that the proposition is made "as an offer only," and declares his conviction that the emancipation of slavery must be gradual, not sudden. He says the "war has been an indispensable mean" for the preservation of the Union, and the present proposition is made as something which promises "great efficiency toward ending the struggle."—(*Doc. 79.*)

—SMITHFIELD, Va., was this day occupied by a strong force of United States troops.—Capts. Bell, McKean, Du Pont, Goldsborough, and Faragut were confirmed by the Senate of the United States as flag-officers of the Navy. President Lincoln, in addition to the officers promoted for

gallant conduct, nominated Brig.-Gen. Thomas to be a major-general, as a recognition of his eminent services in Kentucky.

—THE Ninety-eighth regiment of New-York State volunteers arrived at New-York, *en route* for the seat of war. It is commanded by Col. William Dutton, a graduate of West-Point, and a classmate of Gen. McClellan.

—AN adjourned meeting of citizens of Charleston, S. C., was held at the City Hall, at seven o'clock P.M., to organize the free market of the city, in order to supply the families of soldiers and sailors with provisions and necessaries, free of charge, during the existing war.—*Charleston Mercury, March 6.*

—A SQUADRON of the First regiment of Michigan cavalry surprised a party of rebel cavalry at Berryville, Va., routing them, killing three and capturing nine horses, without the loss of a man.—*Baltimore American, March 7.*

March 7.—The Eighth regiment of Vermont volunteers, under the command of Col. Stephen Thomas, passed through New-York on the way to the seat of war. It is composed of one thousand and sixty men, fully uniformed, armed with Enfield rifles, and equipped. They have been recruited from among the hardy sons of the Green Mountain State, and are unusually strong and robust, mostly between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years.

Accompanying the regiment are two light batteries of six rifled six-pounders each, the two companies numbering one hundred and seventy-five men each. They are commanded respectively by Capt. Geo. W. Duncan and Capt. Sales.

—IN the English House of Commons, Mr. Gregory, pursuant to notice, called the attention of the House to the blockade of the Southern ports, and moved for a copy of any correspondence on the subject, subsequent to the papers already before the House. He expressed his strong sympathy for the struggle going forward in the confederate States, and declared that a separation of the South from the North, and a reconstruction of the Union, were the only means by which they could hope to see slavery abolished in America.

—THE rebel steamer Sumter still remained at Gibraltar, the United States gunboat Tuscarora watching her.

—A BRISK cannonading took place on the Lower Potomac at four o'clock this morning, when the Freeborn, Satellite, Island Belle, and

the Resolute opened fire on the line of batteries extending from opposite Liverpool Point to Boyd's Hole, including three at Aquia Creek. The rebels returned the fire, but without striking any of the National vessels. Proceeding up to Wade's Bay in the afternoon, in which direction heavy firing had been heard during the day, the Island Belle and the Satellite again opened fire on the railroad dépôt and some trains of cars filled with rebel troops that were constantly arriving from Fredericksburg. The dépôt was riddled by the shot and shell. The enemy returned the fire from a battery on the water-line and another on a hill a little back. Their shots fell thickly around the vessels, but not one of them took effect. The troops at Aquia Creek were constantly receiving reinforcements. The batteries at Cockpit Point and Shipping Point opened fire on Professor Lowe's balloon, when in the air near Budd's Ferry, but the balloon was not hit on either side.

—GOV. ANDREW JOHNSON, with his staff, accompanied by Messrs. Etheridge and Maynard, left Washington this evening for Nashville, to enter upon their charge of the new government of Tennessee.

—THE *Richmond Examiner*, of this date, has the following: "What has become of the enormous number of arms stored in Southern arsenals at the beginning of this war? Into what proportions have the cargoes said to have been brought in from time to time, by rumor, dwindled through official count? They are certainly not in the hands of soldiers now in the field, nor are they still in the arsenals, nor have they been captured by the enemy. Admit that in the hands of prisoners taken by the enemy there were twenty thousand stand, that half as many more have been broken or lost in marches and hospitals, the total that should be subtracted from the original sum is still too small to account for the present scarcity of muskets and of bayonets.

"But a vast quantity have undoubtedly gone with the sixty days' men, the four months' men, the six months' men; a still greater loss is attributable to the many useless and unprofitable assemblages of the militia. It is certain only that the ordnance department has not the arms for the new levies. There are many more soldiers at the government's command than muskets. It could find employment for five hundred thousand stand of arms that it has not in possession or in prospect. Under these circumstances no wiser measure could have been adopted by the govern-

ment than the call for the guns in the hands of the citizens as private property. There are a million of guns possessed by the citizens of the South in this manner, and the country has a right to every one of them now. Most shot-guns will carry a ball, and all of them are good for buck-shot. They are as effective as any smooth bore, and are much better made than the musket. Troops armed with double-barreled shot-guns need no bayonets; for any line that attempted to charge them would be annihilated by the second load, which will always be retained, and can be delivered at twenty paces. It is hoped that the government will inexorably enforce its regulation; and no sincere patriot will be unwilling to assist its execution to the utmost of his power."

—JOHN PARK, Mayor of Memphis, Tenn., this day issued the following proclamation:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF MEMPHIS: Much has been said in regard to the burning of our city. I have, as John Park, (not the Mayor,) to say this to our citizens: That I will, under any and all circumstances, protect the city from incendiaries, and he who attempts to fire his neighbor's house—or even his own, whereby it endangers his neighbor—I will, regardless of judge, jury, or the benefit of clergy, hang him to the first lamp-post, tree, or awning. I have the means under my control to carry out the above individual proclamation."

—AN excitement occurred in the town of Dover, Del., this day. It appears that two companies of Home Guards had been raised in the town, one called the Hazlet Guards, and the other simply denominated Home Guards. The Hazlet Guards were equipped by the State, but the other organization by the Government. The Government called on the Hazlet Guards to give up their arms, which they refused to do. Persisting in this determination, two hundred Government troops were immediately sent to the town from Cambridge, Md., under the command of Col. Wallace. Five of the ringleaders were arrested, but three were afterward released, Capts. Pennington and Wise only remaining in custody. The town numbers about two thousand persons, and the whole place is now under strict martial law.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, March 11.

—THE rebel chief, Quantrel, with a party of his troops, entered Aubry, Kansas, this day, killing five Unionists, and carrying off fifteen horses.—*N. Y. Times*, March 11.

—THE United States Senate this day confirmed the following as Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers:

Major Laurance Graham, of Second cavalry; Eleazer Paine, of Illinois; William A. Richardson, of Illinois; Daniel Butterfield, of New-York; W. T. Ward, of Kentucky; Major George Sykes, of the Thirteenth infantry; Captain David Stanley, of the Tenth cavalry; Thomas A. Davies, of New-York; Col. Philip St. George Cooke, Second cavalry; Major George Stoneman, Fourth cavalry; Capt. Joseph B. Plummer, First regiment of infantry, for gallant conduct at Springfield and Fredericktown, Mo.

The Senate also confirmed Henry Van Rensselaer to be Inspector-General, with the rank of Colonel, and Thomas Hillhouse, of New-York, to be Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers, with the rank of Major.

March 8.—This day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, an attack was made upon a foraging party of the Fourth Ohio cavalry, Mitchell's division, five miles south of Nashville, Tennessee, by Morgan's rebel cavalry, which resulted in their taking eighteen of the National wagons, teamsters, and mules, and burning one wagon. The rebels took Capt. Braden, of Gen. Dumont's staff, prisoner. At three o'clock P.M., the Fourth Ohio cavalry and Loomis's battery pursued the rebels, capturing four men, killing four, and retaking all the wagons and prisoners. Morgan escaped with two men. A sergeant of the Thirty-seventh Indiana regiment, of Col. Turchin's brigade, was shot in the arm.—*Louisville Journal*, *March 12.*

—Two companies of the Massachusetts Twenty-sixth regiment, under the command of Col. E. F. Jones, made a reconnoissance from Ship Island, to Mississippi City, La., where they were attacked by a body of rebel cavalry, and compelled to retreat to their boats.—(*Doc. 80.*)

—THE *Memphis Argus* of this date has the following: "Major-Gen. Bragg's 'General Order No. 2,' transferred to our columns from the *Jackson Whig* of yesterday, announces that martial law is to be established in Memphis. The establishment of martial law seems to be a favorite movement of Gen. Bragg's, and, however much the people may dislike its provisions, or fail to discover the necessity for their enforcement, it is the duty of all good citizens to bear the inconveniences they entail. Soldiers from the army, as we understand, are to be detailed for the purpose, and we trust a provost-marshal will be drawn from the same source. Martial law is virtually subjecting the people to the will of one

man, who can exercise his powers arbitrarily or with moderation. It is not every citizen unacquainted with military matters, who should be vested with the almost autocratic powers of a provost-marshal in a time like this, for certainly no man is fitted to learn its duties and enforce them at the same time. If we *must* live under martial law, let its enforcement be by a regular army officer, a stranger to our people, who, knowing his duty thoroughly, performs it because it is his duty, having neither friends among our citizens to shield nor enemies to punish. It is only by a thorough knowledge of duty and the strictest impartiality in its discharge, that martial law can be borne without a murmur by the people."

—THE rebel troops, composed of three Texan, one Georgia, and one Mississippi regiment, and the Hampton Legion, formerly encamped back of and below Occoquan, Va., evacuated that place, destroying everything they could not carry on their backs. The National troops took possession, and were welcomed by a part of the inhabitants with great joy. Every boat in the vicinity, and anything that would float, was destroyed. The rebels told the villagers they were going to fall back to the Rappahannock.

—LAST night, Col. Geary left Lovettsville, Va., with his whole command, and marched through Wheatland and Waterford, taking prisoners at both places, and putting the scattered forces of the rebels to flight. Shortly after sunrise, this morning, he took possession of Fort Johnston at Leesburg, which was christened by the officers Fort Geary. He then entered the town, with flags flying and bayonets fixed.

The rebel troops, who had thought this one of their greatest strongholds, could be discerned through a glass retreating. Gen. Hill, the rebel officer in command, fell back on Middleburg.

The command took many prisoners and stores, and are in possession of the bank, post-office, and public buildings. Forts Beauregard and Evans were also taken.

—THE battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, was ended after three days' severe fighting, between the Unionists under Gen. Curtis, and the rebels led by Ben. McCulloch.

On Thursday, the sixth, the rebels commenced the attack on Gen. Curtis's right wing, assailing and pursuing the rear-guard of a detachment under Gen. Franz Sigel, to the Union main lines on Sugar Creek Hollow, but withdrew and ceased action, at about four o'clock in the afternoon,

when the Union reinforcements came up. During the night Gen. Curtis became convinced that the enemy had moved on so as to attack his right or rear. He, therefore, early on the next morning, ordered a change of front to the right, his right, which then became his left, still resting on Sugar Creek Hollow. This placed his line across Pea Ridge, with his new right resting on the head of Big Sugar Creek. He also ordered an immediate advance of his cavalry and light artillery, under the command of Col. Osterhaus, with orders to attack and break the lines of the enemy. This movement was in progress, when the rebels at eleven o'clock in the morning commenced an attack on the right of the Union lines. The fight continued mainly at these points during the day, the enemy having gained the point held by the command of Col. Carr, at the head of Big Sugar Creek, but was entirely repulsed with the fall of the commander, McCulloch, in the centre, by the forces under Col. Davis. The plan of attack on the centre was gallantly carried forward by Col. Osterhaus, who was immediately sustained and supported by Col. Davis's entire division, supported also by General Sigel's command, which had remained till near the close of the day on the left. Col. Carr's division held the right, under a galling, continuous fire, all day. In the evening, firing having entirely ceased in the centre, and the right being now on the left, Gen. Curtis reinforced the right by a portion of the second division, under General Asboth.

Before the day closed, Gen. Curtis, being convinced that the rebels had concentrated in main force on the right, commenced another change of front, forward, so as to face the enemy where he had deployed on the Union right flank.

This change had only been partially effected, but was in full progress, when at sunrise to-day, firing was renewed by the centre and right of Curtis's troops, which was immediately answered by the rebels with renewed energy along the whole extent of their line. The left of the Union troops, under the command of Gen. Sigel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights and advancing steadily toward the head of the hollows. Here Gen. Curtis ordered the centre and right wing forward, the right turning the left of the enemy and the Nationals firing on his centre. This final position of the rebels was in the arc of a circle. A charge of infantry extending

throughout the whole line, completely routed the entire rebel force and they fled in confusion, but in comparative safety, through the deep and almost impassable defiles of Big Sugar Creek. The Union loss in this battle amounted to two hundred and twelve killed, nine hundred and twenty-six wounded, and one hundred and seventy-four missing, in all one thousand three hundred and twelve. The rebel loss was very large, but it is probable that its exact extent will never be known.—(*Doc. 81.*)

—By President Lincoln's War Order No. 2, he has ordered the Army of the Potomac to be divided into army corps, to be commanded by commanders of corps, selected according to seniority of rank, as follows :

First corps, consisting of four divisions, to be commanded by Major-Gen. Sumner.

Second corps, consisting of three divisions, to be commanded by Major-Gen. McDowell.

Third corps, consisting of three divisions, to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. Heintzelman.

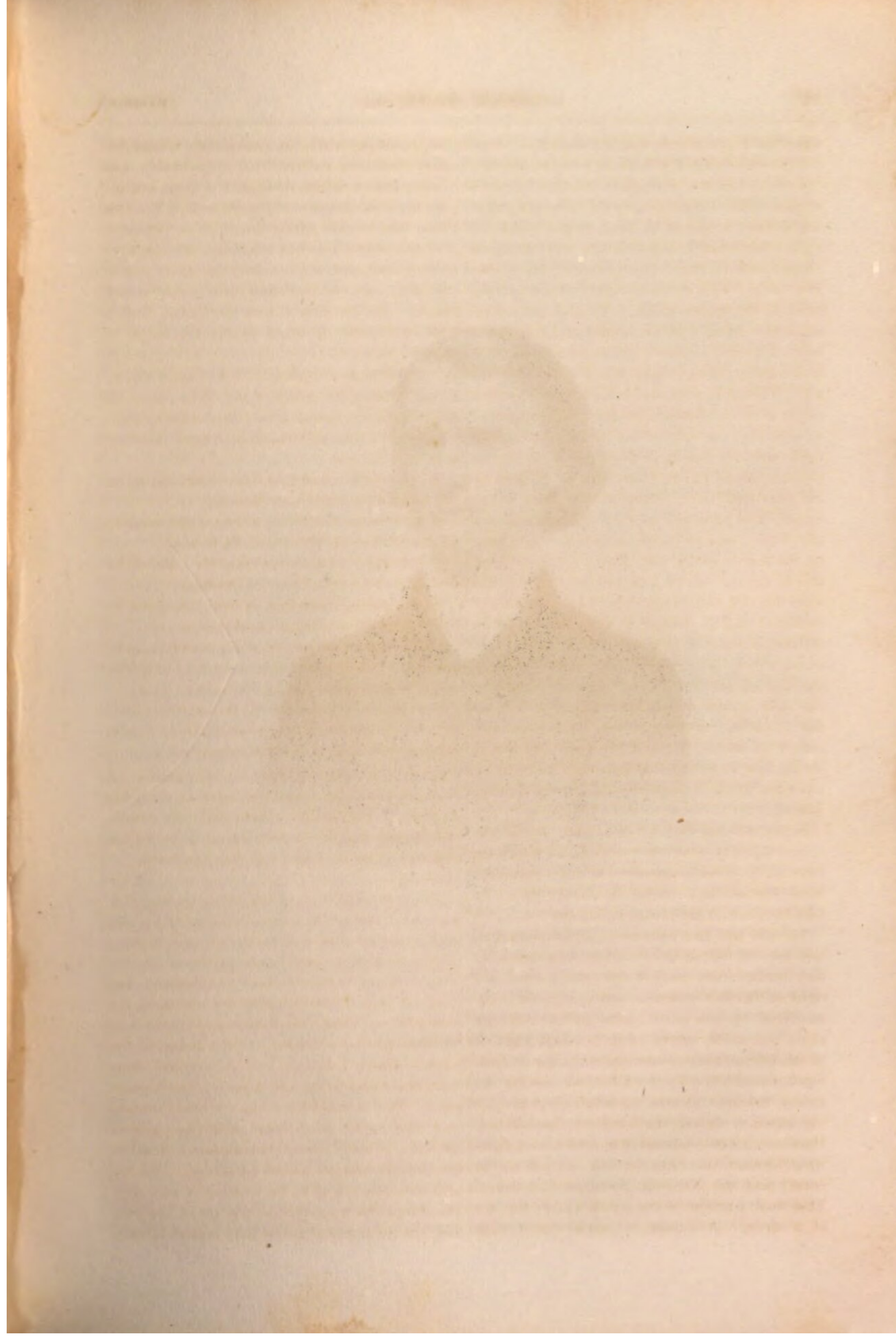
Fourth corps, consisting of three divisions, to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. Keyes.

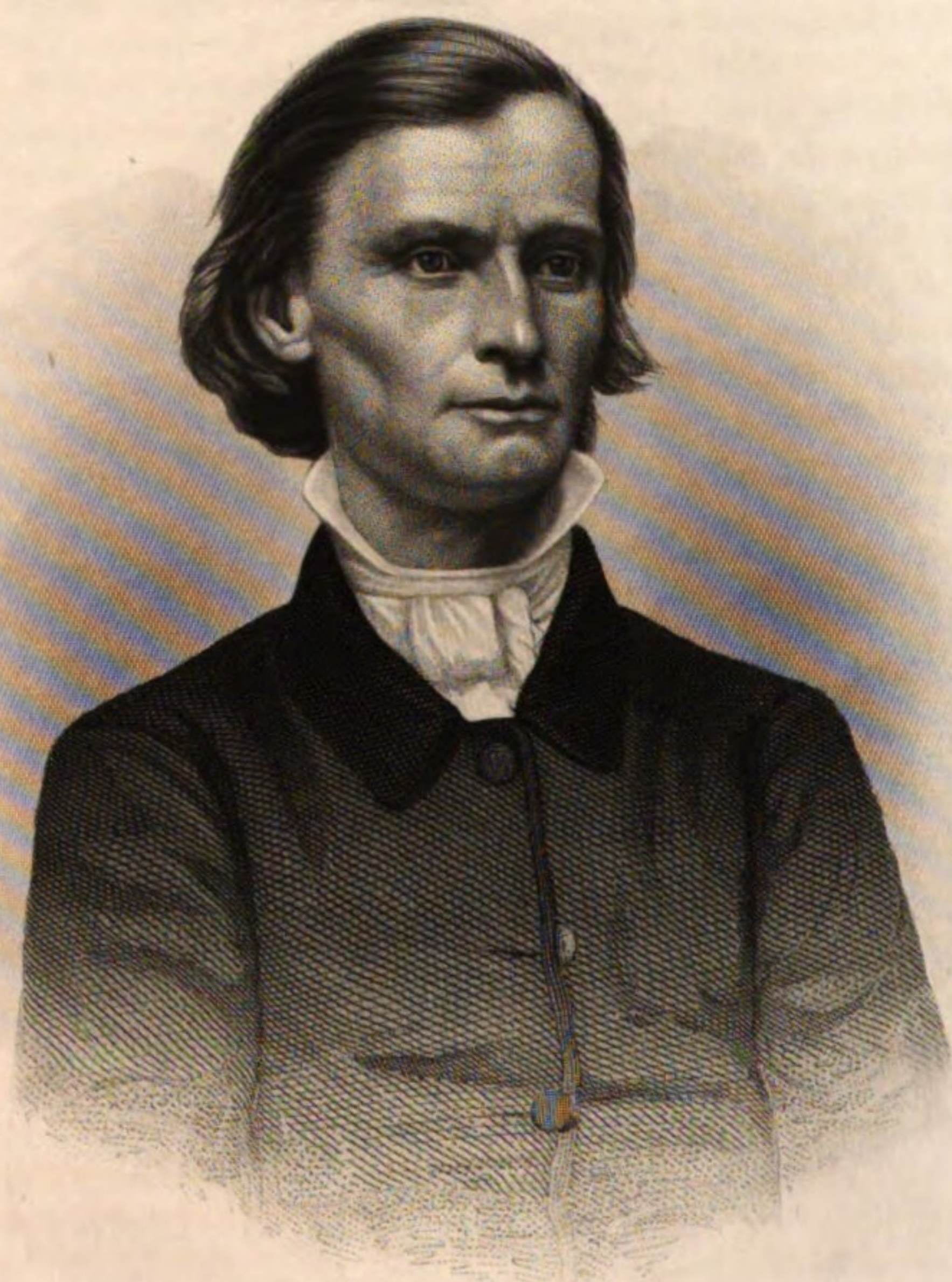
Fifth—Gen. Banks's and Gen. Shields's commands, the latter late Gen. Lander's, to be a fifth corps, to be commanded by Major-Gen. Banks.

—Capt. Bell, of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, was promoted to Major of the Third Illinois cavalry, now in Gen. Halleck's department.

—GEN. BEAUREGARD, from his headquarters at Jackson, Tenn., issued an order calling upon the planters of the South to send their plantation-bells to the nearest railroad depot, to be melted into cannon for the defence of their plantations.—(*Doc. 90.*)

March 9.—Early yesterday afternoon, the rebel iron-plated steamer Merrimac came out of Norfolk harbor, moved slowly down the channel leading to Newport News, and steamed direct for the United States sailing frigates Cumberland and Congress, which were lying at the mouth of the James River. The Cumberland opened fire on her, but the balls had no effect. In the meantime the rebel steamers Yorktown and Jamestown, came down the James River and joined in the engagement. The Merrimac ran against the Cumberland, striking her about midships and laying open her sides. This movement was repeated, and then the steamer started for the Congress. The latter surrendered, and in the evening it was fired. The Minnesota attempted to engage in the conflict, but run aground not far from Newport News.





Eng^d by Geo. E. Perme N.Y.

HENRY A. WISE.

The St. Lawrence fired a number of shots, but was unable to get near the rebel steamers. The gunboat Oregon was disabled by a shot in her boiler, and the gunboat Zouave was also damaged to some extent. The new Ericsson iron-clad battery, the Monitor, arrived in the roads at ten o'clock in the evening, and at once went to the protection of the Minnesota. This morning the contest was renewed, and from eight o'clock to twelve o'clock, the two iron-clad steamers fought, part of the time touching each other. At last the Merrimac retired, having sustained serious injuries. The Monitor was uninjured.—(*Doc. 82.*)

—A BRIGADE of United States troops from Cairo, Ill., occupied Point Pleasant, Mo., about ten miles below New-Madrid, thus cutting off the communication of the rebels with the main confederate army further down the Mississippi River. At Point Pleasant the National troops took possession of a rebel transport loaded with flour, and scuttled her.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—THE citizens of Shelbyville, Bedford County, Tenn., burned a large quantity of confederate stores, to prevent their falling into the hands of the rebel troops under A. Sydney Johnston, who were in full retreat from Murfreesboro'.

—COCKPIT POINT, Va., was occupied by the National troops. About two P.M., the rebels commenced to retreat, and fired their tents and other property difficult of removal. They also burned their steamer George Page, and all the other craft which they had in the creek.

The National gunboats opened fire on the battery about three o'clock P.M., and at half-past four a force was landed, and ran up the Union flag over the rebel works.—(*Doc. 83.*)

—GREAT excitement existed throughout the seaboard cities and towns of the Northern States, concerning the possibility of the rebel gunboat Merrimac's escaping from Hampton Roads and visiting them.

—THIS morning at daybreak, the camp of Gen. McCook, situated on the Franklin Turnpike, three miles south of Nashville, Tenn., was attacked by a party of rebels, and a corporal of the First Wisconsin regiment killed.—*Louisville Journal, March 12.*

—A SKIRMISH took place to-day at Burk's Station, near Fairfax Court-House, Va., between a detachment of the Lincoln cavalry, consisting of fourteen men, under command of Lieut. Hidden, and about one hundred and fifty rebel infantry.

The cavalry charged upon the rebels and drove back the majority of them, with the loss, however, of Lieut. Hidden. The remainder fought desperately on both sides, three rebels being killed, five wounded and eleven taken prisoners. The members of the Lincoln cavalry were commanded by Corporal Eugene Lewis, after Lieut. Hidden fell.—(*Doc. 84.*)

—Two powder-mills, on the opposite side of the river, at New-Orleans, were blown up, and five workmen were killed. The loss of property was principally in machinery. There was only about three thousand pounds of powder on hand.—*New-Orleans Crescent, March 10.*

March 10.—Lieut. J. D. Joak, of the First Iowa cavalry, with thirty men, encountered a band of marauders posted in a log-house and barn in Lafayette County, Mo. The enemy were defeated after a short engagement, in which they had nine killed and three wounded. The National loss was one killed and four wounded.—*N. Y. World, March 21.*

—AN expedition, sent out from Sedalia, Mo., by Brig.-Gen. McKean, into Bates County, returned with forty prisoners of war, recruits from Gen. Price's army, a quantity of arms, ammunition, and other effects.

—IN the United States Senate a joint resolution, in accordance with the suggestion in the President's Special Message, tendering the aid of the Government to the States of Maryland and Delaware, and favoring voluntary emancipation, was offered by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, but objected to by Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, and laid over. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Mr. Browning, of Illinois, made a speech in opposition to it. At the conclusion of his speech a joint resolution of thanks to Commodore Foote was passed. The House bill, providing a new Article of War, prohibiting officers of the army from returning fugitive slaves, was debated at considerable length, and finally passed as it came from the House, twenty-nine to nine.

—THE gunboat Whitehall, lying at Hampton Roads, Va., took fire at two o'clock this morning, and was totally destroyed. Three of her guns, all of which were shotted, went off at intervals, and a shell burst in the air, scattering its fragments about Fort Monroe, without, however, doing any damage. Another gun was saved by the harbor crew. The Whitehall was formerly a Fulton ferry-boat, at New-York.

—THIS day Col. James Carter, with his regiment of loyal Tennesseans, left Camp Cumberland Ford, and went through the mountains, some forty odd miles, to Big Creek Gap, some four miles above Jacksboro, Tenn., where they had a fight with the rebel cavalry. Two of the rebels were killed, four badly wounded, and fifteen taken prisoners, among whom was Lieut.-Col. White. Col. Carter also obtained all of the tents for three companies, their camp equipage, and provisions, and some arms. Twenty-seven of the rebels' horses were killed, and fifty-nine captured, with seven mules and four wagons. Lieut.-Col. Keigwin, of the Forty-ninth regiment Indiana volunteers, accompanied Colonel Carter, and rendered most efficient service. The National casualties were Lieutenant Myers and one private slightly wounded.—*Louisville Journal*, March 24.

—THIS morning the National forces, amounting to upwards of two thousand, proceeded to Centreville, Va., and occupied the village about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was altogether deserted. The rebels had destroyed as much of their property as they could not carry away, by fire and otherwise. The bridges, railroad track and depot, in that vicinity were extensively damaged, and nothing but wreck and desolation were apparent.—*N. Y. Herald*, March 12.

—IN the confederate House of Representatives, a resolution was passed advising the planters to withdraw from the cultivation of cotton and tobacco, and devote their energies to raising provisions and cattle, hogs and sheep.

—CHARLES WILLIAMS, of Fredericksburg, Va., and Samuel P. Carreet, of Washington City, were arrested for disloyalty in Richmond, Va., this day. —Brunswick, Ga., was this day occupied by the National forces.

March 11.—Manassas, Va., being evacuated by the rebel troops, this day the National forces took peaceable possession. Previous to their retreat the rebels attempted to destroy such of their stores as they could not carry with them. Bridges were burnt, the railroad tracks were broken up, and a large amount of commissary stores and other property was destroyed by fire. They left behind them, however, eighty army wagons, six caissons in good order, a large quantity of army clothing, good supplies of medical stores, besides many other useful articles. The forts were all dismantled, but the huts, sufficient to accommodate twenty-five or thirty thousand

men, and built in a substantial manner, were left unharmed.—(*Doc. 85.*)

—THIS day Jeff. Davis sent a message to the rebel Congress, stating that he had suspended Gens. Floyd and Pillow from their commands until they could give more satisfactory accounts of their action at Fort Donelson. He is dissatisfied with their reports. The message states that neither of them say that reinforcements were asked for, nor do they show that the position could not have been evacuated and a whole army saved as well as a part of it. It is also not shown by what authority two senior generals abandoned their responsibility by transferring the command to a junior officer.—(*Doc. 46.*)

—THIS afternoon Assistant Surg. A. C. Rhoads, of the Pocahontas, by permission of his commanding officer, landed with a boat's crew near Brunswick, Ga., for the purpose of procuring some fresh beef, for the ships. Having accomplished his object, the boat was returning to the Pocahontas, but had scarcely gone twenty yards from the beach, when they were suddenly fired upon by a body of rebels concealed in a thicket, and two men, John Wilson and John Shuter, were instantly killed, and seven wounded, one, William Delaney, mortally, and two severely, namely, William Smith, second, (first-class fireman,) and Edward Bonsall, (coxswain.)

After the rebels had fired their first volley they called out, in most offensive language, to surrender; but this demand was refused by Dr. Rhoads, who, with the assistance of Acting Paymaster Kitchen and his wounded boat's crew, pulled as rapidly as they could toward the Pocahontas, the enemy continuing their fire.

In a few minutes a shell from one of the eleven guns of the Mohican dropped among them, and quite near to another company of about sixty men, who were advancing rapidly. The rebels scattered and fled in all direction. Several shells were also fired at a locomotive and train observed in the distance, and it is supposed with effect.—*Flag-Officer Du Pont's Report.*

—IN the rebel Congress at Richmond, Va., a vote of thanks was passed to Capt. Buchanan, his officers and crew, for their gallantry in the action in Hampton Roads, Va.

—GEN. GRANT was this day presented with a sword by the officers of his command, at Fort Henry. The sword is of most exquisite workmanship, and manufactured at great expense.

The handle is ivory, mounted with gold, and the blade of the finest texture and steel. There are two scabbards—one of fire-gilt and the other of gilt, mounted at the band. Accompanying the sword is a beautiful sash and belt, all inclosed in a fine rosewood case. The inscription on the sword was simply as follows: "Presented to Gen. U. S. Grant by G. W. Graham, C. R. Lagou, C. C. Marsh, and John Cook, 1861."—Gen. C. F. Smith has taken command of the army in the field, Gen. Grant remaining at Fort Henry. The latter has applied to Gen. Halleck to be relieved of his command altogether.

—COL. GEARY, Acting Brigadier-General of troops at Leesburg, Va., made a personal reconnaissance yesterday as far as Carter's Mills. The trail of the retreating enemy was blackened with the ruins of granaries, ashes of hay and grain-stacks, fences, etc. He found the bridge over Goose Creek had been burned. The rebels have completely fallen back. The command continues to make captures of rank secessionists. The loyal feeling is growing, and many persons come forward to take the oath of allegiance daily.

Col. Geary, with some of his officers and a detachment of the First Michigan cavalry, rode to Ball's Bluff to-day and buried the whitened bones of the brave Union soldiers who fell upon that field in October last. Impressive remarks preceded this humane act, and a monument of gross rebel neglect was hidden from human sight.—*N. Y. Times*, March 12.

—THE occupation of Manassas, Va., by the National troops, was celebrated throughout the loyal States in every manifestation of joy and patriotism.

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN assumed the active duties of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. His first order, issued January twenty-second, but only now made public, directs a general movement of the land and naval forces against the rebels on the twenty-second day of February. The army and naval forces designated for this movement are especially directed to be ready, and the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, the General-in-Chief, McClellan, and all other commanders and subordinates are notified that they will be held to a strict and full accountability for the prompt execution of the order. The second order directs the organization of the Army of the Potomac into five corps, and designates the commanders of each. The third order states that Gen. McClellan, having person-

ally taken the field, he is relieved of the command of all other military departments except that of the Department of the Potomac. The two departments of Generals Halleck and Hunter, with a portion of that now under Gen. Buell, are consolidated and designated as the Department of the Mississippi, and placed under the command of General Halleck. The country west of the Department of the Potomac, and east of the Department of the Mississippi, is designated the Mountain Department, and placed under command of General Fremont. This department will include Western Virginia and East-Tennessee north of Knoxville. Commanders of departments are notified to report directly to the Secretary of War, and that prompt, full and frequent reports will be expected of them.—(*Doc.* 86.)

March 12. — The forts in the harbor of New-York, were this evening garrisoned by order of Edwin D. Morgan, Governor of the State.—The Union Defence Committee of New-York met at noon and passed a series of resolution complimentary to the officers, soldiers and seamen of the United States, for their participation in the recent victories of the National arms. — *N. Y. Evening Post*, March 12.

—WINCHESTER, VA., was occupied by the Union forces under the command of Gens. Hamilton and Williams. Company A, of the Wisconsin Third, Captain Bertrain, and a company from Connecticut, followed by Capt. Coles's company of Maryland, and a squadron of Michigan cavalry, were the first to enter the town. Two slight skirmishes occurred on the march.

The troops encountered a strong fort one mile out, which was evacuated by Jackson last night. The people generally were intensely delighted, and hail the coming of the Union army as a harbinger of peace and future prosperity. The regiments, as they passed, were cheered and greeted from the houses with various tokens of welcome, which were responded to warmly by officers and men.—(*Doc.* 87.)

—SERG. WADE, with a squad of the Carolina light dragoons, captured two of the enemy, about one mile from the Evansport batteries. The prisoners proved to be Lt. Wm. T. Baum, of Philadelphia, belonging to Gen. Hooker's staff, and Mr. Gregg, telegraph operator, of the same division of the Federal army.—*Norfolk Day Book*, March 19.

—A BATTALION, comprising the First Nebraska regiment and a portion of Curtis's Iowa cavalry

regiment, under the command of Colonel W. W. Lowe, attacked a force of rebels six hundred strong, this morning, defeating them and taking possession of the town of Paris, Tenn., but being apprised that a large force of rebels was within a few hours' marching distance, they retired, bringing away a number of prisoners. Company A lost five men killed, among them the Sergeant-Major. A second battalion, under command of Lieut.-Col. Patrick, crossed the river to-day to reinforce them.—(*Doc. 88.*)

—In the United States Senate, Mr. Davis presented petitions from citizens of Kentucky, asking Congress to disregard all schemes for emancipation and attend to the business of saving the country.

—THE town of Berryville, Va., was occupied by the National troops yesterday, Gen. Gorman directing the advance. The enemy had five hundred cavalry there on their arrival; but the signal ordered a charge of the New-York cavalry upon them, supporting the onset with a sufficient force of artillery and infantry. The enemy did not wait to fight, but retreated toward Winchester.

Twice last night were the pickets of Gen. Gorman's brigade compelled to fall back by the charges of Ashby's cavalry. This morning Gen. Gorman made a reconnoissance in force to within two miles of Winchester, drawing the rebel *posse* into an ingenious trap. They were again charged upon by the Union cavalry, losing four men killed and wounded. The arms, horses, and equipments, of the four victims, were captured.—*N. Y. Herald, March 13.*

—THE Florence (Ala.) *Gazette*, of this date, has the following: "We learned yesterday that the Unionists had landed a large force at Savannah, Tenn. We suppose they are making preparations to get possession of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. They must never be allowed to get this great thoroughfare in their possession, for then we would indeed be crippled. The labor and untiring industry of too many faithful and energetic men have been expended on this road to bring it up to its present state of usefulness to let it fall into the hands of the enemy to be used against us. It must be protected. We, as a people, are able to protect and save it. If unavoidable, let them have our river, but we hope it is the united sentiment of our people, that we will have our railroad."

—JACKSONVILLE, Fla., was occupied by the National forces.—(*Doc. 89.*)

March 13.—About nine o'clock this morning six companies of the Seventh regiment New-York Volunteers, encamped at Newport News, Va., started on a reconnoissance on the Williamsport road, running parallel with the James River. Col. Van Schak was in command. At about ten miles distant from camp they came across three hundred and fifty rebel cavalry pickets stationed at the junction of the Williamsport and Great Bethel roads. When the enemy were discovered, the troops were deployed into line and charged upon them. The latter, after firing a few shots at the Union skirmishers, and setting fire to the houses they had lately occupied, turned and fled. Some provisions, etc., were found, which were distributed among the troops.—*N. Y. World, March 17.*

—THIS afternoon, while twenty-six of the Union cavalry were foraging on the Strasburg road, three miles from Winchester, Va., they came upon a large barn, bearing evidence of having recently been occupied by Ashby's men. While the teams were loading with hay, about two hundred of the latter came near, and threw out two companies as skirmishers. The Union men covered the departure of their teams, and prepared to resist an attack, which was finally commenced. At length six Wisconsin pickets came up with rifles, and killed two of the enemy. One of the cavalry dashed upon the rebels, amid a shower of bullets, and killed one of them with his pistol. The enemy made no effort at a charge, but gradually advanced as the Nationals fell back in good order and unharmed.

—BISHOP WHITTINGHAM, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland and the District of Columbia, transmitted to all the clergymen of that church in parochial charge in the District, a prayer of thanksgiving for the late Federal victories, to be used on all occasions of public worship within eight days following the Sunday after its receipt.—*Baltimore American, March 15.*

—GEN. BANKS, at Winchester, Va., issued an order to the troops under his command, forbidding depredations of any kind whatsoever, and deeply regretting "that officers, in some cases, from mistaken views, either tolerate or encourage" such a course.

—THE War Department of the United States, this day ordered, that Joseph Holt and Robert Dale Owen be, and they are hereby appointed a special committee to audit and adjust all contracts, orders, and claims on the War Department,

in respect to ordnance, arms and ammunition, their determination to be final and conclusive, as respects this department, on all questions touching the validity, execution and sum due, or to become due upon such contract, and upon all other questions arising between contractors and the Government upon said contracts.

—GEN. HALLECK, at St. Louis, Mo., issued an order assuming the command of the Department of the Mississippi, which includes the present Department of Kansas and Missouri, and the Department of Ohio and country west of a north and south line drawn through Knoxville, Tenn., and east of the western boundaries of the States of Missouri and Arkansas. The headquarters of the Department of the Mississippi will remain until further orders at St. Louis.

—DANIEL TYLER, of Connecticut, was this day confirmed by the United States Senate, a Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the National army.

—IN the House of Representatives of the United States, a resolution was passed tendering the thanks of Congress to Gen. Curtis, and the officers and men under his command, for the brilliant victory at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas.

—THE bridge of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, at a point twenty miles from Jackson, Tenn., was totally destroyed by the third battalion of the Fifth Ohio cavalry, in command of Major Charles S. Hayes. The cavalry landed five miles above Savannah, and made a forced march of thirty miles into the rebel country. Just as the destruction of the bridge was completed, a party of rebel cavalry was discovered and pursued, and two of the party captured.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

—LIEUT.-COL. BENNET, of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment, Lieutenant Riley of the Forty-seventh New-York, and S. H. Wills, Union Government Agent and Cotton Broker, were captured by the rebel pickets, on Edisto Island, and carried to Charleston, S. C., as prisoners of war.

—BRIG.-GEN. GATLIN, of the department of North-Carolina, issued an order, by direction of the rebel Secretary of War, requiring that all cotton, tobacco and naval stores, within that department, shall be removed west of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad; or, if distant from any railroad or navigable stream, put in such places of security that they cannot be reached by the enemy. Such of the above-mentioned products as are in exposed positions, must be removed at once,

and those less exposed, removed or secured by the twenty-fifth instant, otherwise they will be destroyed by the military authorities. The General expresses a hope that the owners themselves will apply the torch rather than see the enemy gain possession of the much-coveted products.—*Norfolk Day-Book*, March 19.

March 14.—An order was unanimously adopted, in the Massachusetts House to-day, authorizing the construction of one or two iron-clad steamers, on the plan of Ericsson's Monitor, for the protection of the harbors of the State.

—GEN. STONEMAN, Chief of Cavalry, with a force of about fifteen hundred cavalry and eight hundred infantry, made a reconnoissance this day, extending from Manassas up the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Cedar Run. At that point they came across the rebel pickets, whom they drove over the run to a large force of the insurgents, who made no attempt to follow Gen. S., on his return toward Manassas. The rebels had burnt the Cedar Run bridge, and the bridge at Bristow, but not otherwise injured the railroad. The roads travelled over by the reconnoitring force were found strewn with hats, caps, muskets, blankets, ammunition, knapsacks, broken and abandoned loaded wagons, etc., confirming all other evidence that the retreat of the rebels was made under a panic.—(*Doc.* 92.)

—EARLY this morning, after several days' skirmishing, and a number of attempts, by the rebel gunboats, to dislodge Gen. Pope, at Point Pleasant, Mo., the rebels evacuated their works at New-Madrid, leaving all their artillery, field-batteries, wagons, mules, and an immense quantity of other property of the greatest value. The rebels abandoned their works so hurriedly as to leave all the baggage of the officers, and knapsacks of the men, behind. Their dead were unburied. Their suppers were on their tables, and their candles were burning in their tents. The operations of Gen. Pope's army, which led to the evacuation, were as follows: A heavy battery was established during the night of the twelfth inst., within eight hundred yards of the enemy's works, and opened fire at daylight on the thirteenth inst. During the whole day the National lines were drawn closer around the works of the enemy, under a furious fire of sixty pieces of artillery, and the fear of an assault upon their works at daylight induced them to flee during the night. Many prisoners were taken, and the colors of several Arkansas regiments. The National loss

during the siege was about fifty killed and wounded.—(Doc. 93.)

—GEN. McCLELLAN issued a brief, spirited, and most telling address to the Army of the Potomac. He tells his troops, and through them the people, the purpose of their inaction. They were to be disciplined, armed and instructed, and the formidable artillery they now have created, and other armies were to move on and accomplish certain results, in order that the Army of the Potomac might give the death-blow to the rebellion. These preliminary results are now accomplished, and the Army of the Potomac is pronounced a *real army*—"magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed," with commanders all that the General-in-Chief could wish. The period of inaction is passed, and the General promises to place his troops face to face with the rebels. He will gain success with the least possible loss, but does not disguise the fact that they have brave foes to meet. Further, he says that he will demand of the army heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats and privations. The patience they have shown is wonderful, and their confidence in their General is unbounded. He trusts in them to save their country.—(Doc. 94.)

—THE battle of Newbern, North-Carolina, was fought this day between a combined land and naval force of the United States under Gen. Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough, and a rebel force under the command of Gen. Lawrence O'B. Branch.

Day before yesterday, the National fleet left Roanoke Island, and entering the mouth of the Neuse River, landed the troops under cover of the gunboats yesterday morning at Slocum's Creek. The men then marched some twelve miles up the river, and bivouacked for the night on the railroad, while the gunboats proceeded further up, and shelled a rebel battery.

This morning the march was again resumed, and the troops had proceeded but a short distance when the rebels were discovered. Their works consisted of a series of strong batteries, extending over a distance of two miles, and defended by about ten thousand men, with twenty-one guns in position, besides a formidable array of field artillery. The batteries of the enemy were taken one after the other—the last and most formidable one, where the rebels had concentrated their whole strength, by a gallant bayonet-charge,

in which the Massachusetts Twenty-first and the Pennsylvania Fifty-first figured conspicuously. The rebels then fled across the Trent River, destroying the bridges behind them, and having a sufficiency of cars at hand, made their escape in the direction of Goldsborough, leaving everything behind them, and about three hundred of their number as prisoners. They attempted to burn the town of Newbern before leaving it, but succeeded in doing very little damage, the citizens extinguishing the fires as fast as kindled. The Neuse River was obstructed by sunken vessels and *chevaux-de-frise*, which interfered with the operations of the gunboats. The rebels also had scows filled with tar and turpentine, at Newbern, to send down the river to burn the fleet, but the tide did not serve them as they desired, and the project failed. The National troops captured three light batteries of field-artillery, forty-six heavy siege-guns, large stores of fixed ammunition, and three thousand stand of small arms, and among the prisoners were one colonel, three captains and four lieutenants. They left a number of dead on the field, but as they carried off a large part of their dead and wounded, their loss cannot be known. The National loss is from ninety to one hundred killed, and about four hundred wounded.—(Doc. 95.)

March 15.—This day a reconnoitring party started from the north side of Quantico Creek, and occupied Dumfries, Va. From the river to the village the road was strewn with dead horses. Some were in harness attached to wagons. The rebel force in and around Dumfries was composed of Texans, Alabamians, South-Carolinians, under the command of Wigfall, of Texas. About thirty cartridge and cap-boxes, some blankets, flour, etc., were found in the house used as Wigfall's headquarters. A large quantity of shells and cartridges were also stowed away in a barn, and seventy-five boxes of ammunition were found near the creek.—*N. Y. Commercial*, March 17.

—THE United States frigate Cumberland, which was sunk by the attack of the Merrimac, rebel steamer, still keeps her masts above water, and the Stars and Stripes are yet flying at her mast-head.

—A NAVAL expedition, composed of the gunboats Benton, Louisville, Cincinnati, Carondelet and Conestoga, under Flag-Officer Foote, left Cairo, Ill., at seven o'clock this morning.

At Columbus they were joined by the Pitts-

burgh, St. Louis and Mound City, and were overtaken by eight mortar-boats, in tow of four steamers, with transports and ordnance-boats. They arrived at Hickman, Ky., at half-past four o'clock this afternoon.

The mounted pickets of the enemy were in sight on the bluff, when two companies of the Twenty-seventh Illinois regiment were sent after them, but they escaped.—*N. Y. Herald, March 16.*

—EARLY yesterday morning the Island Belle entered Aquia Creek, Va., near the pier and commenced shelling the battery on the hill, the battery on the water-line having been abandoned. The fire was returned from the hill-battery. No harm was done to the Island Belle, save the carrying away of a piece of joiner's work from the engine-room by a fragment of a shell. Later in the day the Anacostia and the Yankee shelled the field-battery at Boyd's Hole, and, after a lively interchange of iron compliments, which did no harm to the vessels, they both retired.

The steamer Yankee visited the Navy-Yard at Washington, took on board a quantity of shell, and to-day, with the Anacostia, she proceeded to shell the rebel batteries at Aquia Creek. The enemy replied briskly with their guns, but failed to reach the Yankee, although they made several excellent line-shots. One shell struck but a short distance from the Yankee, in direct range with her wheel-house. Most of the shots were too high for the Anacostia, many of them passing over to a great distance. The heavy guns of the Yankee enabled her to lie off out of range, and drop her shells with precision into the batteries. After firing some time the Yankee and Anacostia hauled off, without being struck.

—GEN. LEW. WALLACE's division went to Purdy, McNair County, Tenn., burned the bridge, and took up the track, on the railroad leading from Humboldt to Corinth, Miss., cutting off a train heavily laden with troops, which arrived while the bridge was burning.—*N. Y. World, March 17.*

March 16.—This day Gen. Garfield defeated a body of rebels, intrenched on the summit of the Cumberland Mountains, in Eastern Tennessee. The National troops, numbering six hundred men, detailed in about equal numbers from the Forty-second and Fortieth Ohio, and Twenty-second Kentucky regiments and McLaughlin's cavalry, left their camp on the fourteenth, destined for Pound Gap. That point was reached to-day after a march of thirty-seven miles, performed in some-

thing less than two days. The enemy were taken by surprise, dislodged from their stronghold, and driven routed and discomfited from the field. The entire camp, with its equipage, consisting of numerous log-huts, canvas tents, subsistence stores, wagons, and all the trappings of camp-life, together with some three hundred squirrel-rifles, fell into the hands of the Unionists. In the absence of means of transportation, all but what the troops could carry on their backs was submitted to the flames. It was a brilliant success, and the entire detachment returned without loss or damage to a man.—(*Doc. 96.*)

—THIS day a battalion of the Fourth Illinois regiment had a skirmish with a squadron of rebel cavalry, near Pittsburgh Landing, resulting in the defeat of the latter with some loss. Four of the Nationals were wounded.—The bark Glen, which had been blockaded in the harbor of Beaufort, N. C., for some time, was set on fire by the rebels, and completely destroyed.

—THE Nashville (Tenn.) *Times* suspended publication, owing to the restriction of its "independence" by Gov. Andrew Johnson.—*N. Y. Times, March 28.*

—GEN. WRIGHT, Commander of the Department of the Pacific, instituted martial law in San Francisco, and issued an order dated February second, by which Major Hiram Leonard, of the United States Army, is appointed Provost-Marshal.—*N. Y. Herald, March 28.*

March 17.—The United States gunboat Cimeterone, was launched at Bordentown, N. J., this day. She was built by Capt. D. S. Mershon.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—THE United States Senate confirmed the following nominations for brigadier-generals of volunteers :

Major William F. Barry, chief of artillery, attached to Gen. McClellan's staff; Willis A. Gorman of Minnesota; Col. Schuyler Hamilton; Thomas L. Price, member of Congress from Missouri; Major James N. Palmer, Fifth cavalry; Lieut.-Col. Wm. H. Emory, Sixth cavalry; Major Andrew J. Smith, Fifth cavalry; Marcena L. Patrick of New-York; Isaac F. Quinby of New-York; Orris S. Ferry of Connecticut; Hiram G. Berry of Maine.

The following brigade-surgeons, all of Pennsylvania, were confirmed :

James D. Shawbridge, R. B. McKay, George L. Kemble, J. H. Taylor, George L. Pancoast, C. F.

H. Campbell, F. H. Gross, Washington J. Dufee. —A petition was presented from citizens of New-York, asking Congress to stop the agitation of the slavery question, and attend to the restoration of the Union.

March 18. —Jefferson Davis sent a message into the rebel Congress, recommending that all the rebel prisoners who had been put on parole by the United States Government, be released from the obligation of their parole, so as to bear arms in defence of the rebel government.

Of this message the Richmond *Examiner* said:

"The recommendation was urged as a retaliation for the infamous and reckless breach of good faith on the part of the Northern Government, with regard to the exchange of prisoners, and was accompanied by the exposure of this perfidy in a lengthy correspondence conducted by the War Department. We have been enabled to extract the points of this interesting correspondence.

It appears from the correspondence that, at the time permission was asked by the Northern Government for Messrs. Fish and Ames to visit their prisoners within the jurisdiction of the South, our government, while denying this permission, sought to improve the opportunity by concerting a settled plan for the exchange of prisoners. For the execution of this purpose, Messrs. Conrad and Seddon were deputed by our government as Commissioners to meet those of the Northern Government under a flag of truce at Norfolk.

Subsequently, a letter from Gen. Wool was addressed to Gen. Huger, informing him that he (Gen. Wool) had *full authority* to settle any terms for the exchange of prisoners, and asking an interview on the subject. Gen. Howell Cobb was then appointed by the government to mediate with Gen. Wool, and to settle a permanent plan for the exchange of prisoners during the war. The adjustment was considered to have been satisfactorily made.

It was agreed that the prisoners of war in the hands of each government should be exchanged, man for man, the officers being assimilated as to rank, etc., that our privateersmen should be exchanged on the footing of prisoners of war; that any surplus remaining on either side, after these exchanges, should be released, and that hereafter, during the whole continuance of the war, prisoners taken on either side should be paroled.

In carrying out this agreement, our govern-

ment has released some three hundred prisoners above those exchanged by the North, the balance in the competing numbers of prisoners in the hands of the two governments being so much in our favor. At the time, however, of sending North the hostages we had retained for our privateersmen, Gen. Cobb had reason to suspect the good faith of the Northern Government, and telegraphed in time to intercept the release of a portion of these hostages, (among them Col. Corcoran,) who were *en route* from points further South than Richmond to go North under a flag of truce to Norfolk. A number of these hostages, however, had already been exchanged.

It now appears that, in contravention of the solemn agreement of the Northern Government, not one of our privateersmen have been released, and the Fort Donelson prisoners, instead of being paroled, have been taken into the interior, where they are still confined.

As a judgment upon this open and shameless perfidy of the North, it is proposed that our prisoners, who have been paroled by the Yankees, shall be released from their obligations. There is as little doubt of the honor of such a proposition as there is of its justice and meetness as a retaliatory measure for an act of flagrant perfidy.

—*Richmond Examiner*, March 19.

—THE rebel steamer Nashville escaped from the harbor of Beaufort, N. C., this night, evading the National blockading vessels by superior speed.—(*Doc.* 97.)

—A SHORT time since, anticipating rebel movements in Texas County, Missouri, Gen. Halleck ordered five companies of troops and two light steel six-pounders, mounted on two wheels and drawn by two horses, under Col. Wood, to repair to that vicinity. Finding no enemy there, Col. Wood pushed on to Salem, Fulton County, Arkansas, where he encountered a largely superior force of rebels, and after a sharp fight routed them, killing about one hundred and taking many prisoners, among whom were three colonels. The National loss was about twenty-five.—(*Doc.* 98.)

—THE ship Emily St. Pierre, was this day captured off Charleston, S. C., by the vessels of the United States blockading fleet. She had a full cargo of gunnies, and was ostensibly bound to St. John's, New-Brunswick. She showed no colors, nor was any national ensign found on board. A few moments before she was boarded they were observed to throw over the stern a small package, which immediately sunk.



Eng^d by A.H. Ritchie.

Edw D Baker

COL. EDWARD D. BAKER.
1ST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM.

—TO-DAY Gen. Sickles ordered a portion of the First regiment, Excelsior brigade, under the command of Col. Dwight, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy's forces between Dumfries and Fredericksburgh, Va. His skirmishers, after marching to a place four miles in the interior, suddenly came upon a force of rebel cavalry, who were put to flight.

When within a short distance of Fredericksburgh, a camp of the enemy was discovered, said to number one thousand three hundred infantry and artillery. The force of Col. Dwight being inadequate to make an assault upon them, fearing he might be cut off, he marched toward Dumfries. On the way the force examined a barn where some rebel cavalry were seen to emerge, and found it filled with choice commissary stores, to which the soldiers helped themselves.

On the march from Dumfries to Shipping Point, within five miles of the latter place, a large camp was discovered, containing many good log houses and tents. Articles of furniture were also found, such as sofas, bedsteads, mirrors, cushioned arm-chairs, officers' trunks, mess-chests, and a variety of articles for camp use, which lay scattered in every direction.

The soldiers of Col. Dwight's force came in at Shipping Point loaded down with commissary stores or articles in the shape of trinkets. One prisoner was captured, who said he belonged to a North-Carolina regiment stationed at Aquia Creek.—*N. Y. Times, March 20.*

—AQUIA CREEK, Va., was evacuated by the rebels to-night. Previous to their retreat they burned the wharves and buildings of the town.

—A NEW military department, to be called the Middle Department, and to consist of the States of New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia, and the counties of Cecil, Hartford, Baltimore, and Anne Arundel, in Maryland, was created. Major-Gen. Dix, was assigned the command, his headquarters at Baltimore.

—NEAR New-Madrid, Mo., Gen. Pope allowed a rebel gunboat to approach within fifty yards of a masked battery, and then sunk her, killing fifteen of those on board. He had previously allowed five rebel steamers to pass on toward the town, and they are now between his batteries, unable to escape.—*N. Y. Tribune, March 22.*

March 19.—The bridge-builders captured by Morgan's party, on the Louisville and Nashville

Railroad, having been released, returned this evening to Louisville, Ky.

—AT New-Orleans, Gen. Lovell, C.S.A., issued the following order:

"Hereafter no exemptions from military duty will be allowed permanently, except in the case of minors or persons physically unable to do service. Applications for the release of those engaged upon work for the government must be made to this department in the form of certificates from the owners or foremen of the shops, when an order will be issued to the commanding officer of the camp to which the applicant belongs to grant a furlough of a certain number of days, which can only be renewed by a subsequent certificate and order from these headquarters."—*New-Orleans Delta, April 4.*

—THE Ninety-seventh regiment of New-York Volunteers, under the command of Col. Charles Wheelock, passed through New-York City for the seat of war. Col. Wheelock, a wealthy and influential resident of Oneida County, who undertook the task of organizing the regiment, expended upward of nine thousand dollars out of his own pocket towards the support of the families of the men and for the advancement of the organization.—*N. Y. Tribune, March 22.*

March 20.—Gov. Curtin issued a general order complimenting the Fifty-first regiment of Pennsylvania for gallantry at Roanoke and Newbern, N. C., at the latter engagement storming the enemy's batteries at the point of the bayonet, and ordering the names of these battles to be inscribed on their colors. The regiment is commanded by Col. Hartrauft, and mainly composed of those who left Bull Run before the battle. They were the first to plant the flag at Newbern, and seem determined to recover their lost fame.—*N. Y. Herald, March 22.*

—THE One Hundred and Fourth regiment of New-York volunteers, under the command of Col. John Roorbach, left Albany for the seat of war. This regiment was organized by the consolidation of seven companies which were recruited in Genesee, and three companies in Troy, and numbers about nine hundred and fifty men, who are well uniformed, and give every indication of being a hardy set of fellows.—*N. Y. Tribune, March 22.*

—SEVENTY-SEVEN citizens of Loudon County, Va., accused of loyalty to the Federal Government, were sent to Richmond on the central cars,

and committed to one of the military prisons.—*Lynchburgh Virginian.*

—A MEETING of loyal citizens was held at Jacksonville, Fla., at which a declaration of rights and a protest and resolutions were unanimously adopted to the following effect:

That no State has a constitutional right to separate from the United States. That the act of secession adopted by the State Convention of Florida is void, being in conflict with the Constitution and never having been submitted to the people for ratification. That Florida is an integral part of the United States, subject to constitutional jurisdiction, and it is believed that thousands of her citizens hail with joy the restoration of the Government, bringing deliverance from the terrors of an unrestrained military despotism.

They protested against all the acts and ordinances of the convention, as depriving them of their rights as citizens of the United States; against the despotism which denied freedom of speech and of the press; against the contributions of money, property, and labor and military enlistments forced upon them; against the tyranny which demands the abandonment of their homes and property, and the exposure of their wives and children to sickness, destitution, and famine, and untold miseries; against the barbarous policy which sends brutal soldiers to pillage and burn property and destroy life as a punishment for remaining in their homes; and against the government who threatens to hang them because they will not tamely submit to such indignities.

Having been released from such dangers and indignities, and restored to the Government of the United States, and the reign of terror having passed, it now becomes them as loyal citizens to rise up and state that the State and Government demands that a convention of all loyal citizens be called forthwith to organize a State Government of the State of Florida. Also that the Chief of the Military Department of the United States be requested to retain sufficient force to maintain order and protect the people in their persons and property.—(*Doc. 100.*)

—THE United States gunboat *Juniata* was launched at Philadelphia, Pa., this day.

—Six citizens of Sangamon County, Ill., were arrested by order of Gen. Halleck, and sent to Alton, to be placed in close confinement, for aiding the escape of rebel prisoners from Camp Butler.—*Cincinnati Gazette, March 22.*

GEN. SHERMAN issued a proclamation to the people of Florida, in which he stated that the troops of the United States had come to protect loyal citizens and their property, and enable them to resuscitate their government. All loyal people who return or remain at their homes, in the quiet pursuit of their lawful avocations, shall be protected in all their constitutional rights. The sole desire and intention of the Government was to maintain the integrity of the Constitution and laws, and reclaim the States revolted from the national allegiance to their former prosperous condition.

He expresses great satisfaction at the evidence of loyalty, and recommends the citizens to assemble in their cities and towns and proscribe and throw off the sham government forced upon them, and swear true fidelity and allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, organize a State government, and elect officers in the good old ways of the past. When this is done, he predicts a return of prosperous and happy times, immunity from want and suffering, and the enjoyment of honest labor, and the sweets of happy homes, and the consolation of living under wise and salutary laws, due only to an industrious and law-abiding people.

March 21.—Yesterday an expedition was sent out to the vicinity of Indian Creek, west of Keitsville, Mo. Capt. Stevens, with fifty-two men, and one of his mountain howitzers, were accompanied by thirteen home-guards. On the route, he was informed that a rebel force was to rendezvous at the house of one Boone the next night. Capt. Stevens approached the house early in the morning, and captured nine rebels who were in the house. Eight more, who arrived soon after, were also taken in. The prisoners thus taken, seventeen in number, who were all carried into the Union camp, include three rebel captains, to wit: James W. Bullard, George R. McMinn, and Jasper Moore. The men were all armed, and the arms fell into the hands of the Nationals. About one thousand pounds of bacon, which had been collected at the house for the use of the rebel army, was also taken possession of by the Union troops.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—COMMODORE DU PONT, having received from the Mayor and inhabitants of St. Augustine, Fla., an invitation to take possession of that place, several gunboats, with the battalion of marines, proceeded down and came to off the harbor, where they found that Com. Rodgers, of the *Wabash*,

had taken quiet possession of the place, with his marines and some volunteer soldiers, under Gen. Sherman. The volunteers had possession of the fort, and the marine-guard were quartered in the town.—(Doc. 101.)

—Two new military departments were constituted by the President; the first, called the Department of the Gulf, which comprises all the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, west of Pensacola harbor, and so much of the Gulf States as might be occupied by the forces under Major-Gen. B. F. Butler, United States Volunteers; the headquarters to be wherever the General commanding was. The other was denominated the Department of the South, comprising the States of South-Carolina, Georgia and Florida, with the expedition and forces under Brig.-General T. W. Sherman, to be under the command of Gen. David Hunter.

—SECRETARY WELLES, of the United States Navy Department, made the following acknowledgment of services rendered by Lieut. George U. Morris, and the men of the Cumberland:

"SIR: In the calamitous assault of the armed steamer Merrimac upon the sloop Cumberland, and frigate Congress, on the ninth inst., which were comparatively helpless, the Department has had occasion to admire the courage and determination of yourself, and the officers and men associated with you, who, under the most disastrous and appalling circumstances, boldly fought your formidable assailant, exposed, as you were, to an opponent secure in his armor, while attacking the Cumberland. To your honor, and that of those associated with you, the guns were coolly manned, loaded and discharged, while the vessel was in a sinking condition, and your good ship went down with the flag at the gaff, and its brave defenders proved themselves worthy of the renown which has immortalized the American navy. The gallant service of yourself and the brave men of the Cumberland, on the occasion, is justly appreciated by a grateful country, and the Department, in behalf of the Government, desires to thank you and them for the heroism displayed, and the fidelity with which the flag was defended."

—At a meeting of the cashiers of the Associated Banks of Baltimore, to-day, all the Banks being represented, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, namely:

"Resolved, That United States Demand Treasury Notes shall be received by the Associated

Banks of Baltimore, on and after Saturday, the twenty-second inst., without limit, on deposit.

—THIS day a boat-fight took place at Mosquito Inlet, Florida, in which Lieut. Commanding T. A. Budd, and Acting Master Mather, together with three sailors of the United States Navy, were killed.—(Doc. 102.)

—THE Norfolk *Day-Book* of this day complains that drunkenness is frightfully on the increase in Virginia. It firmly denounces the officers and soldiers, but censures the civilians less harshly. Here is a portion of its remarks:

"WHISKY—WHISKY—WHISKY. — In the cars, at the shanties, at the groceries, in village taverns and city hotels—whisky. Officers with gold lace wound in astonishing involutions upon their arms, private soldiers in simple homespun, and civilians in broadcloth, all seem to drink whisky with persistent energy and perseverance. They drink it, too, in quantities which would astonish the nerves of a cast-iron lamp-post, and of a quantity which would destroy the digestive organs of the ostrich. Truth is often unpleasant to tell, but the public safety demands that the vice in question should be rebuked and reformed; for it is a fact which the press should neither palliate nor conceal, that whisky which is no more akin to rye than rye is to coffee—whisky which is of the unadulterated tangle—first chain-lightning distillation is guzzled down in a manner alike revolting to public decency and the general good."

—WASHINGTON, N. C., was occupied by the National forces under Gen. Burnside. The Unionists landed from their gunboats, and, headed by a band of music, marched through the town, playing Hail Columbia, and waving the Stars and Stripes at a lively rate. The few people who had remained in the place since the fall of Newbern, received them with marked coolness. Their music and their banners wholly failed to arouse any of that Union feeling which Marble Nash Taylor collected several thousand dollars in New-York to set free, so they left without disturbing either persons or property.—*Petersburg (Va.) Express*, March 27.

March 22.—At Nashville, Tenn., Andrew Johnson delivered an eloquent and impressive address, on political affairs. There was nothing new in the remarks of the Governor, he merely dwelling upon the Northern views of the war, its origin and purposes; but he was listened to by many men, secessionists in sentiment, but former politi-

cal friends of the Governor, who cannot fail to be influenced by his honesty.

—YESTERDAY a National reconnoissance in force was made from Camp Cumberland Ford to Cumberland Gap by infantry, cavalry and artillery. On arriving within one and a half miles of the Gap, an advance guard was thrown out, which came in contact with the rebel pickets and drove them in. A few shots were exchanged without loss. The forces encamped last night, building the fires out of range of the enemy's guns. Considerable snow fell during the night.

Shortly after day this morning, firing commenced with skirmishes from the Unionists, to which the enemy responded from rifle-pits, now and then throwing a shell. The artillery was then brought into the field, some timber cut, and firing began in earnest. During the day the battery, Capt. Wetmore's, fired about one hundred and fifty shots, while the rebels fired some two hundred, very few of that number reaching the position of the Union forces. No one was injured on the National side, nor was it known that any injury was done to the rebels, the distance being so great.—*Louisville Democrat, March 29.*

—A UNION meeting was held in Fairfax Court-House, Va., this day. Speeches were made by Charles H. Upton, J. C. Underwood, and others. Resolutions were adopted expressing thanks to President Lincoln and Secretary Seward for their sagacity and wisdom in managing our domestic and foreign affairs, and appealing to Gov. Pierpont to order an early election for county officers.

—THE Senate of Massachusetts to-day unanimously passed resolutions eulogizing Lieut.-Col. Merritt, Adjutant Stearns, and other lamented men of Massachusetts, who fell at the battle of Newbern.

—A SKIRMISH occurred between a detachment of the Sixth Kansas regiment and Quantrell's band, near Independence, Mo. The latter were routed with seven killed. The Unionists lost one killed, and captured eleven prisoners and twenty horses. The rebels killed two of the Unionists, and burned the bridge over the Little Blue River.

—A SCOUTING party from the New-York Sixty-first regiment, while passing down the railroad from Manassas toward Warrenton, Va., were fired upon by a party of cavalry, supposed to belong to Stuart's regiment. Upon making a demonstration toward the assailants, the rebels fled in great

haste. It was undoubtedly their intention to pick off a man or two; but they were fortunately beyond range, and thus failed in their object.—*N. Y. Herald, March 26.*

—THE Newbern (N. C.) *Progress* made its appearance to-day under new auspices, and altogether new management, with the following salutatory:

"We come before the people of North-Carolina an earnest advocate of that glorious Union which her patriotic ancestry so nobly aided to cement and establish.

"The *Progress* has been heretofore one of the most virulent and bitter opposers to the Government in the South, and its former proprietor, not satiated with treason already committed, has filled his cup of bitterness by openly taking up arms against the Union which so long fostered and nourished him."

The *Progress* is edited by George Mills Joy, and is published by E. L. Davenport & Co.

March 23.—The battle of Winchester, Va., was fought this day. Yesterday afternoon the rebels, consisting of five hundred of Ashby's cavalry and two guns, drove in the National pickets, and then skirmished with the Michigan cavalry and a portion of the Maryland First. Gen. Shields then brought up his forces and fired rounds of shell, drove them back, and took several prisoners. He was wounded in the arm by the first fire of the enemy. The Nationals slept on their arms at night. This morning, at sunrise, Jackson, being reënforced, attacked Gen. Shields near Kearntown. The enemy's force consisted of five hundred cavalry, five thousand infantry, and nine pieces of artillery, with a reserve of eighteen pieces. The fight was continued until noon, when a charge, made by one regiment of infantry and two of cavalry, on their right, drove them back half a mile, when they got their guns in position again in a dense wood, flanked by infantry, and drove the Union forces back. A short artillery duel ensued, when Gen. Shields ordered Col. Tyler to turn their left flank, which was executed with great loss, the enemy being protected by a stone-ledge. The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania and Thirteenth Indiana charged their centre and the fight became general, with great massacre on both sides. Col. Murray, of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, was killed. The enemy retired slowly, bringing their guns to bear at every opportunity. The Nationals rushed forward with yells, when a panic occurred among the enemy, and troops fol-

lowed and drove them till dark, capturing three guns, three caissons, muskets, equipments, etc., innumerable, and bivouacked on the field. Gen. Williams, First brigade, Col. Donnelly, of the Twenty-eighth New-York, commanding, reënforced Gen. Shields's forces. Gen. Banks, who was on the way to Washington when the battle occurred, returned and assumed command. In the mean time, Gen. Shields's division, commanded by Col. Kimball, pursued the enemy beyond Newton, shelling them the whole distance. Jackson's men were perfectly demoralized and could not be rallied. They threw overboard the dead and wounded to lighten the wagons. They confessed a loss of eight hundred and sixty-nine killed, wounded and missing. The National forces lost one hundred and fifteen killed and four hundred and fifty wounded.—(*Doc. 103.*)

—THIS morning the schooner Cora, prize to the United States gunboat Pinola, Lieut. Crosby commanding, arrived at Key West, Fla. The Cora was captured on the sixth inst., about one hundred miles south of Apalachicola, from which port she had escaped two days before, and is loaded with two hundred and eight bales of cotton. There was a most exciting chase before she was taken. Several shells were fired at her, and not until they burst between her masts did she condescend to heave to. She was commanded by Robert May, an Apalachicola pilot, and was brought here by Acting Master's Mate D. C. Kells, of the United States brig Bohio, who was prizemaster of the schooner Eugenia Smith, and on his way as passenger on board the Pinola to rejoin his vessel when the Cora was captured.—*National Intelligencer.*

—THE bodies of Col. Slocum, Major Ballou, and Capt. Tower, all of Pawtucket, R. I., recovered from the battle-field near Manassas, were placed on the cars this afternoon for transportation to Rhode Island.—(*Doc. 104.*)

—THE new Cabinet of President Davis was confirmed by the rebel Senate this morning, as follows:

Secretary of State,	J. P. Benjamin, La.
Secretary of War,	Geo. W. Randolph, Va.
Secretary of the Navy,	S. R. Mallory, Fla.
Secretary of the Treasury,	C. G. Memminger, S. C.
Attorney-General,	Thomas H. Watts.
Postmaster-General,	Mr. Reagan, Texas.

—PRESIDENT DAVIS declared martial law over the counties of Elizabeth City, York, Warwick,

Gloucester, and Matthews.—*Norfolk Day-Book, March 24.*

—THREE hundred privates and fifty-eight officers, the first detachment of prisoners taken at Pea Ridge, arrived at St. Louis, Mo.

—THIS day Gen. Parke's brigade of Gen. Burnside's division, took possession of Morehead City, N. C., finding it evacuated by the inhabitants. Lieut. Flagler, ordnance officer, and a member of Gen. Parke's staff, crossed over to Fort Macon, a distance of two miles across Rogue's Sound, with a flag of truce, and demanded a surrender. A considerable parley took place, in which the folly of the rebels attempting to hold out was set before them. The Fort was occupied by some five hundred secession troops, which were in command of Lieut. Smith. Lieut. Flagler assured them of the ample means at the disposal of the Nationals to reduce the Fort, and deprecated the sacrifice of life which it would occasion. Lieut. Smith persisting in his refusal to surrender, Gen. Burnside at once commenced the operations of investment.—*N. Y. Commercial, April 3.*

—A NATIONAL force was sent to Nicholas Landing, sixty miles south of Savannah, Tenn., which seized fifteen hundred pounds of fresh pork and forty-five thousand pounds of cured hams and shoulders. For a long time this had been the mart for the pork business for the rebels.—*N. Y. Commercial, March 29.*

March 24.—At Jacksonville, Fla., a meeting of the citizens was held, at which resolutions were passed declaring their repugnance to secession, and inviting the citizens of the State to return to their allegiance to the United States.—(*Doc. 106.*)

—POSTMASTER-GENERAL BLAIR issued the following notice to the Postmasters of the United States: The Secretary of War now regulates the transmission of information by telegraph, affecting the conduct of the war, in order to prevent the communication of such information to the rebels. It is also thought necessary by the Secretary to put restrictions on the publication of facts of this character, however derived, and the aid of this department is requested for this purpose. You will, therefore, notify publishers not to publish any fact which has been excluded from the telegraph, and that a disregard of this order will subject the paper to be excluded from the mails.

—At Cincinnati, Ohio, to-night, Wendell

Phillips attempted to lecture. He commenced avowing himself an abolitionist and disunionist. Persons in the galleries then hissed, yelled, and threw eggs and stones at him, some hitting him. The hissing was kept up some time. Finally he made himself heard, and proceeded until something again objectionable was said, and again eggs were thrown, hitting him. He persevered, and a third time was heard and a third time stoned and egged. The crowd now moved downstairs, crying "Put him out," "Tar and feather him," and giving groans for the "nigger, Wendell Phillips." They proceeded down the middle aisle toward the stage, and were met by Phillips's friends. Here a fight ensued amidst the greatest confusion, ladies screaming and crying, jumping on chairs, and falling in all directions. During the fight Phillips was taken off the stage by his friends.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

—IN the United States Senate the joint resolution in favor of affording pecuniary aid for the emancipation of slaves was taken up, and opposed by Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, offered a substitute, declaring slavery to be exclusively within the jurisdiction of the people of the several States, yet that when any State determines to emancipate its slaves the Federal Government should pay a reasonable price for the slaves and the cost of colonizing them. The subject was then laid aside, and the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia was taken up. The question was taken on Mr. Davis's amendment, to colonize the slaves, and resulted in a tie vote. The Vice-President voted in the negative, and the amendment was rejected. A debate on the merits of the bill then ensued, which was continued until the adjournment.

—AN engagement occurred between the gunboats Tyler and Lexington and a masked battery in the vicinity of Eastport, Tenn. The gunboats fired fifty shots. The Tyler's smoke-stack was struck once. The effect on the enemy's works was not ascertained.—*N. Y. Commercial*, March 29.

—THIS morning two boats' crews from the United States steamer Yankee landed at Shipping Point, Va., to remove the guns left by the rebels, but while so engaged a body of rebel cavalry, said to be the Dumfries cavalry, numbering one thousand five hundred men, made their appearance on the hill, and the men pulled off, after securing two guns, one a nine-inch Dahlgren and the other a long thirty-two-pounder, both smooth-

bore, which were found to be double-shotted. The Yankee fell out into the stream, on the appearance of the enemy, and turned her guns upon them, but they retired and kept out of range.—*Washington Star*, March 28.

March 25.—Washington, North-Carolina, was visited by the United States steamer Louisiana, under the command of Lieut. A. Murray, who reported "that underlying an apparent acquiescence of the people of the town and neighborhood in permitting the building of gunboats and the construction of batteries to repel the approach of the Federal forces, was a deep-rooted affection for the old Union."—(*Doc.* 107.)

—Two hundred and thirty rebel prisoners, captured at the battle of Winchester, Va., arrived at Baltimore, Md., this afternoon, and were provided with quarters in the north wing of the new city jail. They are all Virginians, with the exception of five or six Baltimoreans, who left before the war broke out. One of the prisoners, on reaching the quarters, threw up his hat and exclaimed: "Thank God, I am in the United States once more!" Others congratulated themselves at the prospect of getting something good to eat, which they admitted they had not had for some time.—*N. Y. Times*, March 26.

—THIS day the National gunboats Seminole, Wyandotte, and Norwich, under the command of Capt. Gillis, senior officer, proceeded up Wilmington River, Ga., and upon arriving within a mile of the Skidaway batteries, dispersed the rebel cavalry stationed there by shell, and then destroyed the batteries. The rebel force fled, leaving everything behind them, even their dinners. Captain Gillis landed and hoisted the American flag on the ramparts. Another flag was hoisted over the rebel headquarters by Acting-Master Steele. The rebel batteries were entirely destroyed, but the dwellings were spared. The dwellings were afterwards burned by the rebels. The batteries mounted ten guns, and were well built.—(*Doc.* 108).

—Gov. JOHNSON directed a letter to the officials of Nashville, Tenn., requiring them to take the oath of allegiance, but the Common Council, by a vote of sixteen to one, refused to do so. The sixteen declined on the score that it was never contemplated that they should take such oath. The one who voted ay, said he would subscribe to the oath, but immediately resign.—*Nashville Patriot*.

March 26. — Gen. Curtis, in command of the Army of the South-west, this day issued the following emancipation order: Charles Morton, Hamilton Kennedy, and Alexander Lewis, colored men, formerly slaves, employed in the rebel service, and taken as contraband of war, are hereby confiscated, and, not being needed for the public service, are permitted to pass the pickets of this command northward, without let or hindrance, and are forever emancipated from the service of masters who allowed them to aid in their efforts to break up the Government and the laws of our country. — *National Intelligencer, April 3.*

—A SPIRITED skirmish took place at the town of Warrensburgh, Mo., between Quantrell's guerrilla followers and a detachment of Col. Phillips's Missouri regiment, under the command of Major Emery Foster. Quantrell unexpectedly approached the town with two hundred men, and made a furious attack on the Union troops, who were only sixty in number. The latter made a gallant defence, and having the protection of a thick plank fence around their position, they succeeded, after an obstinate conflict, in repulsing the guerrillas, and driving them beyond the limits of the town. In the action Major Emery Foster, in command, and Capt. Foster, his brother, were wounded, one private was killed, one mortally wounded, since dead, and nine non-commissioned officers and privates were wounded. The rebels sustained a loss of nine men killed and seventeen wounded, and twenty of them lost their horses, which fell into the hands of Foster's men. — *Chicago Journal, March 29.*

—THIS night a band of from five to eight hundred rebels attacked four companies of State militia, at Humonsville, Polk County, Mo. They were completely defeated, with a loss of fifteen killed and a large number wounded. The National loss was none killed, but a number wounded. Among the latter were Captains Stockton and Cosgrove, severely.

—A SLIGHT skirmish took place this evening, at McMinnville, Tenn., between a party of Ohio cavalry under the command of Capt. Hastings, and a body of rebels under Capts. McHenry and Bledsloe, in which the latter were compelled to retreat. — (*Doc. 109.*)

March 27. — At Burlington, N. J., Rev. Samuel Aaron, a Baptist preacher, of Mount Holly, attempted to deliver an Abolition lecture, this evening. He commenced his remarks by de-

nouncing the present Administration and avowing himself against the manner in which the war was conducted. At this the crowd began to hiss him, and storm him with rotten eggs. The ladies in the audience got frightened at these proceedings, and the excitement of the crowd rose to fever-heat, and there were angry cries of "Kill him," "Tar and feather him," etc. The Mayor of the city was present, and tried to stop the excitement, but did not succeed in doing so. Finally the gentleman withdrew and was taken away from the hall by his friends. — *N. Y. Commercial, March 28.*

—THE Petersburg *Express* of this date, says that wood has become as scarce in that city as good coffee, and appeals to the farmers and railroads to relieve the distress. Brooms are pronounced a luxury, and the growing of broom-corn is earnestly recommended. So scarce has leather become, that hickory splits are recommended as a substitute in harnesses. In view of the scarcity of lead, merchants and others having old tea-chests, are recommended to bring them out for the lead they contain. "There is also," says the *Express*, "a large quantity of lead on the various iron railings about the city, which the owners could spare."

—THE Board of Provost-Marshals of New-Orleans, consisting of N. Trefaguier, H. M. Spofford, Cyprien Dufour, H. D. Ogden, Victor Burthe, and Pierre Soule, by special order prohibited "the traffic in gold and silver against the notes of the confederate States of America," and also declared that all traffic in paper currency, tending to create distrust in the public mind, or otherwise to produce embarrassment, *should be held as acts of hostility against the government*, and would be dealt with summarily. — *New-Orleans Delta, April 4.*

—ASHBY's cavalry, with a battery of four guns, appeared near Strasburgh, Va., and threw several shells into the Union camp, killing one man and wounding another. His position was such as prevented his being cut off. The Union guns, however, soon routed the enemy—Gen. Banks reconnoitred all positions within five miles of his camp, returning after dark. — *Baltimore American, March 29.*

—THE National troops from General Hooker's command are removing the guns from the abandoned rebel batteries on the Lower Potomac, the gunboats Yankee and Wyandank being actively

employed in this service. Large numbers of negroes from the Virginia side are pouring into Gen. Hooker's camp since the rebels left that line of defence.—*New-York Herald*, March 27.

—A RECONNOISSANCE was made from Newport News, Va., as far as Big Bethel, where the rebels were discovered to be posted to the number of one thousand five hundred. Upon the approach of the National troops, they vacated the place without showing fight, and Big Bethel was occupied by the Union soldiers.—(*Doc.* 110.)

—Two squadrons of the First New-Jersey cavalry, under command of Col. Wyndham, surrounded a party of rebel Texas Rangers near Dumfries, Va., twelve miles below the Occoquan. A few shots were fired on both sides without injury, except that one of the Nationals was slightly wounded in the wrist. Ten prisoners were taken and carried to Washington. The National troops captured a number of wagons loaded with wheat, but owing to the want of horses, were enabled to bring off only four of them.

—THE Petersburg, Va., *Gazette* of this date, complains that Gen. Burnside occupies "the palatial residence of the President of the Bank of Commerce;" that Gen. Foster "has taken possession of another handsome dwelling," while Gen. Reno "occupies the Bank of Newbern." It is charged that the Unionists are "plundering the country for miles around."

March 28.—This day Morgan's rebel cavalry captured a train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Col. Curran Pope, of Kentucky, was taken prisoner, with a few other Union officers. The locomotive was run into a ditch and the cars destroyed.

—A FIGHT took place this day at Apache Cañon, eighty miles from Union and twenty miles from Santa Fé, New-Mexico, between the Nationals under Major Chivington, Capt. Lewis and Wynkoop, and a party of Texans. Three battalions advanced to the cañon when the pickets reported no enemy in sight. The command then advanced, when shots were fired at them by the Texans, who were in ambush, and succeeded in killing four privates. The Unionists under Slough, rushed on them, killing twenty or thirty Texans, wounding many of them, and taking seven prisoners, four officers, and three privates. Major Chivington's command went ahead and surprised the Texan pickets, taking sixty-seven prisoners and sixty-four provision-wagons.

A plan of action was determined upon—to meet the enemy in front, and flank them at the same time.

About twelve o'clock, the action became general, the Nationals doing wonders. The battery under Capt. Ritter, and also the howitzer-battery under Lieut. Claflin, dispersed the Texans with terrible effect. The fight lasted until four o'clock, when flags of truce were interchanged, to bury the dead and care for the wounded. The enemy had about two thousand men and one six-pounder. The Nationals had one thousand three hundred men and one six and one twelve-pounder and four howitzers. The enemy lost their entire train (sixty-four wagons and provisions) and two hundred and thirty mules; about one hundred and fifty killed, two hundred wounded, and ninety-three taken prisoners, among whom are thirteen officers. Some of the latter held commissions in the volunteer corps of the Territory.

Capt. Cook was wounded. His heaviest injury was sustained by his horse falling down and bruising his ankle. Lieut. Marshall, of Cook's company, shot himself while trying to break one of the Texan guns lying in the field after the battle. Lieut. Chambers was wounded severely, and afterward died. Lieut. Baker and Lieut. P. McGrath, were also killed.—*Denver News, Extra*, April 9.

—COL. KENNETT's cavalry, accompanied by seventy-five mounted men from Loomis's battery, returned to Murfreesboro', Tenn., from an expedition through the country for many miles south and southeast of that place. During the expedition they penetrated as far as Shelbyville and Talahome. Between these places they fell in with about three hundred of Wood's rebel cavalry, who, as soon as they saw the troops, charged boldly down through a piece of woods toward them. No sooner did Col. Kennett's men perceive the enemy coming, thinking them in good earnest, they drew out in battle array, and advanced rapidly to meet them. But before they got within gunshot, the hearts of the rebels failed them; quickly as they could, they checked the career of their horses, turned tail and fled from the field, leaving behind them seven dead and several wounded and taken prisoners. Not a person was injured on the National side.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, April 5.

—A DETACHMENT of the First Illinois cavalry, under Capt. Thompson, overtook a guerrilla band under Colonel Parker, about ten miles west of

Warrensburg, Mo. Fifteen rebels were killed and twenty-five taken prisoners. Among the latter Col. Parker and Capt. Walton. The Union loss was two killed and several wounded.

—SHIPPING POINT, Va., was occupied by the National troops. As the steamer Mount Vernon passed that place they had raised the flag of the Union, and the band was playing the "Star-Spangled Banner." All the rebels who have been in that vicinity for some time past have left, with the exception of two or three roaming companies of cavalry.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, March 29.

—THE steam sloop-of-war Canandaigua, was launched this day at the navy-yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts.

—THE following State prisoners were to-day released by the commission relating to State prisoners: J. Barrett Cohen, O. Norris Bryan, A. J. Mitchell, and Wm. B. Bryan, on their giving their written parole. F. P. Ellis was discharged on taking the oath of allegiance. E. P. Bryan, H. A. Stewart, P. W. Carper, and W. J. Raisin were recommitted.

—A RESOLUTION was introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature, instructing the Committee on Federal Relations to consider the expediency of addressing to the President of the United States, a memorial asking for the immediate trial of General Stone, then in military confinement. The resolution was opposed on the ground that such interference was uncalled for; though the speakers expressed the hope that General Stone would speedily have a trial, which common justice demanded. The resolution was rejected almost unanimously.

—A RECONNOISSANCE was made by the National forces beyond Warrenton Junction, Va. A body of the enemy's cavalry retreated as the troops advanced, and burned the bridge over the Rappahannock. There was some slight skirmishing, but no loss of life or any wounded of the Unionists.

March 29.—This day, Col. Geary's advance encountered three hundred of Stuart's and White's rebel cavalry, and a force of rebel infantry, at Middleburg, Va. He marched from Philomont in the morning, and drove in the rebel pickets outside of Middleburg,* when he entered the

* Middleburg is a handsome post-borough, of Loudon County, Va., on a small affluent of the Potomac, one hundred and forty-three miles north from Richmond. It is one of the principal towns of the county, and before the present rebellion had an active trade. It has a population of about eight hundred, and contains three churches, an academy, seven stores, and one tobacco factory.

town, and discovered the infantry in retreat, and the cavalry posted to make a stand.

A gun was placed to command the main street, and the Twenty-eighth regiment advanced by all the approaches to the town, while the main body rushed through it with bayonets fixed, and on a "double-quick," driving the enemy before them. The rebels made a halt in a hollow beyond the town, evidently manœuvring to draw out the Michigan cavalry in pursuit, so their infantry might flank them. Companies of the Twenty-eighth now opened on them from behind stone fences, with their rifles, when the cavalry dashed off precipitately. A gun of the Twenty-eighth, in the centre of the town, was brought to bear upon them, and drove them from a thicket two miles distant, every shell exploding in the woods.

The charge through the town was fraught with great excitement. Knapsacks were thrown aside in the street as the men rushed forward. Overcoats and blankets lined the sides of the road. Stores were speedily closed, women screamed, horses dashed forward. Everything was excitement, but in good order. Col. Geary pushed on at the head, and at one time was within two hundred yards of the rebel cavalry.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—GEN. FREMONT, at Wheeling, Va., issued an order, assigning Brig.-Gen. Kelley to the command of "all of Western Virginia north and east of the counties of Jackson, Roane, Calhoun, Braxton, Lewis, Barbour and Tucker inclusive, and west of the Alleghanies, Maryland and Pennsylvania, constituting the Railroad District."

—HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D., delivered at Irving Hall, New-York, this evening, a conversational lecture, detailing the experience of a three days' visit to the battle-field of Bull Run and Manassas. He exhibited a number of trophies secured on the spot, including rebel letters, arms and equipments, and the skull and bone of a Union soldier, picked up from the spot where they had been inhumanly left exposed.

—A NEW military department, called the Middle Department, was created, consisting of the States of New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, and the Counties of Cecil, Harford, Baltimore, and Anne Arundel, in Maryland, to be commanded by Major-Gen. Dix, with headquarters at Baltimore.

—This afternoon a detachment of Stuart's Virginia cavalry made a dash at the residence of

a Union lady, named Tennant, who lived about a mile and a half from Difficult Creek, and about six miles from the Chain Bridge, above Washington, D. C.

While engaged in ransacking and pillaging the residence of Mrs. Tennant, they were discovered by a portion of Col. Bayard's Pennsylvania cavalry, who at once charged down upon them, when quite a smart engagement ensued, which resulted in the hasty flight of the rebel cavalry, but not before they had secured Mrs. Tennant and her daughter, whom they conveyed away in Mr. Tennant's buggy, into which they had previously harnessed the horse for that purpose.

The only casualty to Col. Bayard's cavalry, in the skirmish, was the wounding of one soldier, who was conveyed to Washington. The loss of the rebels could not be ascertained.—*Baltimore American*, March 31.

March 30.—At Pensacola, Fla., Colonel T. M. Jones, commander at that place, issued the following:

"For the information of all concerned: There are certain lounging, worthless people, white as well as colored, who frequent Pensacola and vicinity, and have no observable occupation. Their intentions may be honest; but the colone commanding does not believe it, and as he has no use for their presence, they are warned to leave, or the consequence must rest on their own heads. The gallows is erected in Pensacola, and will be in constant use on and after the third of April, 1862. The town is under complete martial law."

—LIEUT. DRAKE DE KAY, aid to Gen. Mansfield, at Newport News, Va., started on a small trip up the James River, accompanied by some of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts regiment. When some eight or nine miles from camp, on going round a bend in the river, he came suddenly upon a boat containing five secessionists, named John Moore and son, John Parker, W. Burnham, (constable for a number of years in Warwick,) and W. T. Wilburn. The whole party belonged to Warwick, and had been supplying the secession army along the James River with rations. Their boat was loaded with flour, fish, tobacco, eggs, whisky, etc. The whole cargo was confiscated, and the rebel crew imprisoned.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

March 31.—General Hunter, having arrived at Port Royal, S. C., assumed the command of the De-

partment of the South, consisting of the States of South-Carolina, Georgia and Florida.—(*Doc.* 111.)

—COL. BUFORD, of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, accompanied by his regiment, the Forty-second Illinois, the Douglas Brigade, Col. Roberts, and four hundred of the Fifteenth Wisconsin, Col. Heg, (Scandinavian,) all from Island No. Ten, and two companies of the Second Illinois cavalry, Colonel Hogg, and a detachment of artillery, the last two from Hickman, Ky., made a reconnoissance in force and descent upon Union City, Tenn; and after a forced march of twenty-four hours, discovered a large force of rebel cavalry and infantry, under the notorious Clay King. The cavalry dashed into the place at a furious rate. The utmost consternation seized the rebels, and they fled in every direction. Several of them were killed, and about one hundred taken prisoners; one hundred and fifty horses were captured, a large amount of forage and spoils, and several secession flags. The National forces returned to Hickman after destroying the tents and other property they could not carry away.—*Chicago Times*.

—THE One Hundred and Fifth regiment of New-York Volunteers, under the command of Col. James M. Fuller, left Rochester for the seat of war.—*N. Y. Commercial*, April 1.

—A VERY large meeting of citizens of New-England, resident in New-York, was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, this evening, with a view to make some arrangements to provide for proper attention to the wounded soldiers passing through the city on their return from the battle-field.

April 1.—The United States steamers Jacob Bell and Stepping Stone, visited Evansport, Va., this day. A boat's crew from each vessel was sent on shore. They visited nearly all the batteries in that vicinity, including one on a high hill, about half a mile back of Evansport, where was found the gun that Capt. Eastman had attempted unsuccessfully to burst. It is a thirty-two pounder. This battery, aided by field-pieces, was intended to cover the retreat of the rebels through the woods in the rear, in the event of their being driven from the lower battery. It was defended by rifle-pits.

Several men went a considerable distance into the country, but there were no signs of rebel troops nor inhabitants. Both parties of seamen subsequently returned on shore, in command of Lieut. Commanding McRea, of the Jacob Bell,

proceeding inland, where they found five rebel store-houses, containing hay, cutting-machines, platform scales, and other useful apparatus and implements. They set fire to the buildings, which were entirely consumed. — *Ohio Statesman*, April 3.

—IN accordance with the orders of Major-Gen. Hunter, Gen. Benham this day assumed the command of the northern district of the department of the South, constituting the First division of the army of the South, said district comprising the States of South-Carolina, Georgia, and all that part of Florida north and east of a line extending from Cape Canaveral, north-west to the Gulf coast, just north of Cedar Keys and its dependencies, and thence north to the Georgia line. — *Benham's General Orders*, No. 1.

—TO-NIGHT an armed boat expedition was fitted out from Com. Foote's squadron, and the land forces off Island Number Ten, in the Mississippi River, under command of Col. Roberts, of the Forty-second Illinois regiment. The five boats comprising the expedition, were in charge of First Master J. V. Johnson, of the St. Louis, assisted by Fourth Master G. P. Lord, of the Benton, Fourth Master Pierce, of the Cincinnati, Fourth Master Morgan, of the Pittsburgh, and Master's Mate Scanille, of the Mound City, each with a boat's crew of ten men from their respective vessels, carrying in all one hundred men, exclusive of officers, under the command of Colonel Roberts. At midnight the boats reached the upper or Number Ten Fort, and pulling directly on its face, carried it, receiving only the harmless fire of two sentinels, who ran on discharging their muskets, while the rebel troops in the vicinity rapidly retreated; whereupon Col. Roberts spiked the six guns, mounted in the Fort, and returned with the boats uninjured. — (*Doc.* 112.)

—AT Nashville, Tenn., last Saturday, Messrs. Brennan were arrested by Col. Matthews, provost-marshal, and paroled until ten o'clock yesterday morning, when they were again paroled till noon to-day. Sunday, R. B. Cheatham, Esq., Mayor of the city, was arrested, and paroled till twelve M. yesterday. He appeared at that hour, and his parole was extended till twelve to-day. Yesterday, Messrs. Sharp & Hamilton, of the Nashville Plough Manufactory, were also arrested, and put under bonds of three thousand dollars for their appearance. The charge against these gentlemen is treason.

The Messrs. Brennan, iron-founders, are said to have manufactured cannon, shells, and balls for the Confederate States, and upon this, we believe, the charge against them is founded. Aiding and abetting the enemy, that is, the confederate States—is the basis of the charge against the Mayor. Messrs. Sharp & Hamilton, it is reported, instead of turning "swords into ploughshares," converted ploughshares into swords and knives for the confederates, and thus made themselves amenable to the charge of treason against the United States. — *Nashville Banner*, April 1.

—EASTPORT, Miss., was shelled by the National gunboats Cairo, Tyler and Lexington, this day, at the conclusion of which the troops landed, but found that the rebels had fled, having taken away their last gun two days previous. — *Cincinnati Gazette*, April 9.

—A RECONNOISSANCE was made from Newport News, Va., to Watts Creek, a distance of nine miles. The enemy appeared, three thousand strong, and opened with cannon on the National forces, but their balls passed entirely over them. The batteries were immediately got in position, and opened fire on the rebels, when their entire force broke and fled, fording across the creek in great confusion, out of range. The object of the reconnoissance being accomplished, the troops retired. The whole country, through which the Union troops passed, was formerly the garden spot of Virginia. It is now perfectly devastated, and but one house was left standing. The houses, fences and trees have been burned by the retreating rebels. — *New-York Commercial*, April 3.

April 1.—This morning the Union forces in command of Gen. Banks made a further advance in Virginia, proceeding from Strasburg to Woodstock. On their approach near the latter town, Col. Ashby, with a force of rebel cavalry, infantry, and battery, disputed the passage of the Union troops. They nevertheless passed on through the town, the rebels retreating and frequently stopping to throw shells, which were replied to in kind by General Banks, who pursued the enemy to Edinburg, five miles beyond Woodstock. Ashby, in his retreat, burnt one railroad and two turnpike-bridges. All the railroad-bridges between Strasburg and Woodstock had been previously destroyed. The only casualty on the Union side was one man killed. — *National Intelligencer*, April 3.

—THE *Mobile News* of yesterday says: European brigades are rapidly organizing in New-Orleans, three of them being commanded by Gens. Benjamin Buisson, Paul Judge and Victor Moizman. The *Picayune* says: The three French Generals we have now in our midst may be called the "Three Guardsmen," of the Crescent City. Their forces will amount to about twelve thousand men, who may be divided as follows: First brigade, three thousand men, of whom are two thousand Creoles and one thousand Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, etc. Second (European) brigade, four thousand five hundred, of whom two thousand five hundred are French, eight hundred Spaniards, five hundred Italians, four hundred Germans, Dutch and Scandinavians, and five hundred Swiss, Belgians, English, Sclavonians, etc. Third (French) brigade, four thousand five hundred men, all unnaturalized Frenchmen. We must say, however, about this last brigade, that it is not yet complete, but that its strength will amount to the figures we give we have not the least doubt.

—WARRENTON, Va., was taken by the National troops.—A party of National troops, belonging to the forces under Gen. Steele, commanded by Col. Carline, had an engagement with the rebels at Putnam's Ferry, Ark., in which four rebels were taken prisoner, and one officer killed. A large quantity of military stores and equipments were also taken.—*N. Y. Times*, April 6.

—THE congregation of the Second Baptist church, in Richmond, Va., have set an example that may challenge emulation, but for self-sacrificing patriotism cannot be excelled. They met not long since, and by a unanimous vote, gave their church bell to be cast into cannon to be used in the public defence. To show that this was not an empty promise made for effect, they immediately had it taken down to be put to the use indicated. At the same meeting at which the resolution above stated was passed, it was determined to subscribe a sum sufficient to purchase enough metal to add to that in the bell to form into a battery to be called the Second Baptist Church battery. Mr. John F. Tanner, an influential member of the church, and largely engaged in the foundry business, promised on behalf of himself and his associates that the battery should be ready at an early day, and without cost to those who furnished the materials. The churches in New-Orleans (a large proportion of

them being Catholic) have, with the sanction of their Bishop, adopted the same course.—*Richmond Dispatch*, April 1.

April 2.—At Washington, D. C., the Committee on Political Prisoners ordered that Mrs. Greenhow, Mrs. Rosanna Augusta Heath, and Mrs. Morris, be sent beyond the Union lines. Mrs. Greenhow made a full confession, admitting that she was engaged in forwarding letters, papers and information to the rebels. She refused to tell what source of communication she kept up, and gave no names of her spies in Washington. But other information gives the names of several; two ex-Senators and several members of Congress, one of whom still retains his seat. Mrs. Morris also made a confession, admitting her treason in aiding the rebels by forwarding information. They all refused to take the oath of allegiance, or even give a parole of honor not to aid the enemy.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—THE United States Senate passed the House resolution—ayes thirty-two, nays ten—suggested by the President, declaring that the United States ought to coöperate, by giving pecuniary aid, with any State which may adopt the gradual abolition of slavery.—The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was discussed, but no vote taken.

—A PARTY of Colonel Ashby's rebel scouts made their appearance early this morning on the high wooded ridge on the opposite side of Stony Creek, near Edenburg, Va. They were fired on by some of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, when Ashby unmasked four guns and threw several shells into the Union camp. The rebels subsequently retreated.—*Baltimore American*, April 3.

—CAVALRY pickets of Gen. Lew. Wallace's division, at Crump's Landing, on the Tennessee River, were driven in this evening. A sharp skirmish occurred, in which company I, Fifth Ohio cavalry, lost three men, taken prisoners, namely, Sergeant E. F. Cook and privates Wm. Tidwell and John Lilly.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

—MAJOR DONALDSON, Chief of the Quartermaster's Department, in New-Mexico, arrived at Washington to-day. He brings much important information in regard to the rebel raid into that territory. He says the rebels hold every position of value, except Fort Craig and Fort Union. The latter, which is the most important Fort in the far West, containing millions of dollars' worth



Eng^d by Geo. E. Perine N.Y.

D. Hunter

MAJ-GEN. DAVID HUNTER.

of government stores, is now safe beyond peradventure. It is garrisoned by one thousand five hundred soldiers, has water within the fortification, and provisions for an almost unlimited siege. It will be the rallying-point for the ample Union forces now marching to expel the invaders.

Major Donaldson says the march of the Colorado Volunteers, a regiment of nine hundred and sixty men, organized by Gov. Gilpin, from Denver City, to the succor of Fort Union, exceeds anything on record. They traversed forty miles a day during the last four days, when they heard the Fort was in danger of falling. Their timely arrival secured its absolute safety. Major Donaldson relates many incidents of the battle near Fort Craig, and says that Major Lockridge, of Nicaragua filibuster fame, fell dead at the head of the Texas rangers in their last charge upon Captain McRea's battery.—*N. Y. Commercial*, April 3.

—Early yesterday morning, a regiment of picked men, belonging to the Excelsior Brigade, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Sickles, left Liverpool Point for Stafford Court-House, Va., on a reconnoissance. The troops landed at Shipping Point Batteries, and marched from thence past Dumfries through Aquia to Stafford Court-House. There was skirmishing between a body of six hundred rebel cavalry and the advanced corps of Gen Sickles's command, six miles from Stafford, and firing on both sides was continued until the Nationals reached that place to-day. The rebels in their retreat set fire to the town and all the stores. The Union forces promptly stopped the conflagration as soon as they entered. A number of prisoners, horses, stores, etc., fell into their hands. After remaining three hours in Stafford, camp-fires were built on the hills to deceive the rebels, while the National forces withdrew from the place. The casualties of General Sickles's troops were two wounded and a few missing.—*N. Y. Commercial*, April 5.

—A rebel force of seven regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and three batteries, were thrown across the Rapahannock River to cut off Col. Geary's command at White Plains, Va. By a forced march they reached Salem, within five miles of the Union band, last evening, with the intent of attacking Col. Geary's command in two columns, cutting off his retreat, and then seizing the formidable Gap, to intercept the progress of reconstructing the Manassas

Gap Railroad. The attack was to be made at daybreak this morning. Their movements were made secretly, with the intention of making a dash, and cutting the Union command to pieces.

Col. Geary became apprized of their presence and designs, and moved his whole command off quietly during the night, and battled with the mountain roads, wading streams and rivers of mud for five miles, and by daylight occupied Thoroughfare Gap,* where he prepared for a resolute and determined stand in the mountain defiles. The movement was a most important one, frustrating a design to accomplish a victory by the destruction of a much-dreaded command, to revive the drooping feelings of the rebels in Virginia. The calls were beaten in the evening, and the camp-fires left burning as usual, after the command marched.

One of the Union scouts was killed, and three of the rebels were taken prisoners.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

—THE schooner Kate, of Nassau, N. P., attempted to run the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., when she was pursued. The rebels, finding they could not save their vessel, ran her aground and set fire to her. A boat's crew from the steamer Mount Vernon extinguished the fire on board of her, before it had burned long, or done much damage. Her cargo was examined, and found to consist of four hundred and fifty sacks of salt, consigned by Addersly & Co., of Nassau, N. P., to John P. Frazer & Co., of Charleston, S. C., or Wright & Co., of St. John's, N. B. After repeated efforts to pull her off, which were all unsuccessful, as she was run well up on shore, it was determined to burn her, which was effectually accomplished.—*N. Y. Times*, April 20.

April 3. —Albert Sidney Johnston, Major-General C.S.A., at Corinth, Miss., issued the following address:

"SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI: I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country, with the resolution and discipline and valor becoming men, fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for. You can but march to a decisive victory over agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property and honor.

"Remember the precious stake involved, remember the dependence of your mothers, your

* Thoroughfare Gap is a station on the Manassas Gap Railroad, fourteen miles west of Manassas, Va. It is a gap in the Bull Run Mountain.

wives, your sisters, and your children, on the result. Remember the fair, broad, abounding lands, the happy homes, that will be desolated by your defeat. The eyes and hopes of eight million people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your valor and courage, worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your general will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success."

Accompanying this address were general orders, dividing "the Army of the Mississippi" into three *corps d'armee*. Gen. Beauregard was proclaimed second in command of the whole force.

The first *corps d'armee* was assigned to Gen. Polk, and embraced all the troops of his former command, less detached cavalry and artillery and reserves, detached for the defence of Fort Pillow and Madrid Bend.

The second *corps d'armee* was assigned to Gen. Bragg, and was to consist of the Second division of the Army of the Mississippi, less artillery and cavalry hereafter detached.

The third *corps d'armee* was assigned to Gen. Hardee, and consisted of "the Army of Kentucky." Gen. Crittenden was assigned a command of reserves, to consist of not less than two brigades.

—THE United States Senate, by a vote of twenty-nine to fourteen, passed the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia.

—THE telegraph line was to-day discovered to be cut in a dozen places, between New-Madrid and Sykeston, Mo. Gen. Pope immediately issued a special order to the residents along the route, that he would hold them responsible for the safety of the telegraph line, and that if any damage was done to it near their houses and farms, he would have their houses burned and themselves and families arrested and brought to camp, and visited with the severest punishment.

—APALACHICOLA, Fla., surrendered to a party of National seamen, of the gunboats Mercedita and Sagamore, under the command of Commander Stellwagen, without making any resistance. It was almost entirely deserted by the male population, its fort or sand battery dismantled, and the guns removed. Two schooners were captured in Alligator Bayou, near the town, and then the launch of the Sagamore, under charge of Lieut.

Bigelow, with the second cutter, under charge of Acting Master Fales, proceeded up Apalachicola River, about seven miles, where they found several vessels lying at anchor, and captured them. One was a large schooner, partially laden with cotton, which was cut out from the wharf and towed down the river by the crew of the Sagamore's launch. She had forty bales of cotton on board. A sloop was captured, which had recently arrived from Havana, with a load of coffee, running the blockade. She had also cleared again for Havana. Great efforts were made by Lieutenant Bigelow, Acting Master Fales and Engineer Snyder, to get four other captured schooners down the river. The officers and the crews worked long and laboriously, during many hours, to get the schooners free, but without avail. They were finally obliged to apply the torch to them, which they did so effectually as to make them a mass of flames, burning them to the water's edge. They afterward succeeded in capturing two sloops, and then returned down the river.

Commander Stellwagen, of the Mercedita, and Lieut. Commanding A. J. Drake, of the Sagamore, administered the oath of allegiance to a few of the inhabitants, and preparations were made to take formal possession of the town.

—EARLY this morning the rebels at Island No. Ten, near New-Madrid, Mo., made an attempt to tow their floating battery to a position from which it could command the National mortar-fleet. A rapid fire was opened upon it, and in the course of half an hour the battery was struck several times, splinters being thrown in all directions, and several beams displaced. One shell exploded directly inside the battery, when it was immediately submerged to the water's edge, and towed out of range. The rebel steamer Winchester, which was sunk some time since to obstruct the channel north of Island No. Ten, and used by the rebels as a point from which to watch the movements of the National forces, was shelled to-day and burned to the water's edge.—*St. Louis Republican*, April 5.

—THIS evening a meeting was held in Chicago, Ill., at the instance of the Chicago Laborers' Association, at which it was resolved that a subscription should be opened throughout the United States for the purpose of procuring a permanent homestead for Major-General Franz Sigel, to be located in the State of Illinois, and that the balance of the fund to be raised, after purchasing

the estate, should be paid over to him. A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions, and to organize sub-committees in all proper places. —*Boston Transcript*, April 8.

April 4.—General Burnside at Newbern, N. C., issued the following order:—

Dr. J. H. Thompson, Brigade Surgeon, First division, is hereby relieved from duty with the First division, and will report without delay to the Surgeon-General at Washington, with the recommendation to the President of the United States that he be dismissed the service as an alarmist.

It is expected that all important and reliable information should be duly reported through proper channels, but the stern realities of active warfare rob the soldier of quite sufficient of his rest and sleep without the aggravations of senseless rumors and imaginary dangers, and those who create or report them will be at once expelled from this department.

—GEN. MAGRUDER, in command of the rebel lines near Lee's Mills, Va., issued the following general orders, to be read to each command in his army: "The enemy is before us—our works are strong—our cause is good—we fight for our homes, and must be careful. Every hour we hold out, brings us reinforcements." —*Richmond Whig*, April 10.

—At Cincinnati, Ohio, a public reception was given to Parson Brownlow, who was introduced to the audience by Joseph C. Butler, President of the Chamber of Commerce, in a few appropriate remarks.

Mr. Brownlow, in reply, made a speech thanking the vast audience for their warm and friendly reception, relating his experience of the operations of the rebellion in East-Tennessee, and giving an account of the sufferings of himself and of other Union men while he was imprisoned at Knoxville. Speeches were also made by General S. F. Carey and Lieutenant-Governor Fisk, of Kentucky, and resolutions were adopted demanding a vigorous and unceasing prosecution of the war, and the punishment of traitors. —*Cincinnati Times*, April 5.

—THE War Department of the United States this day ordered:

First. That the portion of Virginia and Maryland lying between the Mountain Department and the Blue Ridge shall constitute a military department, to be called the Department of the

Shenandoah, and be under the command of Major-General Banks.

Second. That the portion of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge and west of the Potomac, and the Fredericksburgh and Richmond railroad, including the District of Columbia and the country between the Potomac and the Patuxent, shall be a military district, to be called the Department of the Rappahannock, and be under the command of Major-General McDowell.

—THIS morning the gunboats Benton, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh, with three boats, opened and continued for more than an hour a fire on the rebel heavy floating battery at Island No. Ten, when the latter, having received several shells from the rifles and mortars, cut loose from her moorings and drifted two or three miles down the river. The shells were thrown from the flotilla into different parts of the island, and into the rebel batteries lining the Tennessee shore. The return fire produced no effect on the National squadron. No more men than were actually necessary to man the batteries were visible. —*Com. Foote's Despatch*.

—At Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., this evening, the National troops were attacked by two regiments of rebel infantry, with two pieces of artillery and a strong force of cavalry. The Nationals immediately got into line of battle, when the rebels fired one volley and commenced to retreat. The Nationals returned the fire, killing several and taking ten prisoners. The Union loss was one killed. —*Chicago Tribune*, April 7.

—A SUCCESSFUL expedition was this day made from Ship Island to Pass Christian,* Miss., by the National gunboats New-London, Jackson, and Lewis. When off Pass Christian they were attacked by the rebel steamers Oregon, Pamlico, and Carondelet, but succeeded in driving them off, seriously damaging them. —(*Doc.* 117.)

—THE schooner Resolution, having on board a party of rebels, attempting to escape into the confederate lines, was captured in Back River, Md., this day. —*Baltimore American*.

—THIS morning a spirited cannonade took place

* Pass Christian is a post-village of Harrison County, Mississippi. It is located on a pass of its own name, near the entrance to St. Louis Bay. It is situated one hundred and sixty-five miles to the south-south-east of Jackson. It is fifty miles from New-Orleans, thirteen miles from Mississippi City, and twenty-five miles from Biloxi. It is thirty miles from the eastern portion of Ship Island, and eighty miles from the mouth of Pass-a-l'Outre of the Mississippi River.

between some of the Union batteries near Point Pleasant, Mo., and a rebel one on the opposite shore. After an hour's firing, a shell fell inside a large warehouse near the confederate battery, and the building was soon wrapped in flames. The rebels then ceased answering from their guns, and after shelling the position awhile, the Point Pleasant batteries stopped also.—*St. Louis Republican*.

—GOVERNOR CURTIN issued a general order congratulating the Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania regiments for gallant conduct at Winchester, Va., and directed that Winchester be inscribed on their flags, and the order be read at the head of all Pennsylvania regiments.

—LIEUT. FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN, of Gen. Lander's staff, died at Cumberland, Md., from the effects of the wound received in the fight at Blooming Gap, Va.—*Baltimore American*, April 7.

—A BATTLE between the National gunboat Kineo and the flag-ship of the rebel flotilla, a few miles above the Passes of the Mississippi River, resulting in the defeat of the rebel vessel.—(*Doc.* 118.)

—At New-Orleans, La., all masters of steamboats engaged in trade were inhibited from taking white men as deck-hands, and were required to discharge at once such as might be employed by them. The captains, clerks, mates, carpenters, pilots, and engineers were the only white men to be employed on such boats.—*New-Orleans Delta*, April 4.

April 5.—The United States gunboat Carondelet, Capt. Walke, arrived at New-Madrid, Mo., this morning at one o'clock, having passed the fortifications at Island Number Ten, and the batteries upon the mainland opposite, and now lies moored safely to the shore, under the guns of the upper fort at New-Madrid.

The Carondelet left the fleet last evening at ten o'clock, during a terrific thunder-storm, and having taken a barge in tow, laden with hay and coal, to serve as a protection from the enemy's balls, extinguished her lights, put on steam, and rapidly sailed down the river. The first intimation the rebels had of the attempt to run the blockade was the fire which issued from the burning chimney of the gunboat, and immediately thereafter it was greeted with a shower of balls from the infantry stationed at the upper battery, the same which was so effectually spiked a few days since by Col. Roberts.

A signal rocket was then sent up, and in an instant the entire line of batteries were a blaze of flame. Four batteries on the Kentucky shore and on the point of the island fired in quick succession, but the Carondelet passed them all in safety, and, unmindful of the leaden and iron hail which fell around, passed down through the fiery ordeal unhurt; not a man was injured, and excepting a few musket-balls which struck the iron-plated sides of the gunboat, she was untouched.

The floating-battery, located three miles below the island, bestowed a parting shower of blazing compliments as the Carondelet glided quietly by. The Hollins ram Manassas did not open fire. The National officers and men acquitted themselves with admirable courage and fidelity.—(*Doc.* 116.)

—THE schooner A. J. Wills, of Philadelphia, was captured by a squad of Government police in Nabb's Creek, a stream running from Stony Creek, Va. On board the vessel was found a large quantity of provisions designed for the use of the rebels who were captured yesterday in the schooner Resolution.—*Baltimore American*, April 8.

—THE following order was issued from the War Department this day:—

Col. D'Utassy, of the Garibaldi Guard, New-York Volunteers, and all the officers of General Blenker's division who are now under arrest, are hereby released from arrest, and will join their regiments without delay, and resume their respective commands.—*New-York Herald*, April 6.

A RESOLUTION passed the Wisconsin Assembly this day, tendering to the President of the United States an unqualified approval of his course, from the day of his inauguration to the present time. There was but one vote against it.—*Philadelphia Press*, April 15.

—THAT portion of the Army of the Potomac, recently concentrated at Old Point, Va., advanced yesterday, moving in the direction of Yorktown, twenty-four miles distant. The right was assigned to Gen. Morrill's brigade, of Gen. Porter's division, two companies of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, and a portion of Berdan's sharpshooters acting as skirmishers. Nothing of interest took place until their arrival at Big Bethel, twelve miles distant, where they met the outer pickets of the rebels. The troops were delayed here two hours in reconstructing a bridge which had been destroyed.

The rebels retreated before the advance of the National skirmishers to Howard's Creek, where

they had some abandoned earthworks. Four shots were fired here by the rebels from two field-pieces, which were soon silenced by the Fourth Rhode Island battery, when the rebels beat a hasty retreat, taking their pieces with them. The main body of the army here rested for the night, while Gen. Morrill's brigade advanced three miles to Buckleville, and six miles from Yorktown, and then encamped. By seven o'clock this morning, the column was again in motion, and at ten o'clock was in front of the enemy's works at Yorktown.

The first shot fired was by the rebels, the shells passing over the heads of Gen. Porter and staff without exploding. The batteries of Griffin, Third and Fourth Rhode Island, and Fifth Massachusetts were now placed in position, replying to every shot sent by the rebels. The cannonading continued with but slight intermission until dark. About four hundred shots were fired by both parties during the day. The Union loss was six killed and sixteen wounded.—(*Doc.* 119.)

April 6.—Colonel Duffield, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., captured a mail direct from Corinth, Miss., with upward of one hundred and fifty letters, many containing valuable information regarding the strength and position of the rebels. From these letters Gen. Dumont learned that a number of spies were at Nashville and Edgefield, Tenn., and had them arrested.—*National Intelligencer*, *April 10.*

—THE National gunboat Carondelet under the command of Capt. Walke, having on board Gen. Granger, Col. Smith, of the Forty-third regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and Capt. Lewis H. Marshall, Aid to Gen. Pope, made a reconnoissance to Tiptonville, Mo., the object being to draw the fire from the masked batteries of the rebels along the Mississippi River. On her way up the river the Carondelet attacked a battery, and Capt. Marshall, accompanied by a party of soldiers of the Twenty-seventh Illinois regiment, landed, spiked the guns, destroyed the carriages, and threw the ammunition into the river.—*N. Y. Commercial*, *April 9.*

—YESTERDAY an expedition from General Mitchell's command, consisting of two companies of the Fourth Ohio cavalry, and a piece of artillery from Loomis's battery, in charge of Lieut. C. H. O'Riordan, the whole in command of Colonel Kennett, left Shelbyville, Tenn., marched to Decherd, and proceeding this morning to the Univers-

ity grounds, near where the main road sends off a branch toward some coal-mines, among the mountains, captured there a locomotive and a train of freight-cars. Thirty rebel soldiers were on the train at the time, waiting for the locomotive to get up steam. As soon as these fellows saw the Union troops, they took to their heels, scattering in all directions. A wild chase ensued, resulting in the overhauling and capture of fifteen of the fugitives.

Ascertaining that a largely superior force of the enemy was stationed at the tunnel, nine miles below Decherd, the expedition returned to camp.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—THIS day a party of rebel cavalry made a dash at the pickets of Gen. Wallace's division, in the neighborhood of Adamsville, Tenn. Lieut. Murray, of the Fifth Ohio cavalry, made a suitable disposition of the forces at his command, but the enemy outnumbered him three to one, and his pickets were compelled to fall back. Three of his men fell into the enemy's hands—Sergeant E. F. Cook, privates Wm. Ledwell and John Pilley, all of Co. I, Fifth Ohio cavalry. With regard to the fate of these men, the official report says: "When Sergt. Cook was last seen, he was riding among the rebels, fighting them hand to hand. It is not known if he was wounded before being taken prisoner. Ledwell is supposed to be badly wounded or killed, as his saddle was covered with blood. Pilley is a prisoner, and supposed to be unharmed."

—SHIP POINT, Va., was captured by the forces of Gen. McClellan.

April 7.—Yesterday and to-day the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., (by the confederates called the battle of Shiloh,) was fought, by the National forces under Major-General Grant, and the rebels under Beauregard. Early yesterday morning four hundred men of Gen. Prentiss's division were attacked by the rebels, half a mile in advance of the National lines, when the men fell back on a Missouri regiment, closely pursued by the rebels. Further resistance was made, but without success, and all finally retreated to the lines of the Second division. At six o'clock the fire had become general along the whole line. Gen. Sherman's division were compelled to fall back, and seek support of the troops immediately in their rear. At one o'clock both sides were fully engaged, and the most terrible fighting ensued, resulting in the National troops being slow-

ly driven in the direction of the river. The National gunboat Tyler then came up, and aided greatly in forcing the rebels back. At five o'clock there was a short cessation in the fire of the enemy, their lines falling back for nearly half a mile, when they suddenly wheeled, and threw their whole force upon the left wing of the Union troops. The battle then raged fiercely, and the rebels would probably have succeeded in their object of cutting the Union army in two, had not General Wallace, who had taken a circuitous route from Crump's Landing, appeared suddenly on their right wing. This move compelled the rebels to desist from their operations on the left, and they soon withdrew from the attack, and encamped for the night. The advance regiments of Gen. Buell now appeared on the opposite side of the river, and all night long were crossing to the relief of Gen. Grant's army. The battle was renewed this morning, at seven o'clock. The rebels commenced the attack from the Corinth road, and soon the engagement became general along the entire line. They endeavored, by massing troops at different positions, and hurling them on the weakest points, to break through, and cut off the different divisions from communication and support. But everywhere they were met by new and unwearied troops, in numbers too large to contend against. Both wings of the Union army were turned upon the enemy, and the whole line advanced to the charge, while shot and shell from the batteries rained death at every point. The rebels then fell slowly back, keeping up a fire from their artillery and musketry along their whole column as they retreated. They were pursued by Gen. Sherman's forces.—(*Doc.* 114.)

—THE bridge over Stony Creek, Va., was completed yesterday, and to-day, while the National troops were crossing, the rebel battery of Ashby opened on them, but was soon silenced, and its position occupied by the Nationals.—*N. Y. World*, April 8.

—A LARGE meeting of the Union men of Montgomery county, Md., was held in Rockville this day, at which resolutions, deprecating the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and calling upon the President of the United States to "interpose his veto and protect the rights of property," in the event of the passage of "the Act" by both houses of Congress, were unanimously adopted.—*National Intelligencer*, April 12.

—IN the rebel House of Representatives, at Richmond, Va., the action of yesterday at Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., was announced, and the following resolutions introduced:

Resolved, That Congress have learned, with feelings of deep joy and gratitude to the Divine Ruler of nations, the news of the recent glorious victory of our arms in Tennessee.

Resolved, That the death of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, the commander of our forces, while leading his troops to victory, cannot but temper our exultation with a shade of sadness at the loss of so able, skilful, and gallant an officer.

Resolved, That, in respect to the memory of Gen. Johnston—the Senate concurring—Congress do now adjourn until twelve o'clock to-morrow.—*Richmond Whig*, April 8.

—A SKIRMISH took place at Lawrenceburgh, Tenn., between two companies of Federal and rebel cavalry, the latter being put to flight with a loss of four men wounded. Four horses were captured, and carried into the Union lines late in the evening. One of the horses belonged to a Lieut. Polk, of Columbia, Tenn., the left side of the saddle being covered with blood.—Brig.-Gen. Lucius J. Polk, C. S. A., gave himself up to Gen. Negley, in command at Columbia, Tenn. He was released on parole.

—At Edenburg, Va., to-day, the rebels opened fire upon the National pickets, but were soon dispersed by a rapid cannonade from Capt. Huntington's battery.—*N. Y. Times*, April 8.

—The gunboat Pittsburgh ran the blockade of Island Number Ten, last night, under a terrific fire from the rebel batteries. Four steam transports and five barges were also got through the Slough, from Phillips's Landing, above the Island, to New-Madrid, by Col. Bissell's corps of engineers.

This morning, under the fire of the Union gunboats, which silenced one of the rebel batteries, a company, under Capt. Lewis and Marshall, crossed the Mississippi at New-Madrid and spiked the guns. Another force took three other batteries, spiked the guns, and threw the ammunition into the river.

At eleven o'clock, in the face of the fire of the remaining rebel batteries, Gen. Paine, with four regiments and a battery of artillery, crossed the Mississippi. Subsequently the divisions of Gens. Hamilton and Stanley crossed; also Gen. Granger with his cavalry. They are now strongly posted, ready for any emergency.—(*Doc.* 116.)

April 8.—Island Number Ten, on the Mississippi River, with the neighboring rebel works on the Tennessee shore, having surrendered yesterday, was taken possession of by the United States gunboats and troops under the command of Gen. Buford. Seventeen rebel officers and five hundred soldiers, including the sick and those on board transports, were taken prisoners. Seven rebel steamers, including the gunboat Grampus, were captured or sunk, and large quantities of military stores and ammunition were taken.—(*Doc. 120.*)

—GENERAL HALLECK at St. Louis, Mo., telegraphed to Secretary Stanton as follows: "Brigadier-Gen. W. M. Makall, late of the United States Adjutant-General's Department, and two thousand of the rebel forces, have surrendered to Gen. Pope, and it is expected that many more will be captured to-day. Immense quantities of artillery and supplies have fallen into our hands.

"*LATER.*—Gen. Pope has captured three generals, six thousand prisoners of war, one hundred siege pieces, and several field batteries, with immense quantities of small arms, tents, wagons, horses and provisions. Our victory is complete and overwhelming. We have not lost a single man."

—THE guerrillas in Western Virginia are still troublesome. Two secessionists belonging on the Valley River, in the upper end of Marion County, were shot this day by a detachment of Capt. Showalter's company. Their names were Sack Barker and Levi Ashcraft. A band of guerrillas (supposed to belong to the same gang from which Riblet and Conway were captured) had taken prisoners a couple of young men, soldiers in Capt. Showalter's company, and their comrades in rescuing them captured the two guerrillas above named, and killed them on their attempting to escape. This took place near Texas, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.—*N. Y. Tribune, April 15.*

—JEFFERSON DAVIS proclaimed martial law over the department of East-Tennessee, under the command of Major-Gen. E. K. Smith, and the suspension of all civil jurisdiction, except in certain courts, and also the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*. The distillation and sale of spirituous liquors was also prohibited.—(*Doc. 141.*)

—AT Providence, Rhode Island, by order of Lieut.-Gov. Arnold, a national salute was fired

on the great bridge this afternoon, in honor of the National success at Island No. Ten.—*N. Y. Times, April 9.*

—GEN. MILROY occupied Monterey, Va., this afternoon. The rear-guard of the enemy is at McDowell, and their mounted scouts were driven in on Wednesday, by a scouting party of Gen. Milroy's command. Both Monterey and McDowell are in Highland County, Va.—(*Doc. 121.*)

April 9.—Brigadier-Gen. Doubleday, in command of the military defences of the Potomac, issued a circular to the regiments in his brigade, forbidding the commanders from delivering up negroes, unless the claimants show authority from him.—*N. Y. Evening Post, April 10.*

—AT Poughkeepsie, New-York, this day, all the bells of the city were rung and cannon fired, amidst great rejoicing, on account of the recent victories of the National troops.—*Albany Statesman, April 10.*

—THIS evening, Col. Wright, of the Sixth Missouri cavalry, returned to Cassville, Mo., having made a successful expedition with four companies of his command, through the south-west corner of the State. All jayhawking bands in that locality were dispersed. Several skirmishes took place, which resulted in the death of several prominent rebels. One hundred and twenty-five prisoners were captured, all of whom, except the leaders and twenty-five intractable ones, were released on taking the oath of allegiance. A number of horses were captured, together with one hundred and twenty-two head of cattle, three hundred and twenty-seven bushels of wheat, and four thousand five hundred pounds of bacon. All rebel gangs not captured were driven by Col. Wright down to Standwaith, a point on the line of the Indian territory, twenty-five miles below Neosho.—*Missouri Democrat, April 12.*

—THROUGHOUT the loyal States, large sums of money were raised for the relief of the wounded at the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and tenders of surgical aid were made from various portions of the States.—*National Intelligencer, April 11.*

—A SKIRMISH occurred at Whitemarsh Island, near Savannah, Ga., between some companies of the Thirteenth Georgia regiment and a Michigan regiment, resulting in the repulse of the latter, with the loss of about twenty. The confederates' loss in killed and missing was five; slightly wounded, seven.—*Savannah News, April 16.*

—THE Conscription Bill passed the rebel Congress this day.—*Richmond Despatch*, April 10.—(Doc. 123.)

—GOVERNOR ANDREW JOHNSON, at Nashville, Tennessee, issued a proclamation, declaring vacant the offices of mayor, and most of the city councilmen, who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and appointed other persons to serve *pro tempore*, until a new election could be held by the people.—*Nashville Banner*, April 9.

—JACKSONVILLE, Florida, was evacuated by the National troops this day. General Wright, the commander of the National forces, took possession of the schooners Anna C. Leverett and Magnum Bonum, belonging to private individuals, and the Government schooner James G. Still and steamers Cosmopolitan and Belvidere, and embarked fifteen hundred troops, with all their stores, two sections of Ransom's battery, with fifty or sixty horses, thirty guns captured along the river from the rebels, and about one hundred loyal families, with such of their effects as could be readily brought away when the fleet set sail.—(Doc. 124.)

—SECRETARY of War Stanton issued an order that the chaplains of every regiment in the armies of the United States shall, on the first Sunday after the receipt of the order, give thanks to the Almighty for the great victories recently achieved by our armies, and invoking the continuance of his aid; and also tendering the thanks and congratulations of the department to Major-General Halleck for the signal ability and success that have distinguished all the military operations of his department, and to the army under his command for their spirit and courage, and to Generals Curtis, Sigel, Grant, Buell, and Pope, and the soldiers under their command, for their gallant and meritorious services.

The Secretary of the Navy sent a congratulatory despatch to Commodore Foote, tendering him and the officers and men under his command the thanks of the department for his recent brilliant success.

—GENERAL PRENTISS and two thousand three hundred and eighty-six Union prisoners passed through Memphis, Tenn., this day. The men were in good spirits, and kindly treated by the inhabitants, particularly the Irish and German women. The citizens contented themselves with waving handkerchiefs and looking the interest which they dared not openly express. Gen. Prentiss

made a Union speech to his men, and the citizens cheered him. The Provost-Marshal, L. D. McKissock, bade him remain silent. Prentiss told him he had four to one more friends in Memphis than he, (McKissock,) and said to the citizens: "Keep quiet for a few weeks, and you will have an opportunity to cheer the old flag to your heart's content." The Union soldiers sang the Star-Spangled Banner, Red, White and Blue, Happy Land of Canaan, and Old John Brown, as they were starting on the cars for Tuscaloosa, Ala.—*New-York Tribune*, May 2.

April 10.—In the rebel Senate at Richmond, Va., a bill was passed authorizing the issue of five millions of Treasury-notes of the denomination of one dollar and two dollars.—A joint resolution from the House, expressing the thanks of Congress to the patriotic women of the country for their contributions to the army, was concurred in.

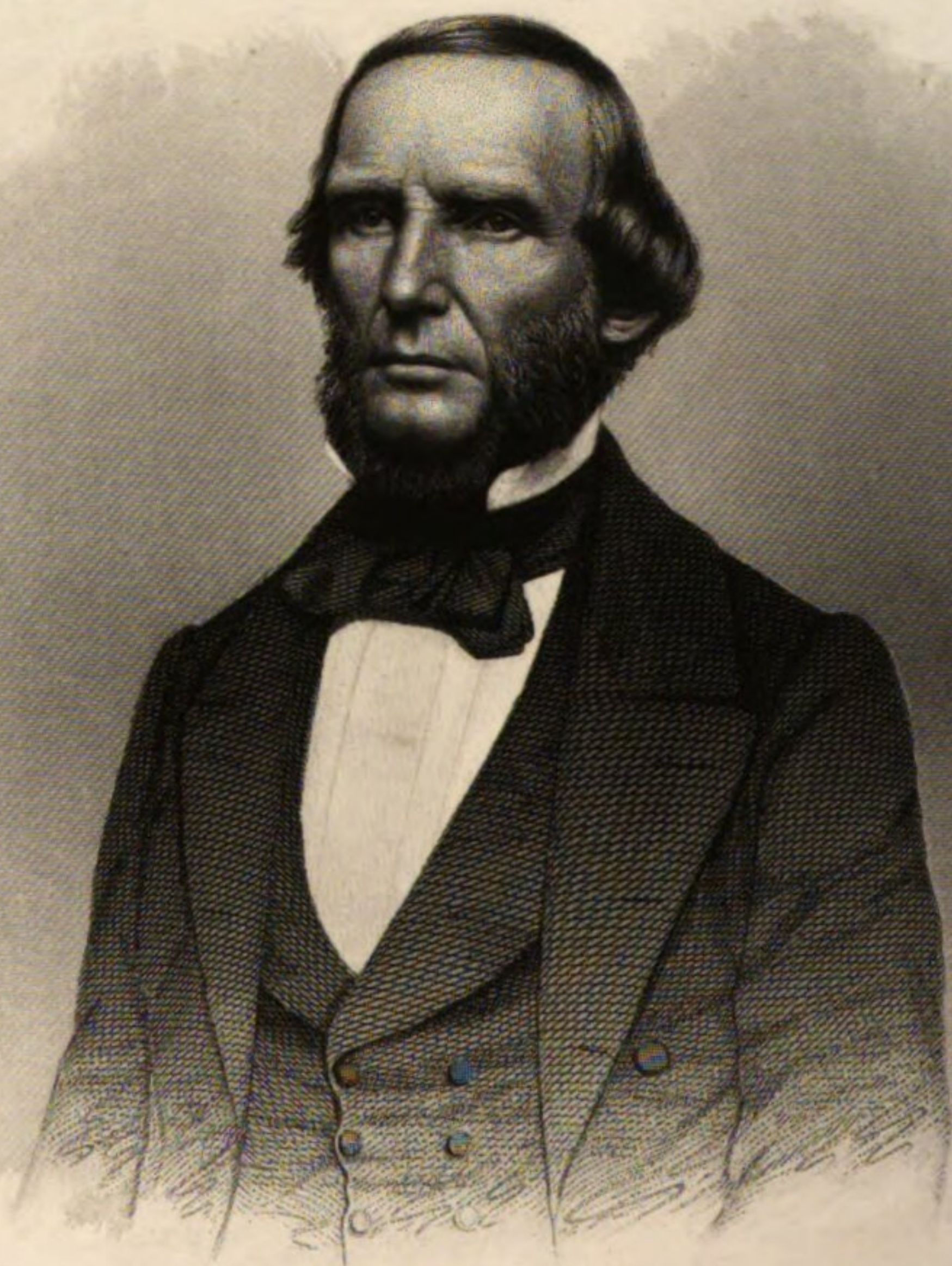
The House of Representatives adopted resolutions of thanks to Gen. Sibley, his officers and men, for the victory in New-Mexico, and to the officers and men of the Patrick Henry, Jamestown, Teazer, and other vessels engaged in the naval battle at Hampton Roads, for their gallantry on the occasion.

Bills regulating the fees of Clerks, Marshals, and District-Attorneys, were passed. The maximum annual salary of District-Attorneys was fixed at five thousand dollars. The report of Capt. Buchanan of the naval battle at Hampton Roads was received, and two thousand five hundred copies of it ordered to be printed. Being a very lengthy document, its publication was necessarily deferred to a future day.—*Richmond Whig*, April 11.

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN issued a proclamation recommending the people of the United States, on the next day of worship occurring after its reception, to give thanks to Almighty God for the recent victories, and to implore spiritual consolation for those who have been brought into affliction by the casualties and calamities of sedition and civil war.—(Doc. 127.)

—EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War of the United States, issued the following orders this day to the Military Supervisor of Telegraphs: "You are directed to stop all telegraphic communications to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, until satisfactory proof is furnished to this department that the recent publication respecting operations by the army at Yorktown were duly authorized.





BEN. McCULLOCH.

You will proceed to Fortress Monroe and make arrangements to enforce the orders of this department.

ORDERED—That all applications for passes by newspaper editors or correspondents be referred to Col. Edwards S. Sanford, Military Supervisor of Telegraphs, etc., and be subject to such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by this department."

The editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* states that the despatch deemed objectionable by the Secretary of War was countersigned by General Wool on the letter itself, and on the envelope, and feels confident of making a satisfactory explanation to the Government. Meanwhile the editor requests that the order of Secretary Stanton be withheld from publication, or, if published, to be accompanied by this note of explanation.

—A RECEPTION was given this evening, at the Academy of Music in New-York City, to the heroes of the frigates Cumberland and Congress, destroyed by the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. The Academy was crowded in every available part, and the most enthusiastic greeting was given to the men-o'-war's men. Pelatiah Perit presided, and speeches were made by Professor Hitchcock, William M. Evarts, George Bancroft, and William E. Dodge. Descriptions of the fight and songs were given by the crew.—(*Doc.* 128.)

—RESOLUTIONS were unanimously adopted in both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature to-day, in furtherance of the suggestions of the Secretary of War, inviting the citizens of the Commonwealth to join, on Sunday next, in a general *Te Deum* in honor of the recent victories, and congratulating the Western States upon the valiant deeds of their soldiers in the Valley of the Mississippi.

Gov. Andrew ordered a salute of one hundred guns to be fired to-morrow, at noon, in honor of the recent victories.—*Boston Courier*, April 11.

—THE police of St. Louis, Mo., broke up an extensive counterfeiting establishment in that city, and seized about twenty-five thousand dollars in counterfeit United States Treasury Notes.—*St. Louis News*, April 11.

—Two fine batteries of rifled guns were this day found in the woods near the Mississippi river, below Island Number Ten.—*Cincinnati Commercial*, April 12.

—HUMPHREY MARSHALL, whose head-quarters were at Lebanon, Russell Co., Va., called out

the militia of Russell, Washington, Scott, Wise, and Lee, to drive back the National troops threatening to advance by way of Pound Gap.—*New-York World*.

April 11.—Fort Pulaski surrendered to the National arms. Yesterday morning the preparations for its bombardment, under Brig.-Gen. Gilmore, were completed, and a communication under a flag of truce was forwarded to Col. Olmstead, the commander of Fort Pulaski, demanding the unconditional surrender of the place. To this Col. Olmstead replied in a very gentlemanly and witty note, stating that he was placed there "to defend, not to surrender the Fort." Upon receipt of this, the batteries on Tybee opened fire. After firing a few rounds from the several batteries, a chance shot carried away the halliards on Pulaski, and the confederate flag fell to the earth. At this point the fire slackened, the Nationals not knowing but that the occupants of the Fort had concluded to succumb. Presently, instead of the white flag, the stars and bars were once more seen waving from a temporary flag-staff on the parapet. The batteries on Tybee recommenced with redoubled vigor, and the firing continued without cessation during the remainder of the day. Toward night, Gen. Gilmore being satisfied, from the effects of the Parrott guns and James's projectiles during the day, of the practicability of breaching the Fort, again slackened the firing, in order to make arrangements for the planting of more guns at the Goat Point batteries, that point being the nearest to Pulaski, distance one thousand six hundred and eighty-five yards. From sunset till twelve o'clock, midnight, no firing was heard; from then until daylight an occasional shot was fired, and this morning two small breaches were visible at the distance of two miles, on the south-east face of the Fort. By twelve o'clock M., these, under the heavy and well-directed firing from the Goat Point batteries, had assumed most wonderful proportions, and at eighteen minutes past two P.M., the confederate flag was hauled down and a white flag displayed. A boat was then sent to Pulaski, and a surrender of the Fort was made. Col. Olmstead stated that it was impossible to hold out any longer, as the rifle shots were fast working their way into the magazines, and a goodly number of his guns were disabled, and he was therefore compelled to comply with General Hunter's demand; accordingly, the Seventh Connecticut, Colonel Terry, was thrown into the Fort, and the munitions of war, provisions, etc., were

turned over to the credit of the Union. Union loss—one killed and one wounded slightly. Confederate loss—three wounded. Amputation necessary, and performed in each case. Prisoners, three hundred and eighty-five, including officers.—(*Doc. 126.*)

—THE BILL to emancipate slaves in the District of Columbia was passed by the House of Representatives of the United States. During the debate upon it, John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, made a powerful speech, entering, in the name of his constituents, a protest not only against the bill, but against any measure calculated to agitate the question of slavery.

—LIEUT. J. G. BAKER, U.S.N., with an armed crew, on board the rebel prize schooner *Bride*, captured the rebel sloop *Wren*, at Shark's Point, Va., after a chase of over two hours. The crew escaped.—*Baltimore American*, April 14.

—HUNTSVILLE,* Alabama, was this day occupied by the National forces under the command of Gen. Mitchel, without much resistance. Gen. Mitchel's official despatch says: "After a forced march of incredible difficulty, leaving Fayetteville yesterday at twelve, noon, my advanced guard, consisting of Turchin's Brigade, Kennett's cavalry, and Simonson's battery, entered Huntsville this morning at six o'clock. The city was completely taken by surprise, no one having considered the march practicable in the time. We have captured about two hundred prisoners, fifteen locomotives, a large amount of passenger and box-platform cars, the telegraph apparatus and office, and two Southern mails. We have, at last, succeeded in cutting the great artery of railway communication between the Southern States."—(*Doc. 129.*)

—THE Adams Army Express carried away from Newbern, N. C., four hundred and thirty thousand dollars, the contributions of Burnside's soldiers to their families at the North.—*Newbern Progress*, April 11.

—THE *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Union* of this date has the following: "For several days the office of Governor Johnson, in the capital, has been

* Huntsville is the shire town of Madison County, Alabama. It is on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, one hundred and fifty miles north north-east from Tuscaloosa, and one hundred and sixteen miles in a southerly direction from Nashville. The town contains many handsome buildings, and a court-house which cost forty-five thousand dollars, and a bank building which cost eighty thousand dollars. The town contains six churches, a federal land office, three newspaper offices, and two female seminaries. It is in the midst of a fine farming region, and among the south-western spurs of the Alleghany range.

thronged with secession men and women from the city and adjacent country, earnestly interceding for their sons who have been or are now in the rebel army, and expressing the utmost willingness and even anxiety to take the oath of allegiance to the good old Government, and faithfully discharge the duties of law-abiding and loyal citizens. Some of these distressed parents, for whom we feel the deepest sympathy, say that their sons were virtually forced into the rebel service by taunts and menaces, others that their pride led them to volunteer lest they should be subjected to the degradation of the draft, and others from various malign influences so hard to be resisted by the thoughtless adventurers and ambitious young men. Many instances of the most affecting nature could be adduced, but we forbear to intrude upon the sanctity of private grief.

"The improvement in the state of the public mind is most gratifying, and will be hailed with rapture by every patriotic heart. The work of restoration progresses most cheerily. The spell of treason is broken, and the demon of enchantment lies powerless at the feet of our country's genius."

—THE rebel iron-clad steamer *Merrimac* made her second appearance in Hampton Roads, Va., this day, in company with six smaller vessels, two of which were the *Jamestown* and *Yorktown*. After manœuvring in the Roads, and capturing three small vessels belonging to Unionists, the rebel fleet returned to Elizabeth River.—(*Doc. 130.*)

—THE Secretary of War makes public acknowledgment to the Governors of Massachusetts, Indiana, and Ohio, and the Board of Trade of Pittsburgh, Pa., for their prompt offers of assistance for the relief of the officers and soldiers wounded in the late great battle on Tennessee River. Their offers have been accepted. It is understood that similarly humane and patriotic service has been rendered by other city and State authorities, and which have not been reported to the department, but are thankfully acknowledged.—*War Order.*

—TO-DAY, while the Twelfth New-York volunteers, in command of Major Barnum, were on picket-duty in front of the enemy's works near York River, Va., a regiment of rebels came out from under cover and advanced in line of battle. The Major rallied about three hundred of his men to receive them at musket-range, pouring in a

deadly fire of Minie-balls, when the enemy retired, leaving behind their dead and wounded, which they afterwards removed in ambulances. Later in the day the rebels advanced in considerable force from another point, drove in the National pickets, and burnt a dwelling used by the Federal troops. During both these skirmishes the Unionists had three men slightly wounded.

The Fifty-seventh and Sixty-third Pennsylvania regiments had also a brisk skirmish with the rebels near Yorktown, Va., in which we had two men killed and four wounded. The killed were E. Cross and James Thompson, company A, Sixty-third Pennsylvania regiment. The wounded are Thomas Brooks, company C, Sixty-third regiment; D. R. Lynch, company E, Sixty-third regiment; Sergt. Samuel Merunie, company E, Fifty-seventh regiment, and John Cochrane, company F, same regiment.—*Baltimore American*, April 14.

—GRAVE complaints against Assistant-Surgeons Hewitt and Skipp having reached the War Department, they were suspended from duty, and ordered to report themselves. A negligent or inhuman surgeon is regarded by the department as an enemy of his country and of his race, and will be dealt with according to the utmost rigor of military law.—*Secretary Stanton's Order*.

April 12.—The Nineteenth Regiment of South-Carolina volunteer State troops, reached Augusta, Ga., to-day, on their way to the West. After reaching the Georgia Railroad depot, a large number of them—variously stated at one to three hundred—refused to proceed further, alleging that they were enlisted to serve the State of South-Carolina, and were willing to fight in her defence, but that they would not go out of the State. Some declared that they would have gone if they had been consulted before starting, but that their officers had not notified them that they were to leave the State. Others had furloughs, and desired to see their families. The officers urged in vain the stigma that would rest upon them for refusing to go where their country most needed their services, and the reproach they would bring upon the State of South-Carolina, which had been foremost in the work of resistance. Their appeals were unavailing, and the malcontents returned to the Carolina depot. Some of the officers telegraphed to Adj.-Gen. Gist for instructions, and that his reply was: "Arrest them—they are deserters of the worst character." Gen.

Ripley sent similar instructions. About thirty of the mutinists belonged to the command of Capt. Gregg, Graniteville. He was proceeding to execute the order of Gen. Gist, when many of his men and others that refused to go on in the morning, took the evening train which conveyed the Tenth regiment, Col. Manigault.

"We deem it proper to make this statement of the facts of this unfortunate affair," says the *Constitutionalist*, "leaving the press and public sentiment of South-Carolina to assign the proper position to all parties concerned. It was at best a melancholy spectacle to see the sons of our gallant sister State turning their backs upon the region threatened by the invader's tread, and if there is any circumstance to palliate their conduct which we have not stated, we shall be glad to make it public."—*Augusta Constitutionalist*, April 13.

—LOWRY'S POINT batteries on the Rappahannock River, Va., were evacuated by the rebels this day.—*New-York Commercial*, April 18.

—THE Nassau (N. P.) *Guardian* of this day contains a "complete list" of all the arrivals at that place from confederate ports since the commencement of the National blockade. "It is not with the view of expatiating on the effectiveness of the blockade," says the *Guardian*, "that we have compiled this table, but to show to our merchants the importance of the trade that has recently grown up, and which, if properly fostered, may attain much wider proportions. The majority of the vessels mentioned have again run the blockade into confederate ports, but of these we need not present a record.

"It is a notable circumstance that the arrivals from the Southern States are far more numerous than those from the North, with which our intercourse is free and unrestrained."—(*Doc. 131.*)

—AT Fort Pulaski, Ga., this day, the following general order was issued by command of Major-Gen. David Hunter, U.S.A.:

"All persons of color lately held to involuntary service by enemies of the United States, in Fort Pulaski and on Cockspur Island, Ga., are hereby confiscated and declared free, in conformity with law, and shall hereafter receive the fruits of their own labor. Such of said persons of color as are able-bodied, and may be required, shall be employed in the Quartermaster's Department, at the rate heretofore established by Brig.-Gen. W. T. Sherman."

Gen. Hunter also addressed to Mr. Pierce, the Treasury Agent in charge of the Sea Island plantations, a letter asking for "the names of the former owners, and the number of persons formerly held to involuntary service," in charge of the Government agents. On receiving this information, it is the intention of Gen. Hunter to afford said owners a reasonable time to prove their fealty to the Government, and then in case of their failure to do so, and upon sufficient proof of their treason, he will at once restore these slaves to freedom.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, April 23.

—POCAHONTAS, Ark., was taken possession of by a body of Indiana cavalry, under the command of Capt. G. P. Deweese.—(*Doc.* 137.)

—THIS morning two expeditions were started from Huntsville, Ala., in the cars captured by Gen. Mitchel yesterday. One under Col. Sill, of the Thirty-third Ohio, went east to Stevens, the junction of the Chattanooga with the Memphis and Charleston Railroads, at which point they seized two thousand of the enemy, who were retreating, without firing a shot, and captured five locomotives and a large amount of rolling stock.

The other expedition, under Col. Turchin, of the Nineteenth Illinois regiment, went west, and arrived at Decatur in time to save the railroad bridge, which was in flames. General Mitchell now holds a hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.—*Philadelphia Press*, April 15.

—COMMODORE FOOTE, with the Western flotilla and mortar-boats, *en route* for Fort Pillow, left New-Madrid, Mo., accompanied by a large body of National troops.—*New-York World*, April 16.

—FOUR companies of the Connecticut Eighth Regiment had a skirmish this day with a force of rebels of one hundred and fifty men that made a sortie from Fort Macon, the rebels driving in the Union pickets. After a sharp engagement the rebels were driven back to the Fort. Capt. Schaffer and one private of company H, of the Eighth Connecticut, were severely wounded.

The rebels were seen to take four of their men into the Fort, one of them supposed dead. During the engagement Fort Macon fired seventy shots at the engaging forces.—*New-York Herald*.

—THIS day a party of Union soldiers sent from Kansas City in search of Quantrel's band of outlaws, came upon them near the Little Blue River, in Jackson County, Mo., and after a hard fight,

succeeded in killing five, and capturing seventeen of them. Quantrel had his horse shot from under him, and made his escape by swimming the Missouri River.—*St. Louis News*, April 17.

—BRIG.-GEN. SHIELDS, at Woodstock, Va., issued the following general order: "The General commanding the division directs that the special thanks of himself and command be tendered to Capt. Ambrose Thompson, Division Quartermaster, for the energy, industry, and efficiency with which he has conducted the affairs of his Department previous to and during the battle of Winchester, and in his untiring and successful efforts since to employ every means which judgment and activity could devise to furnish this division with every thing required to render it efficient in the field. This order will be published to the command as an assurance of our appreciation of his ability, and a copy of the same will be furnished Capt. Ambrose Thompson."

—THE United States revenue steamer Reliance arrived at Baltimore, Md., this morning, with four prize vessels—the schooners Hartford, Bride, Whig and Two Brothers—all captured in Wicomico River, between the mouths of the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, Va. They had all been landing coffee, salt, flour, flannel and whiskey for the rebels.—*New-York Herald*, April 13.

—NEAR Monterey, Va., the rebels about one thousand strong, with cavalry companies and two pieces of artillery, attacked the National pickets this morning about ten o'clock, and drove them some two miles. Gen. Milroy sent out reinforcements consisting of two companies of the Seventy-fifth Ohio, two companies of the Second Virginia, two companies of the Thirty-second Ohio, one gun of Capt. Hyman's battery, and one company of cavalry, all under Major Webster. The skirmishing was brisk for a short time, but the rebels were put to flight with considerable loss. The casualties on the National side were three men of the Seventy-fifth badly wounded. The men behaved nobly.—*Gen. Milroy's Despatch*.

April 13.—The United States steamer Hercules, under the command of Lieut. Thomas S. Dungan, captured the rebel sloop Velma, this day. On searching the vessel there was found a large mail, many of which were addressed to persons in Baltimore, and a larger number to persons in various parts of Maryland. On searching the crew there was also found two thousand dollars in old Virginia Bank notes. The Velma had

some time previously been cleared from Baltimore for Pokomoke Sound, Va., with a cargo consisting of provisions of various kinds. This cargo, instead of being discharged in a Maryland port, was taken over to Great Wicomico River and there discharged within the boundaries of Virginia. The sloop in ballast was coming back to get a new cargo. The rebel captain, Samuel D. Lankford, previous to being captured, burned his commission in the fire, the remnants of which being found among the ashes, he acknowledged the fact, and also that he had been engaged in the battle of Manassas, and before he would take the oath of allegiance he would rot in prison.—*Baltimore American*, April 14.

—In general orders Gen. Halleck thanked the officers and men of the United States army for the heroism displayed in the two days' battles at Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn.—(*Doc.* 139.)

—A FORCE of four thousand men on five transports left Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., last night, accompanied by the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, and proceeded up the Tennessee River to a point near Eastport, Miss., where they landed this morning, and proceeded inland to Bear Creek Bridge, and destroyed the two bridges on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, one measuring one hundred and twenty-one and the other two hundred and ten feet in length. A cavalry force of one hundred and fifty men was found there, who, after having four killed, made good their retreat. The expedition returned to-night, without having lost a man.—*National Intelligencer*, April 17.

—In Baltimore, Md., at all the Roman Catholic churches, special prayers were recited by order of the Most Reverend Archbishop Kenrick, in accordance with the request of the President of the United States, and were responded to with very general unanimity.—*Balt. American*, April 14.

—A GUNBOAT fight took place this day at Needham's Cut Off, on the Mississippi River, forty-five miles below New-Madrid, Mo., between the National flotilla, under the command of Commodore Foote, and five rebel gunboats, in which the latter were compelled to retire.—*Louisville Journal*.

—LIEUT. SHOEMAKER, of company H, Fourth Ohio cavalry, on an reconnoitring expedition, this day, with a small body of men, about fifteen miles west of Decatur, Ala., came upon sixteen rebel cavalry, who immediately fled to a swamp and, dismounting, left their horses and plunged into the thicket. Ordering his men to dismount,

Lieut. Shoemaker followed the rebels on foot, killing one, capturing five, and returning to camp with his prisoners and a dozen extra horses.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

—MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, in a despatch to Secretary Stanton, dated Pittsburgh, Tenn., said: "It is the unanimous opinion here that Brig.-Gen. W. T. Sherman saved the fortune of the day on the sixth, and contributed largely to the glorious victory of the seventh. He was in the thickest of the fight on both days, having three horses killed under him, and being wounded twice. I respectfully request that he be made a Major-General of volunteers, to date from the sixth instant."

April 14.—This day the Potomac flotilla visited the town of Urbana, Va. A boat's crew was sent ashore there, but when within a few yards of the beach, they were fired upon from the rifle-pits. No one was injured. The boat received several bullets in her hull. The Jacob Bell being the nearest in, immediately opened fire upon the rebels, which scattered them in every direction. After this, the flotilla proceeded on its voyage toward Fredericksburgh. Arriving opposite Lowry's Point batteries, they commenced from the whole fleet to shell the works and fortifications, driving out the pickets who had occupied it since its evacuation.

After the shelling, the boats' crews landed and proceeded to burn some one hundred and fifty plank and log houses, used by the rebels as quarters, which were entirely consumed. After which, the boats returned to their ships, loaded with blankets, quilts, medicines, and muskets, left by the rebels in their flight.

The fleet thence proceeded to the town of Tappahannock, about two miles above Fort Lowry, arriving off which, a blank cartridge was fired and a flag of truce hoisted, which was responded to by the people of the town, by displaying a number of white flags. The commander of the flotilla landed, where he was met at the beach by a large concourse of persons of all colors, and received with great demonstrations by the colored population.

The American flag was run up over one of the largest houses in the town, when it was hailed with enthusiastic cheering by the crews of the National gunboats. Subsequently the commander was informed that some of the people of the place had said that as soon as the National fleet left, it would be torn down. He then politely

told them if it was he would give them six hours to leave the town before he burnt it.

Information was given by the contrabands that four large schooners and other obstructions had been placed in the narrow channel of the river five miles below Fredericksburgh, to prevent approach to that place, where lie the steamers St. Nicholas, Eureka, and Logan, the former mounted with two guns.—(*Doc.* 132.)

—THIS day, below Pollocksville, near Kingston, N. C., a skirmish took place between a detachment of the Second North-Carolina cavalry regiment and the Yankee pickets. Lieut.-Col. Robinson, who commanded, is probably a prisoner. Capt. Turner was hurt by a fall from his horse. Two privates were seriously injured, and five wounded with gun-shots.—*Richmond Whig*, April 17.

—THE issue at Yorktown is tremendous. When the battle does come off it will be a fearful one, for the stake is enormous, being nothing less than the fate of Virginia. Having taken months to prepare, having assembled such a force as the world has not seen since Napoleon advanced into Russia, McClellan feels that to him defeat would be ruin, while confederate soldiers and leaders feel that not only their fate, but the fate of their country, is staked upon the issue, and they cannot afford to be defeated. The contest cannot long be deferred. The news of a terrible battle may startle us at any moment. We trust that our people are prepared, not only to call upon God to defend the right, but, under God, to defend it themselves, with brave hearts, strong arms, and sufficient numbers.

Wave, Richmond! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

For not only the fate of the temporary seat of Government, but of Eastern Virginia, and even more than that, trembles in the balance. We presume that President Davis himself will be on the field, as he has intimated. He will share the fate of his soldiers in life or in death, in victory or defeat.—*Wilmington Journal*, April 14.

—THE bombardment of Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi, was this day begun by the mortar-boats of Flag-Officer Foote.—*Official Despatch*.

April 15.—The *Norfolk Day-Book* of to-day contains the following: "A party of gentlemen left this city on Saturday last, in the steamer S. S. Anderson, and proceeded down the river.

"In the course of the day they went well over

to the enemy's lines, in the direction of Newport News, and went alongside Her Britannic Majesty's steamer Rinaldo.

"They were not permitted to go on board the Rinaldo, as Her Britannic Majesty's gallant subjects informed them that they could hold no communication with us. (Query—Would they have said the same to a Yankee?) Her officers and crew, however, evinced great pleasure at the visit, and testified their delight by the waving of hands and hats, and responding to the cheers given them by those on board the Anderson as they were about leaving.

"After leaving her, our boys thought they had not sufficiently teased the Yankees, and in order to vex them as much as possible, they waved the 'rebel' colors directly in their teeth and courted a shot, but to no purpose. The 'rebels' ruled the Roads, and the Yankees manifested no disposition to dispute the ground with them.

"The above narrative we obtained from a gentleman on board the Anderson at the time, and as he related it to us, we were struck very forcibly with one expression, and the reader has doubtless been equally as much surprised as we. We refer to the refusal of the officers of the English steamer to permit our men to tread her deck. We confess we do not altogether understand their assertion that they had instructions to hold no communication with us; and if it be that such instructions were really given, we think it high time we had taken the hint, and thrown ourselves back upon our dignity.

"As we derive no real benefit from a friendly relation with England, we can afford to abstain from communication with her, without detriment to ourselves or our country; and if she is equally independent of us—an assertion which she will be slow to make—then no harm will accrue to either party by an agreement to disagree."

—THE United States steamer Yankee, Capt. Eastman, arrived at the Navy-Yard at Washington to-day, having left York River at six o'clock yesterday morning. The Yankee went about eight miles up the York River on Sunday night, and anchored off Gloucester Point, where the steamers Penobscot, Marblehead, and Wachusett were already lying. The rebel batteries at the Point tried the range of their guns on the steamers at about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, the shot falling very little short of the Marblehead. The vessels then dropped down the riv-

er, and about three miles below the Point discovered a party of rebels building a battery on the north bank, on whom the Yankee opened fire at a distance of three fourths of a mile.

The rebels seemed loth to abandon their works, and although the shells of the Yankee fell in their midst, they did not leave the vicinity, but took refuge in the woods and behind some neighboring log-houses. The Yankee, after firing some sixty or seventy shot and shell during an hour and a half, left the scene. As she was leaving, the boats of the Marblehead were on the way to the shore to burn the houses behind which the rebels had taken refuge. During the engagement, a battery up the river fired some eight or ten shots, but they fell far short of them.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*, April 16.

—SIMON CAMERON, late Secretary of War, was arrested at Philadelphia, Pa., at the suit of Pierce Butler, for alleged false imprisonment in Fort Lafayette, last summer.—*N. Y. Tribune*, April 16.

—TO-DAY was the date appointed by the rebels for convening the court of Berkeley County, at Martinsburgh, Va. At the appointed hour the sheriff under the rebel régime entered the courthouse, and was about to ring the bell, summoning the late confederate judge, John B. Nedenbush, to his seat, when Thomas Noakes, a well-known loyal citizen, seized the sheriff by the arm and emphatically notified him that "no rebel court should hereafter convene in Berkeley County, without passing over his dead body." The sheriff desisted and the rebel court did not meet.

Subsequently by permission and under the direction of Major C. M. Walker, of the Tenth Maine volunteers and Provost-Marshal of the town, three Union magistrates were selected by the loyal citizens and held the court.

Some official business was transacted, court and county officers appointed, and the court adjourned until the next term, without ordering any election, but awaiting the action of the constitutional State authorities in the premises.—*New-York Commercial*, April 18.

—THE rebels have been for several days building large fortifications on the Gloucester side of York River, about two miles from Yorktown, Va., and within sight of the national gunboats, but their guns were of too long a range to allow of the approach of the gunboats to shell the works. About one thousand men were at work on the fortifications, and the mortars were not

of sufficient range to check the operations. This morning, however, the gunboat Sebago arrived, having a heavy hundred-pound rifled Parrott gun, and at once opened upon them with shell, which were so well aimed, that they could be seen falling in their midst and exploding with fatal effect. The rebels could be distinctly seen carrying off their killed and wounded, and in the course of two hours the work was entirely suspended, the men retiring out of range. At every attempt to renew the work they were driven back up to night.—*Baltimore Sun*, April 17.

—THE fine weather is very favorable to the operations at Yorktown, and it is probable that Gen. McClellan will soon be able to open his batteries on the fortifications of the enemy.

The preparations for the assault are diversified by occasional skirmishing between pickets. On Friday evening the enemy made a demonstration with a force of two or three thousand men, who drove in our pickets. Two or three regiments were sent to their support, which induced a hasty retrograde movement on the part of the enemy. Their object was probably a reconnoissance. They fired a good many shells and round shot, but with very little effect. On Monday morning, about two o'clock, a section of Union artillery was posted within half a mile of the rebel works, near the river, supported by sufficient infantry to prevent their being captured. Fifteen shots were fired into the rebel earthworks before the enemy were able to bring their guns to bear upon the Union forces, when they withdrew without damage.—*General Wool's Despatch*.

April 16.—Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, signed the bill for the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, and it became a law.—(*Doc.* 133.)

—A BOAT containing a party of the officers and men of the Seventy-fifth regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, sank at Castleman's Ferry, on the Shenandoah River, Va., drowning a large portion of the men and officers.—*N. Y. Tribune*, April 18.

—JOHN H. WINDER, Brigadier-General C.S.A., in command of the Department of Henrico, at Richmond, Va., issued the following general order: "From and after this date, the issuance and circulation of individual notes are strictly prohibited. Notes of this character are to be redeemed in bankable funds upon presentation, and must at once be withdrawn from circulation.

"Persons violating this order in any particular, will be considered guilty of a grave offence, and will be subject to arrest and such punishment as may be imposed by a court-martial."

—THE confirmation of the battle of Apache Pass, N. M., was received. The Union loss is one hundred and fifty killed, wounded and missing. The rebels acknowledge their loss to be from three hundred to four hundred killed and wounded. Ninety-three rebels were taken prisoners, thirteen of whom are officers. The National forces captured and burned sixty-four wagons, laden with provisions and ammunition, and killed two hundred mules. The Texans attacked the Union battery four times, the last time coming within forty feet of the guns, but were repulsed with heavy loss.—(*Official Despatch.*)

—IN the United States Senate the resolution calling for information relative to the arrest of Gen. Stone, was taken up, and Mr. McDougall, of California, made a speech on the subject. The Confiscation bill was subsequently considered, and Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, addressed the Senate in opposition to its passage.

—A SKIRMISH took place at Savannah, Tenn., between a detachment of Union cavalry and a rebel picket-guard, resulting in the defeat of the rebels, with a loss of five killed and sixty-five wounded.—*Chicago Tribune, April 19.*

—THIS day a fight occurred on Wilmington Island, N. C., between a reconnoitring and surveying party of National troops, and a superior force of rebels. A party consisting of about two hundred men, principally from the Eighth Michigan regiment, was despatched from the Federal headquarters, for the purpose of reconnoitring on Wilmington Island, and taking surveys and soundings. One of the companies was under command of Lieut. Wilson. The force landed in the morning from boats, and in the forenoon was surprised by a rebel force, numbering six to eight hundred men, who had come from their batteries on the mainland, with the apparent design of entirely cutting off the National force.

The attack of the rebels was unexpected. They showered upon the Union troops an effective fire, which killed and wounded several, and followed up the advantage, given them by the confusion into which that part of the force nearest them were thrown by the suddenness of the attack, by an immediate advance. The Federal soldiers at

once returned the fire, and went gallantly into the fight. The advance of the rebels was checked, and after a short stand they retreated, though slowly and in order. No pursuit was attempted, and the rebels recrossed to their batteries. During the engagement the Adjutant of the Eighth Maine regiment was killed, and twelve or thirteen others. The killed and wounded numbered twenty-nine.—(*Doc. 140.*)

—AT London, England, a deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society waited upon Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and presented an address, in which the hope was expressed that the restoration of the Union would be founded upon the abolition of the true cause of the strife.—*London Times, April 18.*

—SIXTY-ONE of Ashby's cavalry, including three officers, were captured this morning, and carried into Woodstock, Va. They were at their breakfast, just at daybreak, in a church, and were surrounded by a body of Ringgold's cavalry, and four companies of infantry, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania volunteers, of Gen. Williams's division, and surrendered without resistance. The affair occurred several miles beyond Columbia Furnace, and within seven miles of Mount Jackson.—*N. Y. World, April 17.*

A FIGHT occurred at Lee's Mills, Va., between four companies of the Third regiment of Vermont volunteers and a party of rebel troops under the command of Gen. Howell Cobb.—(*Doc. 142.*)

April 17.—The National forces under General Banks this morning occupied Mount Jackson, Va. The rebels resisted the Union advance in order to gain time for the destruction of bridges, railway cars, engines, and other material which had accumulated at the terminus of the road, but the movement of the National troops was so sudden that they made a precipitate retreat, and much of the property already prepared for conflagration was captured. In this movement Col. Carroll's brigade of Gen. Shields's division led the advance on the back road to the rear of Mount Jackson, and Gen. McCall on the turnpike. Gen. Williams, with his main division, brought up the reserved column.

—IN the confederate House of Representatives, at Richmond, Va., a committee appointed to investigate the Roanoke Island disaster, presented a voluminous report which concludes by saying that: "Whatever blame or responsibility is



MAJ. GEN. PHILIP KEARNEY.

NEWYORK G.P. PUTNAM.

justly attributable to any one for the defeat of our troops at Roanoke Island on the eighth of February last, should attach to Major-General Huger and Mr. Benjamin, the late Secretary of War."—*Charleston Mercury*, April 18.

—This morning, in pursuance of orders received during the night, a heavy mounted force, consisting of the Second Indiana, two Illinois, two Kentucky, and two Ohio cavalry regiments, making together about four thousand, assembled upon the upper road from Pittsburgh Landing to Corinth, Miss., in the vicinity of Gen. Sherman's headquarters, with two days' rations for men and animals. Shortly after nine o'clock Brig.-Gen. Smith, Chief of cavalry, upon Gen. Halleck's staff, appeared with his Aids, and after a brief inspection, the mounted column was set in motion with the Second Indiana cavalry, Lieut.-Col. McCook commanding, in the advance. Having followed the upper road past the outmost pickets, and within two miles of Monterey, the Second Indiana and the Eleventh Illinois were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers on the right and left of the roads, and ordered to advance. The line of skirmishers had moved forward about half a mile when it came upon the pickets of the rebels, and a lively exchange of shots at once commenced. The National skirmishers steadily advanced, driving the rebels before them, until they came within range of a strong body of infantry supposed to number about two thousand, when they were ordered to fall back upon the main body, which wheeled about and returned. The only casualties on the Union side were: First Sergeant Richardson of company D, Second Indiana cavalry, killed, and a private of the same regiment, and a lieutenant in the Eleventh Illinois, slightly wounded. Half-a-dozen horses were also disabled. Sergeant Richardson was a man of unusual intelligence and good standing at home, who had enlisted from purely patriotic motives. For some unexplained reason his body was abandoned to the enemy.—*N. Y. Tribune*, April 30.

—NEW-MARKET, Va.,* was occupied by the troops under the command of Gen. Banks. The rebels attempted to make a stand on their retreat,

* New-Market is a post-village of Shenandoah County, in Virginia, and is situated near the borders of Rockingham County, about eight miles from Mount Jackson, nearly twenty miles from Woodstock, over thirty miles from Strasburg, about ninety-three miles from Manassas Junction, about one hundred and twenty miles from Alexandria, and one hundred and fifty miles to the north-west of Richmond.

but were compelled to fly. Major Copeland, with a small party of cavalry, charged through the town in pursuit of the rebels. Lieut. O'Brien, of Ashby's rebel cavalry, was captured, together with a large body of prisoners.—*General Banks's Despatch*.—*Philadelphia Press*, April 18.

—At Providence, R. I., one hundred guns were fired in honor of Emancipation in the District of Columbia.—*New-York Tribune*, April 18.

—A SKIRMISH took place on the dry fork of the Holly River, in Western Virginia, in which two guerrillas were killed and three of the National troops, under Lieut.-Col. Harris, of the Tenth regiment of Virginia, were wounded.—*New-York Times*, April 19.

—YESTERDAY morning the rebels, with one thousand men, commenced to strengthen a battery located about three miles to the left of Yorktown, when a battery was brought to bear, causing them to beat a hasty retreat. The rebels opened with their heavy guns, when a second battery was brought forward. A brisk fire was kept up for about four hours, during which three of the rebels' guns were dismounted, when both parties ceased for a while, but was resumed by the Nationals late in the afternoon, and continued till daylight this morning, effectually preventing the rebels from repairing the damage they had sustained. The Union loss was Sergeant Baker, Second Michigan, killed; and F. Page, company K, Third Michigan regiment, both feet shot off.—*New-York Tribune*, April 18.

—THE *Richmond Whig* of this date says: "Congress has already declared that every military officer must give up his commission or his seat in Congress. But we hear of but one resignation. Why is this? If individual members choose to disregard the expected judgment of the body, it is time that the Houses should practically assert their authority, and compel the recusants to do one thing or the other.

"There is something very revolting to our notions of propriety in any man's drawing two large salaries from the Treasury in this hour of our country's need. A colonel, we believe, draws about two thousand seven hundred dollars per annum for his military services; and as a member of Congress he draws two thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars more! He is thus drawing about five thousand four hundred dollars per annum from the public treasury! The difference between ancient and modern patriotism

seems to be this: Washington drew no salary—our modern Washingtons draw two!

“The country needs every dollar it can raise for defence, and this system of double salaries should be stopped. The law of the United States forbade any man from drawing two salaries. Did not our Congress adopt the law when it adopted all the laws of the United States which were applicable to our condition? This should be looked into, and this leak should be closed.”

—THIS day is the first anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of Secession by the Virginia Convention. It may be that we can't afford to burn powder in firing a salute in commemoration of the occasion, but, as suggested the other day, the flags of the State and Confederacy can be displayed by way of observance of the anniversary.—*Richmond Whig*, April 17.

—THE steamers Minnehaha and Patton were fired into by the rebels, while ascending the Tennessee River with United States troops. One man was killed on the Minnehaha, and one wounded. No one was injured on the other vessel. The troops from the Minnehaha landed, and burned a row of wooden buildings on the bluffs near which the firing originated.—*Chicago Tribune*, April 19.

—IN the Union lines, at Yorktown, Va., at three o'clock this afternoon, as Lieut. O. G. Wagoner, of the Topographical corps, and four others, were making sketches of the rebels' works opposite Weed's Mills, a shell was thrown at them from one of the enemy's guns. It struck just in front of the table, around which they were seated, killing one man outright, fatally injuring another, and wounding the other two.

—THE *Memphis Appeal*, of this date, says that the confederate losses at the battle of Shiloh do not exceed one thousand killed, five thousand wounded, and nine hundred taken prisoners, and ascribes the defeat on the second day to the whiskey found in the Federal encampments on the previous night.

April 18.—The United States gunboat Tioga was successfully launched at the Navy-Yard at Charlestown, Mass., this afternoon.—*N. Y. Tribune*, April 19.

—AT Philadelphia, Pa., Parson Brownlow was received at Independence Hall by the city authorities this morning—Mr. Tregg, President of the Common Council, receiving him with words of the heartiest welcome. Mr. Brownlow replied

in a characteristic address of some length, delivered from a stand erected in front of the Hall, to an immense audience. He recited the tribulations East-Tennessee Unionists had undergone.—*Philadelphia Press*, April 19.

—WM. GILCHRIST, arrested some months ago on the charge of furnishing “aid and comfort to the enemy,” and sent to Fort Warren, and afterward upon his release, by order of the Government, arrested by Detective Franklin, on the charge of “treason,” has now been discharged unconditionally, after months' imprisonment, without trial.—*N. Y. Commercial*, April 19.

—GEN. McCLELLAN, before Yorktown, Va., telegraphed as follows to the War Department:

“At about one half-hour after midnight, the enemy attacked Smith's position, and attempted to carry his guns. Smith repulsed them handsomely, and took some prisoners. I have no details. Will forward them as soon as my aids return. The firing was very heavy. All is now quiet.

“*Second Despatch*.—My position occupied yesterday by Smith was intrenched last night, so that we have been able to prevent the enemy from working to-day, and kept his guns silent. Same result at the batteries at Hyam's Mills.

“Yorktown was shelled by our gunboats and some of our barges to-day, without effect.

“There has been a good deal of firing from the Yorktown land batteries.”

—FALMOUTH, opposite Fredericksburgh, Va., was occupied by the forces of the United States. Their progress was disputed by a rebel force of one regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, which attempted to make two distinct stands. They were, however, driven across the Rappahannock, after inflicting upon the Unionists a loss of five killed and sixteen wounded, all of them cavalry, including Lieut. Decker, of the Harris cavalry, killed; Col. Fitzpatrick, wounded, and a valuable scout, named Britten, badly wounded. Col. Bayard's horse was badly wounded under him. Immediately after making their escape across the Rappahannock bridge, opposite Fredericksburgh, the rebels applied the torch to it, and thus temporarily delayed progress into the town.—(*Doc.* 143.)

In the afternoon, Lieut. Wood, of Gen. King's staff, Lieut. Campbell, Fourth artillery, and Major Duffie, of the Harris light cavalry, crossed the Rappahannock under a flag of truce, and communicated with the municipal authorities of the city.

The City Councils had called a meeting immediately after the appearance of the forces, and appointed a committee consisting of the Mayor, Mr. Slaughter, three members from each Board, and three citizens, to confer with Gen. Augur relative to the occupation of Fredericksburgh and the protection of property. The Councils at the same time adopted a series of resolutions declaring that the city, since the adoption of the ordinance of secession, had been unanimously in favor of disunion, and was still firmly attached to the Southern cause, surrendering only upon conditions of protection to private property.

—MARTIAL law was declared in Eastern Tennessee, by the rebel government.—(*Doc. 141.*)

—HENRY T. CLARK, the rebel Governor of North-Carolina, issued the following notice to the people of that State:

"By an advertisement in the public papers, signed W. S. Ashe, you are informed that he will appoint, and send agents through every county in the State to borrow, purchase, and, if necessary, to impress, all the arms now in the hands of private citizens.

"Any attempt to seize the arms of our citizens is directly at variance with the Constitution, and in opposition to the declared policy of the government, which makes it the duty of every citizen to keep and bear arms, and protects the arms of the militia even from execution for debt.

"But while I notify you that these agents have no lawful authority to seize your private arms, and you will be protected in preserving the means of self-defence, I must enjoin upon you in this emergency, as an act of the highest patriotism and duty, that you should discover to the proper State authorities all public arms, muskets or rifles, within your knowledge, and of selling to the State all the arms, the property of individuals, which can be spared.

"The colonels of the several regiments of militia will act as agents for the State, and will notify me whenever any such arms are delivered or offered to them. Their prompt and earnest attention is called to the execution of this order.—*Raleigh Standard, April 26.*

—THE bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi River below New-Orleans, was this day commenced by the National fleet under the command of Flag-Officer Farragut.

April 19.—The battle of Camden, North-Caro-

lina, was fought this day. Day before yesterday Gen. Reno left Newbern and proceeded to Roanoke Island, from which place he took about two thousand men and proceeded to Elizabeth City, where a strong rebel force was reported to be intrenching themselves.

To-day, an advance was made upon the rebels, who opened fire with their artillery as soon as the Union troops made their appearance. The troops immediately formed in line of battle, and charged on the enemy, who ran at the first fire. The Nationals then immediately took possession of the town, and after remaining there for a few hours, retired to the main army.

The force was about two thousand men, under Gen. Reno, and three boat-howitzers, under Col. Howard. The force of the rebels consisted of a Georgia regiment, numbering eleven hundred men, a portion of Wise's Legion, and two batteries of artillery. The enemy was totally routed, with a loss of about sixty men. The National loss was about twelve killed and forty-eight wounded. Col. Hawkins, of the New-York Zouaves, received a slight flesh-wound in the arm. The adjutant of Col. Hawkins's regiment was killed.—(*Doc. 134.*)

—GENERAL BANKS at Newmarket, Va., sent the following to the War Department:

"To-day I have been to the bridges on the south fork of the Shenandoah, in the Massanut-ton valley, with a force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, to protect the two important bridges that cross the river. We were within sight of Luray, at the south bridge. A sharp skirmish occurred with the rebels, in which they lost several men taken prisoners. Their object was the destruction of the bridges. One of the prisoners left the camp on the bank of the Rappahannock Tuesday morning. There were no fortifications there up to that time. Other reports indicate a stronger force at Gordonsville and a contest there, the whole resulting in a belief that they are concentrating at Yorktown. I believe Jackson left this valley yesterday. He is reported to have left Harrisonburgh yesterday for Gordonsville by the mountain road. He encamped last night at McGauleytown, eleven miles from Harrisonburgh."

—THE anniversary of the attack upon and massacre of Massachusetts troops in Baltimore was noticed in Boston by a grand Promenade Concert given in Music Hall in the evening, for the benefit of the soldiers.

In Worcester, the day was noticed as a commemoration of the marching of the Minute Men for Lexington on the nineteenth of April, 1775, under command of Capts. Bigelow and Flagg, of the passing of the Worcester Light Infantry through Baltimore on the nineteenth of April, 1861, and also of the dedication of the Bigelow Monument. The Tatnuck "Fremont" Guards, and other volunteers, paraded as the Minute Men of 1775, and the McClellan Guards and Highland Cadets as the Minute Men of 1862.

At Baltimore, the anniversary was also commemorated in an appropriate manner by the loyal citizens of that place.—*Boston Traveller*.

—THE rebel schooner Wave was captured this day, by the pilot-boat G. W. Blunt, off the coast of South-Carolina.—*New-York Tribune*, May 6.

—THE "Independent Battalion Enfants Perdus, N. Y. S. V.," under the command of Col. Felix Confort, left New-York for the seat of war. Previous to their departure, a handsome national standard of silk, regulation size, was presented, in an eloquent speech, by the Rev. Samuel Os-good, on behalf of the daughter of Gen. Tyler.—*New-York Tribune*, April 21.

—A PARTY of rebels concealed on Edisto Island, having fired upon a national party, sent out from the United States steamer Crusader, to assist the Government agent in raising cotton, Lieut. Rhind of the steamer planned an expedition to capture the rebels. Late last night the expedition, composed of sixty men from the Third New-Hampshire and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania regiments, landed and marching through the swamps, this morning discovered the enemy, who fled on receiving the fire of a platoon of the Pennsylvanians. At daylight a force of rebel mounted riflemen made their appearance, and opened fire; but after a skirmish of twenty minutes they retreated. Their loss was unknown. The Nationals had three wounded.—(Doc. 144.)

—THE Petersburg, Va., *Express*, of this date, has the following: "Another requisition, we understand, has just been made on the slaveholders of Prince George and Surry Counties, for one half the negroes between the ages of sixteen and fifty years, to go to Williamsburgh to work on the fortifications in that vicinity. Not knowing the exigencies of the public service, we presume the demand is all right; but we have serious apprehensions that these fertile counties will contribute

but a very small quota of the staff of life for the support of the country another year. The abstraction of so great an amount of labor could not have occurred at a more critical moment."

—THE advanced guard of Gen. Banks's army occupied this morning the village of Sparta, eight miles in front of New-Market, Va. For the first time in their retreat the rebels burned the small bridges on the road, obstructing by the smallest possible means the pursuit of the National troops. Some dozen or more bridges were thus destroyed, but immediately reconstructed.—*Gen. Banks's Despatch*.

—THE United States gunboat Huron captured, off Charleston, the schooner Glide, of Charleston, while attempting to run the blockade. She was bound to Nassau, and was loaded with one thousand bales of cotton and five tierces of rice. Her papers and log-book were thrown overboard during the chase.

—MAJOR-GEN. DAVID HUNTER, U.S.A., commanding the Department of the South, this day issued the following proclamation:

"It having been proven to the entire satisfaction of the General Commanding the Department of the South that the bearer, named William Jenkins, heretofore held in involuntary servitude, has been directly employed to aid and assist those in rebellion against the United States of America.

"Now be it known to all that, agreeably to the laws, I declare the said person free, and forever absolved from all claims to his services. Both he and his wife and his children have full right to go North, South, East, or West, as they may decide."—*Baltimore American*.

—THE city council of Fredericksburgh, Va., waited upon Gen. Augur, of the National forces, stating that the confederate forces had evacuated that place, etc., that no resistance would be made to its occupation by the National troops.

April 20.—The flight of the rebel Gen. Jackson from the Shenandoah Valley, by way of the mountains, from Harrisonburgh towards Stannardsville and Orange Court-House, on Gordonsville, was confirmed this morning by the scouts and prisoners at Gen. Banks's headquarters, at New-Market, Va.—*Gen. Banks's Despatch*.

April 21.—The United States Circuit Court, for the middle district of Tennessee, held its first (preliminary) session, since the secession of the State, in the court-room of the capital at Nash-

ville, Judge John Catron presiding.—*Chicago Times*.

—THE Provost-Marshal's force at Richmond, Va., arrested three citizens of that place, named Jas. Humphreys, Benj. Humphreys, watchmakers, and J. T. Pritchard, formerly a clerk of G. R. Peake, all for disloyalty. The prisoners were defiant in their remarks, saying that they owed allegiance to the United States alone, etc. All three of them are Virginians by birth.—*Richmond Despatch*, April 22.

—GEN. MILROY, at the head of a reconnoitring force, overtook the rear-guard of the rebel cavalry six miles west of the railroad, near Buffalo Gap, Augusta County, Western Virginia. They fled, rapidly pursued by the Nationals. Milroy learned that their main body stopped the previous night six miles beyond Buffalo Gap, but finding they were cut off at Staunton by Gen. Banks, they bore south-west, through both Bath and Alleghany Counties, toward the James River.

A company that was sent by General Milroy down the north fork of the Potomac, in Pendleton County, captured eight rebels, including Barnett, a notorious guerrilla.—*New-York Commercial*, April 25.

—THE ship R. C. Files was captured by the National fleet, while attempting to run the blockade of Mobile, Ala.—*New-York Tribune*, May 9.

April 22.—The special committee of the United States Senate made a report to-day on the resolution instructing them to inquire into the allegations of disloyalty made against Senator Starke, of Oregon, whose case had occupied the Senate some time, but resulted in his admission as Senator. The special committee considered the same evidence that was before the Committee on the Judiciary, and also heard Mr. Starke at great length in reply. In this he assumed that he was loyal, and intimated that the committee had better inquire into the character and allegations of his assailants in Oregon. The committee arrived at the following conclusions:

First. That for many months, prior to the twenty-first of November, 1861, and up to that time, Mr. Starke was an ardent advocate of the cause of the rebellious States.

Second. That after the formation of the Constitution of the confederate States, he openly declared his admiration for it, and desired the absorption of the loyal States of the Union into the Southern Confederacy under that Constitution,

as the only means of peace, and warmly avowing his sympathy with that cause.

Third. That the Senator from Oregon is disloyal to the Government of the United States.

—THE first boat-load of cotton and tobacco from the Tennessee River since the commencement of the rebellion arrived at Pittsburgh, Pa., having left Nashville last week, and will pass over the Pennsylvania Railroad to-day.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, April 22.

—THIS day the rebels came out from their rifle-pits in front of Lee's Mills, Va., killing one of the National pickets. After he was dead about thirty of them fired their pieces into his head, completely riddling it with bullets. The officer then commanding the reserve ordered his men to charge on the rebels, which was willingly responded to, resulting in several of them being killed and one taken prisoner. Two men were killed on the National side and one mortally wounded.—*Ohio Statesman*, April 25.

—THE rebel Congress at Richmond adjourned, to meet again in August. The *Richmond Whig* says: For fear of accidents on the railroad, the stampeded Congress left in a number of the strongest and newest canal-boats. These boats are drawn by mules of approved sweetness of temper. To protect the stampeders from the snakes and bull-frogs that abound along the line of the canal, Gen. Winder has detailed a regiment of ladies to march in advance of the mules and clear the tow-path of the pirates. The regiment is armed with pop-guns of the longest range. The ladies will accompany the stampeders to a secluded cave in the mountains of Hepsidam, and leave them there in charge of the children of the vicinage, until McClellan thinks proper to let them come forth. The ladies return to the defence of their country.

—THE National steamer Yankee ascended the Rappahannock River this day to Fredericksburgh, Va., having passed the obstructions placed in the river seven miles below the town in safety.—The Potomac flotilla captured seven rebel schooners—one with a valuable cargo of dry goods, medicines, and saltpetre—and also two small steamers.—*Baltimore American*, April 23.

—THIS afternoon the National gunboat Anacostia, on her way down the Potomac River, when near Lowry's Point was fired into by a party of rebel infantry, who were dispersed by a couple

of shells from the gunboat. — *N. Y. Tribune*, April 26.

—COL. DONNELLY, of Gen. Banks's forces, made a reconnoissance this day toward Harrisonburgh, Va. When approaching he was fired on by the rebel cavalry scouts. Two companies of the Ohio cavalry were deployed on the left, toward Gordonsville turnpike, the same number of the Vermont cavalry on the right, and the Michigan cavalry on the centre; Hampton's battery and the Connecticut Fifth formed the reserve:

The rebel cavalry, after the first fire, retreated to the town, where they joined their command, and when escaping by the Gordonsville route, were passed by the Ohio cavalry. Seven men and eleven horses were captured—the rest escaped. The town was then entered and occupied by Col. Donnelly and the cavalry. Jackson's Winchester hostages, whom he released near Shenandoah, on their parole of honor, were found in the town. Two had died of fatigue and want of attention.—*N. Y. Commercial*, April 24.

April 23.—A party of National infantry despatched from Romney, Va., to look after guerrillas, was attacked by a squad of rebels, on Grass Lick, near Wash River. The National troops lost three killed, but drove the rebels, who took refuge in the house of a confederate. A reinforcement of cavalry was then sent out, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Downey, but the rebels fled at his approach, carrying off several dead and wounded. Col. Downey burned the house, and in pursuit captured five prisoners.—(*Doc.* 145.)

—THE resolution adopted by the Maryland Legislature, signed by Governor Bradford, appropriating seven thousand dollars for the relief of the families of the killed and disabled men of the Massachusetts Sixth regiment by the secession mob in Baltimore, on the nineteenth of April, 1861, was read this afternoon in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. The resolution caused a marked sensation, and its reading was followed by hearty applause.—*Boston Post*, April 24.

April 24.—Yorktown, Va., was shelled by one of the United States gunboats. She moved up to the mouth of Wormley's Creek during the morning, opening a well-directed fire on the rebel works, which was promptly answered. The boat then fell back a distance of three miles from Yorktown, when she again opened fire, the shells

exploding each time within the enemy's works, but obtaining no response. A few shots were fired during the day along the whole line, to keep the rebels from strengthening their works. No one was injured.

—THE United States Government steamer Eunice was run into last night by the Commodore Perry, off Ashland, Ky., and sunk.* No lives were lost.—*New-York Tribune*, April 26.

—A RECONNOITRING party, under General A. J. Smith, left Pittsburgh this morning and attacked the rebel pickets, one hundred and fifty strong, who fled in great haste, leaving knapsacks, blankets, and everything else. The party proceeded on foot to Pea Ridge, and there found three or four thousand drawn up in line of battle, who, at the first fire of artillery, also decamped, leaving tents, equipage, private baggage, half-written letters, and other things, indicating a great surprise. Enough tents were left to accommodate a division. Everything was burned. The Nationals captured twelve prisoners, none of whom expressed regret at being taken.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—THE United States Senate passed the bill for the appointment of diplomatic representatives to Hayti and Liberia.

—COL. CROCKER and Major Cassidy, belonging to the Ninety-third regiment of New-York volunteers, were this morning taken prisoners by the rebels near Yorktown, Va.—*Phila. Inquirer*.

—GEN. BANKS's advance-guard, Col. Donnelly commanding, took three prisoners to-day, at a point nine miles beyond Harrisonburgh, Va. One of them says he belongs to company B of the Tenth Virginia regiment of infantry. This regiment had been on the Rappahannock, according to previous information.—*Gen. Banks's Despatch*.

—A BODY of National cavalry from Forsyth, Mo., destroyed the rebel saltpetre manufactory near Yellville, Ark., this day. Lieut. Heacock, of the Fourth regiment of Iowa cavalry, was killed and one private wounded, in the fight with the rebels.—(*Doc.* 146.)

—THE Dismal Swamp Canal, N. C., was destroyed by the naval forces under Commander Rowan.—(*Doc.* 147.)

—THE National fleet, under the command of Flag-Officer Farragut, after bombarding Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi River, passed by the forts to reduce New-Orleans.—*Gen. Butler's Report*.

April 25.—The bombardment of Fort Macon, N. C., by the combined forces of Gen. Burnside and Com. Goldsborough, terminated in the reduction and capture of the garrison.—(*Doc. 135.*)

—The Forts on Lake Ponchartrain, La., were this day evacuated by the rebel forces, and all their gunboats on the lake were burnt or otherwise destroyed.—*Richmond Despatch, April 29.*

—NEW-ORLEANS, La., surrendered to the naval forces of the United States, under the command of Flag-Officer D. G. Farragut.—(*Doc. 149.*)

—MAJOR-GEN. C. F. SMITH died at Savannah, Tenn., at four o'clock this afternoon, of dysentery. He was taken sick shortly after the occupation of Savannah by the forces under him.

—MAJOR VON STEINHAUS, Capt. Botticher, and Capt. Camp, of the Sixty-eighth regiment of New-York volunteers; Lieut. Lombard, Battalion Adjutant Eighth Illinois cavalry, and Assist. Surg. Williams, First New-York artillery, were, by the order of President Lincoln, struck from the roll of the army, for being captured while straggling, without authority, beyond the National lines.

—COM. PAULDING published a letter giving an account of the destruction of the Norfolk Navy-Yard, in April, 1861.—(*Doc. 148.*)

—HENRY KUHLE, Hamilton W. Windon, and Conrad Kuhl, having been tried by court-martial, in Western Virginia, and found guilty of murdering a Union soldier, the two first named were sentenced to be hung, and the third to wear a ball and chain, and perform hard labor during the war. Major-Gen. Fremont, in an order issued this day, confirmed the findings and sentence of the court. The hanging is to take place at Suttonville, on the ninth of May, and the ball and chain individual is ordered to Camp Chase, to satisfy the violated law in that locality.—*Cincinnati Gazette, April 29.*

April 26.—The United States steamer Flambeau, under the command of Lieut. Commanding Upshur, captured the schooner Arctic, under English colors, about seven miles below Stono, S. C.—*N. Y. Tribune, May 6.*

—THIS afternoon, the pickets of Colonel Donnelly's brigade, stationed eight miles from Harrisonburgh, Va., on the Gordonsville road, were attacked by a large force of Ashby's rear-guard, and driven back. One man, named Isaac Zelly, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, was killed, and three others wounded. The reserve

of the Forty-sixth, and a section of Hampton's battery then advanced and repulsed the rebels. They retreated to a wood, where several of the Union shells burst in their very midst, and a wagon was seen gathering up and carrying off their dead and wounded.—*New-York Times, April 29.*

—THE rebel General, Albert Pike, issued a proclamation complimenting the Indian allies for their bravery at the battle at Pea Ridge, Ark. *N. Y. Tribune, May 2.*

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN, at Washington, visited the French frigate Gassendi to-day—it being the first time a President of the United States ever went aboard a foreign man-of-war. He was received with the honors paid to crowned heads, the same as usually shown the Emperor. The yards were manned by the crew, who shouted; "Vive le President."

The Secretary of State and Captain Dahlgren accompanied the President. The French Minister was on board to receive the party.—*National Intelligencer, April 28.*

—GEN. McCLELLAN sent the following to the War Department, at Washington:

"Early this morning an advanced lunette of the rebels, on this side of the Warwick, near its head, was carried by company H, First Massachusetts regiment. The work had a ditch six feet deep, with a strong parapet, and was manned by two companies of infantry, no artillery. Our men moved over open, soft ground, some six hundred yards, received the fire of the rebels at fifty yards, did not return it, but rushed over the ditch and parapet in the most gallant manner. The rebels broke and ran as soon as they saw that our men intended to cross the parapet. Our loss was three killed, and one mortally, and twelve otherwise wounded. We took fourteen prisoners, destroyed the work sufficiently to render it useless, and retired. The operation was conducted by Gen. C. Grover, who managed the affair most handsomely. Nothing could have been better than the conduct of all the men under fire. The supports, who were also under artillery fire of other works, were companies of the First and Eleventh Massachusetts. In spite of the rain our work progresses well."

The following is the list of killed and wounded, all belonging to company H, First Massachusetts regiment. Killed: George P. Noyes, Wm. D. Smith, and Walter B. Andrews. Wounded: Al-

len A. Kingsbury, company H, mortally; George L. Stoddart, George H. Campbell, Wm. H. Montague, Thos. Crittick, Horace A. Sommers, Geo. H. Stone, Wm. H. Lane, O. C. Cooper, Wm. T. Wright, James W. Spooner, William P. Hallowe, Thomas Archer.—(*Doc. 150.*)

—THE schooner Belle was captured about thirty miles off Charleston, S. C., by the U. S. steamer Uncas.—The schooner Mersey was captured off the coast of Georgia by the U. S. steamer Santiago de Cuba.—*N. Y. Tribune, May 6.*

—A BATTLE was fought at Neosho, Mo., between one hundred and forty-six men of the First regiment of Missouri cavalry, under the command of Major Hubbard, and six hundred Indians, commanded by Cols. Coffee and Stainwright, resulting in the defeat of the latter party. Major Hubbard killed and wounded thirty of the savages, besides capturing sixty-two prisoners, seventy horses, and a large quantity of arms.—(*Doc. 151.*)

April 27.—The people of Franklin County, Mo., met and passed resolutions in support of the Emancipation Message of President Lincoln, and sustaining the measures of the National Government adopted for the prosecution of the war.—(*Doc. 152.*)

MANSFIELD LOVELL, General late in command of the rebel forces at New-Orleans, La., telegraphed to Richmond as follows from Camp Moore, La.:—"Forts Jackson and St. Philip are still in good condition, and in our hands. The steamers Louisiana and McRae are safe. The enemy's fleet are at the city, (New-Orleans), but they have not forces enough to occupy it. The inhabitants are stanchly loyal."

—FORT Livingston, La., was this day evacuated by the rebel forces.—*National Intelligencer, May 10.*

—GEN. BEAUREGARD, at Memphis, Tennessee, issued the following address to the planters of the South:—"The casualties of war have opened the Mississippi to our enemies. The time has therefore come to test the earnestness of all classes, and I call upon all patriotic planters owning cotton in the possible reach of our enemies to apply the torch to it without delay or hesitation."—*Missouri Democrat.*

—PURDY, Tennessee, was evacuated by the confederates.—*Memphis Argus, April 29.*

April 28.—To-day a detachment of the First New-Jersey cavalry carried into Washington, D. C., ten prisoners captured at a courier station, six miles beyond the Rappahannock River, Va. They were surprised in their beds. The information which led to their capture was volunteered by a loyal black, who guided the Jersey men through the rebel picket line. The prisoners declared that they were of the party who killed Lieut. Decker, near Falmouth. They were intelligent men of a company formed in John Brown times, to which "none but gentlemen were elected."—*N. Y. Tribune, April 29.*

—THE United States war steamer Sacramento was launched at the Portsmouth, (N. H.) Navy-Yard to-day. She is the finest and largest war vessel ever built at Portsmouth.—*Boston Transcript, April 29.*

—FIVE companies of National cavalry had a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry two miles in advance of Monterey, Tenn.* The rebels retreated. Five of them were killed—one a major. Eighteen prisoners, with horses and arms, were captured. One of the prisoners, named Vaughan, was formerly foreman in the office of the Louisville Democrat. The Unionists had one man wounded and none killed. The prisoners say that the enemy has upward of eighty thousand men at Corinth, and will fight, and that they are intrenching and mounting large guns.—*Official War Despatch.*

—NEAR Yorktown, Va., Gen. Hancock went out with a portion of his brigade for the purpose of driving the rebels from a piece of timber which they occupied in close proximity to the National works. The troops advanced through an open fire on their hands and knees until they came within close musket-range. The rebels, who were secreted behind stumps and trees, were anxious to get the men on their feet, and to accomplish this the captain in command of the enemy shouted at the height of his voice to charge bayonets, supposing that the Union troops would instantly jump to their feet and run. But they were mistaken. The command being given the second time, the rebels arose, when the Union troops poured into them a well-directed fire, causing them to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded.

* Monterey is a small post-village of McNairy County, situated near the boundary line of Mississippi but a short distance from Corinth. The county has an area estimated at five hundred and seventy square miles, and occupies part of the table-land between the Tennessee and Hatchie Rivers.



Eng^d by Geo. E. Perine, N.Y.

THOMAS J. JACKSON.
(STONEWALL JACKSON.)

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM.

During the skirmish a new battery which the rebels had erected during Sunday night, and which interfered with the working party of the Nationals, was most effectually silenced and the guns dismantled.

—THE Santa Fé, New-Mexico mail, arrived at Kansas City, Mo., with dates to the twelfth inst. Col. Slough and Gen. Canby formed a junction at Galisteo on the eleventh. Major Duncan, who was in command of Gen. Canby's advance-guard, encountered a large party of Texans and routed them. Major Duncan was slightly wounded. The Texans were thirty miles south of Galisteo, in full flight from the territory.—*Official Despatch.*

—THE rebel steamer Ella Warley (Isabel) arrived at Port Royal, S. C., in charge of Lieut. Gibson and a prize crew, she having been captured by the Santiago de Cuba, one hundred miles north of Abaco.

—FORTS Jackson and St. Philip on the Mississippi River, below New-Orleans, surrendered to the National fleet under Flag-Officer Farragut.—(Doc. 149.)

April 29.—At Harrisonburgh, Va., to-day, a National salute was fired from an eminence near the town by the troops under General Banks, in honor of recent Union victories. The regimental bands assembled in the Court-House square and played "Hail Columbia." The soldiers gave nine cheers, when the band followed with the "Red, White, and Blue," "Dixie," and the "Star-Spangled Banner." After a recess the bands consolidated and marched through the streets, much to the disgust of certain prominent inhabitants. The day was pleasant, and the bright new uniforms presented a striking contrast to the sombre hues of those of the former occupants of the town.—*Boston Transcript, May 1.*

—MONTEREY, Tenn., was visited by the National forces under Gen. Pope. The rebels fled on the appearance of the Union forces before the town, leaving a quantity of baggage and supplies. Fifteen prisoners were taken by the Nationals, who returned to their camp near Pittsburgh, Tenn., having destroyed the rebel camp.—*Sec'y T. A. Scott's Despatch.*

—TIMOTHY WEBSTER was executed as a spy at Richmond, Va. Webster is said to be the first spy executed by the rebel government.—*Richmond Despatch, April 30.*

—PRESIDENT LINCOLN sent a Message to the Senate to-day in answer to a resolution of inquiry

as to who authorized the arrest of Gen. Charles P. Stone, the ground upon which he was arrested, and the reasons why he had not been tried by court-martial. The President said the arrest was made by his order, upon good and sufficient evidence; and that the only reason why he had not had a trial was because the public interests would not permit it. The officers required to hold the court, and who would be called as witnesses, perhaps on both sides, were in the field, in the midst of active operations. The President stated, in conclusion, that it was his purpose to give the General a fair trial as soon as it could be done in justice to the service.

—COL. DAVIDSON, of the Third Mississippi regiment, who was captured at Fort Donelson, died at Fort Warren this day.—*Boston Post, May 3.*

—AN expedition with the gunboat Hale was made this day, to capture a battery on Grimball's plantation, near the junction of Dawho-powpow and South-Edisto River, S. C. The rebels opened on the Hale when within one thousand eight hundred yards, and continued their fire as she wound her way to engage them at close quarters; but when the Hale reached the last bend, and was making a straight course for the battery, the rebels fled in haste. Lieut. Gillis landed with a party of men to destroy it. The work was about three hundred and fifty yards from the river-bank, and mounted two long fine twenty-four-pounders on excellent field-carriages. So rapid was the flight of the rebels that one of the guns was left loaded and primed. The Hale returned to her anchorage without having a man injured.—*Report of Com. Du Pont.*

—A BATTLE took place this day at Bridgeport, Ala., between the National forces under Gen. O. M. Mitchel and the confederates under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, in which the latter was defeated with a loss of seventy-two killed and wounded and three hundred and fifty taken prisoners.—(Doc. 154.)

—THE Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* of this date contains the following on the cotton question: We have understood that an agent of the French government is in this city, authorized to purchase an indefinite amount of cotton.

The designs are evidently these. The agent is to purchase a large supply of cotton, and then in case of a threatened Yankee occupation of the city, he would hoist the French flag over it to prevent it from being destroyed by our authori-

ties and the citizens. With Montgomery and the Alabama River in the hands of the Yankees, and the cotton in the hands of the French agent, it could be at once shipped to Europe, and the necessities of the manufacturers there relieved; the Yankees would not, of course, object to such a 'cute scheme, seeing at once, that with a supply of cotton sufficient to meet their requirements, England and France would lose all their interest in the American question, and Lincoln would no longer be troubled with fears of a foreign intervention.

It is doubtless a very nice arrangement on the part of those who wish to relieve themselves from a very disagreeable dilemma, but we can assure the French agent and all others that the scheme won't work. The question concerning the protection of foreign flags has already been decided. The President having authorized Gen. Lovell, at New-Orleans, to destroy all cotton and tobacco belonging to citizens or foreign residents, indiscriminately, where it was in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The same course will be pursued here, and the French flag or any other, will not save the cotton from destruction in case the enemy threatens to land at this point.

April 30.—The schooner Maria was captured near Charleston, S. C., by the U. S. steamer Santiago de Cuba.—*N. Y. Tribune, May 6.*

—A RECONNOISSANCE in force was made this morning from the right wing of the National army, near Pittsburgh, Tenn., four miles north of Purdy, on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad. The National troops met a force of rebel cavalry, who fled, and were pursued to Purdy. On taking possession of the town, the Union troops burned two bridges and threw a locomotive into the river. Three prisoners were taken, and the Unionists retired, having cut off all railroad communica-

tion between Corinth and the North.—*Baltimore American, May 2.*

—A. G. CURTIN, Governor of Pennsylvania, has issued a general order in acknowledgment of the gallantry of the Seventy-seventh regiment of infantry, Pennsylvania volunteers, Col. F. S. Stambaugh commanding, at Shiloh, Tennessee, and of the First regiment of cavalry, Pennsylvania volunteers, Col. George D. Bayard commanding, at Falmouth, Virginia. He orders that "Shiloh, April 7th, 1862," be inscribed on the flag of the Seventy-seventh regiment of infantry, and that "Falmouth, April 18th, 1862," be inscribed on the flag of the First regiment of cavalry, and that this order be read at the head of all the regiments of Pennsylvania volunteers.

—IN the United States House of Representatives, the following resolution was passed by a vote of seventy-five yeas against forty-five nays:

Resolved, That Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, by investing Alexander Cummings with the control of large sums of the public money, and authority to purchase military supplies without restriction, without requiring from him any guarantee for the faithful performance of his duties, when the services of competent public officers were available, and by involving the Government in a vast number of contracts with persons not legitimately engaged in the business pertaining to the subject matter of such contracts—especially in the purchase of arms for future delivery—has adopted a policy highly injurious to the public service, and deserving the censure of this House.

—THE report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, in reference to the treatment by the rebels at Manassas of the remains of officers and soldiers of the United States killed in battle there, was made public.—(*Doc. 155.*)

DOCUMENTS AND NARRATIVES.

Doc. 1.

THE FIGHT AT PENSACOLA.

JANUARY 1, 1862.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following description of the fight at Pensacola :

On the morning of the 1st inst. a small rebel steamer was observed from Fort Pickens making her way towards the navy-yard. She behaved in a very defiant manner, some on board waving a rebel flag, which seemed to say, "You dare not fire at me." This was not to be borne with patience, as Colonel Brown had frequently warned General Bragg that the presence of these steamers would not be put up with. As she approached, Fort Pickens opened upon her, when she retreated at double-quick time. The fire from Fort Pickens was immediately answered from all the rebel batteries and the engagement became general. The firing was kept up throughout the day, and at night Pickens maintained a slow fire from the thirteen-inch mortars, which was hotly returned by the rebels. About eleven P.M. a fire broke out in the navy-yard, which continued throughout the night, and from the extent of the conflagration it is supposed that the greater part of the buildings in the navy-yard have been destroyed, and also the larger part, if not all, the town of Woolsey, which is adjoining the navy-yard on the north.

The firing on both sides was remarkable for its extreme accuracy. Shells in countless numbers fell inside of Fort Pickens, and it is wonderful that no loss was sustained. Our side returned the compliment in equal proportion, but I have no doubt we will have the old story from General Bragg, that he took it all very coolly, and their loss was nothing.

The scene during the night was magnificent in the extreme. Every shell could be traced in its course through the air from the time it left the gun until it exploded; and this, in connection with the conflagration, rendered the whole affair a sight such as Pensacola, and but few other places, had ever before witnessed. The illumination was so great that it was distinctly seen by the United States steamer *Mercedita* when over forty miles at sea.

All our batteries were engaged, and did their work admirably. Fort McRae, which had been so roughly handled by our squadron and Battery

Scott at the last engagement, appeared to have resumed its accustomed vigor, for it kept up a constant fire throughout the engagement.

Several of the squadron were present, but took no part in the fight, and it is as well they did not, for nothing could have been gained, and probably much would have been lost had they attempted to have opposed their wooden sides to stone walls and earthworks.

The bombardment was the old story of fort against fort, at a distance too great for any decisive result. We gain nothing, yet expend a great amount of powder, shot, and shell, and they the same. Apart from the burning of Warrington, the navy-yard, and Woolsey, I doubt if we have done them any injury worth speaking of; and as for Fort Pickens, it is as strong as before the first bombardment. There were but few, if any, incidents worth recording during this affair. Colonel Brown, by way of bravado, suspended a light outside of the Fort, that the rebels might better see where to fire at. What his reasons were for so doing he alone knows. No doubt they were good ones.

I can not see what benefit can accrue from these bombardments, especially when we have no force to follow up any advantage we may gain. Colonel Brown is of opinion that had he five thousand additional troops, he could take the navy-yard and Forts McRae and Barrancas. Perhaps he might, but it remains to be seen if he can. I should think that he would wait until the required force arrived before commencing active operations of any kind. One thing is certain, the forts and batteries now in possession of the rebels must be effectually silenced before any attack can be made with ten thousand men, with any reasonable prospect of permanent success.

Doc. 2.

FIGHT AT PORT ROYAL, S. C.

JANUARY 1, 1862.

REPORT OF FLAG OFFICER S. F. DUPONT.

FLAG SHIP *WABASH*, PORT ROYAL HARBOR, January 4, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to inform the department, that the attention of General Sherman and myself has been drawn for some time past to the design of the enemy to shut up our troops.

in Port Royal Island, by placing obstructions in Coosaw River and Whale branch, by constructing batteries at Port Royal Ferry, at Seabrook, and at or near Boyd's Creek, and by accumulating men in this vicinity in such manner as to be able to throw a force of twenty-five hundred or three thousand troops upon any of these points at a short notice. In a confidential communication of the 28th ultimo, the General informed me that the time had arrived for arresting peremptorily the designs of the enemy, and for doing it in such a manner as would serve a subsequent purpose, and he requested me to furnish my quota of the force to be employed in the combined operation.

The plan of conduct having been fully determined in several conferences between the commanders-in-chief and the heads of the expedition, and the first day of the new year having been selected for the time of attack, I appointed Commander C. R. P. Rodgers to the command of the naval forces, consisting of the gunboats Ottawa, Lieutenant Commanding Stevens; Pembina, Lieutenant Commanding Bankhead, and the four armed boats of this ship, carrying howitzers, under the charge of Lieutenants Upshur, Luce, and Irwin, and Acting Master Kempff, all of which were to enter the Coosaw by Beaufort River; and of the gunboat Seneca, Lieutenant Commanding Ammen, and the tugboat Ellen, Acting Master Commanding Budd, both of which were to move up Beaufort River and approach the batteries at Seabrook and Port Royal Ferry by Whale branch. The armed tug E. B. Hale, Acting Master Foster, under the command of Lieutenant Barnes, was afterwards despatched to Commander Rodgers.

The part assigned to the naval force was to protect the landing of the troops at Haywood's plantation, the first point of debarkation, to cover the route of the advancing column, and the second point of debarkation, and to assail the batteries on their front. I refer you, with pleasure, to the official reports for the occurrences of the day, and I have only to add, that from the note of Brigadier-General Stevens, a copy of which accompanies this report, and from various other sources, I learn that the naval part of the expedition was conducted by Commander Rodgers with the highest skill and ability. I have the honor to transmit herewith his detailed report, which the department will read with pleasure. Respectfully, etc.,

S. F. DUPONT.

REPORT OF COMMANDER C. R. P. RODGERS.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP WABASH, }
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., January 3, 1862. }

SIR: I reached Beaufort at noon on the 31st of December, with the gunboats Ottawa, Lieutenant Commanding Stevens, and Pembina, Lieutenant Commanding Bankhead, and the four large boats of this ship, each carrying a twelve-pound howitzer, under Lieutenants Upshur, Luce, and Irwin, and Acting-Master Kempff. At sunset Lieutenant Barnes, of this ship, joined me with the armed steamer E. B. Hale, Acting-Master Commanding Foster. In order that no intimation might be given to the enemy of our approach,

these vessels remained at Beaufort until after dark, when they ascended the river to a point about two miles from the Coosaw, where we anchored to await daylight. At four the next morning I moved on with the launches, and at daylight joined General Stevens, at the head of his column, and at the appointed place of rendezvous.

The troops having all embarked, we crossed the Coosaw, and at eight A.M., the first detachment of volunteers landed, under cover of our boat-guns, at Haywood's plantation, and with them went the two light howitzers of the Wabash, to serve as a section of light artillery, under Lieutenant Irwin, of this ship. At sunrise Lieutenant Commanding Stevens succeeded in getting the Ottawa through the difficult passage of the Brickyard, and in joining me in front of the column, the Pembina and E. B. Hale arriving shortly afterwards. We proceeded to the next landing, at Adams's plantation, where the remaining troops were ordered to disembark. On our way up we threw a few shells into what seemed an outpost of the enemy, near a long embankment.

Anchoring the gunboat at ten o'clock so as to cover the route of the advancing column, and the second point of debarkation, where also our launches were stationed, I went up in the Hale to within range of the battery at Port Royal Ferry, at which Lieutenant Barnes threw a few shot and shell, dislodging a body of troops stationed in the adjoining field, but eliciting no response from the battery.

At half-past one P.M., General Stevens being ready to move, the gunboats shelled the woods in front of his skirmishers, and then advancing we threw a rapid fire into the fort at Port Royal Ferry, and anchored in front of it at two forty P.M., the Ottawa passing between the heads of the two causeways. The enemy had succeeded in taking off all their guns save one, but I could not learn whether any except field-pieces had been removed on the day of attack. We found a quantity of eight-inch shells and thirty-pounder rifled shells in the magazines.

At half-past two the Seneca, Lieutenant Commanding Ammen, and the Ellen, Master Commanding Budd, the other vessels which you had placed under my orders, having passed from Broad River through Whale branch, came within signal distance, and their commanders came on board the Ottawa, having assisted in the destruction of the works at Seabrook; but their vessels were prevented by the lowness of the tide from joining me. The Ellen came up at eight o'clock, and the Seneca the next morning.

Immediately after the Ottawa had anchored, the ferry was reopened, and the Pennsylvania Roundheads passed over and occupied the Fort, where they were joined, about four o'clock, by General Stevens's advanced guard. The enemy appearing in force and in line of battle upon the right of our troops, at fifteen minutes past four o'clock, the Ottawa moved down the river a short distance, with the Pembina, and opened fire with eleven-inch and Parrot guns, their shells falling among

the enemy's troops with great effect, driving them into the woods, and clearing the flank of our column, where the skirmishers had been engaged, and the enemy had opened fire from a field-battery of several pieces. Soon after sunset we ceased firing for a while, and the enemy sent a flag of truce to one of our advanced posts, to ask permission to carry off their killed and wounded. Just then the gunboats reopened, and before General Stevens's messenger could convey his reply, that the firing should cease for an hour, to enable the enemy to carry off their wounded, the officer who had brought the flag had galloped off. At sunset I landed our heavy howitzer, directing Lieutenant Upshur to place it in battery with the guns already on shore under Lieutenant Irwin, there being no artillery with the brigade but that of the Wabash. At the same time Lieutenant Luce, with the second launch and its rifled gun, and Lieutenant Barnes, with the Hale, were sent to the lower landing to protect the boats and steamer in which our troops had crossed, and superintend their removal to the ferry, which was accomplished about midnight.

At sunrise we reembarked our boat-guns. At thirty minutes past nine o'clock on the morning of the 2d, the enemy again appearing in the wood, we opened a hot fire of shot and shells from the Ottawa, Seneca, Pembina, Ellen, and Hale, and after firing briskly for a time slackened the fire so as to drop a shot or shell into the woods about once a minute. At forty minutes past nine o'clock our troops began to recross the ferry, and were all over by noon, our field-guns having been landed, at the request of General Stevens, to cover the rear of the returning column. The enemy made no further demonstration. The scows which had been used in crossing were taken to our vessels, to be towed to Beaufort, and at two P.M. we got under way and moved down the Coosaw to a point near the Beaufort River, where we were compelled to wait for the morning's tide to pass through the Brickyard channel.

I beg leave to express to you the great satisfaction I found in coöperating with General Stevens, and my admiration of the skilful manner in which he handled his troops and made his combinations. About twenty-five hundred of our volunteers crossed the Coosaw. Their conduct and bearing were excellent. I have to thank the commanding officers of the vessels for the skilful and prompt support they gave me. The manner in which their guns were served, and their vessels handled, under very difficult circumstances, shows the highest professional merit. The manner in which the boat and field-guns of the Wabash were managed by the officers in charge of them did those officers much credit.

Lieutenant Commanding Anmen will make a separate report of the service of the Seneca and Ellen, at Seabrook, before I met him, at half-past two, on New-Year's day. It is unnecessary for me to say to you that his work was thoroughly done. The channel of the Coosaw is so narrow and so shallow in many parts that it does not afford a vessel room to turn by the ordinary

methods, and our gunboats were, consequently, very often aground; but so admirably are they adapted to this kind of service that we never felt any solicitude for their safety.

Lieutenant Coggsell, a signal officer of the army, was directed to report to me for duty, and furnished me with the means of constantly communicating with General Stevens with a facility and rapidity unknown to the naval service. I take this opportunity of recommending that the code of signals invented by Major Meyer be at once introduced into the navy.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

C. R. P. RODGERS,
Commander.

To Flag Officer S. F. DUPONT,
Commanding South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

THE PART TAKEN BY THE MICHIGAN TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MICHIGAN REGIMENT, }
MAIN LAND, PORT ROYAL FERRY, }
January 1, 1862—8 P.M. }

Brigadier-General Stevens:

SIR: I have the honor to report that, in compliance with your order, this regiment was safely landed at the Adams House, on the main land, having effected the crossing in flat-boats from Brickyard Point, Port Royal Island, and took up its line of march towards the enemy's battery at this place, at one o'clock P.M. On our approach towards the ferry, we were ordered to attack (as skirmishers) a masked battery which opened fire on us from the right. I immediately detached the first two and the tenth companies, and directed their march to the left and front of the battery, which was followed by four additional companies to the right and front. The fire of the battery, with shells, continued on our line until the skirmishers reached the right, when it was turned on them, and, on our approach, right, left, and front, to within fifty to one hundred yards of the enemy's position, a fire of musketry was opened on them. The force of the enemy, as well as the battery, were concealed to a considerable extent by trees, brush, and underwood, appeared to consist of two mounted howitzers, supported by a regiment or more of infantry, and some cavalry. The skirmishers were measurably protected by underbrush and furrows, and continued their fire upon the enemy, which was returned by volleys of musketry and shells from the battery. Our fire was well directed and seemed to be effective. One mounted officer, who appeared to be very active, was seen to fall from his horse, at which the troops on the enemy's right were thrown into confusion. Their position seemed to be changing to the rear, and, as our skirmishers were called off, and the regiment formed in line, the enemy's fire ceased. The regiment was then marched to its position in the line of battle, in rear of the fort at this point.

Lieut.-Col. Graves led on the left, and Major Watson the right of skirmishers. The Major, in leading on the line, received a severe flesh-wound in the leg. I have to report that officers and men behaved with admirable bravery and coolness.

The loss of the enemy, from the well-directed

fire of our skirmishers, cannot be less than forty. Our loss is seven wounded, and two missing. A list is appended.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM M. FENTON,
Colonel Eighth Michigan Regiment.

ORDER REFERRING TO CORPORAL J. Q. ADAMS.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, }
BEAUFORT, S. C., January 7, 1861. }

Report relative to J. Q. Adams, Eighth Michigan, Company A, wounded in the battle of the 1st inst., and left on the field:

Negroes Mingo and wife Anthon testify: Saw him in a wagon at the railroad, wounded in the right side; was surrounded by spectators; he would give no information; he received water to drink from them; the rebels asked him if it was right to run them off their own land; he said it was, and there were those behind that would revenge his fall; remaining true to his flag and conscious till twelve o'clock at night, at which time he died.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MICHIGAN REGIMENT, }
CAMP NEAR BEAUFORT, S. C., January 7, 1862. }

SPECIAL ORDER:

In consideration of the noble and patriotic action, and heroic death of John Q. Adams, Corporal of Company A, the above report will be entered upon the regimental records, with this order.

By order of

Colonel WILLIAM M. FENTON.

N. MINOR PRATT, Adjutant.

CONGRATULATORY ORDER OF COLONEL FENTON.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MICHIGAN REGIMENT, }
CAMP ON PORT ROYAL ISLAND, January 3, 1862. }

ORDER No. 41:

The Colonel commanding, congratulates the regiment on their coolness and bravery in the battle of Coosaw River, on the 1st inst. The American flag was planted that day by you on the mainland of South-Carolina, and you were the the only regiment directly engaged with the enemy, and have given *renown* and *honor* to the State which sent you forth to battle for a *nation's* rights. Emulate the daring (while you sympathize with the afflictions) of your comrades, who were suffering from wounds in their country's cause, and the Eighth Michigan may yet have an opportunity to strike a *harder* blow for the Constitution and the Union. By order of

Colonel WILLIAM M. FENTON.

N. M. PRATT, Adjutant.

BOSTON "TRANSCRIPT" ACCOUNT.

BEAUFORT, S. C., January 2, 1862.

On December 31st, orders were issued at headquarters on Hilton Head, for the Forty-seventh New-York and the Forty-eighth New-York, Col. Frazier and Col. Perry, to be in marching trim in one hour, with rations for three days, and report to Gen. Stevens, commanding the Second brigade E. C., at Beaufort, S. C. At the same time Com. Dupont issued orders to the gunboats Ottawa, Capt. Rogers, Pembina, Captain Bankhead, the Seneca, the Ellen, and Hale. The Forty-seventh

and Forty-eighth embarked on the transports Delaware and Boston, under convoy of the Ottawa and Pembina, all of which, with one thousand men of the Forty-eighth, and about six hundred men of the Forty-seventh, reported ready for service at headquarters, about five o'clock on the 31st December. Gen. Stevens's command consisted of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, quartered at and near the ferry called Port Royal Ferry, ten miles from Beaufort, and the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, quartered half-way out, and the Eighth Michigan, quartered in town, and the One Hundredth Pennsylvania, ("Roundheads,") also quartered in town. The Roundheads marched and halted at the ferry, a ten-mile tramp over the shell road.

The Fiftieth Pennsylvania and the Eighth Michigan were marched to "Brickyard" Landing, about six miles out on the "Shell Road," and about two and a half miles on a cross-road to the right, there to be conveyed by flat-boats across to the main land, the Seventy-ninth, also, in advance, with Gen. Stevens in person. The boats containing the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New-York, were to move at daylight. All knew they were to make a New-Year's call upon the enemy, but none knew where until under way. The Ottawa and Pembina, convoying the troops on the transports, went up Beaufort River, and turned into the Coosaw River—the other gunboats went up through Broad River, and thence into the Coosaw.

The first call of the New-Year was to be at the Port Royal ferry landing, where the rebels had a fort that mounted seven guns. The order for landing was as follows: The Seventy-ninth in advance, landed at "Chisholm's" Plantation, supported by the Fiftieth and Eighth Michigan, under cover of three boat-howitzers, from the Ottawa; the Highlander sent one boat-load ahead as skirmishers, with a negro, "Isaac," as guide, landed, and, after a short time occupied in deploying, finding all clear of the enemy, sufficient for landing, they disembarked, the Seventy-ninth still in advance with one company as skirmishers, supporting the howitzers, which were also landed.

After advancing about one mile, to within rifle distance of the woods, discovered mounted rebel pickets passing in the road at the woods. The howitzers were immediately brought to the front on double-quick—unlimbered, and threw some half-dozen shells into the woods, and such a scampering you never witnessed before. The deploy of two companies were then sent, right and left, advancing toward the woods, with the balance of the Seventy-ninth on the road, with the howitzers, all on double-quick. They entered the woods, still in pursuit of the fleeing enemy. The route through the woods, I am told, was dreadful for the deploying party, as, when they came out the other side, about one mile, they were bloody, and torn from scratches received by the thorns and underbrush; but what were "scratches" when they "played for a good shot?"

I will say here, that owing to a misunderstanding

ing, only the Seventy-ninth, and the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, landed here at this first landing, called "Chisholm's Plantation," the Eighth Michigan, understanding that they were to land at the "Adams House," so called; consequently the point to be reached first was the "Adams House," where the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New-York were to land from the steamers, while the Eighth Michigan went over in flat-boats to the same place.

The Highlanders and the Fiftieth, with the navy howitzers, were still pushing on at double-quick, and arrived at the Adams House, four miles from their first landing, just in time to see the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New-York, and Eighth Michigan landing with their first boat-loads. The stars and stripes were placed on the "Adams" just as the Highlanders brought up the advance.

I forgot to mention, the rebels first seen in the woods fired upon our men (signal-officer Lieut. Taft being in advance) one round as they retreated. We were informed by the negroes at Heyward's plantation, that some three hundred men had been there that night, having some intimation that we were going to make an attack. It was at this plantation (Heyward's) where Lieut. Porter, of the Eighth Michigan, took seven pickets as prisoners, a few days since. The seven rebels are all now quartered in the next house to where I am living.

All the while we were landing, our gunboats were advancing and shelling the woods immediately on our right, and playing at long distances upon the fort.

The gunboats Ottawa, Pembina, and Hale covering the landing of troops, and the Seneca and Ellen having gone round the other way through the Broad River, were also pitching into the Fort from that side.

Now, then, the troops all landed and within three miles of the fort, the order of battle was formed with a view of cutting off the retreat of some four thousand to fifteen thousand rebels who were in and near the fort, (as we knew they must retreat when our gunboats had obtained the range.) It was as follows:

Left wing—The Highlanders, Seventy-ninth New-York, in advance, with three hundred men, commanded by Major Morrison; the Navy Howitzers, commanded by Lieut. Irwin of the Wabash, with forty men; Eighth Michigan, Colonel Fenton, five hundred men; the centre—Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Col. Crist, five hundred men; the reserve—Forty-seventh New-York, Lieut.-Col. Frazer, six hundred men, commanding, assisted by Major Bedell, of the Third New-Hampshire; Forty-Eighth New-York, Col. Perry, (as Col. Perry was acting as Brigadier, under Gen. Stevens, Lieut.-Col. William B. Barton took command, and did it nobly.)

The total of the force was three thousand and forty men. The balance of the Seventy-ninth, consisting of two companies, went over to the main, from the other side of the Ferry, covered by the gunboats there, and the Roundheads

were ordered to cross at the Ferry in face of the battery. Lieut. Ransom, of Hamilton's battery, with two rifle Parrots, six-pounders, were at the Ferry on the Beaufort side, supported by the Roundheads, Col. Lesure, seven hundred men.

The advance sounded, moving in company column and flanking movements, and after about one mile advance (which was a great drill for our troops) without seeing the enemy, we were suddenly fired upon by a rebel battery on the right, in the woods. The shells fell thick and fast all about us; our skirmishers all the while were picking off the rebels who were so unlucky as to get too much exposed from their beautiful cover.

Owing to this sudden outbreak from the rebel batteries, a change of position in column was made. The Eighth Michigan were ordered to advance by companies as skirmishers, leaving about three companies to fall back upon; the "Highlanders," in the extreme advance, still doing their duty nobly, as skirmishers—the Fiftieth, and the "Howitzers," being left as a reserve; the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth moving by flank immediately on the rebels' left. After severe fighting on both sides, for about half an hour, news was brought that the Fort was vacated. The only object of our *tête-à-tête* being to take the Fort, the order was given to fall back, and our skirmishers came in, formed in company column.

The Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth came in first, with the Seventy-ninth still in "deploy skirmishing," but gradually falling back. We all moved for the Fort. The rebels had every advantage in the world, both as to numbers and position; and though they retreated, even from the woods, carrying along their battery of five guns with them, they are not to be blamed for going, for who in the kingdom could ever stand, when Heaven seemed pouring down a thunder-shower of iron?

I began to give the order of our return. The Roundheads, not having had so much hard work, having gained entrance to the Fort, from the ferry directly opposite, were now placed within the Fort to act as reserve. The Forty-eighth were now on the way back to their transports, closely followed by the Forty-seventh, went directly across the ferry, and marched about one hundred yards, and halted. Each regiment returned from the field, by right and left wing, back into the Fort, and down the shell road to the ferry, with deploy skirmishers still out, but gradually moving in, for the expectation was that the rebels were going to assail our retreat, as they were still in the woods, with an addition of cavalry. The Fiftieth Pennsylvania were on their knees ready to receive a cavalry charge, but the enemy were too much afraid of our "Baby Gun" on the Pembina. The Seventy-ninth now over, and the Eighth Michigan falling back, orders were given to burn all the buildings in the immediate vicinity, and Lieut. Porter was detailed for this purpose. Soon the buildings were all in a bright

flame, and our little army all safe and secure from surprise.

The Fort was a miserably poor concern. In a short time after our occupation of it, the enemy came back in force, in the woods near, fronting the enclosure. It was now about four o'clock. We had accomplished our object, and "filled the bill," and as night was fast setting in upon us, Gen. Stevens, expecting the enemy would make a night attack, gave orders for the men to lie on their arms. Pickets were extended and advanced. We called it a kind of "reconnaissance in body," and were well satisfied with our day's work. I might say night and day, for we were on the march (those who did any marching) from four A.M. until we met the enemy, except while crossing on to the "Main."

Gen. Sherman gave the orders to go to Port Royal Ferry, take the Fort, bring off the guns, feel of the enemy, and come back; and I can heartily and truly express the sentiments of officers and men—especially of Gen. Stevens, for he is "fight way up to the handle"—and say, not one but what could go to "Uncle Tim," as they call him in his battery, and say, "General Sherman (as Metamora)

'You've sent for me and I've come.
Umph! if you don't want me,
Why, I'll go back again.'

And so they would go back, every man of them, and only give them their field artillery, their light batteries, they could easily take the enemy's artillery.

It seems, to all appearances, the rebels had six guns in the Fort, five six-inch and one twelve-pounder cannon—an old English piece. The five, undoubtedly, were the self-same guns which *did not arrive* on Hilton Head, when sent for by the enemy to cover a retreat from old "Fort Walker." The enemy tried to get the twelve-pounder off, but no go; so they spiked it.

You can count on the loss of the enemy as hundreds, while we lost only two wounded and taken prisoners. Their names are: Corporal J. Q. Adams, and private Edward Brooks, both of Company A, Eighth Michigan; M. Weidenheimer, Company E, Fiftieth Pennsylvania, wounded in right foot; Ensign Herbert, wounded in right leg by rebel shell.

One man of the Forty-eighth New-York was wounded in the leg. The names of the wounded, all belonging to the Eighth Michigan, are as follows: Major A. B. Watson, Minie rifle-ball in upper part of thigh, getting along very comfortably. Privates Ira Armstrong, Company A, shot through the lower right thigh; A. B. Miller, Co. A, upper right leg; Amos Wetherbee, Co. B, shot through the side. Nathaniel K. Thayer, Co. C, left leg; William Wood, Co. I, lower part of right thigh; James W. Rich, Sergt. Co. I, slightly in right thigh. All wounded by rifle-bullets, and all in the legs.

Summary.—One officer wounded; nine privates wounded; two privates wounded and missing. Total, twelve. None killed.

In the affair, Gen. Stevens has shown himself worthy to occupy the position he now occupies, and *any* position which requires military skill, accompanied by cool-headed planning. He is a brave soldier, and I am not doing him more than *common justice*, when I say that to a dot our arrangements were a perfect success, formed by a soldier of the first order.

The rebels, right in the heat of our heavy firing from the gunboats, sent a flag of truce, but only got far enough along a causeway, near the woods, to inform us, in a loud voice, that they wanted to get their wounded and dead; but the shells burst around them so thick and fast, that they were obliged to go back. As soon as the message was received by the General, he signalized, and the gunboats ceased, and he immediately sent Lieut. A. J. Holbrook, Aid-de-camp on Gen. Viele's staff, and Lieut. Lynn, of the Eighth Michigan, with a flag of truce; but to no purpose—the rebels were no where to be seen or heard. They penetrated the woods, and called at the top of their voices, but received no answer.

These officers reported three men lying dead, most horribly mangled. One man had a leg blown off close to his body, and lay crosswise on the causeway; of another, nothing remained but his head and shoulders; one with a leg gone, and piece of shell through him. All along the causeway they saw fingers, hands, arms and heads!

I went there this morning, and found the description given, had been too true. Dr. Kemble, Brigade Surgeon, went out and buried the dead. We observed one poor man lying in a large white house, formerly the rebel headquarters, wounded from a shell, and picked up by the negroes, and carried into this house. He was nearly disembowelled. On our retreat, we took him along, poor fellow, but he cannot live; he will die before morning, and yet has his senses.

We know only what we saw, and should say three hundred rebels were killed outright, and the havoc and slaughter in the woods, caused by the bursting of those shells, God only knows. The rebels themselves will know at roll-call.

The name of the wounded rebel brought in is Vallandigham, and related to the man of the same name from Ohio, a representative at Washington, who made such rabid secession speeches last winter.

The negroes came out to meet us with their "God bless my massa," "Jesus be praised," and their poor limbs shook with joy and gladness, while the big tears coursed down their faces. They carried out the statements made by their masters, "that their negroes would fight for them," beginning in the following order, to wit: while we were halting, previous to the advance, they rushed into the house, and pulled out feather beds, mattresses, bedding, crockery ware, and anything else they could lay their hands upon.

During the fight, a rebel officer was shot from his horse, and the horse captured by Dr. Kemble. Surgeon Kemble performed double duty—attending promptly to the wounded when brought

to the rear, and immediately mounting his horse, and acting as aid-de-camp to Gen. Stevens.

The way young Adams came to be taken prisoner was this: Our men reported him wounded, and Surgeon Kemble went after him, but was fired upon, and had to leave him.

As Capt. Rodgers went alongside of his men, landed with the howitzers from the Ottawa, he addressed them, saying: "Now, my men, I have given you my guns, and you are about to land; they were entrusted to me, and I would sooner die than leave them; when you come back, I want those brought also. Will you stand by them, my lads?" And if you could only have witnessed the expression, when every one, to a man, answered, "Ay, ay, sir," it would have done you good.

The Chisholm plantation was our first landing, the Heywood next, marching to the Adams, and then by another Chisholm, and thence into the Fort.

Lieut. J. A. Power, we found, by a bill for his uniform in his pocket, belonged to the Fourteenth South-Carolina Volunteers. He was found on the causeway, poor man, all gone but his right leg and one side. Two others, also, literally torn to pieces, were taken up by Brigade-Surgeon Dr. Kemble, and buried.

The troops were rowed by negroes, in launches and flatboats, nearly four miles, against tide, before arriving at the landing-place, which I stated was Col. Heywood's plantation. The whole time the troops were occupied in their embarkation, disembarkation and landing, going the four miles, etc., was only about two hours, and so quietly, that only the dipping of our oars could be heard.

On the walls of the house at the Ferry, used as rebel headquarters, was marked out in pencil: "On the 18th day of December, the battery under charge of Lieut. McIlvaine, opened fire upon, and effected a total rout of the Yankees, killing fifty and wounding a hundred." Also: "Dec. 18, 1861, we repelled an attack made by the Yankees, killing one half their command." I suppose the rebels referred to a time when Col. Fenton, of the Eighth Michigan was making reconnoissances in launches—at which time we lost one man killed, *none wounded*.

Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers, of the Wabash, was Acting Commodore of the Navy on this occasion.

The howitzers were under command of Lieut. John Irwin, of the Wabash, and Acting Master Kemp. The Seneca was commanded by Capt. D. Ammen; the Pembina, Capt. J. Bankhead, a Southerner, and well acquainted with all the inhabitants here; the Ottawa, Capt. T. Stevens; the Hale only arrived at Hilton Head the night before the battle, and I could not learn the name of her commander; the Ellen was commanded by Capt. W. Budd.

Capt. Bankhead invited me with the company of Surgeon George S. Kemble, of the Second brigade, Capt. Charles E. Fuller, of Gen. Sherman's staff, and Lieut. A. J. Holbrook, on board, as he had a curiosity to show us in the shape of a present from Mrs. Chisholm, formerly a resident of

Beaufort, which she sent from Charleston by one of her "high cost" negroes, who, by the way, took care not to go back to her. The present consisted of six pairs extra silver-plated coffin-handles; a note accompanying them saying, that if he came that way again, to bring them with him. These he received at Beaufort, a short time since, and he says he knows he caused more coffins to be used yesterday, than have been used in Charleston lately.

The rebel battery in the fort did not return fire from the fort once, but retreated to the woods, and there first showed fight.

The Roundheads were ferried across, and entered the fort at half-past two o'clock P.M., Jan. 1st, going up the shell-road and over the embazon at a double quick; and the first intimation Gen. Stevens had that the fort was ours, was by Capt. Fuller's riding down and informing him. Hence the falling back of our troops, as explained, to the fort.

The feeling of satisfaction at the entire arrangement is duly reciprocated to his own staff and to Acting Brig.-Gen. Col. Perry, of the Forty-eighth, and Col. Frazier, of the Forty-seventh New-York, and to all, officers and rank and file, from Gen. Stevens.

He took Col. Perry by the hand, and shook it heartily, while the tears of manly courage and pride stood in his eye, and openly complimented him and his Lieut.-Col., Barton, and officers, for their superior merits as soldiers and leaders.

The Navy have at last paid a high tribute of praise to the Volunteers, for whom, until yesterday, they had only a meagre opinion; but when they (the officers of the Navy) saw from their ships the unflinching forward, and the bold skirmishing done by our men, and the manner in which they allowed shells to be hurled over their heads and into the enemy, they were loud in their appreciation of their coolness. Why, time after time, the whole atmosphere seemed moving by the wind caused by passing shells directly over the heads of our troops.

The duty of signaling from the land to the ships was in charge of First Lieutenant Taft and Second Lieut. Coggsell, of Gen. Stevens's staff, and was done in a manner which brings credit to both these gentlemen. Lieut. Taft being detailed with the skirmishing party, and Coggsell on the ships, one other officer occupying a position near the reserve, kept up a complete communication.

The big twelve-pounder cannon, captured from the enemy, now stands in front of Gen. Stevens's headquarters.

BRIER WOOD.

PHILADELPHIA "PRESS" ACCOUNT.

PORT ROYAL, Jan. 5, 1862.

A very skilfully planned and skilfully executed little movement has just occurred here, which begins the new year in the pleasantest manner possible. Beaufort lies on the eastern side of Port Royal Island, and about ten miles north of it, on the Coosaw River, is Port Royal Ferry, which affords the best means of crossing from

the island to the main. The principal road in this part of the country, leads across this ferry, toward which causeways are built on both sides of the Coosaw. The Ferry can be approached from Hilton Head, by water, in two ways: by the Broad River, on the western side of the island, and through the Port Royal River and its arm, Brick yard Creek, which form the eastern boundary of the same island. Almost immediately after the battle at Hilton Head, the rebels began entrenching themselves on the farther side of the Ferry; here they crossed whenever they visited Beaufort, previous to its occupation by our troops, and since this has been prevented, they have established themselves conspicuously, in sight of our pickets, and attempted to command the navigation of the Coosaw River. Some two weeks ago they fired into the little steamer Mayflower, used for transporting purposes, and one man, in her convoy of small boats, was killed. It was determined to instruct the rebels that no such demonstrations could be made by them with impunity.

On Tuesday, December 31st, the gunboats Ottawa, Capt. Stevens; Pembina, Capt. Bankhead; and armed transport Hale, temporarily under command of Lieutenant Barnes, of the Wabash, were despatched to Beaufort, and thence through Brickyard Creek to its junction with the Coosaw. Capt. C. P. R. Rodgers, of the Wabash, had entire command of the naval force of the little expedition, including the Seneca, Captain Ammen, and the Ellen, Captain Budd; which were to go up through the Broad River, on the other side of island. At three o'clock on New Year's morning, Captain Rodgers took four of the armed launches of the Wabash, which had accompanied him under command of Lieut. Upshur, and proceeded by a narrow arm of Brickyard Creek to its entrance into the Coosaw, some two miles nearer the Ferry than the mouth of the Brickyard itself. Here six companies of the Seventy-ninth New-York, and five of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, were ready in flats to be rowed across the river to Col. Hayward's plantation, under cover of the guns of the launches. This manœuvre was executed under the personal supervision of General Stevens and Capt. Rodgers, and was completely successful. The troops were gotten across without either delay or accident, or interruption of any sort. Immediately after landing, they proceeded to a place somewhat on their right, where negroes informed them of a force of rebels. Only tents were found, about sufficient for four hundred men; they were destroyed, and the possibility of any annoyance being caused to the rear of Gen. Stevens's larger force, about to be landed further down the Coosaw, was prevented.

Meanwhile the three gunboats Ottawa, Pembina and Hale, had come out of the Brickyard Creek, higher up the stream, passed the troops landing at Hayward's, and proceeded to Adams's plantation, two miles further toward the Ferry, and remained there to cover the crossing and landing of the Michigan Eighth, under Colonel

Fenton, and the other five companies of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Colonel Crist. During the night, the gunboats had also been joined by the two steamers from Hilton Head, Delaware and Cosmopolitan, which carried the Forty-seventh New-York, Lieut.-Col. Frazier, and the Forty-eighth New-York, Col. Perry. These two regiments were also landed at Adams's plantation, and the first detachment having by this time arrived from Hayward's, the whole body, five regiments, was ready to proceed toward the Ferry. Thus far they had met with no extraordinary delays or *contretemps*. The combinations and connections were all made in time—the whole plan was carried out according to pre-arrangements.

Gen. Stevens now threw out skirmishers from all his regiments, along the right of his line; he had between four and five miles to march, and great part of the way across broken fields, over two creeks, amid bushes and thickets, and probably in the face of an enemy. His skirmishers soon drew fire from the rebels concealed in woods, about a miles to his right. Nearly the whole Michigan Eighth regiment, under Colonel Fenton, was thus engaged, when a heavy fire from field artillery was opened upon them. Under this fire, the regiment still advanced as skirmishers, and were fired into at last by musketry, which was not a hundred yards off, but completely under cover. The Michiganders returned the fire, scrambled through brushes, and tore their faces and hands with briars, dared the enemy to come out in the open field and show fight, and finally, when nobody came, retired in good order, but rapidly. They had lost one man killed, and twelve wounded, including Major Watson. Their behavior was the subject of universal admiration from the Navy and their own comrades in other regiments. No attempt was made to pursue them. Meanwhile the Fiftieth Pennsylvania was pushing on in advance of the Michigan people, and, in consequence of information afforded to Gen. Stevens by a negro, deviated from the route originally proposed. It seems a trap had been prepared for them. A small body of about four hundred rebels showed themselves outside of the woods, and endeavored to decoy the Fiftieth; behind them, and in the woods, could be seen from the mastheads of the gunboats, as many as two thousand troops drawn up in line. Had it not been for the negroes, Stevens would have known nothing of this force; as it was, he allowed the Fiftieth Pennsylvania to drive back the decoying party; but before it reached the larger force, lying in ambush, a well-aimed shell from the vessels burst in the advance party of the rebels, who broke and fled at once. After this, the gunboats proceeded to shell the woods—signals being constantly made them from shore of the progress of the skirmishing, and of the direction to be given to their guns. Every company of Federal troops carried flags, so that there was no danger of injuring our own men. The force of rebels in the woods was effectually dispersed by this shelling, which was remarkably accurate, and must have done great damage

to the enemy. When the field was visited next day by some of our officers, it was covered with fragments of human bodies, and blood stood around in puddles, as if it had been a slaughter-yard. No other opposition was offered to the advance of our troops, and the Seventy-ninth New-York was sent on to the fort.

They advanced without flinching. Meanwhile, however, the gunboats had been pouring a heavy fire into the battery; but it was still uncertain whether it had been abandoned, when the Seventy-ninth entered and ran up the American flag. Immediately two companies of pioneers and the whole Roundhead (Pennsylvania) regiment, Col. Leasure, crossed Port Royal Ferry on the ferry-boats, as had been previously arranged, and set to work destroying the fort. They completely levelled the earth-walls, burned the wood-work, seized the solitary gun left behind, a bronze eighteen-pounder, marked Georgius Rex, and fired the buildings which had been used by the rebels for military purposes. The enemy's force had been entirely withdrawn at an early hour in the morning, and five guns removed. This was reported by the negroes.

While all this was occurring, the two gunboats, Seneca and Ellen, had come up from Broad River through a short cut, the Whale Branch, into the Coosaw, and shelled an incomplete work of the enemy at Seabrook, two miles beyond Port Royal Ferry. After this was accomplished, a body of two hundred troops crossed under cover of their guns from the island and destroyed the work. The Seneca and Ellen then joined their consorts, and all five of our gunboats closed around our land force at the ferry while the complete destruction of the rebel battery was consummated.

It was long after nightfall before this was completed, and the flames of the burning buildings were answered in twenty different directions by the blazing cotton-houses, fired by the rebels, who thus proved that they expected to be driven still further back, and were making preparations for defeat. Before midnight, Gen. Stevens received a flag of truce, asking permission for the enemy to bury his dead. One hour was granted; but before the reply reached the rebel officer who bore the flag, he had galloped off. Whether the whole affair was a ruse or not, it is impossible to say. If in earnest, the loss of the enemy must have been large, or he would not have deemed it necessary to make the request. Some four or five bodies of the rebels were found and interred by our troops, and many more fragments of bodies seen lying on the fields.

In the morning of the 2d, Gen. Stevens recrossed his troops at Port Royal Ferry; the gunboats opening a heavy cannonade, so that the operation should not be disturbed. The troops were all taken across in two hours and a half, and, as the number of flats was not greater than twenty, the celerity and perfection of the movement are manifest. The two regiments from Gen. Viele's brigade at Hilton Head went aboard the transports, and returned as they had come;

two others, the Roundheads and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, remained on the Port Royal island side of the ferry, with a section of Capt. Hamilton's light battery, which had been placed here during all the movements of the two preceding days, but had no opportunity to take any part. The remaining portion of Gen. Stevens's brigade marched across the island to Beaufort. The gunboats, after everything had been accomplished, returned to Port Royal harbor, on Friday, the 3d, by the way of Brickyard Creek and the Beaufort or Port Royal River.

On the 3d of January, a reconnoissance was made across the river, and it was discovered that the enemy had withdrawn his entire force five miles back into the interior, to a place known as Garden's Corners.

There were several points made manifest by this demonstration, as well as several objects thoroughly accomplished. The two batteries were completely demolished, the enemy driven back five miles, the navigation of the Broad and Coosaw Rivers rendered secure for our gunboats or transports, and a salutary lesson administered to the rebels for their New Year's consideration; these were the objects accomplished. What was ascertained was that our men were full of nerve and coolness, ready to fight troops that were under cover, ready to attack batteries in front, ready to scale forts, or do whatever else they were ordered to; also, that the enemy—although in at least as large force as ourselves—although on his own soil—refused to come out from under cover, would not fight except upon the old plan of lying in ambush and skulking under woods and masked batteries. The fact that he removed his guns from the fort shows that he expected to be beaten, and the fact that he was still retreating two days after his discomfiture, proves how severe that discomfiture must have been.

VAGABOND.

REPORT OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, E. C., JAN. 1, 1862.

Amasa Watson, Major, Eighth Michigan, gunshot wound in left thigh.

Ira Armstrong, private, Company A, Eighth Michigan, gunshot wound in right thigh.

A. B. Miller, private, Company A, Eighth Michigan, gunshot wound in right thigh.

John Q. Adams, corporal, Company A, Eighth Michigan, killed.

Edward Brooks, private, Company A, Eighth Michigan, wounded and missing.

Amos Wetherby, private, Company B, Eighth Michigan, gunshot wound left thigh.

Nathaniel K. Thayer, private, Company C, Eighth Michigan, gunshot wound left thigh.

William Woad, private, Company I, Eighth Michigan, gunshot wound right thigh.

John W. Rich, sergeant, Company I, Eighth Michigan, gunshot wound right thigh.

John Weidenheimer, private, Company A, Fiftieth Pennsylvania, gunshot wound right foot.

A. Herbert, ensign, Company A, Fiftieth Pennsylvania, wounded in leg by shell.

The cases were merely flesh wounds, the balls passing through the limbs without injuring the bone. The patients are doing well. Water dressings used.

GEORGE S. KEMBLE,
Brigade-Surgeon, U. S. N.

To Surgeon GEO. E. COOPER, Medical Director,
E. C.

SECESSION ACCOUNTS.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 14.

About ten o'clock New-Year's morning the enemy came up from Brook River toward Port Royal Ferry. Taking a position just opposite Page's Point, and west of the ferry, they opened a heavy fire of shot and shell against a small battery which had been constructed at Page's Point, but which had never received its complement of guns. Judging from the severity of the enemy's fire, it is supposed that he was not aware of the defenceless condition of the fort. There were no troops at Page's Point at the time, excepting two companies of Col. Donnavan's regiment, under Capt. Bookter, and two guns of Capt. Leake's Virginia field-battery. They fell back a short distance, and obtained cover behind the embankment of a fence. The Yankees kept up a vigorous shelling of the earthwork, the plantation and the dwelling of H. M. Stuart, Esq., showing excellent artillery practice by knocking down chimneys and perforating the houses in the most promiscuous and unceremonious style. Finally, satisfied there were no masked batteries in the neighborhood, they sent a boat's crew ashore, which reconnoitred the place and immediately returned to their gunboats. This ended the hostilities at Page's Point. Not a gun was fired by our side, and when the gunboats desisted from the bombardment our forces at the Point retired. There is a rumor that subsequently they returned with reinforcements to hold that position, but on this we have no satisfactory assurance.

In the mean time the Yankees were making far more serious demonstrations on the other side of Port Royal Ferry. Five of their gunboats came up from St. Helena Sound, and landed a force estimated to consist of about three thousand men, upon the plantation of Alexander Chrisholm, Esq. While they were performing on the shore the gunboats proceeded up to the ferry, and opened a furious fire of shells upon a small three-gun battery, which we had erected on our side of the ferry, so as to command the causeway.

It soon became evident that our men would be unable to hold the battery, so they fell back, carrying off with them two of their guns. The heaviest of the three guns was accidentally overturned in a ditch by a nervous mule, which had taken flight at the noise of the shells. As there was no time for delay, this gun was hurriedly spiked and abandoned.

While this was going on, the Yankees, whose landing at Chrisholm's had been effected without opposition, began their march along the shore in the direction of Port Royal Ferry. When their advance had reached a field in the rear of Mr.

John Chaplin's house, they were suddenly met by Col. Jones's regiment and four companies of another regiment. Pouring one volley into the ranks of the enemy, our boys advanced with the bayonet at double quick. The Yankees, thrown somewhat into disorder by the fire which they had received, did not wait to close, but dropped their guns and fled toward the river, where they were separated from their gunboats by only a strip of marsh.

Col. Jones kept up the pursuit until he had nearly overtaken the enemy, when the gunboats opened a brisk fire upon him to cover the retreat of their men. *A single shell which exploded killed six and wounded nine of our soldiers.*

The fire of the gunboats being quite severe, Col. Jones desisted from the pursuit, and retreated, leaving the Yankees huddled together on the shore, under the guns of their steamers.

The enemy now hold that position of the mainland bordering on the Coosaw River, and stretching from Chrisholm's to the ferry. They have mounted guns on our deserted batteries at the latter place, and otherwise strengthened their position.

—*Charleston Mercury.*

ANOTHER REBEL ACCOUNT.

NORFOLK, January 9, 1862.

We have some further and very interesting accounts of the fight which took place in the neighborhood of Port Royal Ferry on Wednesday last, the 1st inst. The narrative of the affair, as published in the *Mercury* of Saturday last, was in the main correct. Our forces consisted of Col. Jones's regiment, South-Carolina Volunteers, a battalion of three companies from Col. Dunovant's regiment, South-Carolina Volunteers, under Lieut.-Col. Barnes, and a detachment of mounted men under Major Oswald, of Col. Martin's regiment of cavalry.

After it had been determined to attack the enemy, it became necessary to have their position, number, and material carefully reconnoitred. This duty was cheerfully undertaken by Ord. Sergt. Thomas B. Chaplin, of the St. Helena Mounted Rifles. On the night of the 31st, he mounted his horse and rode down to a point within sight of the Yankee camp, where he dismounted, hid his horse, and, being familiar with every road and path, approached to within forty yards of their bivouacs. He was so close as to discover that they had lanterns, with blinds on their sides, so as not to be seen either in front or on the flanks.

Following the instructions of his General, he counted the bivouacs and sentinels, and ascertained that there were about five hundred men on the west side of the ferry. He then sought his horse (which he was for some time unable to find, owing to the care with which he had secreted him,) and then rode over to the other side of the ferry, where, by similar means, he ascertained that the main body of the enemy, consisting of about three thousand five hundred men, was on the east side. After gaining every possible information, he returned to headquarters

at daybreak, having been in the saddle or on foot all night. When starting on this perilous undertaking, he left his roll-book with his Colonel, who gave him the necessary permit to pass our lines, remarking that if he was taken he must destroy it. "I don't intend to be taken alive," was his reply.

One of the principal features of the fight of Wednesday was the deployment of an entire regiment of the enemy as skirmishers, with the view of crossing Kean's Neck in order to turn our left. They were met by our skirmishers, conspicuous among whom was Capt. Tompkins' company, from Jones's regiment. These brave fellows left their mark upon the invaders, and many a Yankee fell before their unerring aim; but, owing to the complete arrangement and forethought of the enemy in providing litters, their killed and wounded were all rapidly removed. During their retreat, Major Oswald's cavalry, with double-barrel guns and revolvers, did good service.

It is due to truth to state that the Yankees did not, as at first stated, throw away their guns. In advancing they were never beyond the range of their gunboats, and were always covered by the forest or undergrowth. Just as the enemy had reached the shore, General A. J. Donelson, with Moore's First regiment Tennessee Volunteers, came up, flushed with their quick march, a noble set of men, and great was their disappointment at finding the enemy gone.

Capt. Croft, Jones's regiment, a graduate of the Citadel, occupied an advanced post on Chisholm's island, and marched his company in retreat in complete order. He remained in the rear with five others, and tore up the bridge on the causeway, which effectually prevented the crossing of the enemy's artillery. So arduous was this task, that the delay occasioned painful suspense, and at one time it was feared that he was cut off.

Soon after the fight, Col. W. F. Martin and Lieut.-Col. H. McGowan, of Jones' regiment, determined to reconnoitre the field. They galloped rapidly through an old field, down the causeway, to the spot where the shell had burst among our troops, for the purpose of ascertaining the number of our wounded. This brought them within one hundred yards of the enemy's infantry, who were in Chaplin's house, and within range of their howitzers. They found five or six South-Carolina soldiers helplessly wounded. As they could not be removed on horseback, both officers retired, and securing a wagon, with proper escort, reached and removed these brave men. Before moving off, Dr. Turnipseed had to take up an artery, and during all this time, and until under cover, the enemy kept up a sharp fire of shells at the wagon and guard, fortunately without damage.

The enemy disappeared on the night of the 3d. Col. Savage, with a battery of the Sixteenth Tennessee regiment, went down to the causeway, and did not see them.

We learn that our men have always held Page's Point, and do so now.

—*Norfolk Day Book.*

Doc. 3.

THE SLAVES IN MARYLAND.

GENERAL STONE'S ORDER.

THE following is the order issued by Gen. Stone, in reference to the conduct of his soldiers toward the slaves of Maryland and their owners:

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP OF OBSERVATION, }
POOLESVILLE, January 2, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 1:

General Orders No. 16, of September, 1861, from these headquarters, cautioned the troops of this command against violating the laws of the United States, and of the State in which we are serving, by advising and encouraging insubordination and rebellion among the negro servants in their neighborhood. This caution, well observed by most of the troops, has been disregarded by a few who, while entrusted with national arms, and made thus guardians of the national honor, disgrace themselves and their Government by acting the part of oppressors and incendiaries, among the very citizens they were sent here to protect from lawless violence.

The General commanding recommends to those who feel themselves above the requirements of law, a careful reading of the Thirty-third Article of War, and faithfully promises all those who, after this second caution, persist in making use of their armed presence here to outrage the laws, that when discovered they shall first be properly punished for their disobedience of orders, and then, on requisition of the civil authorities, shall be turned over to the civil courts to be dealt with as the laws of Maryland prescribe for such offenders.

By order of Brig.-Gen. Stone.

C. STEWARD, A. A. G.

Doc. 4.

AFFAIRS AT HUNTERSVILLE, VA.

THE correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following account of the dispersion of the rebels, and the destroying of their stores at Huntersville, Western Virginia, by a detachment of Federal troops, from General Milroy's command:

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIFTH OHIO REGIMENT, }
HUTTONSVILLE, VA., Jan. 7, 1862. }

The Huntersville expedition, of which I telegraphed you yesterday, was so successful in its result, and so damaging to the rebel army in these parts, that it merits a more extended notice, and having recovered somewhat from the fatigue of a hundred miles' march, I will try to give some of the chief incidents of the winter march through the mountains, and the extensive conflagration of the famous city of Huntersville, which, after the fashion of Virginia towns, is decidedly an eight-by-ten institution.

And first, in order that the reader may know what and where Huntersville is, I will premise

by saying that it is the county-seat of Pocahontas County, near fifty-two miles from this point, and forty-odd from Staunton, and it derives its chief importance from the fact that it has been employed as the central depot for supplies for the rebel army of Western Virginia. Being the nearest point to the Staunton railroad, supplies were wagoned there, and thence distributed to the rebels at whatever points they needed them. Gen. Lee's army, during its inglorious career in these parts, drew its supplies from this source. Having authentic information that large supplies of provisions, etc., were still stored there, under guard of several hundred cavalry and infantry, and conceiving that it would be a good thing to destroy the provisions, and, if possible, capture some troops, or whip them out, Gen. Milroy determined to send a sufficient force to do it.

The force detailed for this service was composed of four hundred of the Twenty-fifth Ohio, three hundred of the Second Virginia, and a detachment of thirty-eight from Bracken's Indiana cavalry, under Lieut. Dalzell; the whole force being under command of Major Webster, Twenty-fifth Ohio; Major Owens, Second Virginia, had the immediate command of the Virginians. Capts. Askew, Williams, Washburne, Johnson, Green and Crowell, and Lieuts. Higgins, Houghton, Jones, Bell, Berblus and Blandy, Twenty-fifth Ohio, commanded the Ohio boys; but I do not know the company officers of the Virginians.

Tuesday afternoon—the last day of the waning old year, 1861—we left camp, and turned our faces toward the interior of the Old Dominion. And a beautiful day it was, and beautiful scenery, even in mid-winter, greeted us.

Precious little rest did any of us get New Year's night. It was freezing cold, and seemed as though all the mountain storms had concentrated in one terrific gale of wind, which poured through the open valley in which we camped, with mighty, resistless energy, the entire night. We had big fires, but they seemed to do little good, and I assure you, that there were very few happy or good-natured soldiers that night, and we were thankful when morning came, so that we could leave. At the blast of the bugle, we again took up our line of march, and proceeded twelve miles, and again camped for the night, at the foot of Elk Mountain, in a most beautiful pine grove, the rich, green tops of which were so thickly crowded together as to obscure the lurid glare of our fires, while beneath this natural covering of pines, the most animating scene, fit for an elegant picture, presented itself. Here we were compelled to leave our ambulances and wagons, under guard, in consequence of an impassable blockade of the road by the "Secesh." They had fallen heavy timbers across the road for a mile and a half up the mountain side, and neither man nor beast could get through. So, getting ready Friday morning, we set out for Huntersville, fourteen miles distant, followed a mountain-trail around the blockade, until, on the top of Elk Mountain, we again struck the main road. The boys were in excellent condition, and

were entertaining themselves with speculations about the probable events of the day, as Major Webster intended to attack the place that afternoon. Seven or eight miles this side of the town, we came across some suspicious-looking men, whom the Major took along with him. All along the road, it was amusing to observe the look of surprise which the residents gave our column as it passed by. The visual organs, especially of the female population, were considerably protruded, as they would suddenly discover the long line of blue overcoats winding along the road, a sight they had never before seen in that section, being accustomed to the gray coats of Secessia.

At last, about one o'clock, we neared the bridge which spans Greenbrier River, six miles this side of Huntersville, where, our scouts had reported, we should first encounter the rebels. We halted, to let the cavalry pass, who were sent forward to attempt to cut off the rebel pickets at the bridge, and then moving forward soon struck the river about half a mile from the bridge. The cavalry moved forward quickly and crossed the river considerably above the bridge. At this point the valley is pretty wide, composed of meadow land, and as our cavalry, under Lieut. Dalzell, dashed up the bank and hastily formed for a charge down through the fields to cut off the rebels from retreating to Huntersville, the rebels discovered them and ran; the greater part being infantry, could not escape our cavalry on the Huntersville side, so they took the Lewisburg road and made fast time up the mountain side. The rebel cavalry, however, retreated to Huntersville, and the race across the bottom, between our cavalry and theirs, was decidedly exciting—the rebels flying at full speed, and our men, in good order, were charging in line of battle down the valley at the top of their horses' speed. The rebels, however, had the shortest road, and made good their escape. Leaving Capt. Williams, Co. C, Twenty-fifth Ohio, with eighty or a hundred men, to hold the bridges, Major Webster moved forward on Huntersville, then distant six miles, and we marched rapidly. The road leaves the Greenbrier River at the bridge, and strikes back through the mountains. When within two miles of the town, as we were moving along a mountain side, our advance guard was fired on by some rebel cavalry, who immediately retreated as fast as their steeds could carry them. Moving forward cautiously, we soon struck a valley which opened before us, and in which Huntersville is situated, being in a sort of square formed by two of these valleys crossing each other. As we went forward, through a field, we discovered a number of the rebels at a sharp bend in the road, and they immediately got in position behind a bank and opened a brisk fire on our column. They were dismounted cavalymen, and used Sharp's carbines, the balls of which came whizzing past us, making quite lively music. I thought, then, that they intended to make a struggle to maintain their ground, and, knowing that their force was equal to, if not larger than ours, I thought the prospect was good for a re-

spectable fight. Major Webster threw out a line of skirmishers, and our boys replied pretty effectively to their fire, and they retreated. We had not advanced far until we discovered a large force of cavalry, drawn up in a field, in our front and across a stream of water. Companies A and B, of the Twenty-fifth, were deployed to the right, and opened fire with their Enfields, whereupon the cavalry turned tail and retreated again, but halted and formed again on a level plain, to reach which they had to ascend a sloping piece of ground. Here we supposed they would make a desperate stand, as the ground was well adapted to the movements of cavalry; and as the space between the opposing forces was good for a charge, I imagined that as our line advanced, they would come thundering down upon us in true Murat style. And, indeed, with the number of cavalry drawn up in line before us, if they had made an energetic charge they could have done us considerable damage. Our boys were crazy for the order to forward. Ever since the first fire they had been wild with excitement, and had made the mountain ring with their cheers as the rebels retreated. Major Webster directed Major Owens, of the Second Virginia, to go to the left with the Virginia boys, turn the enemy's right, and attack them in the rear. As the Virginians filed past the Twenty-fifth to its position, the boys of each regiment cheered each other vociferously, and pledged themselves to conquer or die. Then the word was given to forward, and with cheer upon cheer, away we went on double-quick, and away also, before our impetuous charge, but with greater speed, went the chivalric Southern cavalry back to Huntersville, which was now revealed to us for the first time. Pausing a moment at the top of the ascent to let the men take breath, we could see several companies of infantry drawn up in the town, about half a mile distant. Again we moved forward, and the picture was quite lively to see; to our left across the fields, the Virginians advancing on double-quick towards the town, while our own regiment was moving forward on a charge, and the cavalry occupying the space between the two divisions, and all cheering lustily and full of determination to clean out the town. We went flying into town; the Major on horseback at the head of the men, swinging his cap and cheering, and everybody else seeming to exert himself to create as much noise as possible. But the rebels had fled before we reached the town, the cavalry flying out the road towards Staunton, and the infantry scattering through the woods in a very promiscuous and unmilitary style. With loud cheers we rushed through the street, and, as we gained the opposite side of the town, the boys saw a few badly-scared rebel infantry, and began blazing away at them as they ran up the hill-side. In the midst of the firing a young woman (and a handsome one at that) suddenly sprang from behind a log, and ran across the field towards her home, frightened almost to death, and leaping like a deer, (or dear, if you please.) So soon as she was discovered the firing ceased, and there ended the fighting

part of the programme. We had killed one rebel and wounded seven, among the latter a captain, and had one of our boys, a member of Company E, Twenty-fifth Ohio, shot in the wrist. Thus we had achieved an almost bloodless victory, driven the rebels back from three different points where they had taken their stand, and now have possession of their dépôt of supplies.

And now we set about seeing what we had gained by the triumph. It did not take long, for Huntersville is not the most extensive city in America, nor the most beautiful. In fact, it was a very contemptible place, both in size and appearance, and in Ohio would be sneered at if it should aspire to the dignity of a county-seat. It has one church, a jail, and court-house—not remarkable for its architectural beauty; a dozen or fifteen dwellings, and three hotels, the latter being the best buildings in the town. It has been used chiefly for the quartering of troops, the citizens having nearly all deserted it some time ago. One or two families were still there, and from them we learned that there were about four hundred cavalry, and two companies of infantry stationed there to guard the rebel supplies. One cavalry company was from Memphis, Tenn., and was finely equipped. All of them were armed with Sharp's carbines and sabres. They were apprised of our coming the night before, scouts having seen us as we took dinner on Thursday, 17 miles back. Capt. Alexander, of Tennessee, who commanded the post, at once sent a messenger to the rebel Camp Baldwin, on the Allegheny mountains, and also despatched couriers through the country to collect and bring in the militia, who met them to the number of two or three hundred, swelling the rebel force to seven or eight hundred. We had not more than five hundred men, when we got to Huntersville, having only seven hundred originally, and at least two hundred of these had been left to guard various points in our rear. Capt. Alexander made his boast that he could whip us, but the result showed differently. The militia, or, as the boys say, the "flat-footed militia of Pocahontas County," wouldn't stand fire, as they scattered like sheep at the first sound of a gun. We would have pursued, and might have secured a few infantry prisoners, but Major Webster wisely determined that we had better burn their supplies and return before the rebels had time to throw a superior force from Camp Baldwin in our rear, and thus cut off our return. There were two roads leading from that camp to the road by which we had to return, one striking it ten miles this side of Huntersville, and the other coming into it at Big Springs. The Major found five or six of the largest buildings filled with ample quantities of provisions, and at first he determined to take them from the buildings in order to save the latter, but finding it impracticable, he caused them to be set on fire, and seeing them far enough enveloped in flames to make their destruction certain, we set out on our return. As Huntersville receded from our view, the flames were leaping heavenward, and dense volumes of smoke rolling above, from this hole of

Secessionism, a just vengeance for its crimes, and from the top of the court-house, the Stars and Stripes — the “flag of beauty and of glory” — were floating gaily in the air, telling the criminal traitors who infested the place that the power of the American Republic was yet in existence.

We left Huntersville about five o'clock in the evening, and marched back ten and a half miles that night, making nearly thirty miles we had marched that day, besides the exhaustion consequent upon the excitement and labor of our skirmishing and charging about Huntersville; and to make it harder, a cold, chilling rain and sleet began to fall about dark, and, when we halted for the night, the boys' guns were covered with a thick coating of ice. So you can imagine that we needed rest, and we got it in barns that night. The next day we marched to Big Springs, where we met another force of our men and Second Virginians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, of the Twenty-fifth Ohio, who had come out to hold that point and protect our return. Sunday night we got to Elkwater, and Monday at noon we reached here, when the boys gave three hearty cheers for Major Webster, who, in a brief speech, thanked the officers and men of the Twenty-fifth Ohio and Second Virginia for their gallant conduct, and then we set about getting rested.

The expedition was successful in every particular, and to show that we did “secesh” considerable injury, let me state that, according to inventories of the stores on hand at Huntersville, made out a few days before, which Major Webster has in his possession, we destroyed three hundred and fifty barrels of flour, thirty thousand pounds of salt, (a precious article with the rebels,) about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds salted beef, they having just finished killing and salting three hundred cattle, two thousands pounds coffee, large quantities of sugar, rice, bacon, soap, candles, forage, etc., the value of which may be fairly stated at from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars. Besides this, we secured a large number of Sharp's carbines and sabres, two or three rebel flags, and a vast number of other articles. I regretted that we could not get our wagons clear through, so that we could have brought away at least a portion of the provisions.

The officers and men of the entire force reflected great credit on themselves, by their bearing throughout. The march was excessively severe. We were gone just six days, and marched one hundred and four miles — “Virginia miles” — which every soldier will testify are twice as long as any civilized mile, and this, too, in the depth of winter, over miserable roads. Major Webster endeared himself to all by his manly, soldierly bearing, and reflected great credit on himself, by the success which crowned his plans. No better officer can be found in the service. He is a true gentleman, possessing those qualities which fit him for command, and also those which draw the affections of his men to him, and make them feel that he is their friend, and for such a man they will fight to the death.

Doc. 5.

THE FIGHT AT HANCOCK, VA.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following account of this affair:

HANCOCK, Jan. 10.

So many “reliable reports,” which have had not the shadow of foundation, have been sent your paper, that, for the sake of truth and justice, we purpose giving you something from the “seat of war.” The Fifth Connecticut regiment, which had been camping within a mile of Hancock, were ordered back to Frederick, and marched from here on New-Year's day. On the 3d inst., the Massachusetts Thirteenth regiment — Companies A and B from Hancock, Company E from Sir John's Run, six miles above, and Company H at Little Orleans, sixteen miles west — were ordered back to Williamsport. This left the Thirty-ninth Illinois stationed thus: Three companies at Alpine Dépôt, opposite Hancock; two companies at Bath, six miles south; two companies at Sir John's Run, three miles from Bath, and two companies at Little Cacapon, (or Little Orleans, the writer does not know which.) In addition to these, there were at Bath the first section of Best's Artillery, Lieutenant Muhlenberg commanding, and Company A of First regiment Home Brigade, at Little Cacapon Bridge, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The withdrawal of the Fifth Connecticut and the four companies of the Massachusetts Thirteenth was duly noted by the rebel scouts, and gave such excellent opportunity for them to again break up the railroad, that they could not resist the *invitation*. Accordingly, on Saturday, 4th, they came in force toward Bath. Major Mann, of the Thirty-ninth Illinois, and forty men were on a scout several miles below Bath, toward Winchester, and discovered the advance guard just in time to save most of his men. Their retreat was partly cut off, eight men were captured by the rebels, one killed, and the rest, with their Major, made good their retreat to Bath.

The guns were already fixed on a hill commanding the numerous roads centring in Bath, and began a good work as soon as the rebels came in view, holding them in check until reinforcements were sent for to Sir John's Run, at which point the Thirteenth Indiana regiment had just arrived, (one P.M.)

News came to Hancock, to the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, which had arrived the day previous, a few hours after the Thirteenth Massachusetts left. They were unarmed when they came, and the last arms had just been given them when the order to march was given.

I omitted to mention that Lieutenant Stewart, with forty men, was sent from Hancock, from Captain Patterson's company of Cavalry, First Virginia regiment, on Saturday morning, to Bath. It was this part of a company which bore the several messages.

Colonel Murray, with the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, hastened over the river to the rescue of

the Thirty-ninth Illinois. But, unfortunately, the new, greasy guns were unfit for use—not one in five would fire. For this or some other reason, the Colonel, who took precedence in command, at once ordered the cannon off the hills into the road leading to Hancock. It is reported he did not inform the companies of the Thirty-ninth Illinois of his intention to retreat further; consequently, when ordered to fall back, they left their camp-equipage, stores, and all they had, in the hands of the rebels.

The whole force then fell back to the road leading to Sir John's Run. Here the Thirteenth Indiana and Captain Kenssel's company of Cavalry, First Virginia Regiment, met them. The retreat was, however, kept up, the cannon keeping the rebels at bay. In the mean time Lieut. Stewart returned to Bath, not knowing of the retreat until he found himself confronted by the whole column of rebels, part of whom fired, killing three horses. Two of the men took to the woods, one mounted a rebel's horse which had been captured and escaped, one of the two afterward returned to Hancock, the other is doubtless a prisoner among the rebels, making nine in all, and two killed; one more was drowned in crossing the river, as several companies of the Thirty-ninth had to wade it. The rest returned in safety to Hancock. The rebels have lost in all at least twenty killed, but nothing certain is known. The presence of the rebels on the hills opposite was heralded by the firing of two shells at the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was at the time occupied by a small worshipping congregation, and being lighted made it quite a prominent object. After quiet was somewhat restored, Captain Patterson, in order to learn their further intentions, gave them, by order, a few shells. This caused them to fire upon the town at least twelve or fifteen shells, showing their malicious spirit. The guns from the Federal side were back of the town, near the Protestant Episcopal Church, but the range of their guns was upon the town itself. This, of course, produced the utmost consternation among the women and children. Fortunately "nobody was hurt." The cannonading continued for an hour, and was a beautiful sight indeed. The whole town was quickly illuminated by the burning of a barn on the Virginia side, belonging to the notorious rebel, Johnston Orrick, a member of the rebel Virginia Convention, elected a Union man, but turned a traitor.

The object of the rebels soon became apparent by the burning of railroad ties and the tearing up of the railroad. But, strange to say, they did not destroy the regimental stores of the Thirty-ninth Illinois, stored at Alpine Depot, nor did they remove them, though completely in their power. They perpetrated a shameless act of vandalism on Monday night by plundering the house of a Union man, Mr. Henry, at Alpine Depot, and then burning it to the ground. However, as an offset to this, they consumed with it the store-building of those notorious rebels of Hancock—Bridges & Henderson, who have given the loyal

citizens of that place, as they say, more trouble than any enemies on either side of the river.

But I anticipate. On Sunday morning a flag of truce was brought over from the rebels to Gen. Lander, who had arrived a few hours previous, coolly demanding the surrender of the town, or its bombardment in an hour. Orders were given inhabitants to leave, which was quickly obeyed, and at 12 m. the Federal guns, three in number, opened on the five planted on the hill opposite. Several rebels are known to be killed by ours, but theirs did no damage whatever, and did not seem to be aimed at the town. They withdrew on Tuesday. We have no fears of their return to Hancock.

The rebels have done but little damage. The bridge at Little Cacapon was only partially destroyed, and may be repaired in a day. They were repulsed at all points above that. Their attack seems to have been all along the line, but by no means a successful one. If we had but the generals to lead us, and the quartermasters to provide us regular food, we could drive them out of the Valley of Virginia. They will not stand and fight at any other point than Manassas, and are not prepared to hold Winchester. Why can we not go after them as readily as they can after us?

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

CAMP "NARY CAMP," near Ungoe's Store, }
MORGAN COUNTY, VA., Jan. 10, 1862. }

General Jackson's command is now stationed in the woods around and about here, and as there has been no name given to the encampment, I have christened it "Nary Camp," for we are in the wilderness, each regiment choosing the best ground it could, and no regularity has been observed in laying off the encampment.

This command left Winchester on the first day of January, and proceeded on the Romney road a short distance, when it filed to the right and marched towards Morgan County. The weather the first day was pleasant, but dusty; the second day was very cold, and as the road was a very bad one, our wagons were unable to keep up with the troops, and the men had to lie out on the ground, without covering and without any thing to eat. On the morning of the third day the wagons caught up, and the force was allowed a short time to cook and eat, and then again they proceeded on the march, the weather being very cold and the troops suffering much.

After passing another night with little rest we again proceeded on our journey, the weather being now intensely cold, and to add to our sufferings, it commenced snowing rapidly about the middle of the day. The troops, however, continued on until within about four miles of Bath, a small village, when our advance, consisting of Colonel Gilham's brigade, came upon a scouting party of the enemy, which fired into them, and which was promptly returned by Company F, of Richmond, and Company B, of Baltimore, putting the Yankees to rout. Lieutenant Payne, of Company F, was seriously wounded in the

neck, and private William Exall, of the same company, wounded in the leg, which had to be amputated, and which, I regret to say, has since caused his death. Our army now encamped for the night, and such a night I never desire to witness again. The snow, rain, and hail fell the whole night, and we had again to endure it without blankets or covering of any kind; but the men were so fatigued nature could hold out no longer, and down they would drop on the wet ground, and sleep as well as they could, having made large fires. The roads were now almost impassable, in consequence of the sleet and ice, and the horses with difficulty kept their feet. It was late Saturday morning before the wagons could reach us, when another opportunity was given the men to cook and eat something.

Another start was made on Saturday morning, and in a short time afterwards the sound of cannon announced our approach to Bath, where a force of the enemy had taken up winter quarters. As we advanced on them, they continued firing on us, doing no damage, however. A portion of our force was deployed to the left, for the purpose of charging their batteries, which the enemy no sooner saw than they spiked their two batteries, and ran helter skelter through the town and down the road to the Maryland shore, a distance of six miles, a portion of Ashby's cavalry in hot pursuit, and the infantry and artillery following rapidly after; but so swift-footed were their movements that our cavalry did not reach them until they got to the banks of the Potomac, where they had got in ambush, and as our cavalry advanced, they fired a volley into them, wounded three of those gallant men seriously, a lieutenant having received shots in both arms and in the breast.

The cavalry then fell back to the main body, and a piece of artillery was ordered forward, and taking its position, it shelled the woods with grape and canister. It was now late in the night, and the whole force was ordered back a short distance, with the exception of the Twenty-third Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Taliaferro, and the First Georgia, Colonel Thompson, and a battery, who were ordered to remain as a picket-guard; and there they remained standing in the road, with no fires, and so intensely cold that numbers fell in their places and had to be borne to the rear. The soles of the shoes actually froze to the ground, and the suffering of the men was awful to witness; but still there was little complaint, and all were eager to meet the enemy who were so close to us.

Sunday morning, about daybreak, found the Potomac river and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad directly in front of us, half a mile distant, with the pretty little town of Hancock on the opposite shore, in Maryland, where the enemy, in considerable force were quartered. General Jackson, early in the morning, sent a flag of truce by Colonel Ashby, to the authorities of the town, notifying the inhabitants to vacate the place, as he intended to bombard it, and gave them two hours to do so. Our batteries were then placed in position, the remainder of the

force being still in the rear, excepting the Twenty-third and First Georgia, who still remained within range of the enemy's guns.

At the expiration of the time allowed, our batteries opened on the enemy's batteries, which they faintly replied to, their shots falling short. Our guns kept up a brisk fire for about an hour, and the firing then ceased on both sides for the day. Not a man hurt on our side; on that of the enemy we were unable to tell. For reasons known to himself, General Jackson concluded not to burn the town, and did not fire a shell into it for that purpose.

Monday morning the enemy commenced the ball, and having no doubt been reinforced during the night, their shot and shell fell thick and fast all around us, without, however, doing any damage, save wounding severely a Tennessean in the face and head. Our pieces did not reply at all to their firing; but a large number of the troops were busily engaged in carrying off from the enemy's Commissary Department, which was on this side of the Potomac, large quantities of army stores, clothing, shoes, etc., which was done with considerable exposure, as the house was in range of the Yankees' muskets, and occasionally they would fire shells at the buildings.

While this was going on in the main road, Rust's Third Arkansas, Fulkerson's Thirty-seventh, and Marye's Hampden battery were ordered at Bath to take a road to the left of the main body, and proceed in that way to the Potomac and burn the Capon bridge and tear up some of the railroad track. In marching down they were ambuscaded by the enemy, but the two regiments nobly stood their ground, and the gallant Thirty-seventh charged them at the point of the bayonet, which, of course, the enemy could not stand, as they are decidedly opposed to cold steel. Our regiments then proceeded to perform their work—the destruction of the bridge—in the execution of which they were at first annoyed by the enemy's long-range guns, until Marye sent them howling away by a few well-directed charges of grape and shell. They succeeded in burning the bridge, tearing up some of the railroad, and then returned to the main body on Monday. They lost in the engagement two men in each regiment, and several wounded. Colonels Rust, Fulkerson, and Carson, and Majors Manning and Williams, were in the thickest of the fight, and nobly led their men on; but their gallant men did not need much enticing to engage their hated foe. I regret to say that Captain Alexander, of Company I, Third Arkansas, lost an arm in this engagement. Both of these regiments belong to Colonel Wm. B. Taliaferro's Fourth brigade, and the other two—Twenty-third and First Georgia—were on picket-duty from Saturday night till Tuesday morning, when our army proceeded to return, having accomplished its object.

The result of this expedition, as far as I am able to sum up, is as follows: The capture of thirty or forty prisoners, the driving of the enemy from this part of Virginia's soil, the capture of a number of guns, overcoats, clothing, shoes, four

wagon-loads of fine dressed leather, and a number of other articles, the destruction of a fine bridge and a portion of the railroad track.

The sufferings of the troops have been intense, and several have died from exposure to the cold and inclement weather. There are large numbers now sick, and one brigade reports five hundred and thirty-two on the sick-list.

We reached our present encampment Wednesday night, and are now waiting further orders. Where we are going next and what we are to do, deponent knoweth not.

Brigadier-General Loring met with an accident yesterday, by his horse slipping upon the ice. He was badly bruised, but I am pleased to say that his injuries are slight.

Marye's battery, Company F, and the Sharpshooters, from your city, are with this army. The men are in tolerable health, I believe, and have behaved well. Colonel John M. Patton, Jr., is also with us, and in good health.

Doc. 6.

GEO. B. CRITTENDEN'S PROCLAMATION.

THE Proclamation was taken from the fortified entrenchments near Mill Springs :

PROCLAMATION.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, MILL SPRINGS, KY.,
January 6th, 1862.

To the People of Kentucky :

When the present war between the Confederate States and the United States commenced, the State of Kentucky determined to remain neutral. She regarded this as her highest interest, and balancing between hope for the restoration of the Union and love for her Southern sisters, she declared and attempted to maintain a firm neutrality.

The conduct of the United States Government toward her has been marked with duplicity, falsehood, and wrong. From the very beginning, the President of the United States, in his messages, spoke of the chosen attitude of Kentucky with open denunciation, and on the one hand treated it with contempt and derision, while, on the other hand, he privately promised the people of Kentucky that it should be respected. In violation of this pledge, but in keeping with his first and true intention, he introduced into the State arms which were placed exclusively in the hands of persons known or believed to be in favor of coercion, thus designing to control the people of Kentucky, and to threaten the Confederate States. Then the government of the Confederate States, in self-defence, advanced its arms into your midst, and offers you their assistance to protect you from the calamity of Northern military occupation.

By the administration of your State government, Kentucky was being held to the United States, and bound at the feet of Northern tyranny. That government did not rest upon the consent of your people. And now, having

thrown it off, a new government has been established, and Kentucky admitted into the Southern Confederacy. Can Kentuckians doubt which government to sustain? To the South you are allied by interest, by trade, by geography, by similarity of institutions, by the ties of blood, and by kindred courage. The markets of the North do not invite your products; your State is, to the centre of its trade, society, and laws, but a distant province, despised for its customs and institutions; your heroic lineage forbids association in arms with their warriors of Manassas, of Leesburg, and of Belmont; and your former devotion to the Union must intensify your hatred toward that section which has, in its abolition crusade, broken to pieces the Constitution, and which is now vainly endeavoring to destroy the liberty of the Southern States!

At first you may have been deceived as to the purposes of the North. They talked of restoring the Union. Do you not see that it is hopelessly lost in the storm of war, and that while the rotten government of the North is shaking over its ruins the South has erected out of them a new, powerful, and free constitutional republic! And now, indeed, the mask is thrown off, and you find the North through its President, and Secretary of War, and public journals, and party leaders, giving up the claim of Union, and proclaiming THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY AND THE SUBJUGATION OF THE SOUTH. Can you join in this enterprise? The South would never in any event consent to a reconstruction. She is contending with unconquerable spirit, with great military power, with unbroken success, for constitutional freedom and for her own national government. Where is your spirit of other days, that you do not rush to her victorious standard? Shall the sons of Tennessee, Virginia, Mississippi, and other Southern States, with whom you have gathered the laurels on other battle-fields, win them all in this war of Independence, while you are inactive and lost in slothful indolence? May the proud genius of my native Kentucky forbid it.

In these mountains, where freedom and patriotism stir the human heart, can you sleep with the clarion of a glorious war ringing in your ear? True, you have refused to bear the arms and wear the livery of Northern despotism. Their base hirelings have been among you, but have not seduced you into their ranks. Will you stay at home and let noble bands of soldiers, armed in your cause as in their own, pass on to battle-fields on your own soil, consecrated by no deed of your valor?

Having assumed command of the forces of the Confederate States on Cumberland river, in southeastern Kentucky, I make this appeal to you. You are already assured that we come among you as friends and brothers, to protect you in your persons, liberties, and property, and only to make war against the invaders of your home and our common enemies. I invoke you to receive us as brothers, and to come to our camp and share with us the dangers and the honor of

this struggle. Come to these headquarters, as individuals or in companies, and you will be at once accepted and mustered in, with pay and arms from the government of the Confederate States. At first many Kentuckians entered the army of the South for the great cause it supports, now this has become the cause of Kentucky, and it is your duty to espouse it. Duty and honor unite in this call upon you. Will you join in the moving columns of the South, or is the spirit of Kentucky dead?

GEO. B. CRITTENDEN, Major-General.

—*Louisville Journal*, Jan. 29.

Doc. 7.

MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR LETCHER.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Jan. 6, 1862.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Delegates:

I received from his Excellency Joseph E. Brown, Governor of the State of Georgia, a communication enclosing joint resolutions adopted by the Legislature of that State, and approved December 11, 1861. These resolutions relate to matters of the first importance, and they command my cordial approbation. They declare the sentiment of the Southern Confederacy, and will be enthusiastically responded to by the people of all classes.

In communicating these resolutions to the General Assembly, I embrace the opportunity to fill up a hiatus in the history of the State, growing out of her changed relations. Virginia dissolved her connection with the Government of the United States on the 17th day of April last, having watched closely the political conduct of President Lincoln and his Cabinet from the 4th day of March preceding. A large portion of our people believed, from the revelations of his inaugural message, that he designed to subjugate the South, and much of his policy, as developed in the first six weeks of his administration, tended to confirm and strengthen this belief. The appearance of his proclamation, however, calling on Virginia and other States for volunteers, removed all doubts, and made it plain and palpable that subjugation was his object. He had revealed his purpose, by the issue of his proclamation, to use Virginians, if possible, in coercing their Southern slaveholding brethren into submission to his will and obedience to his government and authority. Virginia, seeing that the only hope of preserving her rights and honor as a State and the liberties of her people consisted in dissolving her connection with the Government of the United States and resuming her sovereignty, adopted that course, and subsequently determined to unite her destiny with her Southern sisters. She did so; and her Convention, being at the time in session, adopted such ordinances and regulations as were necessary to protect her citizens against the machinations of enemies at home and the encroachments of enemies from abroad.

Events that have transpired since the 17th day of April last have more than confirmed the worst apprehensions of the people of Virginia, and have

furnished an ample and complete justification for the secession of the State. All the wicked results apprehended when she seceded have been fearfully realized, and they now constitute an important chapter in the history of the stirring times in which we live.

Such were the considerations that influenced and determined the action of Virginia.

I now propose to show that while President Lincoln professes to have inaugurated this war for preservation and perpetuation of the Constitution in its spirit and letter, he has violated in the most direct manner many of its most important provisions. I propose, in the next place, to compare his conduct with the conduct of George the Third, and to prove, by reference to this Declaration of Independence, that most of his acts have been identical with those denounced by our forefathers as justifiable grounds for our separation from the mother country.

The war which has been waged against us by President Lincoln is the most unnatural, and, at the same time, the most disgraceful that has ever occurred. We are struggling for our rights and liberties, for the protection of persons and property, and for the preservation of the honor and institutions of the South. The ruthless assault that has been made upon us and the unjustifiable attempt to submission present a most extraordinary spectacle in the eyes of the civilized world.

When a Secretary of War can quietly seat himself at his desk and coolly, calmly, and deliberately commit to paper a recommendation to arm the slaves of the Southern States, place them in the field and incite them to hostility to their masters and the destruction of their families, what extreme may we not reasonably anticipate from an administration that retains such an official in its service? When an administration can go to work to destroy ports in States, over which they claim to have jurisdiction, by sinking obstructions in the channels of our rivers and harbors, (a policy unheard of among civilized nations,) what enormity may we not be prepared to expect?

President Lincoln and his Cabinet have annulled the Constitution, have suspended the writ of habeas corpus, and have declared martial law without constitutional warrant, but in defiance of it. Representative government has ceased to command their respect, and the direct tendency now in what remains of the late United States Government is inevitably toward consolidation and despotism. Passion and prejudice, avarice and selfishness, malignity and meanness have controlled their action and directed their efforts against us.

Having presented these general views, I now present specifications showing in what particulars the Constitution has been violated. Some of these specifications show violations anterior to the secession of Virginia; others show violations equally palpable subsequent to her secession.

In the preamble to the Constitution of the United States our forefathers declared the pur-

poses and objects they had in view in the formation of the government, and those purposes and objects were "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to themselves and their posterity. The Government has been so administered and directed as to defeat all these purposes and objects. Justice has not been established, nor is it respected by President Lincoln and his Cabinet. Domestic tranquillity has not been insured, but domestic disturbance has been inaugurated and encouraged. The common defence has not been provided for, but Northern arms have been levelled at Southern breasts, and the welfare of our people has been totally disregarded. The blessings of liberty have not been secured to us, but we have found the Federal authorities exerting all their power and using all the means at their command to reduce the Southern people to abject submission to Northern numbers.

President Lincoln and his Cabinet have wilfully and deliberately proposed to violate every provision of the third section of the fourth article of the Constitution, which each one of them solemnly swore or affirmed, in the presence of Almighty God, to "preserve, protect, and defend." That section is in these words:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, nor any State formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned as well as of the Congress."

They have deliberately proposed to annex certain counties in Maryland to Virginia, and thus form the new State of Kanawha, within the jurisdiction of Virginia, without the consent of the Legislatures of those States and of Congress. They have proposed to take the four counties lying in the Pan Handle from Virginia and attach them to Pennsylvania, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States interested and of Congress. They have proposed to join the eastern counties of Virginia to Maryland, and thus make a new State by the junction of parts of two States, without the consent of the Legislatures of those States and of Congress. These propositions present a most plain and glaring violation of the Constitution, and evidence an intensity of malignity toward Virginia and Virginians without a parallel in the history of the United States.

The first amendment to the Constitution, declares "that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." President Lincoln, and his Cabinet, have wilfully disregarded the spirit of this article. Numerous instances could be cited to prove that the solemnities of an oath have not restrained them in their efforts to abridge "the freedom of speech," and to muzzle "the press." The numberless arrests made by them in Western and Eastern Virginia, in Kentucky, in Missouri, in Maryland, in Washington City, and also in the free States,

when nothing more was charged against the parties arrested, than the declaration of their opinion, in condemnation of the policy of President Lincoln and his Cabinet, show that freedom of speech is not tolerated by them. The notorious fact that papers have been suppressed in New-York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, by the exercise of Executive power, fully attests a scandalous usurpation for the destruction of the independence of the press.

The President, and his Cabinet, and the military officers under their direction and control, have violated the fourth article of the amendment to the Constitution, which guarantees "the rights of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures," and declares that it "shall not be violated." This article has been habitually disregarded, and every observant man will call to mind numerous instances of the violation—the results of suspicion merely.

He, and his Cabinet, have violated, as deliberately and wilfully, the fifth article of the amendments to the Constitution, which is in these words:

"No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

Without a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, they have, on mere suspicion of crime, caused men and women to be arrested, and confined under strong guards, and have detained them for weeks and months. They have prostituted the telegraph to their uses, for the purpose of communicating orders for the arrest of suspected persons, repudiating all those safeguards which the law has wisely thrown around the citizen for his protection. Desolation has followed in the footsteps of the Federal army. Neither life, liberty, nor property, has been respected by them. They have murdered many of the best citizens of the country, they have incarcerated others in jails and forts, and they have seized and appropriated private property to public use without just compensation to the owner.

He, and his Cabinet, have disregarded the injunctions of the sixth article of the amendments to the Constitution, not less flagrantly than those to which I have referred. That article declares:

"In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, to be confronted with the wit-

nesses against him, to have a compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence."

He, and his Cabinet, have seized large numbers of our citizens; withdrawn them from their homes, their families and their business; cast them into loathsome prisons; refused to inform them of the cause and nature of the accusation against them; denied to them the right and opportunity of consultation with friends or counsel, and have withheld from them a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury. They would neither confront them with the witnesses against them, nor could they allow them to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in their favor.

The conduct of President Lincoln has been as oppressive and tyrannical, towards the Confederate States, as the acts of the King of Great Britain, which caused our first Revolution, were toward the colonies. The comparison cannot fail to make its impression upon the mind even of the casual observer.

President Lincoln has plundered the public treasury, and has delivered at least forty thousand dollars to Pierpoint, to enable him, and his traitorous associates in the Commonwealth of Virginia, to overthrow the State government, and to organize, within the limits of this State, a new government. He has thus been guilty of the unprincipled conduct of using the people's money to lavish upon traitors, and encourage them to perseverance in their work of treason.

"The history" of Abraham Lincoln "is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having for their object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these" Confederate States.

To this end "he has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power."

He has combined with Pierpont, and other traitors in Virginia, "to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation."

He is endeavoring to quarter "large bodies of armed troops amongst us."

He is endeavoring to cut off "our trade with all parts of the world."

He is endeavoring to impose "taxes upon us without our consent."

He is endeavoring to deprive us, "in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury."

"He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us."

"He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns and destroyed the lives of our people."

"He is at this time transporting large bodies of mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation."

He has endeavored to excite domestic insurrections amongst us by proposing to put arms in the

hands of our slaves, and thereby encouraging them to "an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions."

He has violated laws human and divine, to gratify his passions, to glut his prejudices, and to wreak his vengeance upon a people who ask only their rights, and who are struggling to preserve their liberties. Can a government, conducted upon such principles, endure?

In every stage of these oppressions, attempted or consummated, prior to the secession of the State, we warned President Lincoln, and the Northern people, of the inevitable consequences of their course, and admonished them that, if justice was not accorded to us, the Union must be dissolved. In every state of these oppressions, since the secession of the State, we have resisted them as became a free people asserting independence. Our admonitions and resistance have been answered by repeated injury and oppression, aggravated by war and bloodshed, and by the assumption and exercise of power, which even an autocrat would hesitate to assume and exercise. A President "whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be a ruler of a free people."

I have thus presented:

1. The considerations that influenced and controlled the action of Virginia in separating herself from the government of the United States, and resuming her sovereignty.

2. The results which President Lincoln's policy gave us fearful reason to apprehend, and which are now matters of history stamped indelibly upon its pages. In these I enumerate its repeated violations of a constitution which he had solemnly sworn to support.

3. I have run a parallel between the conduct of President Lincoln and George the Third, and have demonstrated that the former has shown himself not less a tyrant and usurper than the latter.

The Constitution of the United States has had no binding efficacy upon us since the 17th day of April last. On that day we repudiated it, and declared to the world that we would not be longer bound by its provisions. From that day Virginia dates a new era. Her own constitution, her laws, and her ordinances constituted the rule for her guidance from that day forward, until her union with the Confederate States was consummated. While she occupied a position as an independent State, she deported herself with the grace and dignity that became "the Mother of States;" after her Union with the Confederate government, she fulfilled her obligations faithfully in her new relation.

The occurrences of the past nine months have demonstrated conclusively, that we cannot live together as equals under the Government of the United States; and the habitual violation of the provisions of the Constitution, and the open disregard of the laws by President Lincoln and his officials, render governmental association between us impossible. Mutual respect between the citizens of the Southern Confederacy and those of the

North has ceased to exist. Mutual confidence has been succeeded by mutual distrust, and mutual good will by mutual aversion. No government can be enduring, which does not possess the affection and respect of the governed. It cannot be that the people of the Confederate States can again entertain a feeling of affection and respect for the Government of the United States. We have, therefore, separated from them, and *now let it be understood, that the separation "is and ought to be final and irrevocable"—that Virginia will, under no circumstances, entertain any proposition, from any quarter, which may have for its object a restoration or reconstruction of the late Union, on any terms and conditions whatever.*

We must be content with nothing less than the unqualified recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy and its nationality by the Government of the United States; and to this end we must meet the issue they have tendered to us with spirit, energy and determination, and with a firm resolve, on the part of each of the Confederate States, that everything shall be done that may be necessary to insure the triumph of our arms, and thus secure our liberty and independence for the South.

In conclusion, I recommend that, before your adjournment, this day, you reëfirm, by solemn vote in each House, the resolutions adopted by the General Assembly of Georgia. The Empire State of the South has spoken, let not "the Mother of States" remain silent on a subject of so much significance and importance to the Southern Confederacy.

Respectfully. JOHN LETCHER.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., Dec. 16, 1861. }

His Excellency John Letcher :

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of joint resolutions, adopted by the General Assembly of Georgia. The Legislature has not directed me to forward them, but I do so under the conviction that you will be pleased to learn the action of Georgia on the important subject to which they relate. Very respectfully,

JOSEPH E. BROWN.

JOINT RESOLUTIONS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
STATE OF GEORGIA, PASSED AT ITS LATE SESSION.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of Georgia, in General Assembly met, That it is the sense of this General Assembly, that the separation of those States now forming the Confederate States of America, from the United States, is, and ought to be, final and irrevocable; and that Georgia will, under no circumstances, entertain any proposition, from any quarter, which may have for its object a restoration or reconstruction of the late Union, on any terms or conditions whatever.

Resolved, That the war which the United States are waging upon the Confederate States, should be met on our part with the utmost vigor and energy, until our independence and nationality

are unconditionally acknowledged by the United States.

Resolved, That Georgia pledges herself to her sister States of the Confederacy that she will stand by them throughout the struggle—she will contribute all the means which her resources will supply, so far as the same may be necessary to the support of the common cause; and will not consent to lay down arms until peace is established on the basis of the foregoing resolutions.

WARREN AIKEN,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

L. CARRINGTON,

Clerk of the House of Representatives.

JOHN BILLUPS,

President of the Senate.

JAMES M. MOBLEY,

Secretary of the Senate.

Approved December 11, 1861.

JOSEPH E. BROWN,

Governor.

Doc. 8.

THE BATTLE OF BLUE'S GAP, VA.

THE *Wheeling Press* published the following letter from Romney, giving the details of the expedition by a portion of General Kelley's troops against the rebels at Blue's Gap:

ROMNEY, VA., January 8, 1862.

Night before last we were informed that we would move on Blue's Gap during the night. Our information of the country and of the force of the enemy was meagre and uncertain. A about midnight the regiments began to muster and form, and by half-past twelve the column was in motion. The night was excessively cold, and we suffered not a little from that cause.

About half-past seven o'clock we arrived at a height from which we could see the Gap and the bridge. Colonel Dunning, who commanded the expedition, seeing an attempt being made to burn the bridge, ordered the Fifth Ohio regiment to advance at double quick. This was done with a shout, and in a few minutes they were on a bank within two hundred yards of the bridge, pouring in bullets at such a rate that the attempt to burn and tear up the floor was abandoned. Colonel Dunning then ordered his men to charge on the bridge and over it, and compelled a negro woman at Blue's house to show him the road up to the left.

Colonel Dunning led the Fifth Ohio rapidly into the mountain, to which the rebels had fled. There a sharp engagement ensued; whole volleys of musketry were heard, and it was soon discovered that the rebels were firing from behind a breastwork on the top of the mountain. As soon as Colonel Dunning discovered this, he ordered his men to fix bayonets and charge. While this was being done, the rebels left in haste for their camp at the foot of the mountain and back of the Gap.

While the above action was going on, Colonel Mason charged up the mountain to the right, with

the Fourth Ohio, and drove the rebels from the rocks on that side. Some sharp firing occurred in that direction. In the mean time, but when the firing had nearly ceased on the mountains, the Eighth Ohio led the way down the Gap, followed by the First Virginia, Seventh Ohio, and the Fourth Indiana. Col. Dunning having passed on and taken the two pieces of artillery, with their caissons and horses, also a wagon and horses, with the Fifth Ohio regiment, returned and ordered the cavalry to charge. His orders were obeyed with promptness, but the rebels had taken to the mountains. The artillery could not be used, and not a shot was fired from cannon on either side during the action.

The rebels were surprised, and it was a complete rout. We found eight dead bodies on the field, or rather among the rocks; there may have been more, but they were not reported. And, singular as it may appear, not a man of ours received even a scratch from a bullet. I can account for this only upon the ground that our guns were some of the best in the world, while theirs were probably inferior arms.

The whole thing was a brilliant affair, and was over in a half-hour after the action commenced on the mountain.

Our force consisted of detachments of the Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth Ohio, the Fourteenth Indiana, and the First Virginia, together with two companies of cavalry and Daum's battery, with a section of Howard's battery—in all, about two thousand five hundred men. Our information led us to expect about two thousand rebels, but the citizens and negroes agreed in stating their force at eight hundred. All went on well, until some crazy soldiers, encouraged by some of the officers, commenced burning houses; and I am sorry to say that several houses were burned along the road as they returned.

The mill and Blue's house, which were used for soldiers' quarters, were burned, perhaps properly, as they constituted a shelter, and might have been used again for a nest of bushwhackers, but the burning of dwellings along the road was a piece of vandalism which should be punished with death, not only of the men who did it, but the officers who countenanced and encouraged it.

OBSERVER.

ANOTHER NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

ROMNEY, VA., Jan. 9, }
Fifth Regiment O. V., U. S. A. }

You have no doubt learned by telegraph that at last our regiment has been brought in contact with the enemy. Perhaps a more detailed account, and one that you may be assured is honest, may not be uninteresting to you.

On Sunday night, the 5th inst., we were ordered to cook three days' rations, and hold ourselves in readiness for a movement in light marching orders. The weather was intensely cold, the ground covered with six inches of snow, which a stiff northwester had drifted into heaps along the roads, rendering them almost impassable. Yet

with what joy did the boys prepare their rations and discuss the prospects of a fight.

But that night passed and all day of the 6th without our receiving marching orders. On the evening of the 6th—my birthday—I was detailed as acting sergeant of the guard nightly placed over the intrenchments on the Winchester road. With a foreboding that I was about to miss an opportunity of joining the gallant Fifth in action, I walked the two miles of the slippery road, mounted the guard, and after giving the corporals their instructions, wrapped myself in my blanket and was soon asleep. I was awakened by the rumbling of artillery, and jumping up, learned from the boys that a large force was moving toward the enemy.

Taking my gun and blanket, and without saying a word to those I left behind, I joined the Fourteenth Indiana, then passing. Of course you will say I was wrong in thus "deserting my post," but you would hesitate to blame me if you could imagine how hard it is for a soldier, young and enthusiastic in the cause, to see his comrades go into action and remain behind.

Our outpost pickets were more than three miles from our intrenchments, and our forces were proceeding against those of whose approach we were ordered to give warning. I may have disobeyed orders, but think that in acting as I did, I followed the spirit of my oath of enlistment. Well, it was one o'clock A.M. on the 7th, when I joined the column. The night was clear and very cold, the stars shining with that sparkling radiance peculiar to winter. The hills and valleys were clothed in a glittering garment of snow, and the whole scene wrapped in winter beauty.

But this snow tended materially to delay our movements. Even where the road was level our feet slipped at every step, making the march, as we afterward discovered, the most severe we had yet undertaken. But the prospect appeared so good for a fight that we hardly felt our limbs gradually flag in their efforts, or our steps more dragging and painful. The column marched in the following order:

First, the advance guard one hundred and fifty strong, composed of detachments from companies of the Fifth Ohio, all under command of Captain Symmes of Company C—Rovers. This guard, after we passed the outposts, was flanked by skirmishers, who scoured the hills on both sides of the road. Then came the Ringgold Cavalry, Captain Keyes, about seventy strong; then the Fifth Ohio, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick, six hundred strong; then the Fourth Ohio, Colonel Mason, Daum's Pennsylvania Battery, two pieces of Clark's Reg. Battery, the Eighth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana, Seventh Ohio, and First Virginia, the whole force under command of Colonel Dunning of the Fifth Ohio. I had to make my way from the Indiana boys to the Fifth. Being obliged, of course, to use greater speed than the rest, and exerting to the utmost my pedestrian powers, I reached my company before it had passed the pickets at our outpost.

As soon as this point was passed, I was de-

tailed, with others, to take charge of the squads from our company who were skirmishers. You can imagine what work this was — breaking through the tangled undergrowth over the slippery snow. We were ordered back to our company as soon as relieved, and managed to remain with the extreme advance. As we approached every house on the road we surrounded it, and extracted from the owner what information we could concerning the pickets and position of the enemy. When we had got about fourteen miles we came upon their pickets, three of whom were cavalry and one infantry. As soon as we came in sight the horsemen mounted and galloped off toward the Gap, but Captain Keyes' men overtook and captured them. The foot-soldier was asleep when his comrades aroused him; he raised his musket, but Captain Keyes, pointing at him his revolver, ordered him to surrender, whereat he dropped his gun in the snow, and gave himself up. It was now broad day. The Gap was distant two miles, and the enemy unaware of our close proximity, and yet, to our surprise and disappointment, no rest was given us. The cavalry was ordered to the rear of the artillery, and Colonel Dunning, in a stentorian voice, ordered: "Forward double-quick!" No sooner did the boys take up the cadence of the step, than they commenced to yell like so many savages. This was unfortunate; for long before we came within good shot, the enemy was aware of our approach, and made their preparations.

About four hundred yards this side of Blue's Gap, is a bridge crossing a large stream. I was in the advance guard, and on coming to the bridge we saw four or five of the rascals tearing up the planks at the other end.

On seeing us they fled, but we had the ineffable consolation of tumbling them over, as they were running down the road. We replaced the plank, and now rejoined our company by command of Col. Dunning. I will now try to give you a brief description of the position, strength, and character of the enemy at Blue's Gap. The Gap is formed of two very high hills, which, as they approach the road, become fearful and towering precipices. The road and stream between these two hills are not more than twenty feet wide. This pass, so strongly fortified by nature, was defended by the two cannon of the enemy. The hill north of the Gap was protected by a rifle-pit, that on the south was undefended, the rebels supposing that human beings could not mount the rocky and almost perpendicular mountain side. Just back of the earthwork, on the north side, the hill descends abruptly to the road beyond; the hill, on the south, has a much more gradual slope. At the upper end of this gap are two roads branching from the main one, leading north to Little Capon, on the railroad, and on the south to Moorfield. Col. Dunning ordered the Fifth Ohio to charge the works on the north hill, the Fourth to go over the mountain on the south, and the Seventh to push along the road, as soon as we had well opened the action.

The Fifth mounted the hill with alacrity, but

so difficult was the ascent that long before the brow of the hill was passed, and we came under fire, all order was at an end. I passed ahead of the company, and going among the Company A boys, was among the first to come into range.

There were only about three hundred men in the intrenchments. They fired about five rounds at us before we got to them. The Colonel, with his voice of thunder, as near us as the fallen timber would let him, encouraged us on to the fight. "Go in, now, at last, my bullies; go over their entrenchments!" "Remember Cincinnati!" For a time the bullets whistled over our heads with quite a charming music, but when about twenty yards from the rebels they scattered in every direction over the hills, leaving about twelve killed in the works, and as many prisoners. We who had come up first, rushed down the hill on the other side, and reaching the two cannon as they were about to be limbered up, bayoneted the gunners and secured the pieces and caissons. A few of us ran up the Capon road after the fugitives, but they soon scattered over the hills and disappeared. Two of them, however, fired at us from a house by the road-side, into which we rushed, accompanied by an Irishman from Company A. The rebels tried, in an awkward manner to defend themselves, but we pinned them to the logs of the wall and left them crying: "Oh! oh!" The Irishman said *they would never get any further in their letters!*

In the mean time, the Fourth Ohio had gone over these hills like so many wild-cats, and captured thirty-five of the enemy. The other regiments were too far in the rear for the fun. We learned from the prisoners that the rebel force was one thousand eight hundred men, Virginia militia, under Col. Blue.

Of these forty were killed and about the same number captured. I counted thirty dead, and, strange to say, we did not lose a man! We burned Col. Blue's house, his mill and out-buildings, and many other houses in the vicinity used for quarters. We drove home a large herd of cattle, and hauled away a number of wagon-loads of ammunition and stores. After everything of value was destroyed, the order was given to return home. Although the road was in much better condition than during the night, yet the walking was fatiguing enough. We left the Gap at noon, and reached camp at four P.M., thus making the expedition and march of thirty-two miles in seventeen hours.

All but two regiments have had orders to leave this post for some point on the railroad; we are to remain behind. —*Cincinnati Gazette*, January 21.

Doc. 9.

BATTLE OF JENNIE CREEK, KY.

FOUGHT JANUARY 7, 1862.

THE following is a detailed account of the battle between Colonel Garfield and General Marshall, in which the latter was defeated and routed:

CAMP BUELL, NEAR PAINTSVILLE, }
JOHNSON CO., KY., JANUARY 20. }

On the morning of the 7th of January the command, composed of the Forty-second Ohio and the Fourteenth Kentucky, and Major McLaughlin's squadron of Ohio cavalry, making an effective force of about fifteen hundred men, broke up their camp on the Muddy Creek, and moved into Paintsville, the county-seat of Johnson County, Kentucky. While on the march we were reinforced by a battalion of the First Virginia cavalry, under Colonel Bolles, and by three hundred of the Twenty-second Kentucky, raising our force to about twenty-two hundred men. The enemy, under Humphrey Marshall, numbering five thousand men, and having a battery of four pieces, learning of our approach, and also of that of the Fortieth Ohio and of four hundred of Colonel Wolford's cavalry by the way of Mount Sterling and the valley of the Paint Creek, had, two days previously, after burning large quantities of grain, broken up from his intrenched camp, three miles south of this point, and effected his retreat to the heights on Middle Creek, distant from here fifteen miles and from Prestonburg two miles, leaving a corps of observation at the mouth of Jennie Creek, three miles west from here, of three hundred cavalry, and a large force of infantry, about seven miles up Jennie Creek, to protect and facilitate the passage of his trains.

Immediately on our arrival Colonel Garfield, learning of the position of the aforesaid cavalry, but unaware of the whereabouts of the other divisions of the rebel force, immediately commenced the erection of a pontoon or floating bridge across the Paint, and at four P.M. crossed with eight companies of the Forty-second Ohio, and two companies of the Fourteenth Kentucky, with a view of making an armed reconnoissance, and if possible of cutting off and capturing the cavalry. At two P.M. he had despatched Colonel Bolles' cavalry and one company of the Forty-second, under the command of Captain S. M. Barber, with orders to give a good account of the aforesaid cavalry. But later in the day, on learning of the possibility of cutting them off, had sent orders to Colonel Bolles not to attack them until he had had time to get in their rear. Not receiving the last orders, and indeed before they were issued, Colonel Bolles, in obedience to the first orders, crossed the Paint by fording, and vigorously assaulting the enemy soon put them to an inglorious flight up the valley of Jennie. In their haste, followed as they were up the narrow road by the gallant cavalry, they strewed the road with their equipments, while here and there a dead body showed that they were losing men as well. The pursuit was kept up for seven miles, right into the infantry division guarding the train, who, stationed on either side of the road that did not permit more than two to ride abreast opened a heavy cross-fire on the cavalry, compelling them to fall back, and finally to retreat, which they did in good order, having inflicted a loss of twenty-five in killed and wounded, according to rebel account, and losing but two in killed,

and one wounded. Meanwhile Colonel Garfield, with his command, having tarried a short time to fully explore the enemy's deserted fortifications, (consisting of lunettes, breastworks, rifle-pits and a fort situated on the top of a conical hill,) and wholly unaware of what had taken place, pressed forward to the hoped for consummation of the march. But few miles had been traversed, however, when the evidences of a hasty retreat became so apparent that all were convinced that the game had flown. The object of the march having been thus thwarted, an early return to our camp at Paintsville became our aim, and we accomplished it at the dawn. A harder march was, I venture say, never endured by troops in the same length of time. At nine A.M. on the eighth, the Fortieth and Wolford's cavalry joined us, raising our effective force to about twenty-four hundred, after deducting Ball's cavalry, which, in obedience to orders, returned to Guyandotte. On the 9th, Colonel Garfield determining on a pursuit of the enemy, detailed from the Forty-second and Fortieth Ohio, and Fourteenth Kentucky each three hundred men, and from the Twenty-second Kentucky two hundred men, and taking the immediate command, supported, however, by Colonel Craner of the Fortieth, and Major Burke of the Fourteenth, and detaching Colonel Wolford's and Major McLaughlin's cavalry up Jennie's Creek, marched up the river road leading to Prestonburg. Early on the morning of the tenth, Colonel Sheldon of the Forty-second Ohio, in command at the camp, received a dispatch from Colonel Garfield stating that he had found the enemy, and asking reinforcements. In compliance with the order, at six A.M. on the tenth, Colonel Sheldon marched with eight hundred men, and all the day they eagerly pressed their weary way. As Colonel Garfield had stated, he had found the enemy two miles from Prestonburg, on Middle Creek, in a chosen position among the hills, with between four and five thousand men and four pieces of artillery. The Fifth Virginia regiment, Colonel Trigg, armed with Mississippi rifles, Colonel John S. Williams's Kentucky regiment, Colonel Moore's Kentucky regiment, armed with Belgian rifles, Markham and Wicher's cavalry, and the Fourth Virginia infantry, lay in full strength on the hills at the forks of the creek, while their dogs of war seemed to forbid all approach. Nothing deterred by the formidable position and number of the enemy, Colonel Garfield not fully aware of their exact locality, sent forward a cloud of skirmishers, with a view of drawing the enemy's fire, and thus ascertaining his whereabouts. This not fully succeeding, at about twelve M. he sent forward his escort of cavalry, some twenty strong, in headlong charge. This accomplished the object, for the enemy, thinking our whole force upon them, now opened with musketry, shot and shell upon the cavalry, and a small party of the skirmishers under Adjutant Olds of the Forty-second, then in a corn-field immediately in front of the position of Colonel Williams's Kentucky regiment, and flanked on the left by the artillery and Trigg's Virginia regiment. The cavalry made a hasty

retreat, and the enemy concentrated their whole fire on Adjutant Olds and his party, but without effect. After replying with some fifteen rounds of musketry, and observing a large force thrown out on his right, with intent to cut him off, he fell back upon the main body. The position of the enemy thus disclosed was as follows: Colonel Williams's regiment was behind a ridge at the head of the gorge, and on the right of the road, so that his fire commanded the gorge and road for a half-mile. Colonel Trigg's regiment, the Fourth Virginia, on the crest of the crescent-shaped hill on the left of the road, and commanding it by their flanking fire. The artillery between the two at the forks of the creek, and the turn in the road and gorge. The evident design of the enemy was to draw us up the road on to the cannon, and between the cross-fire of the three regiments, and thus annihilate us, and it was not ill-planned, but failed in the execution, for their nervousness would not allow them to hold their fire for the approach of the main body. The remainder of their force lay in the rear of their cannon in a strong supporting position. Occupying Graveyard Point, the end of a high ridge on the right of the creek, north of his main body, Colonel Garfield despatched a force of about a hundred men across the creek, to ascend the horn of the crescent farthest up the gorge. The ascent was most difficult, the men having to crawl on their hands and knees a great part of the way. The summit attained, they were greeted with the whole fire of Trigg's regiment, stationed at the base of the crescent and deployed along the other horn; also by a fire from the artillery and the reserve in the rear. On the top of the ridge, and at distances nearly equi-distant from each other, were three piles of stone, the possession of which was eagerly sought by the contending parties. Reënforced by two hundred men, and assisted by a galling fire from our reserve stationed on Graveyard Point, poured on the deployed right flank of the enemy, our forces were enabled to succeed in driving the enemy from the first, and occupying it themselves. A force of two hundred was then thrown out by Colonel Garfield for the ascent of the lower horn of the crescent, and soon reaching the summit and reënforced by Colonel Craner of the Fortieth with three hundred men, captured the third pile of stone, and the rebels were confined to the second and central pile. The fire was now exceedingly heavy. The rebel style was adopted, and our men betook themselves to the shelter of rocks and trees, as though it was their favorite way of fighting. About half-past four P.M. loud cheering betokened the arrival of our reënforcements, and soon up they came, their faces reeking with perspiration, their coats off, breasts bared, and bespattered with mud from head to foot. They had marched fifteen miles through the mud without breakfast, the last two miles on the double-quick, and now fatigued and faint, they loudly demanded to be led into battle. After resting about half an hour, they were thrown across the creek to ascend the right horn of the crescent, but before half-way up they were ordered

back, and darkness descending upon the face of the earth, by mutual consent the firing ceased. Resting upon their arms, determined to renew the battle in the morning, our troops spent the night; but when morning dawned, the enemy, it was found, had vanished. Under cover of the darkness he had burned his heavy baggage and retreated. He left eighty-five dead on the field, and it is definitely ascertained had some one hundred and twenty-five wounded, of whom forty have since died. We lost one killed and thirteen wounded, of whom two have since died. We were immediately removed to and quartered in Prestonburg, and thus endeth the first lesson—to the rebels.

C. P. G.

Doc. 10.

THE BATTLE OF SILVER CREEK, MO.

FOUGHT JANUARY 8, 1862.

OFFICIAL REPORT BY MAJOR TORRENCE.

CAMP, NEAR FAYETTE, MO., January 10, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, in compliance with your order, I marched my command to Booneville, and was there joined by three companies of Merrill's horse under Major Hunt, and at the earliest day possible crossed the Missouri River, and reached camp, near Fayette, on the evening of the fifth inst., when I was there joined by four companies of the First Missouri, under command of Major Hubbard, and one company of the Fourth Ohio, Captain Foster. We proceeded at once to gather information of the enemy's movements by sending scouts through different portions of this and adjoining counties.

On the seventh inst., reconnoissances in force were made to Glasgow, Roanoke, and surrounding country, and information received that one Col. Poindexter, was recruiting in this and other counties, and that he had his principal camp somewhere on the headwaters of Silver Creek, with a force of regularly-enlisted men from six to eight hundred strong, together with an equal number of aiders and abettors of rebellion. Early upon the morning of the eighth inst., we moved out of camp, with five hundred mounted men, in search of their camp, and marched to Roanoke, fifteen miles distant, and thence in direction of Silver Creek. When within four miles of where the camp was reported to be, the column was halted, and the following disposition made of our forces:

To Major Hunt was assigned the command of that portion of his forces armed with carbines, and with Major Hubbard's command and Capt. Foster's company to form the advance of the column, to attack the camp, draw their fire, and reply with carbines, when the First Iowa and a portion of Merrill's horse were to charge upon the camp, mounted, if possible, and if not practicable, charge with revolver and sabre on foot. To Lieut. Dustin, of Company F, First Iowa, was assigned the advance guard, supported by Lieut.

Burrows, of the First Missouri. All being in readiness, the column moved forward rapidly, the advance guard driving the enemy's pickets and rushing to the entrance of the camp. The column followed soon after, dismounted, and drew the enemy's fire. They were in a strong position, being protected by ravines, thick underbrush and timber; their volley was promptly answered by our forces pouring in a galling fire. Three companies of the First Iowa, and a part of a company of Merrill's horse, were then conducted forward to charge the camp, which was promptly done.

The enemy were now thrown into confusion, and soon began to retreat, leaving horses, guns, together with camp and garrison equipage. It was a complete rout, as the appearance of the camp fully attested. Two companies from the rear were ordered to cut off their retreat, but the darkness and the heavy fog, together with the thick underbrush, rendered it impossible. To avoid surprise, and to be able to move all our forces forward, an order was given to destroy the camp, and look up the dead and wounded. This was soon accomplished, and the darkness forbidding further pursuit, the whole command was then moved to camp, twenty-three miles distant. The prompt action of the troops throughout is worthy of the highest praise. Lieut. Dustin is worthy of honorable mention for his gallant conduct in leading the advance guard; also Major Hunt, of Merrill's horse; Captains Clinton and Mendell, of the First Missouri, for their gallant and cool bearing during the entire action.

Our list of killed and wounded is as follows, namely:

First Missouri.—Lieut. Burrows, Ausco Clark, John A. Brown, and James Conia, of Company L; John F. Dumont, Wm. Myers, Thomas W. George, Geo. W. Mitchell, John Hersing, and John McGeary, of Company I.

Fourth Ohio.—Capt. Foster, Lieut. Kinger, Benj. F. Dugan, and Samuel Koffman.

Merrill's Horse.—Alexander Keath, Henry Redding, and Thos. Moore, of Company E, and Jacob King, of Company D.

First Iowa.—James Scott, Thos. C. Fletcher, and James Caran of Company A; James Convey, and Stephen Sexton of Company F; Cornelius Thompson, and Andrew Johnson, of Company I.

The loss of the enemy cannot be accurately ascertained, but from the most reliable information, their loss in killed and wounded cannot be less than eighty to one hundred.

Your most obedient,

W. M. G. TORRENCE,

Major First Battalion First Iowa Cavalry.

To Brig.-Gen. POPE, Otterville, Mo.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

FAYETTE, HOWARD CO., MO., Jan. 9, 1862.

The anniversary of the battle of New-Orleans was celebrated in this county by one of the hardest fought battles of the campaign in Missouri, considering the number of men engaged and position of the enemy.

Our forces had been engaged for several days in a grand hunt, and had scoured the county as thoroughly as did Daniel Boone many years since, but after different game. The whole county was full of reports about the movements of the secesh, and it was difficult to ascertain accurately as to their number or whereabouts; but we were not to be foiled in these, if indefatigable energy and endurance of officers could accomplish it, and these Majors Torrence and Hubbard possessed.

Reconnoissances in force were made in all directions from camp near Fayette, and reports promptly made during the preceding week. It was found that one Col. Poindexter was recruiting in various places in the county, and that he was encamped with his principal force, of from five hundred to seven hundred men, on Silver Creek, and had other camps ready to reinforce him when ready to move, to the number of twelve hundred to fifteen hundred strong.

They further reported that he had pledged himself to his men that he would *clean out* the Federals in the county of Howard in a very few days. Night after night was selected to surprise our camp with his whole force, but through some mishap they never appeared. On the morning of the eighth inst. all was in motion in our camp, under orders from Major Torrence to hold ourselves in readiness to move with all our able-bodied men at an early hour. We took up our line of march for Roanoke, and, after moving a few miles, we were joined by Major Hubbard's command. Our forces now comprised a portion of Merrill's horse, under Major Hunt, one company of the Fourth Ohio, under Capt. Foster, a part of the Missouri First, under Major Hubbard, and four companies of the First Iowa, under Major Torrence. After passing the town of Roanoke, the whole column moved rapidly about five miles, and halted to have position and duties assigned to the several commands. Learning that the enemy were in a strong position on the Creek, where it probably would be impossible to charge them with mounted men, it was determined, if necessary, to dismount and fight as infantry.

Capt. Foster was assigned the advance, followed by Merrill's horse and the Missouri First, all armed with carbines. The First Iowa were to make the charge upon the camp with drawn sabers, and if impossible to make a charge mounted, they were to dismount and move on foot. Lieut. Dustin, of the First Iowa, with ten men, formed the advance guard. All being in readiness, we moved forward very rapidly, and following the tortuous windings of a narrow road, leading through narrow lanes and thick timber, till the sharp crack of a rifle told us that we were upon their pickets. This was the signal for us to rush forward, which we did with a will. On, on, through underbrush and defiles, till the advance guard rushed to the entrance of their camp, and found the enemy drawn up in line of battle. This was so unexpected by them, that they stood in mute astonishment at the audacity of a lieutenant and ten men holding the entrance

to their camp, but they soon awakened to their danger as our advancing column came rushing up to his relief. It was now found that the thick timber and underbrush forbade us charging upon the camp, and the order to dismount passed along the lines like magic, and a column of armed infantry emerged from our lines on the roadside, ready for the onset. The battle now commenced in earnest, and volley after volley of musketry told us that the work of death had begun.

They rushed from their line of battle, after their second volley, into the intrenchment formed by the creek, and behind trees, logs, etc., and opened fire upon our lines, which was promptly answered by our forces armed with carbines, by a continued fire. Major Torrence now ordered his men forward with revolver and saber, to make a charge on the camp, and with a yell along their lines they advanced, and in the face of the enemy's fire, rushed into camp, guidons flying to the breeze. So great was the eagerness to move forward, that three companies claim the honor of being first in camp.

The enemy now, true to their time-honored custom, gave way, and ran most ingloriously from their camp, leaving guns, horses, camp equipage, and a large quantity of new clothing for men in Price's army, sent no doubt by their friends in care of Poindexter; also, a quantity of powder. It was a complete rout, as the appearance of the camp fully attested. It was now nearly dark, with a heavy fog, and fearing that the enemy only retired as a ruse to rally and attack us, the order was given to destroy the whole camp and equipage that we might meet, and pursue them. The work of destruction was soon complete—wagons, saddles, tents, blankets, clothing, etc., all heaped in burning ruins. We now looked up our dead and wounded, and cared for them. The enemy's dead lay in all portions of the camp, and the groans of their dying mingled with the exultant shouts of the victors. It was a fearful struggle, as the soldiers all well knew they could never retreat, and it was victory or death to them. The cool courage and gallant bearing of the officers in command, were highly commendable. The heavy tones of Major Torrence's voice were heard in all parts of the battle—now here, now there, encouraging his men, and leading them onward to victory. We could not learn, accurately, the loss of the enemy, but found ten of their dead in and around the camps, with several severely wounded. We learn that they were expecting, momentarily, a large reinforcement to their camp, and claim a complete surprise. So much for the generalship of Col. Poindexter.

Doc. 11.

BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK, KY.

COL. GARFIELD'S DESPATCH.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH BRIGADE,
PRESTONBURG, KY., January 11.

CAPT. J. B. FRY, A. A. G.: I left Paintsville on Thursday noon, with one thousand one hun-

dred men, and drove in the enemy's pickets, two miles below Prestonburg. The men slept on their arms. At four o'clock, yesterday morning, we moved toward the main body of the enemy at the Forks of Middle Creek, under command of Marshall. Skirmishing with his outposts began at eight o'clock, and at one o'clock P.M. we engaged his force of two thousand five hundred men, and three cannon posted on the hill. Fought them until dark. Having been reinforced by seven hundred men from Paintsville, drove the enemy from all their positions. He carried off the majority of his dead, and all his wounded. This morning, we found twenty-seven of his dead on the field. His killed cannot be less than sixty. We have taken twenty-five prisoners, ten horses, and a quantity of stores. The enemy burned most of his stores, and fled precipitately. To-day I have crossed the river, and am now occupying Prestonburg. Our loss, two killed and twenty-five wounded.

J. A. GARFIELD,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

COL. GARFIELD'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH BRIGADE,
CAMP BUELL, PAINTSVILLE, January 14.

Capt. J. B. Fry, A. A. G., Chief of Staff:

DEAR SIR: At the date of my last report, (January eighth,) I was preparing to pursue the enemy; the transportation of my stores from George's Creek, had been a work of so great difficulty, that I had not enough provisions here to give my whole command three days' rations before starting. One small boat had come up from below, but I found I had only enough provisions here for three days' rations of hard bread for one thousand five hundred men. Having issued that amount, I sent four hundred and fifty of Col. Wolford's and Major McLaughlin's cavalry, under command of Lieut.-Col. Letcher, to advance up Jennie's Creek, and harass the enemy's rear, if still retreating. At the same time, I took one thousand one hundred of the best men from the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio, and the Fourteenth and Twenty-second Kentucky, (three companies of Col. Lindsay's regiment, the Twenty-second Kentucky, had arrived the evening before,) and at noon started up the Big Sandy toward Prestonburg. After advancing ten miles, the enemy's pickets fired on our advance, and retreated. At eight o'clock we reached the mouth of Abbott Creek, one mile below Prestonburg. I then found that the enemy was encamped on the creek three miles above, and had been supplying himself with meal at a steam-mill in the vicinity. I sent back an order to Paintsville to move forward all our available force, having learned that another boat-load of stores had arrived. I then encamped on the crest of a wooded hill, where we slept on our arms, in the rain, till four o'clock in the morning, when I moved up Abbott Creek one mile, and crossed over to the mouth of Middle Creek, which empties into the Big Sandy, opposite Prestonburg. Supposing the enemy to be encamped on Abbott's Creek, it was my intention to advance up Middle Creek,

and cut off his retreat, while the cavalry should attack his rear. I advanced slowly, throwing out flankers, and feeling my way cautiously among the hills. At eight o'clock in the morning, we reached the mouth of Middle Creek, where my advance began a brisk skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry, which continued until we had advanced two and a half miles up the stream, and to within a thousand yards of the forks of the creek, which I had learned the enemy were then occupying. I drew up my force on the sloping point of a semi-circular hill, and at twelve o'clock sent forward twenty mounted men, to make a dash across the plain. This drew the enemy's fire, and, in part, disclosed his position.

The Fifty-fourth Virginia regiment (Col. Trigg) was posted behind the point of the same ridge which I occupied. I immediately sent forward two Kentucky companies, to pass along this crest of the ridge, and one company, (Forty-second Ohio,) under command of Capt. F. A. Williams, together with one under Captain Jones, (Fortieth Ohio,) to cross the creek, which was nearly waist-deep, and occupy a spur of the high rocky ridge in front, and to the left of my position. In a few minutes, the enemy opened fire from one six and one twelve-pounder. A shell from the latter fell in the midst of my skirmishers on the right, but did not explode. Soon after, the detachment on the left engaged the enemy, who was concealed in large force behind the ridge. I sent forward a reinforcement of two companies to the right, under Major Burke, of the Fourteenth Kentucky, and ninety men, under Major Pardee, of the Forty-second Ohio, to support Capt. Williams.

The enemy withdrew his Fifty-fourth Virginia across the creek, and sent strong reinforcements to the hills on the left. About two o'clock I ordered Col. Craner, with one hundred and fifty men from the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio and Twenty-second Kentucky, to reinforce Major Pardee. Meantime the enemy had occupied the main ridge to a point nearly opposite to my position, and opened a heavy fire on my reserve, which was returned with good effect. In order to prevent more effectually his attempt to outflank me, I sent Lieut.-Col. Monroe, of the Twenty-second Kentucky, with one hundred and twenty of his own and the Fourteenth Regiments, to cross the creek a short distance below the point I occupied, and drive back the enemy from his position. This he did in a gallant style, killing fifteen or twenty. Inch by inch, the enemy, with more than three times our number, were driven up the steep ridge nearest the creek by Colonel Craner and Major Pardee. At four o'clock, the reinforcements under Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon, of the Forty-second Ohio, came in sight, which enabled me to send forward the remainder of my reserve, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, to pass around to the right, and endeavor to capture the enemy's guns, which he had been using against us for three hours, but without effect. During the fight he had fired thirty rounds from his guns, but they were badly served, as only

one of his shells exploded, and none of his shots, not even his canister, took effect. At half-past four o'clock he ordered a retreat. My men drove him down the slopes of the hills, and at five o'clock he had been driven from every point. Many of my men fired thirty rounds. It was growing dark, and I deemed it unsafe to pursue him, lest my men on the different hills should fire on each other in the darkness. The firing had scarcely ceased, when a brilliant light streamed up from the valley to which the enemy had retreated. He was burning his stores and fleeing in great disorder. Twenty-five of his dead were left on the field, and sixty more were found next day thrown into a gorge in the hills. He has acknowledged a hundred and twenty-five killed, and a still larger number wounded. A field-officer and two captains were found among the dead. Our loss was one killed and twenty wounded, two of whom have since died. We took twenty-five prisoners, among whom was a rebel captain. Not more than nine hundred of my force were actually engaged, and the enemy had not less than thirty-five hundred men. Special mention would be invidious, when almost every officer and man did his duty. A majority of them fought for five hours without cessation. The cavalry under Lieut.-Col. Letcher did not reach me until the next morning, when I started them in pursuit. They followed six miles and took a few prisoners, but their provisions being exhausted, they returned. A few howitzers would have added greatly to our success. On the eleventh, I crossed the river and occupied Prestonburg. The place was almost deserted. I took several horses, eighteen boxes quartermaster's stores, and twenty-five flint-lock muskets. I found the whole community in the vicinity of Prestonburg had been stripped of every thing like supplies for an army. I could not find enough forage for my horses for even one day, and so sent them back to Paintsville. I had ordered the first boat that arrived at Paintsville to push on up to Prestonburg, but I found it would be impossible to bring up our tents and supplies until more provisions could be brought up the river. I therefore moved down to this place again on the twelfth and thirteenth, bringing my sick and foot-sore men on the boats. I am hurrying our supplies up to this point. The marches over these exceedingly bad roads, and the night exposures, have been borne with great cheerfulness by my men, but they are greatly in need of rest and good care. I cannot close this communication without making honorable mention of Lieut. J. D. Stubbs, Quartermaster of the Forty-second Ohio, and Senior Quartermaster of the brigade. He has pushed forward the transportation of our stores with an energy and determination which has enabled him to overcome very many and great obstacles; and his efforts have contributed greatly to the success of the expedition and the health and comfort of my command. In a subsequent report I will communicate some facts relative to my command, and also in regard to

the situation of the country through which the enemy has been operating.

Very truly your obedient servant,

J. A. GARFIELD,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

W. H. CLAPP,
Lieut. and Acting A. A. G.

CLEVELAND "HERALD" ACCOUNT.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 16.

Capt. Willard, of Company F, Forty-second Regiment, arrived here last night on his way home to Ravenna. He was not in the Prestonburg fight, being detained by sickness a few miles back of Paintsville, but obtained many incidents of the battle from those who were in it.

Prestonburg is about twelve miles beyond Paintsville. After the cavalry skirmish at the latter place, Col. Garfield pushed on with the advance of his brigade for Prestonburg. Before reaching that place, he found the enemy posted on and behind a range of hills. The Federal force forming the advance was less than seven hundred, but Col. Garfield at once prepared to make an attack.

A body of the enemy was posted on a commanding hill, and it became necessary to dislodge them. The Fourteenth Kentucky volunteered for the service, as they knew the nature of the ground. Said Col. Garfield: "Go in, boys; give them—*Hail Columbia!*"

The hill was cleared, and soon the reserve of the brigade came in at the double quick. As soon as he saw them, Col. Garfield pulled off his coat and flung it up in the air, where it lodged in a tree, out of reach. The men threw up their caps with a wild shout, and rushed at the enemy, Col. Garfield, *in his shirt-sleeves*, leading the way.

As the Federal troops reached the top of the hill, a rebel officer shouted in surprise: "Why, how many of you are there?" "Twenty-five thousand men, d—n you!" yelled a Kentucky Union officer, rushing at the rebel. In an instant the rebels broke and ran in utter confusion.

Several instances of personal daring and coolness are related. A member of Capt. Bushnell's company in the Forty-second was about to bite a cartridge, when a musket-ball struck the cartridge from his fingers. Coolly facing the direction from which the shot came, he took out another cartridge and exclaimed: "You can't do that again, old fellow."

Capt. Willard says that the two men killed on our side were Kentuckians. The loss of the enemy is not known. In addition to the twenty-seven bodies found on the field, a number of human bones were found in several of the houses burned by the rebels in their retreat from Prestonburg. A rebel officer reported at a house where he called during his flight, that they had killed six hundred Federals, and lost two hundred and fifty of their own men. It is not unlikely that the killed, wounded, and deserted will amount to that number, as numerous desertions took place previous to the battle.

The rebels burned most of their camp equipage

and baggage. Some arms fell into the possession of our forces, and a large number of knapsacks and overcoats. The property found was wretchedly poor, the coats being made almost entirely of cotton.

Acting Adj.-Gen. Clapp writes to the same paper from Prestonburg, January 11th, giving the following list of wounded. The two Union soldiers killed belonged to the Fourteenth Kentucky.

David Hall, Co. A, Forty-second Regiment, severely in shoulder.

Sherman Leach, Co. A, Forty-second Regiment, slightly in the leg.

Wm. Gardner, Co. G, Forty-second Regiment, dangerously in the neck.

Jacob James, Co. G, Forty-second Regiment, dangerously in abdomen.

Fred. Coffin, Co. F, Forty-second Regiment, dangerously in the thigh.

Charles Carlton, Co. F, Forty-second Regiment, very dangerously, leg amputated.

Jacob Griffith, Co. H, Forty-second Regiment, slightly in the elbow.

Henry Forney, Co. C, Forty-second Regiment, very slightly.

Frank Miller, Co. A, Fortieth Regiment, in the foot, slightly.

Second Lieut. Thos. Lilley, Co. A, Fortieth Regiment, severely in the arm.

James W. Rose, Co. B, Fourteenth Kentucky Regiment, in thigh, badly.

W. Chapman, Co. E, Twenty-second Kentucky, slightly in the neck.

Alexander Bell, Twenty-second Kentucky, severely in arm.

The enemy is in full retreat toward Abington, Va. Our men are too much exhausted to follow. The Big Sandy Valley is effectually cleared of rebels.

COLONEL GARFIELD'S ADDRESS.

The following address to the citizens of the Sandy Valley, was issued by Col. Garfield, after he had driven off Humphrey Marshall:

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH BRIGADE, }
PAINTSVILLE, KY., Jan. 16, 1862. }

Citizens of the Sandy Valley:

I have come among you to restore the honor of the Union, and to bring back the Old Banner which you all once loved, but which, by the machinations of evil men, and by mutual misunderstandings, has been dishonored among you. To those who are in arms against the Federal Government, I offer only the alternative of battle or unconditional surrender. But to those who have taken no part in this war, who are in no way aiding or abetting the enemies of the Union—even to those who hold sentiments averse to the Union, but yet give no aid and comfort to its enemies—I offer the full protection of the Government, both in their persons and property.

Let those who have been seduced away from the love of their country to follow after and aid the destroyers of our peace, lay down their arms,

return to their homes, bear true allegiance to the Federal Government, and they shall also enjoy like protection. The army of the Union wages no war of plunder, but comes to bring back the prosperity of peace. Let all peace-loving citizens who have fled from their homes, return and resume again the pursuits of peace and industry. If citizens have suffered from any outrages by the soldiers under my command, I invite them to make known their complaints to me, and their wrongs shall be redressed and the offenders punished. I expect the friends of the Union in this valley, to banish from among them all private feuds, and let a liberal-minded love of country direct their conduct towards those who have been so sadly estranged and misguided. Hoping that these days of turbulence may soon be ended, and the better days of the Republic soon return.

(Signed)

J. A. GARFIELD,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Doc. 12.

WANTS OF THE BORDER INDIANS.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, January 11, 1862.

A LARGE number of Kansas Indians are now in this city awaiting the return of Commissioner Dole from the interior of the State. They came here on various errands—more particularly, however, for the purpose of learning in what manner, and for how long a time they can enlist in the service of the Federal Government.

Yesterday we were visited by a delegation of Indians representing the Weas, Peorias, Miamia, and Piankashaws. Major Battese, the well-known interpreter, and Major G. A. Colton, Agent, accompanied them. The Major has been in Kansas thirty-seven years, is a man of wealth and large experience. He said the number of warriors in these tribes was very small, but they were all loyal. They want to fight, but desire to have their homes protected. They would like to have a Government force act with them.

They had seen Gen. Hunter: he was glad to learn that the Indians wanted to enlist, but said he had as yet received no authority from the Government to muster them into the service.

SPEECH OF Y-O-TO-WAH.

I came to visit your city, and most of the way on foot. I came to get arms and a force to guard our frontier. I told Gen. Hunter we would gladly fight if our homes and firesides could be protected—that we would fight with white soldiers, and go wherever wanted. Our chiefs say they will go out if the women and children can be protected. They said the Government had not called for them to fight; there was no fence down and no chance to jump over. We are willing to put in our mite and share the same fate with the pale faces. We are on the border; we have been insulted, but the tomahawk is buried under our orchards, and we want to go as men. We don't want to pull the tomahawk—we would rather prune our trees. If I am driven from my little

farm, I want to die like a man. Peace is my motto. I will make a child's bargain with the Missouri rebels—if they'll let me alone, I'll let them alone.

I came up here partly for the white men around me. They solicited my aid. They told me to ask Gen. Hunter and the great men around here, to station a guard on the border for their protection. And I wish to thank Gen. Hunter and your citizens, for the aid they extended to me.

Last June my life was assailed by Missourians. I was driven from home, and went to Lawrence and Wyandotte with my family.

I want to harmonize with my chiefs, and do nothing against white man or red man.

Loyal men are accustomed to come to me; they leave their arms and money with my wife to be secreted.

If I have had some troubles, I have had more pleasure from being a Union man.

Our Agent, Major Colton, has encouraged us in agricultural pursuits. He takes pride in interesting me in the ways of the white man. Other agents have never had the care of us that he has.

I give my most cordial feeling to the people of Kansas and to the First and Second Kansas regiments who have fought so bravely for us.

This is my story. You can put in the pinks, and roses, and flowers.

Major Battese and Pe-ke-mon-wah assented to the statements of the speaker.

Doc. 13.

THE GUNBOAT FIGHT NEAR COLUMBUS, KY.

COMMANDER PORTER'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT ESSEX,

WM. D. PORTER, COM'G, FORT JEFFERSON, Jan. 13, 1861. }

Flag-Officer A. H. Foote:

SIR: On the morning of the eleventh, Gen. McClelland sent on board this vessel and informed me that the enemy were moving up the river from Columbus with several vessels, towing up a battery. I immediately signalled Lieut. Commanding Paulding, of the St. Louis, to get under way and prepare for action. A very thick fog coming on, we were compelled to steam slowly down the river; but about ten o'clock, or a little after, it rose, and showed us a large steamer at the head of Lucas' Bend. We heard her whistle the moment we were seen by them. Shortly after whistling she was joined by another large and a small steamer. We pursued our course steadily down the river, and when within long range the large steamer fired a heavy shell-gun, which struck the sand-bar between us, and ricocheted within about two hundred yards of this vessel, and bursted. We, at this time, did not return the fire, but continued our course down, in order to near the vessel.

By this time the large steamer was joined by her consorts, and they opened a brisk fire upon us. I now hailed Lieut. Commanding Paulding, and directed him to try one of his rifle cannon.

He instantly fired and sent his shot completely over the enemy. I then opened from my bow guns, and the action became brisk on both sides for about twenty minutes, the enemy firing by broadsides. At the end of this time the enemy hauled off, and stood down the river, rounding to occasionally and giving us broadsides. This running fight continued until he reached the shelter of the batteries on the Iron Banks above Columbus. We continued the action, and drove him behind his batteries in a crippled condition. We could distinctly see our shells explode on his decks. The action lasted over an hour, and terminated, as I think, in a complete defeat of the enemy's boats, superior in size and number of guns to the Essex and St. Louis.

On the twelfth, Gen. McClernand requested me to make a reconnoissance toward the Iron Banks. I did so, and offered the enemy battle by firing a round shot at their battery, but they did not respond, nor did I see any thing of their boats. I have since been informed, through the General, that the boats of the enemy were completely disabled, and the panic became so great at the Iron Banks that the gunners deserted their guns. The fire of the St. Louis was precise, and the shot told well. The officers and men of this vessel behaved with firmness, Mr. Riley, the first Master, carrying out all my orders strictly, while the officers of the gun divisions, Messrs. Loving and Ferry, paid particular attention to the pointing of their respective guns. Mr. Britton, my Aid, paid all attention to my orders, and conveyed them correctly and with alacrity; in fact, all the officers and men on board behaved like veterans.

Your obedient servant, W. D. PORTER,
Commander.

Flag-Officer Foote, in forwarding this report, says:

CAIRO, Jan. 13, 1862.

SIR: I forward a report from Commander Porter. The rebel gunboat shells all fell short of our boats, while our shells reached and ranged beyond their boats, showing the greater range of our guns, but the escape of the rebels showed the greater speed of their boats. Your obedient servant,
A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary Navy.

Doc. 14.

GENERAL SIGEL'S ADDRESS.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, }
CAMP NEAR ROLLA, JAN. 12, 1862. }

To the Officers of the Third Division:

In our present situation, where the different regiments are suffering in a most deplorable degree by sickness, it should be the earnest duty of all officers and commanders to do their best for the comfort and moral support of their men. It is, therefore, necessary to give continuous and strict attention to the cleanliness of the camp and tents, to the diet of the soldiers, and all matters relative to the condition and treatment of the

sick. Regimental and brigade surgeons should apply all their energy and their abilities to procure the material necessary for the outfit of regimental hospitals, and not cease in their exertions until all their requisitions are filled.

They should specially take care that no patient lies on the ground in the hospital tent, but on a bed of boards, (bunk with straw mattress,) that proper stores are provided, and that *competent* nurses are selected from the different commands. In case complaints are necessary, they should immediately be made to the commanders of regiments and brigades. The lives of those intrusted to our command and care must be guarded and preserved by *any means*, and those made responsible, who, by their carelessness and neglect, are guilty of the loss of valuable lives.

Regimental officers of the day should strictly perform their duties, and should be made responsible by the field officers and the general officer of the day for any neglect regarding this order.

The attention of commanders of companies is specially directed to such paragraphs of Article 13, Revised Army Regulations, as are applicable to the object to be attained. They should occupy and divert their companies by regular drills, with or without arms, by marching them out of their camps, by practising them in target-firing, and by instructing them theoretically. Commanders of regiments and brigades should supervise their officers in the fulfilling of these duties, and going through a regular course of instruction in tactics and the laws and regulations of war. The best instructed and most efficient officers should, without regard to rank, be selected by the commanders of brigades or regiments for the different branches of instruction, and every officer do his utmost to prepare himself, in this time of rest and inactivity, for the earnest duties of practical warfare.

To further the great object of mutual help and assistance, to raise our position, as defenders of a great cause, and to promote that good understanding and harmony among officers of the same regiment or corps, which is so essential and of so great importance in the hour of distress and common danger, I earnestly and kindly recommend that the officers of each regiment should form a military association, and meet regularly, to discuss all questions in relation to their common interest and the good of the public service. I need scarcely remark that we have to consider our special situation as military men, and have to respect Article 26, Army Regulations. That, besides this, such an association should not make it their object to substitute their proceedings to the provisions of Articles of War Nos. 34 and 35; but, at the same time, I refer to the fact that in almost all regiments of the militia such associations have existed and exist yet, and that they have been of the greatest usefulness to all commands by which they have been organized.

Let us try whether we are able to stand as well the fatal effects of this winter season as we will stand the fire of our enemies. F. SIGEL,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Doc. 15.

THE RESIGNATION OF GEN. SIGEL.

GERMAN MASS MEETING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE,
NEW-YORK, ON THURSDAY, 16TH JANUARY, 1862.

THE great meeting in favor of Gen. Franz Sigel, which took place at the Cooper Institute, was attended by more than ten thousand of the most respectable and solid adopted citizens of German birth, and was characterized by most enthusiastic speeches and resolutions. The object was, to give expression to the feelings of the Germans of this city and its environs, on the resignation of Gen. Sigel, and to take measures for bringing his claims prominently to the notice of the Government.

The meeting was called to order at half-past seven o'clock, and R. A. Witthaus unanimously called to the chair.

On opening the proceedings, Mr. Witthaus spoke as follows:

FELLOW - CITIZENS: Permit me to express my deep appreciation of the honor conferred upon me of presiding over this mass meeting of patriots, congregated here to-day in order to support one of their countrymen, who, immediately at the commencement of this unholy rebellion, offered his life and property, promptly and fervently, to the Administration, for the maintenance of the Constitution and the just cause of the Union. We are not here as Democrats or Republicans, but as men who love liberty, justice and the Union. We desire to retain in the service of our adopted fatherland, the eminent talents of a General who, by his energetic perseverance since May, 1861, probably prevented the secession of one of the brightest stars from the Northern constellation. General Francis Sigel—crowned with the twin laurels of the Old and the New World, Baden and Missouri—is a name which fills with irresistible power each patriotic heart, whether native or adopted, with the fullest confidence and most ardent enthusiasm. In July, 1861, he covered the flag of our Union with ineffable glory at Carthage; there history wrote his New World certificate of the most eminent generalship, while the rebel banner was biting the dust. When Jackson, Price, Rains and Parsons acted the traitors to their country, we find Franz Sigel forming German regiments, and educating them defenders of this beloved land of our adoption. In reading General Sigel's report of the battle of Carthage, to General Sweeney, dated 11th July, 1861, we cannot help esteeming his modesty, for not his, but the heroic deeds of his officers, are portrayed with justice and impartiality. In Springfield we do not admire Franz Sigel as the commander only, nay, he shines especially as a man; for, with the greatest self-sacrifice, he there cared for the wives and children of those Union men who were absent and in the ranks of the Federal army. Gentlemen, to sustain Franz Sigel in his patriotic work; to procure for him from that Administration for whom he labored to this day with such unflinching patriotism, due attention and a well-

merited support, and to obtain this for him in an honorable, respectful and reliable manner, is the purpose of this mass meeting. To understand the resolutions, prepared by a Committee, and in order to be enabled to vote on them knowingly, I will permit myself to mention a few facts from creditable authority. When Gen. Hunter took command in Missouri, it was resolved, in a council of war, to advance upon the enemy. General Sigel was placed in command of the advance division, with the order "to attack the enemy wherever he found him, and to engage him until the arrival of the principal or general army." In the mean time, however, the general army retreated, of which Sigel received information by the merest accident, and this accident only saved him and his division. Gen. Sigel immediately fell back upon Springfield, and, as before mentioned, he found there a great number of women and children, whose husbands and fathers were absent serving in the Federal army. Helpless and unprotected, they were exposed to the savage fury of the pursuing enemy. In the same position he found thousands of loyal men who, confiding in the strength of the Federal army, had freely expressed their Union sentiment. Nothing had been done to protect all of these. The retreat of the general army was ordered without any necessity, against all rules of warfare, and to the destruction of thousands of confiding citizens. At that period Gen. Sigel intended to resign, for he considered it dishonorable to serve under a command which could betray in so shameful a manner such a prosperous country, and thousands of confiding citizens; but the report of the removal of Gen. Hunter from that command, and the hope of yet being useful to Missouri, made him reconsider that intention. After Gen. Halleck had entered upon the command, the persecutions toward Gen. Sigel became systematic. He was chicaned, ignored and neglected; his division was never completed. Officers, under the influence of Sigel's name, formed regiment after regiment, but when completed they were detailed to other commanders. The complaints of Gen. Sigel have never met with a reply. His troops suffered for want of the most necessary supplies, and his requisitions for them remained unattended to and unexecuted, and every opportunity to aid Missouri has been designedly denied him. At last the inhabitants of Southwestern Missouri petitioned the President to grant them military protection, and designated Gen. Sigel as the person in whom they had the most confidence. His Excellency, President Lincoln, referred that petition to General Halleck, and recommended Gen. Sigel especially to him. Upon this, on the 24th of December, Gen. Sigel was placed in command of the troops in and about Rolla, comprising from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand men; but four days after, on the 28th of December, by order of Gen. Halleck, Gen. Sigel was superseded by Gen. Curtis, whose commission bears the same date as that of Gen. Sigel. This left him no alternative but to tender his resignation, which he did on the 31st of December, 1861. Whatever may be your

opinions of his Excellency, President Abraham Lincoln, I am sure you all share with me the fullest conviction, that he has shown to us his sincerest endeavors to be just, and while the adopted citizens of German birth have placed more than sixty thousand men in the field for the support of the Administration, and the reestablishment of the Union, we may truly and surely expect that the resolutions offered by the Committee, framed in the spirit of the purest patriotism, when accepted by this mass meeting, will be met and promptly acted upon, in like spirit, by all to whom they are addressed.

Professor Glaubenslee was then called on to read a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries, who were accepted by the unanimous vote of the meeting.

Mr. Hugo Wesendonck was next introduced, and read the resolutions, as follows:

Whereas, it has been reliably reported that General F. Sigel has been superseded in the command of a part of the army of Missouri, and that he has been compelled, by systematic neglect, to tender his resignation; and whereas, it is the duty of all those who are well acquainted with his eminent abilities as an officer and his pure character as a man, to endeavor to retain his services for the country in this its hour of trial; therefore,

Resolved, by the citizens of New-York, in mass meeting assembled, that among the many patriots now sacrificing their lives and their fortunes for the integrity of the Union, they do not know of any one animated by purer motives and more efficient as an officer than General Franz Sigel.

That he was among the first who rose for the suppression of the infamous rebellion which now lacerates our beloved country, and that a large portion of the army of Missouri was called into existence by him.

That without his efforts and the efforts of those who assisted him, the State of Missouri would now be out of the Union, and that no other commander has done more for the preservation of one of the most brilliant stars in our flag than Gen. Franz Sigel.

That he has shown military ability of the first order, and that the battle-fields of Missouri are everlasting monuments of his valor and his superior tactics.

That his character is unstained by any reproach, and that his patriotism is pure and above cavil.

That he is dearly beloved by all under his command, and that he enjoys the unbounded confidence of a large portion of the army as an officer of the first rank.

That the country cannot dispense with the services of a commander who is equally great in conquering the enemy and in preserving those under his command from destruction.

That we have not the slightest doubt that his resignation was dictated by the principles of honor and by his sense of justice, and was entirely consistent with his duties as a soldier.

That we notice with indignation, that low jeal-

ousy and narrow-minded nativism, even in such times as these, are trying to drive away true merit, and that the spirit of caste and charlatanism are prevailing where tried military ability and upright honesty should reign supreme.

And that we earnestly desire to see him placed in a position in which his surpassing abilities as a commander of large bodies of troops may best be employed for the salvation of the Union.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the chairman of this meeting, to proceed to Washington and to present these resolutions to his Excellency, the President of the United States, and that copies of the same be sent to the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States, to the commander of the army of Missouri, to the Secretary of War, to the Governor of the State of New-York, and to the members of the Military Committee of the United States Congress.

Mr. Wesendonck, in presenting these resolutions, accompanied them with some remarks, in which he made a full exposition of affairs in Missouri. The Germans in Missouri, he said, had saved that State from being swallowed up in the gulf of secession. They had had the courage to stand up for the Union at a time when no others dared to express their loyalty to the Government and country. (Applause.) More than three times they had been called upon to defend themselves against the attacks of traitorous bands. The speaker alluded to the manner in which the war in Missouri was carried on, and was of the opinion that the same could not be satisfactory to Gen. Sigel. He asked the question, whether it was proper to hold a mass meeting in a time of war? In his opinion there could be nothing more proper and more effective than a large and an imposing demonstration like this affair, in order to do away with the evil resulting from the measures of the Government and certain military leaders. He spoke of the fact that the enemies of the country were not only those now standing in arms against it, but also those among us who, in secret, try to bring about a demoralization of the army.

The resolutions, as read, were approved by the whole assembly.

Mr. Friedrich Kapp was then introduced to address the audience, who drew at length a comparison between Gen. Sigel and the German portion of the heroes of the American Revolution. The position of Gen. Sigel was nearly the same. They were treated in a like manner. Most of the foreign portion of the heroes of the Revolution sacrificed their lives for the country. Gen. De Kalb fell at Camden, covered with no less than eight wounds. Gen. Sigel had a right to expect to be supported by his countrymen. He was, there was no question, one of the ablest and best leaders of the army. The Germans in Missouri had been persecuted ever since the breaking out of the rebellion, because they had remained true to the Union. Without them Governor Jackson would have succeeded in wrenching the State of Missouri from the Union. (Bravo.) The speak-

er alluded to the slave question and slaves as contrabands, taking a radical view of the question. They should demand for Gen. Sigel such a position, in which he could be properly placed, to the advantage of the country, while this war is carried on.

Mr. Weil Von Gernsbach was the next speaker, who gave an exposition of the bright military and private career of Gen. Sigel. He criticised, in a very sarcastic manner, the measures of certain military leaders and government officers, with regard to the war in Missouri. He said that either our army in this manner would become discouraged and demoralized, and that the free institutions in this country would be overthrown, and, for centuries to come, lost to liberty, or the strong arm of the people would one of these days raise against the ill-advised measures of its leaders.

The chairman appointed, when the speaker had concluded, the committee named in the resolutions, as follows: Friedrich Kapp, Weil Von Gernsbach, and Andreas Willmann.

The assembly were, in conclusion, addressed by Messrs. Reinhold Solger and Sigismund Kaufmann, after which the meeting adjourned.

The Committee, named in the resolutions, went to Washington on the 20th January, 1862, and on their return made the following report:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23, 1862.

To R. A. Witthaus, Esq.:

We deem it our duty to make you, as President of the Sigel Mass Meeting, the following report of our mission:

Your letters to Hon. F. A. Conkling, and to the other honorable members of Congress, had the desired effect, in securing for us a most cordial and friendly welcome.

To-day we were honored, through the introduction of F. A. Conkling, M.C., by an audience with His Excellency, President Abraham Lincoln.

You would confer a great obligation upon us, and no doubt upon every patriot of German birth in New-York, by handing the following report to the various daily papers.

With sentiments of profound esteem,
FREDERICK KAPP.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1862.

The undersigned Committee, appointed by the Sigel Mass Meetings held on the sixteenth and seventeenth inst., in New-York and Brooklyn, in order to present the unanimously adopted resolutions to His Excellency the President, Abraham Lincoln, hereby respectfully report: That His Excellency the President has honored us this morning by an audience, and, after the reading and presentation of the resolutions, we have received the following reply:

Neither the original resignation of Gen. Sigel nor any official despatch in regard to it has as yet been received by the President from the Commander-in-chief of the army in Missouri, and all the information the President is so far in possession of has been gathered from the daily journals.

However, being desirous to retain in the service of the United States so eminent an officer as Gen. Sigel, whom none could esteem higher than His Excellency did, he, the President, had already, before being informed of the petitions and resolutions of the adopted citizens of German birth, instituted inquiries with the view to redress any wrong which may have been done to Gen. Sigel; at the same time His Excellency the President reassures us of his determination that while he should decline the acceptance of Gen. Sigel's resignation, he intended to give him a command in or out of Missouri, in accordance with his established abilities. The interest of the service did not demand at present an addition to the number of the Major-Generals of the army, but as soon as such necessity should exist, the claims of Gen. Sigel should be considered as among the first in order.

The President further remarked, that since Franz Sigel had been appointed a Brigadier-General, nothing had transpired to diminish His Excellency's exalted opinion of the eminent talents and capabilities of Gen. Sigel, but, on the contrary, all ascertained facts had combined to confirm the same in every manner possible.

His Excellency the President took further occasion to express his sincere satisfaction with the patriotism shown by the adopted citizens of German birth during this unholy rebellion, and particularly acknowledged the so well known and meritorious services of Gen. Franz Sigel.

FRIEDRICH KAPP,
ANDREAS WILLMANN,
R. WEIL VON GERNSBACH,
Dr. C. KESSMANN,
S. KAUFFMANN.

Doc. 16.

THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS, KY.*

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL THOMAS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 23, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 40.

The General commanding has the gratification of announcing the achievement of an important victory, on the nineteenth inst., at Mill Springs, by the troops under Gen. Thomas, over the rebel forces, some twelve thousand strong, under Gen. George B. Crittenden and Gen. Zollicoffer.

The defeat of the enemy was thorough and complete, and his loss in killed and wounded was great. Night alone, under cover of which his troops crossed the river from his intrenched camp and dispersed, prevented the capture of his entire force. Fourteen or more pieces of artillery, some fifteen hundred horses and mules, his entire camp equipage, together with wagons, arms, ammunition, and other stores to a large amount, fell into our hands.

The General has been charged by the General-

* This battle is variously known as the battle of Mill Spring, Logan's Cross Roads, Fishing Creek, and Somerset.

in-chief to convey his thanks to Gen. Thomas and his troops for their brilliant victory. No task could be more grateful to him, seconded as it is by his own cordial approbation of their conduct.

By command of Brig.-Gen. BUELL.

JAMES B. FRY,
A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

GENERAL THOMAS'S REPORT TO GENERAL BUELL.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION,
DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
SOMERSET, KY., Jan. 31, 1862.

*Captain James B. Fry, A. A. G., Chief of Staff,
Headquarters Department of the Ohio, Louis-
ville, Ky. :*

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report that in carrying out the instructions of the General commanding the department, contained in his communications of the twenty-ninth of December, I reached Logan's Cross Roads, about ten miles north of the intrenched camp of the enemy, on the Cumberland River, on the seventeenth inst., with a portion of the Second and Third brigades, Kinney's battery of artillery, and a battalion of Wofford's cavalry. The Fourth and Tenth Kentucky, Fourteenth Ohio, and the Eighteenth United States Infantry, being still in the rear, detained by the almost impassable condition of the roads, I determined to halt at this point to await their arrival, and to communicate with Gen. Schoepf.

The Tenth Indiana, Wofford's cavalry, and Kinney's battery took position on the road leading to the enemy's camp. The Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota (part of Col. McCook's brigade) encamped three fourths of a mile to the right, on the Robertsport road.

Strong pickets were thrown out in the direction of the enemy, beyond where the Somerset and Mill Springs road comes into the main road from my camp to Mill Springs, and a picket of cavalry some distance in advance of the infantry.

General Schoepf visited me on the day of my arrival, and, after consultation, I directed him to send to my camp Standart's battery, the Twelfth Kentucky and the First and Second Tennessee regiments, to remain until the arrival of the regiments in the rear.

Having received information, on the evening of the seventeenth, that a large train of wagons, with its escort, was encamped on the Robertsport and Danville road, about six miles from Colonel Stedman's camp, I sent an order to him to send his wagons forward, under a strong guard, and to march with his regiment, (the Fourteenth Ohio,) and the Tenth Kentucky, (Col. Harlan,) with one day's rations in their haversacks, to the point where the enemy were said to be encamped, and either capture or disperse them.

Nothing of importance occurred, from the time of my arrival until the morning of the 19th, except a picket skirmish on the 17th. The Fourth Kentucky, the battalion of Michigan engineers, and Wetmore's battery, joined on the 18th. About five and a half o'clock, on the morning of the 19th, the pickets from Wofford's cavalry, encountered the enemy advancing on our camp; retired slow-

ly, and reported their advance to Col. M. D. Manson, commanding the Second brigade. He immediately formed his regiment, (the Tenth Indiana,) and took a position on the road, to await the attack, ordering the Fourth Kentucky, (Col. S. S. Fry,) to support him, and then informed me in person that the enemy were advancing in force, and what disposition he had made to resist them. I directed him to join his brigade immediately, and hold the enemy in check until I could order up the other troops, which were ordered to form immediately, and were marching to the field in ten minutes afterward.

The battalion of Michigan engineers, and Company A, (Thirty-eighth Ohio,) Capt. Greenwood, were ordered to remain as guard to the camp.

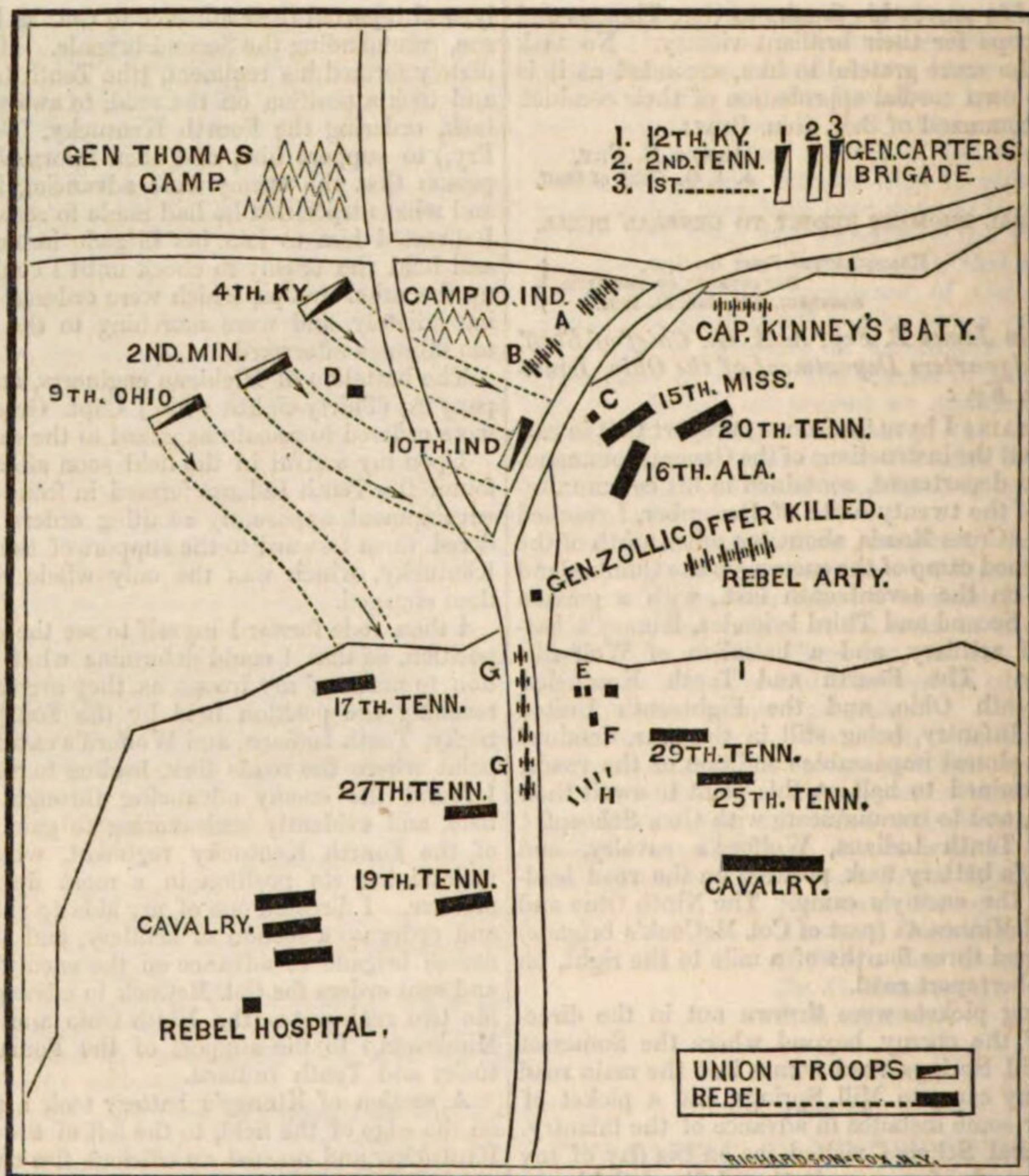
Upon my arrival in the field soon afterward, I found the Tenth Indiana formed in front of their encampment, apparently awaiting orders, and ordered them forward to the support of the Fourth Kentucky, which was the only whole regiment then engaged.

I then rode forward myself to see the enemy's position, so that I could determine what disposition to make of my troops as they arrived. On reaching the position held by the Fourth Kentucky, Tenth Indiana, and Wofford's cavalry, at a point where the roads fork, leading to Somerset, I found the enemy advancing through a cornfield, and evidently endeavoring to gain the left of the Fourth Kentucky regiment, which was maintaining its position in a most determined manner. I directed one of my aids to ride back, and order up a section of artillery, and the Tennessee brigade to advance on the enemy's right, and sent orders for Col. McCook to advance, with his two regiments, (the Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota,) to the support of the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana.

A section of Kinney's battery took a position on the edge of the field, to the left of the Fourth Kentucky, and opened an efficient fire on a regiment of Alabamians, which was advancing on the Fourth Kentucky.

Soon afterward, the Second Minnesota, (H. P. Van Cleve,) the Colonel reporting to me for instructions, I directed him to take the position of the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana, which regiments were nearly out of ammunition. The Ninth Ohio, under the immediate command of Major Kaemmerling, came into position, on the right of the road, at the same time.

Immediately after the regiments had gained their position, the enemy opened a most determined and galling fire, which was returned by our troops, in the same spirit, and, for nearly half-an-hour, the contest was maintained, on both sides, in the most obstinate manner. At this time, the Twelfth Kentucky, (Col. W. A. Hoskins,) and the Tennessee brigade, reached the field, to the left of the Minnesota regiment, and opened fire on the right flank of the enemy, who then began to fall back. The Second Minnesota kept up a most galling fire in front, and the Ninth Ohio charged the enemy on the right, with bayonets fixed, turned their flank, and drove them from the field,



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRING, KY.*

the whole line giving way, and retreating in the utmost disorder and confusion.

As soon as the regiments could be formed, and refill their cartridge-boxes, I ordered the whole force to advance. A few miles in the rear of the battle-field, a small force of cavalry was drawn up near the road, but a few shots from our artillery (a section of Standart's battery,) dispersed them, and none of the enemy were seen again until we arrived in front of their intrenchments; as we approached their intrenchments, the division was deployed in line of battle, and steadily advanced to the summit of the hill at Moulden's.

From this point I directed their intrenchments to be cannonaded, which was done, until dark, by Standart's and Wetmore's batteries. Kinney's

battery was placed in position on the extreme left, at Russell's house, from which point he was directed to fire on their ferry, to deter them from attempting to cross. On the following morning, Capt. Wetmore's battery was ordered to Russell's house, and assisted, with his Parrott guns, in firing upon the ferry.

Col. Manson's brigade took position on the left, near Kinney's battery, and every preparation was made to assault their intrenchments on the following morning.

The Fourteenth Ohio, Col. Stedman, and the Tenth Kentucky, Col. Harlan, having joined from detached service, soon after the repulse of the evening, continued with their brigade in the pursuit, although they could not get up in time to

* A—Capt. Standart's (Union) Battery.

B—Capt. Wetmore's (Union) Battery.

C—Place where Baillie Peyton was killed.

D—Logan's house.

E—Gen. Crittenden and Staff.

F—Position of Gen. Carroll.

G—Capt. McClarg's (Rebel) Battery.

H—Pickets of (Rebel) Cavalry.

I—Fences.

join in the fight. Gen. Schoepf also joined me, on the evening of the 19th, with the Seventeenth, Thirty-first, and Thirty-eighth Ohio. His entire brigade entered with the other troops.

On reaching the intrenchments, we found the enemy had abandoned everything, and retired during the night. Twelve pieces of artillery, with their caissons packed with ammunition, one battery wagon and two forges, a large amount of ammunition, a large number of small arms, (mostly the old flint-lock muskets,) one hundred and fifty or sixty wagons, and upward of one thousand horses and mules; a large amount of commissary stores, intrenching tools, and camp and garrison equipage, fell into our hands. A correct list of all the captured property, will be forwarded as soon as it can be made up and the property secured.

The steam and ferry-boats having been burned by the enemy, in their retreat, it was found impossible to cross the river and pursue them; beside, their command was completely demoralized, and retreated with great haste, and in all directions, making their capture, in any numbers, quite doubtful, if pursued. There is no doubt but what the moral effect produced, by their complete dispersion, will have a more desired effect, in reëstablishing Union sentiment, than though they had been captured.

It affords me much pleasure, to be able to testify to the uniform steadiness and good conduct of both officers and men, during the battle, and I respectfully refer to the accompanying reports of the different commanders, for the names of those officers and men whose good conduct was particularly noticed by them.

I regret to have to report that Colonel R. L. McCook, commanding the Third brigade, and his Aid, Lieut. A. S. Burt, Eighteenth United States infantry, were both severely wounded, in the first advance of the Ninth Ohio regiment, but continued on duty until the return of the brigade to camp at Logan's Cross Roads.

Col. S. S. Fry, Fourth Kentucky regiment, was slightly wounded whilst his regiment was gallantly resisting the advance of the enemy, during which time Gen. Zollicoffer fell from a shot from his (Col. Fry's) pistol, which, no doubt, contributed materially to the discomfiture of the enemy.

Capt. G. E. Flynt, Assistant Adjutant-General; Capt. Abraham C. Gillum, Division Quartermaster; Lieuts. Joseph C. Breckinridge, A. D. C. Lunt, J. B. Jones, Assistant Adjutant-Quartermaster; Mr. J. W. Scully, Quartermaster's clerk; privates, Samuel Letcher, Twenty-first regiment Kentucky volunteers; — Slitch, Fourth Kentucky regiment, rendered me valuable assistance, in carrying orders and conducting the troops to their different positions.

Capt. George S. Roper deserves great credit for his perseverance and energy, in forwarding commissary stores as far as the hill where our forces bivouac.

In addition to the duties of guarding the camp, Lieut.-Col. A. K. Huston, commanding the Michigan engineers, and Capt. Greenwood, Company

A, Thirty-eighth regiment Ohio volunteers, with their command, performed very efficient service, in collecting and burying the dead on both sides, and in moving the wounded to the hospital near the battle-field.

A number of flags were taken on the field of battle, and in the intrenchments. They will be forwarded to headquarters as soon as collected together.

The enemy's loss, as far as known, is as follows: Brigadier-General Zollicoffer, Lieutenant Baillie Peyton, and one hundred and ninety officers and non-commissioned officers and privates killed.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Carter, Twentieth Tennessee, Lieutenant J. W. Allen, Fifteenth Mississippi, Lieutenant Allan Morse, Sixteenth Alabama, and five officers of the Medical Staff, and eighty-one non-commissioned officers and privates taken prisoners.

Lieutenant J. E. Patterson, Twentieth Tennessee, and A. J. Knapp, Fifteenth Mississippi, and sixty-six non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. Making one hundred and ninety-two killed, eighty-nine prisoners not wounded, and sixty-two wounded. A total of killed, wounded, and prisoners of three hundred and forty-nine.

Our loss is as follows:

KILLED.		
	Commissioned Officers.	Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.
Ninth Ohio,.....	0	6
Second Minnesota,.....	0	12
Fourth Kentucky,.....	0	8
Tenth Indiana,.....	0	10
First Kentucky Cavalry,.....	1	2
Total,.....	1	38

WOUNDED.		
	Commissioned Officers.	Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates.
Ninth Ohio,	4	24
Second Minnesota,.....	2	31
Fourth Kentucky,.....	4	48
Tenth Indiana,.....	3	72
First Kentucky Cavalry,.....	0	19
Total,	13	194

One commissioned officer and thirty-eight men were killed, and fourteen officers, including Lieutenant Burt, United States Infantry, A.D.C., and one hundred and ninety-four men, commissioned officers and privates wounded.

A complete list of our killed and wounded, and of the prisoners, is herewith attached.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Gen. GEO. H. THOMAS,
Brigadier-General U.S.V., Commanding.

CIRCULAR showing the forces which marched out of the intrenchments of the enemy on the night of the 18th of January, 1862:

HEADQUARTERS, BEECH GROVE, Ky., January 18, 1862.

CIRCULAR.

The following will be the orders of march:

GENERAL ZOLLICOFFER.

Fifteenth Mississippi in advance, Colonel Walthall.

Battery of four guns, Captain Rutledge.

Nineteenth Tennessee, Colonel Cummings.
 Twentieth Tennessee, Captain Battle.
 Twenty-fifth Tennessee, Captain Stanton.

GENERAL CARROLL.

Seventeenth Tennessee, Colonel Newman.
 Twenty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel Murray.
 Twenty-ninth Tennessee, Colonel Powell.
 Two guns in rear of infantry, Captain McClung.
 Sixteenth Alabama, Colonel Wood, (in reserve.)
 Cavalry battalions in rear.
 Colonel Brawner on the right. Colonel McClellan on the left.

Independent companies in front of the advance regiments.

Ambulances and ammunition.

Wagons in rear of the whole, and in the order of their regiment. By order of

General CRITTENDEN.

A. L. CUNNINGHAM, A. A. General.

COLONEL MCCOOK'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
 FIRST DIVISION, DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
 SOMERSET, JANUARY 27, 1862. }

Brigadier-General G. H. Thomas, commanding First Division:

SIR: I have the honor respectfully to submit the following report of the part which my brigade took in the battle of the Cumberland on the 19th instant. Shortly before seven A.M. Colonel Mason informed me that the enemy had driven in his pickets and were approaching in force. That portion of my brigade with me, the Ninth Ohio and the Second Minnesota regiments, were formed and marched to a point near the junction of the Mill Spring and Columbia roads, and immediately in rear of Whitman's battery, the Ninth Ohio on the right, the Second Minnesota on the left of the Mill Spring road. From this point I ordered a company of the Ninth Ohio to skirmish the woods on the right to prevent any flank movement of the enemy.

Shortly after this Colonel Manson, commanding the Second brigade in person, informed me that the enemy were in force and in position on the top of the next hill beyond the woods, and that they forced him to retire. I ordered my brigade forward through the woods in line of battle, skirting the Mill Spring road. The march of the Second Minnesota regiment was soon obstructed by the Tenth Indiana, which was scattered through the woods waiting for ammunition. In front of them I saw the Fourth Kentucky engaging the enemy, but evidently retiring. At this moment the enemy, with shouts, advanced on them about one hundred yards, and took position within the field on the hill-top, near the second fence from the woods. At this time I received your order to advance as rapidly as possible to the hill-top. I ordered the Second Minnesota regiment to move by the flank until it had passed the Tenth Indiana and Fourth Kentucky, and then deploy to the left of the road. I ordered the Ninth Ohio to move through the first corn-field on the right of the road, and take a position at the further fence, selecting the best cover possible.

The position of the Second Minnesota covered the ground formerly occupied by the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana, which brought their right flank within about ten feet of the enemy, where he had advanced upon the Fourth Kentucky. The position of the Ninth Ohio checked an attempt on the part of the enemy to flank the position taken by the Second Minnesota, and consequently brought the left wing almost against the enemy, where he was stationed immediately in front of the Ninth Ohio, well covered by a fence and some woods, a small field not more than eighty yards wide intervening between the positions. The enemy also had possession of a small log-house, stable and corn-crib, about fifty yards in front of the Ninth Ohio. Along the lines of each of the regiments and from the enemy's front a hot and deadly fire was opened. On the right wing of the Minnesota regiment the contest at first was almost hand to hand, the enemy and the Second Minnesota were poking their guns through the same fence at each other.

However, before the fight continued long in this way, that portion of the enemy contending with the Second Minnesota retired in good order to some rail piles hastily thrown together, the point from which they had advanced upon the Fourth Kentucky. This portion of the enemy obstinately maintaining its position, and the balance remaining as before described, a desperate fire was continued for about thirty minutes, with seemingly doubtful result. The importance of possessing the log house, stable, and corn-crib becoming apparent, companies A, B, C, and D of the Ninth Ohio were ordered to flank the enemy upon the extreme left and obtain possession of the house. This done, still the enemy stood firm to his position and cover. During this time the artillery of the enemy constantly overshot my brigade.

Seeing the superior number of the enemy and their bravery, I concluded the best mode of settling the contest was to order the Ninth Ohio to charge the enemy's position with the bayonet and turn his left flank. The order was given the regiment to empty their guns and fix bayonets. This done, it was ordered to charge. Every man sprang to it with alacrity and vociferous cheering. The enemy seemingly prepared to resist it, but before the regiment reached him the lines commenced to give way—but few of them stood, perhaps ten or twelve. This broke the enemy's flank, and the whole line gave way in great confusion, and the whole turned into a perfect rout. As soon as I could form the regiments of my brigade, I pursued the enemy to the hospital, when we joined the advance. I then moved my command forward, under orders, in line of battle, to the foot of Moulden's Hill, passing on the way one abandoned cannon.

The next morning we marched into the breast-works of the enemy, and on the following day marched to our camp. At the time of the first advance of the Ninth Ohio my horse was shot, and at the same time I received a ball through my overcoat. After this, I was compelled to go

on foot until I got to the hospital of the enemy. About the same time I was shot in the leg; my aid-de-camp, Andrew S. Burt, was wounded in the side. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the company officers, non-commissioned officers, and the soldiers of the two regiments. Notwithstanding they had been called out before breakfast, and had not tasted food all day, they conducted themselves throughout like veterans, obeying each command and executing every movement as though they were upon parade.

Although all the officers of the command evinced the greatest courage, and deported themselves under fire in a proper soldierly manner, were I to fail to specify some of them it would be great injustice. Lieutenant Andrew S. Burt, (aid-de-camp,) of the Eighteenth United States Infantry; Haxter Brooke, private in the Second Minnesota regiment and volunteer aid-de-camp; Major Gustavus Kaemmerling, commanding the Ninth Ohio; Capt. Charles Joseph, Company A, Capt. Frederick Schroeder, Company D, George H. Harris, Adjutant, of the Ninth Ohio regiment; Col. H. P. Van Cleve, James George, Lieut.-Col., Alexander Wilkins, Major, of the Second Minnesota, each displayed great valor and judgment in the discharge of their respective duties—so much so, in my judgment, as to place their country and every honest friend thereof under obligations to them.

In conclusion, permit me, sir, to congratulate you on the victory achieved, and allow me to express the hope that your future efforts will be crowned with the same success. Attached you will find the number of the force of my brigade engaged, and also a list of the killed and wounded.

I am, respectfully, yours,

R. L. McCook,

Commanding Third Brigade, First Division.

MARTIN BRUNER, A. A. Adjutant General.

LIEUT.-COL. KISE'S REPORT.

CAMP OPPOSITE MILL SPRINGS, }
WAYNE COUNTY, KY., JAN. 23, 1862. }

Col. M. D. Manson, Commander 2d Brigade, 1st Division, Department of Ohio:

SIR: I have the honor to report to you the part taken by the Tenth Indiana regiment of volunteers under my command, in the battle fought on the nineteenth inst., at Logan's Farm, Pulaski County, Ky.

On the evening of the eighteenth inst, in accordance with your order, I sent out as pickets Companies K and I, Capts. Shorter and Perkins, and had them posted on the road leading to the fortifications of the enemy on Cumberland River, distance about twelve miles. Major A. O. Miller, who posted the pickets, stationed Company I one mile from our camp, and Company K three hundred yards beyond. The latter company received instructions to fall back to Capt. Perkins if attacked.

At about half-past six o'clock, on the morning of the nineteenth inst., a courier came to our quarters with information that the enemy was advancing upon our camp, and almost immediate-

ly afterward the firing of our pickets was heard. The long roll quickly brought the Tenth regiment into ranks, and I gave orders to Major Miller to go forward with Company A, Capt. Hamilton, to the support of the picket companies, which order was promptly executed.

I soon proceeded, by your order, with the remaining seven companies of my regiment, down the road in the direction of the picket-firing. When I got within seventy-five yards of these companies there hotly engaged, I formed the regiment in line of battle, and rapidly disposed it for fighting. Five companies extended through the woods on the right of the road and the remaining companies on the left. A regiment of rebels were advancing in line of battle, and their treasonable colors were seen flaunting in the breeze. Having selected as good a position as practicable, I took a stand, and ordered the regiment to fire, which order was instantly obeyed.

The firing continued, without cessation, for more than an hour, during which time we engaged three of the enemy's regiments, and held them at bay. The battle was at its hottest, and our ranks were gradually becoming thinned and mutilated, when I perceived a regiment of rebel cavalry attempting to flank me on the right, and an infantry regiment on the left. I commanded Capt. Gregory's company to take position to meet the cavalry on the right, which it did, and opened a galling fire upon them; but they were fast closing in upon us, and I saw myself completely out-flanked on the right, and that reinforcements must soon come to my relief or I would be compelled to fall back. I was eventually forced to order my right wing to retire, when, just as my order was being executed, the Fourth Kentucky regiment, commanded by Colonel Fry, came up and took position on the left of my left wing, and opened a deadly fire on the ranks of the enemy.

I now rallied the right wing, the men, with the exception of those who had been detailed to carry off the dead and wounded, quietly taking their places in the line. Just at this time a heavy force appeared to be advancing on the extreme left of the Fourth Kentucky regiment, and a portion of Col. McCook's brigade, which had arrived, engaging the enemy on my right, I was ordered by Gen. Thomas to the extreme left of the Fourth Kentucky regiment. I moved the regiment through the brush and over logs to the place designated, and coming to a fence parallel with my line, we hotly engaged the enemy, and after a hard struggle of half an hour's duration, drove him before us, and put him to flight with great loss. A part of my left wing still engaged on the right of the Fourth Kentucky, against great odds, being strongly opposed, I was again ordered by Gen. Thomas to their support.

I forthwith obeyed this command, and in doing so, brought my right wing upon the identical ground it had been forced to abandon during the earlier part of the engagement. I then moved forward the whole right wing and two companies of the left, and soon got into a fierce contest with

the enemy in front. The whole regiment, from right to left, was now warmly engaged, and slowly but surely driving the enemy before them, when I ordered a "charge bayonets!" which was promptly executed along the whole line. We soon drove the enemy from his place of concealment in the woods into an open field, two hundred yards from where I ordered the charge. When we arrived at the fence in our front, many of the enemy were found lingering in the corners, and were bayoneted by my men between the rails.

I pressed onward, and soon beheld, with satisfaction, that the enemy were moving in retreat across the field; but I suddenly saw them halt in the south-east corner of the field, on a piece of high ground, where they received considerable reinforcements, and made a last and desperate effort to repulse our troops. In the mean time the gallant Col. McCook, with his invincible Ninth Ohio regiment, came to our support, and for twenty or thirty minutes a terrific struggle ensued between the opposing forces. I never, in all my military career, saw a harder fight. Finally the enemy began to waver and give back before the shower of lead and glittering steel brought to bear on his shattered ranks, and he commenced a precipitate retreat, under a storm of bullets from our advancing forces, until his retreat became a perfect rout.

I ordered enough men to be left to attend to our dead and wounded, and receiving a new supply of cartridges, (the most of our boxes being entirely empty,) the men refilled their boxes, and, according to your order, I put the regiment in motion after the retreating enemy. Pursuing them the same evening a distance of ten miles, we arrived near the enemy's fortifications at this place. The way by which the enemy had retreated, gave evidence that they had been in haste to reach their den. Wagons, cannon, muskets, swords, blankets, etc., were strewn all along the roads from the battle-field, to within a mile of this place, where I halted the regiment, and the men slept on their arms in the open field.

The men at this time were powder-besmeared, tired and hungry, having had nothing to eat since the previous night. On the following morning, the twentieth inst., after our artillery had shelled the enemy's works, by your orders, I moved my regiment to his breastworks, and into his deserted intrenchments, where I have since remained.

It may be interesting to state here that our regimental colors, which were those presented by the ladies of Lafayette, and borne in triumph at the battle of Rich Mountain, were completely torn into shreds by the bullets of the enemy. I have had its scattered fragments gathered, and intend preserving them. Three stand of rebel colors were captured by my regiment.

I cannot speak in terms of sufficient praise of the noble and gallant conduct of some of the officers of my regiment. They did their duty, and fought like true veterans. Major A. O. Miller was wherever duty called him, and in the thickest of the fight, cheering on the men. Aiding-

Adjutant W. E. Ludlow did his whole duty, and rendered me valuable assistance during the day. Assistant-Surgeon C. S. Perkins, and the Rev. Dr. Dougherty, Chaplain of the Tenth regiment, rendered valuable service in their unrelenting attention to the wounded. Quartermaster Oliver S. Rankins, and Nelson B. Smith, of the same department, are entitled to great credit for the prompt manner in which they brought up and supplied the men with cartridges. Commissary-Sergeant David B. Hart, our Rich Mountain guide in the three months' service, was present and in the line of his duty.

Fife and Drum-Majors Daniel and James Conklin, shouldered muskets and fought valiantly during the early part of the engagement, after which they were of great service in carrying off and attending to the wounded. Capts. Hamilton, Boyle, J. F. Taylor, Carroll and Shorter, *the three young tigers*, were through the entire battle, where none but the brave and gallant go, and continually pressed forward with their men when the battle raged the hottest, and rebels were found most plenty. Capt. Vanarsdall, of Co. B, was present, and discharged his duty faithfully, until the right wing was drawn off. Lieutenants Cobb, Coben, McAdams, Van Natts, Johnson, McCoy, Bush, Boswell, Shumate and Hunt, deserve the highest praise for their brave and gallant conduct. Lieut. McAdams fell while nobly leading on his men. Lieut. Bush commanded Company G, and quite distinguished himself. Second Lieuts. Rodman, Colwell, Merritt, Lutz, Miller, Stall, Simpson, Scott and Wilds, fully merit all that can be said in their praise, as do all the non-commissioned officers and privates that were present during the engagement.

Many individual acts of bravery might be mentioned, such as those of Orderly-Sergeant Miller, of Company B, and my Orderly-Sergeant, Abraham A. Carter, who took a gun and fought manfully during the intervals that his services were not required by me in despatching orders. But nothing I can say, will add to the well-merited laurels already on the brows of both officers and men of the Tenth regiment of Indiana Volunteers.

My regiment lost in killed, eleven men; in wounded, seventy-five—a complete list of whose names I herewith submit. Respectfully submitted,

W. C. KISE,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding Tenth Indiana Reg.

ADJUTANT HARRIS'S REPORT.

The bugle called the Ninth regiment Ohio Volunteers together on the morning of the nineteenth inst., about seven o'clock. Led by Acting Lieut.-Col. Kaemmerling, the regiment was marched out of camp to meet the enemy, who was reported approaching against us on the road leading from the Cumberland River to Logan's farm. The regiment proceeded on line of battle to the scene of the action, about a mile and a half from the camp. At a point this side of the thick woods separating the enemy from us, Company K was ordered to take position on a side road, and to skirmish the bush for the purpose of protecting

us against any flank attack. The remaining eight companies (Company G was on guard on the other side of our camp and was left there) proceeded in quick-step through the woods to the place of battle, and no sooner had they reached the edge of the wood, when they were ordered to attack the enemy. The latter was posted in force on the edge of and in the woods opposite us, and was separated from us by two open corn-fields, both of which were fenced. Our left wing touched the main road leading to the Cumberland, and was separated by the same from the right wing of the Second Minnesota Regiment.

With loud hurrahs our boys, most gallantly led by Kaemmerling, advanced upon the enemy, extending themselves all over the first of said two corn-fields, and taking stand along and below the fence. Brisk and heavy firing at once began from both sides, and continued for about half an hour. At last companies A, B, C and D, from our right wing, made a flank movement by left wheel, and after opening a lively fire against the enemy's left wing, they, together with the remaining companies, made a bayonet charge, driving the enemy from his position with loud shouts. The enemy immediately fled precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded, and their knapsacks, blankets, provisions, etc., when our men hastily pursued, and made a large number prisoners.

Company H, detached as stated above, had been ordered to join the main body, but failing to find it, fell in with the Second Minnesota, and participated in the action on the left wing of the said regiment. The strength of our regiment during this action was three staff officers, one staff bugler, twenty-one company and ninety-three non-commissioned officers, five hundred and five privates, and eight buglers.

GEO. H. HARRIS,

Adjutant Ninth Reg. Ohio Volunteers.

COLONEL VAN CLEVE'S REPORT.

Colonel Robert McCook, Ninth Ohio, commanding Third Brigade, First Division, Department of the Ohio:

SIR: I have the honor herewith to submit my report of the part taken by the Second Minnesota regiment in the action of the Cumberland, on the nineteenth inst. About seven o'clock on the morning of that day, and before breakfast, I was informed by Col. Manson, of the Tenth Indiana, commanding the Second brigade of our division, that the enemy were advancing in force, and that he was holding them in check, and that it was the order of Gen. Thomas that I should form my regiment and march immediately to the scene of action. Within ten minutes we had left our camp and were marching toward the enemy. Arriving at Logan's field, by your order, we halted in line of battle, supporting Standart's battery, which was returning the fire of the enemy's guns, whose balls and shells were falling near us. As soon as the Ninth Ohio came up and had taken its position on our right, we continued to march, and, after proceeding about half a mile, came upon the enemy, who were posted behind a fence,

along a road beyond which was an open field, broken by ravines. The enemy, opening upon us a galling fire, fought desperately, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued, which lasted about thirty minutes. The enemy met with so warm a reception in front, and afterward being flanked on their left by the Ninth Ohio, and on their right by a portion of our left, who, by their well-directed fire, drove them from behind their hiding-places, gave way, leaving a large number of their dead and wounded on the field. We joined in the pursuit, which continued till near sunset, when we arrived within a mile of their intrenchments, where we rested upon our arms during the night. The next morning we marched into their works, which we found deserted. Six hundred of my regiment were in the engagement, twelve of whom were killed, and thirty-three wounded. I am well satisfied with the conduct of my entire command, during the severe and close engagement in which they took part. Where all behaved so well, I have no desire to make individual distinction.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

H. P. VAN CLEVE,

Colonel Commanding Second Min. Volunteers.

THANKS TO THE TENTH INDIANA.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, }
INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 27.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9.

His Excellency O. P. Morton, Governor of Indiana, in common with the people of said State, hails with pride and gratitude the news of the victory achieved over the rebels in the recent engagement near Somerset, Ky., in which the Tenth Regiment of Indiana volunteers, under Colonel Mahlon D. Manson, so gallantly distinguished themselves.

In behalf of the people, he returns heartfelt thanks to the gallant officers and brave men of that regiment, for their alacrity, courage, and brave exertions in sustaining the fair fame of our arms, and especially the proud name of Indiana volunteers.

By order of the Commander-in-chief,

LAZ. NOBLE,

Adjutant-General of Indiana.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, Jan. 22, 1862.

The following orders, received from the War Department, are published to the army:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Jan. 22, 1862.

The President, Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, has received information of a brilliant victory achieved by the United States forces over a large body of armed traitors and rebels at Mill Springs, in the State of Kentucky.

He returns thanks to the gallant officers and soldiers who won that victory; and when the official reports shall be received, the military skill and personal valor displayed in battle will be acknowledged and rewarded in a fitting manner.

The courage that encountered and vanquished the greatly superior numbers of the rebel force, pursued and attacked them in their intrenchments, and paused not until the enemy was completely routed, merits and receives commendation.

The purpose of this war is to attack, pursue, and destroy a rebellious enemy, and to deliver the country from danger menaced by traitors. Alacrity, daring, courageous spirit, and patriotic zeal, on all occasions and under every circumstance, are expected from the army of the United States.

In the prompt and spirited movements and daring battle of Mill Springs, the nation will realize its hopes, and the people of the United States will rejoice to honor every soldier and officer who proves his courage by charging with the bayonet and storming intrenchments, or in the blaze of the enemy's fire.

By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

A correspondent gives the following detailed account of this battle:

ZOLLICOFFER'S (LATE) ENCAMPMENT, Jan. 20, 1862.

Here I sit in a cedar log cabin, inside the intrenchments of the wonderful position of old "Zolly," to write you a letter on contraband paper, with a contraband pen and contraband ink. Where shall I begin—what shall I write first? There are incidents enough, if all recounted, to fill a volume; things that took place in this, the most complete victory, and most overwhelming, total overthrow the secession army has yet met with in this rebellion. To begin at the beginning and tell the story straight:

Just at daybreak on Sunday morning, the nineteenth of January, sharp firing commenced with the pickets in the same spot where the firing was last Friday night; the long roll beat in the Indiana Tenth, and they formed instantly and marched to the support of their pickets. The Tenth and Kinney's battery were close together, and half a mile in advance of every thing. The battery got ready for action on the instant, and awaited orders. By the way, Standart's battery and Wetmore's four-gun battery were both in park, one on each side of Kinney's battery. The First Tennessee was about a quarter of a mile in the rear of these batteries, in the woods. The Fourth Kentucky, Col. Fry, was the next regiment on the road, half a mile in the rear of the batteries; it was forming as I ran past, getting to my own regiment, (for I slept in Kinney's battery;) the Second Tennessee another quarter of a mile in the rear of the Fourth Kentucky. By this time the cavalry were running their horses all over the country, in every direction—except toward the firing, which still continued at intervals. The Second was just getting breakfast, and supposing it to be only a picket fight, kept on cooking and eating, though very few had eaten any thing when the column of our force appeared coming

on in our rear. Lieut.-Col. Trewhit promptly got us into line and double-quickened us into the road ahead of the advancing column; the Fourth Kentucky had gone when we reached their encampment. The firing still continued, and very briskly; we kept on at double-quick, all hoping and believing that we would have a chance to smell burnt powder. But, when opposite the encampment of the Tenth Indiana, up rode the Colonel, and halted us for further orders; we all thought—if we didn't say it—d—n further orders.

The Tenth Indiana went into the woods about a quarter of a mile in advance of their tents, to the support of their pickets; and bravely did they support them, too, for over half an hour, against the whole force led against them; and never retreated a step, nor gave an inch of ground, until nearly surrounded by overwhelming numbers; then, to save themselves from being entirely surrounded, they unwillingly gave way. Here was a crisis, and yell on yell went up from the lantern-jawed secessionists; they thought the day was all their own. But, happily, any disastrous consequence was prevented by the arrival of the Fourth Kentucky and Ninth Ohio, to the support of the gallant Tenth. Again our men made a stand; now there was fighting in good earnest, and the Second Minnesota joined in with the Tenth and the Fourth and Ninth Ohio. Volley after volley rattled in quick succession, and sometimes it seemed as though there was only one continuous volley, interrupted now and then by the growling of the "yellow pups," which had been brought to bear on the enemy; and when they once commenced they distributed their favors freely in all directions, in the shape of shot and shell; and, gentlemen, excuse me from being the recipient of any such favors. There were only two or three shots from cannon fired by the enemy, and they were either badly aimed or the pieces were out of range, for the shot did not disturb any body. Once they threw a shell into the air, which burst when some four or five hundred feet high. No damage was done by it, and their artillery seemed to be of no use to them whatever, while, on the contrary, ours seemed to be of immense use to us, and it was most ably and effectively handled. After a little more than two hours of hard fighting, a most tremendous volley of musketry, followed by a ringing shout from our side, seemed to have decided the battle in our favor, for from that time, although firing was kept up at intervals, the secessionists, whipped and cowed, began their retreat, which, in about twenty minutes more, became a total rout, and from the indications along the road which we afterward passed over, the fight appeared to have been a regular race from that point back to their intrenchments, to see who could get there first, and the devil take the hindmost.

All the credit and honor of this battle is due to the Tenth Indiana, the Ninth Ohio, the Fourth Kentucky, and Second Minnesota; for they did all the fighting, as it were, single-handed, with

the exception of what support they received from the artillery. They all fought nobly, and judging from the sound of the musketry, they never wavered from a fixed determination to gain the victory, and they did gain it. The combatants were so near to each other at one time that the powder burned their faces in the discharge of their pieces; but the underbrush was so thick that bayonets were of but little use, and a charge could hardly have been made.

The most important event of the day was the death of Zollicoffer. Col. Fry of the Fourth Kentucky charged up a hill by himself upon a group of mounted officers, and fired at the one he conceived to be the chief among them; he fired two shots; both of them took effect, and Zollicoffer, one of the master-spirits of the rebellion, fell off his horse, dead. Col. Fry was, luckily, unhurt; but his horse was shot through the body, the bullet entering only a few inches behind the Colonel's leg. This must have been a deadener to all the hopes the secessionists had for victory, as from this moment begun the retreat; and so closely did our forces push upon them that they were obliged to leave their illustrious leader where he fell, by the side of the road.

What were the East-Tennesseans doing during all this engagement, with their boasted bravery? The First regiment I know but little about, except that it marched toward the edge of the woods in which the firing was going on, and disappeared from sight. As a regiment they did not fire a gun, but Lieut.-Colonel Spears, who is a whole team and a horse to let, some way got in ahead of his men and where the fighting was; he shot a few times with his revolver, and turned round to see where his men were, when he perceived an officer in between him and where his regiment ought to be, evidently trying to cut him off. But the officer—who turned out to be Lieut.-Colonel Carter—waked up the wrong passenger when he got after Spears, and the tables were turned, for instead of cutting Colonel Spears off, the Colonel took him prisoner and brought him back into the regiment. The Second Tennessee went through various and sundry evolutions; they were marched and counter-marched, right-obliqued and left-obliqued, right-faced and left-faced, and brought up all standing in a brier patch.

Well, finally we were formed in a line of battle, out of all harm's way, and remained so until the firing was nearly all over, when we were double-quickened to the edge of the woods, and halted again, until the firing receded and died away entirely.

It is needless to comment upon the conduct of the Tennesseans; to say what they could have done or would have done under other circumstances. Here is the fact what they did do, and that was simply nothing. As to the rest, the future will decide.

Our course was now steadily forward to the main road that led to Zollicoffer's encampment on the Cumberland. I shall not attempt to describe the battle-field, the dead or the dying. Of course, in all battles, somebody must be killed, and some-

body must be wounded; this was no exception to the general rule. I shall mention only one of the dead—that one Zollicoffer. He lay by the side of the road along which we all passed, and all had a fair view of what was once Zollicoffer. I saw the lifeless body as it lay in a fence-corner by the side of the road, but Zollicoffer himself is now in hell. Hell is a fitting abode for all such arch-traitors. May all the other chief conspirators in this rebellion soon share Zollicoffer's fate—shot dead through the instrumentality of an avenging God—their spirits sent straightway to hell, and their lifeless bodies lie in a fence-corner, their faces spattered with mud, and their garments divided up, and even the hair of their head cut off and pulled out by an unsympathizing soldiery of a conquering army, battling for the right.

The march was now steadily but cautiously forward. Two pieces of artillery were taken; one was crippled in the woods near the battle-ground, and the other was found stuck in the mud about a mile in the rear; also two wagons with ammunition. No incident worth mentioning occurred on the march, which was deliberately but steadily forward, with the artillery well up, until a final halt was made, about half-past four o'clock, within a mile of the breastworks of the famous fortifications on the Cumberland, which have been reported impregnable. Here the artillery was again planted, and set to work shelling the wonderful fortifications; and a continuous fire was kept up for nearly an hour. Every shell that was thrown we could hear burst distinctly. There was only one cannon that answered us from the breastworks, and that one sounded more like a potato pop-gun than any thing else I can liken it to, and did us no damage, as the shot never reached us. This one piece was only fired four times. Night closed in and the firing ceased. We all lay down on the wet ground, in perfect security, to rest our weary limbs, the distance we had come being over ten miles on the direct road, let alone the bushes and underbrush we went through, to say nothing about two or three dress-parades of the Second for somebody's amusement, but not our own, I can assure you. And then the roads and fields were awfully cut up, and mud was plenty, as it had rained a good part of the forenoon. Our men lay down to rest without a mouthful to eat, many of whom had eaten no breakfast; but as Captain Cross said, "The man who could not fast two days over Zollicoffer's scalp, was no man at all;" and there was no grumbling, as there was necessity for it. However, the teams came up in the night with crackers and bacon.

Now here is the summary, so far as I know, up to Sunday night: we are within a mile of Zollicoffer's encampment; Zollicoffer is killed and his forces have been whipped—some two hundred of them being killed and a great many wounded; one of Crittenden's aids, a lieutenant-colonel and three surgeons, are taken prisoners, but how many more I know not; two pieces of artillery and three wagons were left, and the road was strewn with guns, blankets, coats, haversacks, and every thing

else that impeded flight. On our side from twenty to thirty are killed, and from eighty to one hundred wounded, having no prisoners taken that we know of.

On the morning of the twentieth, soon after daylight, several of the regiments were moved forward toward the breastworks, and a cannon-ball or two fired over into them; but no answer was made—all was quiet. The regiments moved steadily on and into their fortifications, it being ascertained that there was no one to oppose them. The enemy having crossed the river during the night, or early in the morning, the rout was complete. It seems as though there was a perfect panic among them, their tents having been left standing, and their blankets, clothes, cooking-utensils, letters, papers, etc., all left behind. The position is a pretty strong one, but not near so much so as we had been led to suppose. Huts were built, nicely chinked with mud, many of them having windows in them for comfortable winter-quarters. How much work the devils have done here, and how little it has profited them! I have been wandering around all day, seeing and hearing what I could. The Cumberland makes one side of the encampment safe by an abrupt bank two hundred and fifty feet high. I went down to the river bottom, to which there is a road on our side. Here were all or nearly all of their wagons, some twelve or fifteen hundred horses and mules, harness, saddles, sabres, guns; in fact, everything. It was a complete stampede, and by far the most disastrous defeat the Southern Confederacy has yet met with. Ten pieces of cannon, with caissons, are also here. To all appearances, they seem to have completely lost their senses, having only one object in view, and that was to run somewhere and hide themselves.

Now, to account for the battle taking place as it did. There were eleven rebel regiments here, two being unarmed; and Zollicoffer, who was the presiding devil, although Crittenden had taken the command, thought the Tenth Indiana, and Kinney's battery, were just two regiments by themselves, and did not know that they were supported by the balance of the division, which was out of sight behind, on account of the timber; and he conceived the happy idea of rushing upon and capturing these two regiments, to get their arms to supply his own unarmed men. So he took all the available force he had—some eight thousand or nine thousand men—and made the attack; with what result has already been shown. Now this only goes to prove that, in order to put this rebellion down, we must *do something*. In this fight, four of our regiments whipped, and completely routed, the great army that was under Zollicoffer, killed the old devil himself, and maybe Crittenden too, for he has not been heard of since the battle. The prisoners we have taken, estimate our force at twenty thousand; bah! we can take them any time, and in any place, and giving them the odds three to one, whip them every time. Their cause is a bad one; they know it; and the only way their men can be induced to fight at all, is by their leaders getting in the very front rank with them.

The Second Minnesota captured a banner from the Mississippi regiment, which had on it the "Mississippi Butchers." They may be good butchers at home, but they make a mighty awkward fist at butchering Yankees. They had better go home and attend to their business. Nearly every man has a trophy of this victory; there are plenty to get, certain; and I sit writing this now with a Louisiana Zouave head-dress and tassel on my head.

I give you a copy of two or three of the documents found in the camp. The following was found on a table, in one of the cabins:

"COL. SPEARS: We fought you bravely, and desperately but misguidedly. We leave here under pressing circumstances, but do not feel that we are whipped. We will yet succeed, and——"

Here the circumstances became so *pressing*, that the writer did not wait to finish the epistle. Col. Spears supposes the writer to be Major John W. Bridgman, of the Tennessee cavalry.

The following was written on a piece of brown paper, with a pencil:

"JAN. 19, 1861. FISHING CREEK.

"The great battle, at Fishing Creek, took place. Our loss was great; supposed to be eight hundred killed and wounded, and a great many taken prisoners. We will try them again at our breastwork, if they come to us."

At the bottom of this paper, upside down, is a name I cannot make out, and then "Polasky."

Here is another paper, which is evidently the result of a council of war, held before this force came across on the north side of the Cumberland:

"The result of your crossing the river now, will be that you will be repulsed, and lose all the artillery taken over. ESTILL.

"DEC. 4, '61."

"Another 'Wild-Cat' disaster is *all we* can look forward to. FULKERSON."

"We will cross over, and find that the enemy has retired to a place that we will not deem advisable to attack, and then we will return to this encampment. LORING."

Estill is a colonel, from Middle-Tennessee. Fulkerson is a major, and one of the big-heads of the secession party, in Tennessee. It seems that there was opposition in the camp, to the move on to this side of the river, but old Zollicoffer, the head devil of the army, ruled, and did come over. Some of these predictions proved to be strictly true; it did turn out to be a "Wild-Cat" disaster—only worse; and they did lose all their artillery; and, more than all, the old he-devil, Zollicoffer, lost his life. The rout has been complete and total. His whole force is entirely scattered, and if the victory is followed up across the river, they will never rally together again.

It is now nearly three o'clock in the morning while I write, and with a few reflections, this already long letter—perhaps too long—shall be closed.

What a lucky thing that Zollicoffer was bold enough to attack our force; had he not done so,

no battle would have been fought here for a long time. And this victory cannot be credited to the skill of a brigadier-general. The battle was entirely accidental; the position was entirely a chance position, and the men themselves, led by their colonels, fought the battle, and won it. The Tenth Indiana got into the fight supporting their pickets, the Fourth Kentucky and Ninth Ohio rushed in, without orders, to support the Tenth. Whether the Second Minnesota had orders to go in or not, I do not know. And these four regiments did all the fighting that was done; and that was enough to whip the eight regiments Zollicoffer had in the engagement. If these brigadier-generals must be paid big wages, by the Government, why, just pay it to them, and let them stay at home, for they are no earthly use among us. Let the men go ahead, and wind up this war; it can be done in two months. Secret—*do something.*

Would that some abler pen could give you a full and complete account of this rout. I considered it my duty to do my best in an attempt to describe it, but it has been hurriedly written, with a willing but weary hand, so excuse the confused parts of the letter.

The Ninth Ohio, which, some way, I came very near omitting, deserves especial praise. Colonel McCook rushed his men up just about the time the Tenth Indiana was giving ground. And the Indiana boys say the Ninth fought like tigers, and are just such backers as they would always like to have.

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

SECESSION NARRATIVES.

LOUISVILLE (NASHVILLE) COURIER ACCOUNT.

LIVINGSTON, OVERTON Co., TENN., }
January 25, 1862. }

As every thing concerning the contest in Kentucky is of peculiar interest to you and to the readers of your paper, I propose giving you some account of the battle of Fishing Creek, fought in Wayne County, on the Upper Cumberland, on Sunday, the nineteenth day of this month.

It will be remembered that some two months ago, Brig.-Gen. Zollicoffer moved with a portion of his command to Mill Springs, on the southern bank of the Cumberland River, and soon after advanced across to Camp Beech Grove on the opposite bank, fortifying this camp with earthworks. At Beech Grove he placed five regiments of infantry, ten or twelve pieces of artillery, and several hundred cavalry, and at Mill Springs he had two regiments of infantry and several hundred cavalry. About the first of January, Maj.-Gen. Crittenden arrived and took the command. The enemy in front occupied Somerset with several regiments, and Columbia with an equal force.

About the second week of this month two more regiments arrived from Knoxville, an artillery company with four guns, and Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carroll.

On the seventeenth and eighteenth it rained so much that Fishing Creek could not be crossed, and so the Somerset force of several thousand

could not join the force from Columbia before the twentieth.

From the face of the country in front of Camp Beech Grove there was very bad range for artillery, and it could not be of very material benefit against an attacking infantry force, and from the extent of the front line and the number of works to be defended, there was within the camp an insufficient force. At the same time, for several weeks, bare existence in the camp was very precarious, from want of provisions and forage. Regiments frequently subsisted on one third rations, and this very frequently of bread alone. Wayne County, which was alone productive in this region of Kentucky, had been exhausted, and the neighboring counties of Tennessee could furnish nothing to the support of the army. The condition of the roads and the poverty of the intervening section rendered it impossible to transport from Knoxville, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. The enemy from Columbia commanded the Cumberland River, and only one boat was enabled to come up with supplies from Nashville. With the channel of communication closed, the position became untenable without attack. Only corn could be obtained for the horses and mules, and this in such small quantities that often cavalry companies were sent out on unshod horses which had eaten nothing for two days. The roads in every direction were extremely bad, and from the landing up either bank to the camp, difficult to employ wagons; and in addition to this, the crossing of the river was bad in the small ferry-boats used for that purpose. Description would fail in portraying the difficulties of this position to one who has not seen and suffered.

By extraordinary exertions for several days, provisions enough had been gathered to ration the army with bread, meat, coffee, and sugar for two days—the nineteenth and twentieth.

On the afternoon of the eighteenth, two cavalry companies which had been sent out by General Crittenden returned, reporting the position of the enemy unchanged, and Fishing Creek so full that it could not be passed on the nineteenth. In view of this state of things, it seems Gen. Crittenden determined to march out and attack the force at the junction of the roads before the Somerset brigade could unite with it, and, if possible, before it could be joined by the reserve from Columbia. On the afternoon of the eighteenth, Gen. Zollicoffer remarked to the writer that *the enemy ought to be attacked*, and on that evening Gen. Crittenden called a council at his quarters, with Gens. Zollicoffer and Carroll and the colonels of regiments and captains of artillery and lieutenant-colonels of cavalry battalions, and it was there *unanimously agreed to make the attack!*

In perfect silence, at midnight, the march began. In front moved the brigade of Gen. Zollicoffer, consisting of the Fifteenth Mississippi regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Walthall, in advance, and the Tennessee regiments of Colonels Cummings, Battle, and Stanton, with four guns

commanded by Capt. Rutledge. Then moved the brigade of Gen. Carroll, consisting of the Tennessee regiments of Colonels Newman, Murray, and Powell, with two guns commanded by Capt. McClung. Then moved the Sixteenth Alabama regiment, Col. Wood, as a reserve, and Branner's and McClellan's battalions of cavalry. In advance of the column moved the independent cavalry companies of Capts. Bledsoe and Saunders.

In the gray dawn, about six o'clock, two miles from their camp, the pickets of the enemy fired upon our advanced cavalry and wounded one in the arm.

Then two companies of the Mississippi regiment were deployed on the right and left of the road as skirmishers, and advanced parallel with the road. On the left, in an open field, was a house near the road, and near by and behind this house was a skirt of woods. While the skirmishers were advancing towards this, the enemy in the house and woods were firing at the head of the column, where Generals Crittenden and Zollicoffer sat upon their horses about five hundred yards distant. When the skirmishers approached within one hundred yards of the house, the enemy ceased to fire upon the column and directed it upon them, but upon its quick return and several rounds, retreated into the woods. The Mississippi regiment then, in line of battle, was advanced, and the head of the column advanced near to the house. From this house the road runs straight for about half a mile, one third of this distance up a hill, one third down, and one third to the crest of another hill. On the right side of the road, up and down the first hill, was an open field, then a narrow strip of woods and again an old uneven field up to the crest. On the left side of the road up the first hill, was woods, and down it open field, and up the next to the crest a thick woods. Up the first hill and down it, on both sides of the road, the enemy was driven back before the impetuous charge of the brigade of Gen. Zollicoffer; and already he was ascending the last hill to the crest, when the heaviest firing told where the battle raged. He sent for reinforcements, and the brigade of Gen. Carroll was ordered up. When, in another moment, it was announced that he was killed, a sudden gloom pervaded the field and depressed the army. He had fallen on the crest of the hill—the stronghold of the enemy, which he had almost driven them from, and which once gained, the day was ours. It is said that the enemy in front of him in the woods, after a few moments' cessation of firing and some movement, was taken by him to be a regiment of his own command, and that he rode up to give them a command when he was coolly shot down, pierced by several balls.

Immediately on the announcement of his death Gen. Crittenden in person rode up to the front of the fight, and directed the movement of the day with perfect coolness, in the very midst of the fire of the enemy, and where several were killed around him. His friends remonstrated against this recklessness, and entreated him to occupy a less exposed position, but he would not

leave the front, and sat on his horse unmoved, except when a regiment would fall back under the heavy fire of superior numbers, when he would in person, under fire, speak to and rally the men.

To gain this hill the fight raged for two hours. Charge after charge was made, regiment after regiment advanced, but we could not drive back the heavy forces of the enemy with our few gallant men. At last, when we could not drive them, and our charges were unsuccessful, time and again, and they began to flank us, our little army began to retire, and checking pursuit by several stands they could not break, moved back to our entrenchments, at Camp Beech Grove. In the return one gun broke down and was left to the enemy. Upon the field we left about three hundred killed and wounded, and they got, perhaps, one hundred prisoners. Their loss in killed and wounded is thought by those in the battle, and is reported to us by those afterwards in their camp, to be about *one thousand*. We lost a brave and noble general, whose place cannot be easily filled. Lieut. Baillie Peyton, of Battle's regiment, was killed, and Lieut.-Col. Carter and Sergt.-Major Orville Ewing, of same regiment, were wounded and taken prisoners, and Adjutant Battle was wounded in the shoulder. Colonel Stanton was wounded in the arm while leading his regiment in a charge, and so was Col. Powell. The loss in the Mississippi regiment was heaviest. To this regiment is universally accorded the praise of the best fighting and most distinguished gallantry. Colonel Battle's regiment also covered itself with honor. While it is invidious to make separate mention of regiments, the notice of these two, at least, will meet with general approbation in this army.

Major Fogg, Aid to Gen. Zollicoffer, and Lieut. Evan Shields, were dangerously wounded. They behaved in the action with approved gallantry.

Thus with four thousand men we bravely attacked twenty thousand, and after a conflict of three hours and a half, unable to drive them from their position, retired without a hot pursuit to our camps, which we reached at one o'clock P.M. At three o'clock the enemy came and invested the place, and fired from two batteries into our intrenchments.

Then arose the question whether to defend or evacuate the place. Suppose we could have held it against the superior force attacking? In a few days we would have been starved out; and if, with their battery which commanded the landing, they had injured the boat, escape would have been impossible, and surrender inevitable. Again, by taking Mill Spring in our rear, which could have been done with a small force, retreat at any time would have been cut off; and it would have been vain to think of cutting a way out in front, because, without rations, the army would have been precipitated into a barren country, unable to afford any subsistence whatever. To prevent these straits, an immediate crossing of the river during the night was necessary, and as time permitted only to cross the men, baggage, camp equipage, wagons, horses, and artillery had to be

left—a great sacrifice, but not to be estimated in the balance with saving the army. This bold and masterly movement was accomplished on this night, and the next morning saw our army on the south of the Cumberland, and the enemy in Camp Beech Grove.

The crossing was effected during the night by the aid of the steamboat Noble Ellis, which had before ascended the river with supplies, and which was efficiently commanded on this occasion by Capt. Spiller, of the cavalry.

The river crossed, it was necessary to move somewhere in search of provisions and forage. If no enemy had appeared, the quitting of this portion of Kentucky had been gravely considered and almost determined upon, and in a few days would have been compelled. It was impossible to move further into Kentucky, from the barrenness of the mountains between that point and the Blue Grass; and all the counties on the left and right, and the northern counties of East-Tennessee, were too poor to support the army one day. With a vastly superior force attacking, the movement to the Cumberland River, at Gainsboro, a point of supply, was precipitated, and to this Gen. Crittenden is moving with short days' marches. From this point, if the enemy should advance into East-Tennessee, an attack could be made on his flank and rear, while passing through the hilly and barren region of Kentucky, towards Knoxville and the railroad.

I have thus briefly sketched our army movements for the last few days. Victory does not gleam upon our banners, and we may not receive the loud plaudits which it brings, but in view of an overwhelming force of the enemy, and the absolute want of army supplies, and the distressing poverty of the country, it must be conceded to Gen. Crittenden, that in the bold and gallant attack and masterly retreat, he has displayed the highest qualities of the military commander, and he deserves the admiration of the country to which he has given his services, and in whose cause, at Fishing Creek, he so coolly exposed his life. Given a command most exposed and perilous, on the northern bank of the Cumberland River, he has saved it from the ablest generals, and an overwhelming army of the enemy. While they were confident of "bagging" this little army, it is ready yet to save East-Tennessee, and to "bag" any force venturesome enough to invade.

VOLUNTEER.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Gen. Crittenden, on hearing that the enemy, three thousand strong, had crossed Fishing Creek, ordered Gen. Zollicoffer to advance and give them battle. Gen. Zollicoffer, as we understand, protested against the movement, preferring, as he alleged, that the enemy should make an attack on our breastworks. Gen. Crittenden, however, insisting that his plan should be carried into execution, Gen. Zollicoffer, at the head of portions of Battle's, Newman's, Stanton's, Powell's, and Murray's Tennessee regiments, and the Fifteenth Mississippi regiment, under Col. Stratham, to-

gether with an Alabama regiment, (the Fourteenth, we believe,) proceeded immediately to meet the opposing forces, and after marching seven miles, found the enemy some twenty-five thousand strong.

At eight o'clock in the morning of Sunday last, the nineteenth instant, the battle commenced, the enemy opening fire. The Mississippi regiment was ordered to the right, and Battle's to the left, and immediately afterward, riding up in front, Gen. Zollicoffer advanced to within a short distance of an Ohio regiment, which had taken a position at a point unknown to him, and which he supposed to be one of his own regiments.

The first intimation he had of his dangerous position was received when it was too late. "There's old Zollicoffer," cried out several of the regiment in front of him. "Kill him!" and in an instant their pieces were levelled at his person. At that moment Henry M. Fogg, aid to Gen. Zollicoffer, drew his revolver and fired, killing the person who first recognized Gen. Zollicoffer. With the most perfect coolness, Gen. Zollicoffer approached to the head of the enemy, and drawing his sabre, cut the head of the Lincoln colonel from his shoulders. As soon as this was done, twenty bullets pierced the body of our gallant leader, and Gen. Zollicoffer fell from his horse a mangled corpse.

The fight continued until about eleven o'clock, Col. Battle's and Col. Stratham's regiments bearing the brunt of the battle. Before the engagement closed, at this point, however, Gen. Crittenden ordered the entire force, with the exception of the two regiments above named, back to their breastworks. It was at this critical moment that our troops suffered the most. Side by side the gallant Mississippi and Tennessee regiments stood up against the overwhelming force of the enemy. Three times the Spartan band charged upon the united host of the vandals, and unawed by the lifeless forms and dying groans of their comrades, they continued to dispute their right to desecrate the sacred soil of our sunny land, until they were compelled to retreat or fall into the hands of the spoilers.

At three o'clock in the evening our forces, who had gained their intrenchments, were again attacked, the enemy surrounding them on every side. From this hour the battle raged furiously until eleven o'clock at night, at which time the confederates were compelled to abandon their position, leaving upon the field a large lot of provisions, the splendid batteries commanded by Captains Rutledge and McClung, besides camp equipage, baggage, etc.

Among those reported killed in addition to the commander of the brigade, are the following: Lieut.-Col. Carter, of Battle's regiment, from Williamson County; Tim Dodson, a well-known citizen of this county; the gallant Lieut. E. B. Shields, of this city; Lieut. Baillie Peyton, Jr., of Sumner County; James Patterson, of this county, color-bearer of Battle's regiment; James Gray, orderly-sergeant of Capt. Rice's company, Col. Battle's regiment.

Col. H. M. Fogg, Aid to Gen. Zollicoffer, was wounded early in the engagement. Our reports in regard to his condition are conflicting. A dispatch to Orville Ewing, Esq., states that Orville Ewing, son of the Hon. Edwin Ewing, of this city, is wounded and a prisoner. Two sons of John D. Goss, Esq., of this city, are among the wounded. Wm. Battle, son of the colonel of the regiment, is among the list. Colonel Stanton, slightly.

It is impossible at this moment to sum up the extent of our loss. According to the Northern accounts, which we publish in our telegraphic columns this morning, our loss in killed and wounded is put down at two hundred and seventy-five, with no statement in regard to the number of prisoners taken.

We hear that in addition to baggage, artillery, etc., left on the field, two thousand two hundred head of horses and mules were left behind, and probably captured by the Federals. We are inclined to think this statement an exaggeration.

—*Tuscumbia (Ala.) Constitution*, Jan. 29.

OPINIONS OF THE REBEL PRESS.

ANOTHER ARNOLD.

If the following statement is true, which we find in a correspondence from Nashville to the *Memphis Avalanche* of the twenty-seventh, Gen. George B. Crittenden, the commander of our forces at Fishing Creek, is a traitor of the deepest dye, and deserves to be hung up to the nearest tree. We sincerely hope that the charges made against Crittenden are groundless, and that the deplorable catastrophe was caused not by treachery but by whisky, which he is said to drink to such excess that he has not drawn a sober breath for months. The following is said to be the statement of one of Capt. Duncan's men after the battle:

He states that about eleven o'clock Saturday night week, Gen. Zollicoffer, ordered by Gen. Crittenden, went out with the regiments, Battle's, Stanton's, and Stratham's Fifteenth Mississippi, to meet the enemy at Fishing Creek, nine miles distant from our fortifications at Mill Spring. They met the enemy in a hollow place, about eighty feet wide, just on this side of Fishing Creek. Five regiments of the enemy were in sight, near at hand, who opened immediately with a heavy fire on Zollicoffer's brigade while forming a line of battle. In the mean time, two Federal regiments began a heavy cross-fire from ambushade. Here the battle commenced in earnest. In a short while our men were repulsed, but they rallied and drove the enemy across Fishing Creek into their fortifications. The fight continued—the enemy in their fortifications—for about an hour and a half, when the Federals were reënforced by three regiments, and our brigade was again repulsed, retreating to within two miles and a half of our fortifications at Mill Spring. Here the brigade was reënforced by Newman's and White's regiments. This was about eight o'clock A.M. With the assistance of the reënforcements, the brigade repulsed the enemy, driving them

back to their fortifications. Here the fight lasted until about twelve o'clock, when the enemy receiving additional force, the brigade was again repulsed, retreating back to their fortifications at Mill Spring, in confusion.

The fortifications were reached at about three o'clock. The enemy were then cannonaded for about three hours, when they retreated beyond the range of our guns. The firing ceased at about seven o'clock, the enemy being out of sight. Gen. Crittenden then ordered the command to "disperse, every man to look out for himself." Eleven guns were spiked and thrown into the river, and our army left the fortifications, each Colonel taking his command. Col. Battle's regiment was thrown out as a picket guard in front of the fortifications, while the retreat of the other regiments was made. They were ordered by Crittenden to halt within four miles of Monticello, and form a line of battle, to draw on the enemy for another fight. The regiments halted at Mrs. Roberts', at the point designated, and a consultation was held by the officers.

When the officers gathered for consultation, Col. Battle revealed the contents of the papers which had been extracted from the body of a negro man who was shot while attempting to cross the river to the enemy, on Saturday night, at about ten o'clock. Mr. Smith, our informant, was one of the persons who captured the negro. The story runs thus:

A Captain West, a "Union man," lives near the encampment. A number of the members of Duncan's company had been having their washing done at West's. On Saturday, prior to the battle, Gen. Crittenden dined with West. He gave to West some papers, which were to be transmitted across the river, by a negro, to the Northern army. A negro, Elizabeth, in the afternoon, told the negro-girl attached to Duncan's company that a certain negro (calling him by name) of her master was to go beyond the river that night, with papers, to the Northern army. The intelligence was conveyed to the members of Duncan's company, who at first disregarded the report, attaching no importance to it. But the report was emphasized by the two negroes (the girl of Capt. West and the negro of the company) visiting the camp together and repeating it, whereupon eight men (among them W. B. Smith) were sent towards the river by Captain Duncan, (Duncan going himself,) in search of the negro. These men had proceeded about four and a half miles, when they met a man driving cattle, who informed them of the direction in which he had seen the negro travelling. The men hastened on to within half a mile below Stagal's Ferry, reaching there at about seven o'clock P.M. They saw the negro in a canoe, about half-way across the river. They called to him to stop, but he went on, when four of the men fired upon him, killing him in the canoe. They then rolled a large log into the river, somewhat above, which was straddled by three, which with their hands they paddled into the middle of the river to the canoe. They extracted from

the person of the negro papers which, upon returning to the camp, they delivered to Colonel Battle. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when the papers were delivered to Col. Battle, who had his command moving, under the order to march against the enemy. He was unable, consequently, to examine the papers until after the whole battle had occurred. The papers were examined early Monday morning, and were exposed before the officers in their consultation at Mrs. Roberts's, within four miles of Monticello, where they had been ordered by Crittenden to halt.

When the consultation of the officers was being held, Crittenden rode off hastily to Monticello. Col. Battle told the brigade that they had been "sold." The regiment then proceeded to Monticello, and upon their arrival Gen. Crittenden was found at the Houston Hotel, in his bed, deeply intoxicated. He was immediately arrested, and is now a prisoner of war, held by Cols. Stanton, Battle, Stratham, and Newman. *The papers discovered are said to reveal the character of our fortifications at Mill Spring, the number of our troops, and the amount of provisions on hand, etc.*

—*Tuscumbia Alabamian*, Jan. 31.

LETTER FROM AN OFFICER IN CRITTENDEN'S
COMMAND.

ON MARCH, Jan. 27, 1862.

EDITORS PATRIOT: You have heard long since of the recent fight on Fishing Creek, between our forces and the Federals; consequently, I shall not at this time attempt to give you any of the details, but will do so at my earliest convenience. My object in writing at this time is to defend an innocent and brave man against an unjust, unfounded, and inhuman prejudice, which many of our soldiers and some officers have created. They are, perhaps, honest in their reports, but they certainly have talked without knowing what they were saying. I allude to Major-General George B. Crittenden. He does not know or dream that I am going to write. In fact, I never spoke to him but a few times in my life. The idea of his being a traitor is certainly as unfounded as that error is truth. He was often in the thickest of the fight, and no man who saw him can doubt for one moment his being one of the bravest of the brave. Taking every thing into consideration, he managed our retreat with marked ability. On the night after the battle, many officers of our brigade, as well as some of the engineer corps and artillery service, were in council with him. The question of a retreat was discussed. All favored it. General Crittenden remarked: "Gentlemen, I am here to serve a cause, and wish to do the best I can for the Confederacy. Do you, then, think it would be honorable in me to cross the river?" All responded promptly: "Yes, indeed." What else could we have expected? There were no supplies on that side, and none to be had. A battery had been planted so as to prevent our crossing the next day. The enemy were sufficiently strong to completely surround us and make a regular

siege, so as to force us to an unconditional surrender. To retreat, then, was our only salvation. Away, therefore, with the foolish charge made against the General. Most of the men and officers who remained with him on the march, and witnessed his care and attention to his command, are now beginning to feel assured that they are as safe under him as any other man. They are so expressing themselves. I, for one, am perfectly willing to go where he says go, or stay where he says stay. Men of sense and men of nerve with us, now all agree in one sentiment, that we have come off remarkably well, under the circumstances; and, although we have suffered immensely from cold, hunger, and fatigue, are nothing daunted, and, as soon as possible, are determined to make up our losses, and that under Major-General George B. Crittenden.

Respectfully,

A MAN OF JUSTICE.

—*Nashville Banner*.

Doc. 17.

THE CAIRO EXPEDITION.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. MCCLERNAND.

HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF CAIRO, }
CAIRO, ILL., January 24. }

Major-Gen. Henry W. Halleck, Commanding
Department of Missouri:

SIR: Being in temporary command of this district, it becomes my duty to submit the following report of the expedition which left Cairo, on the tenth inst., under order to penetrate the interior of Kentucky in the neighborhood of Columbus and towards Mayfield and Camp Beauregard.

The expedition consisted of the Tenth, Eighteenth, part of the Twenty-fifth, the Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first and Forty-eighth regiments of infantry, Schwartz and Dresser's batteries of light artillery, Dollin's, O'Harnett's and Carmichael's companies of cavalry, attached to regiments; Schwartz's cavalry company, attached to my brigade, and five companies of Col. T. Lyle Dickey's Fourth regiment of cavalry, numbering of infantry, three thousand nine hundred and ninety-two, of cavalry one thousand and sixty-one, and of artillery one hundred and thirty-nine, rank and file, all under my command, and all Illinois volunteers, except Schwartz's battery of light artillery.

The cavalry, which had crossed the river and encamped at Fort Holt, on the morning of the ninth, marched on the morning of the tenth to Fort Jefferson, Capt. Stewart with his company being in the advance. On arriving he determined to take in custody all persons found in that place, and immediately sent forward pickets to guard the pass at Elliott's Mills and other approaches from Columbus.

The remainder of the forces, conveyed by transports, arrived at Fort Jefferson on the same day, (tenth,) and encamped awaiting further orders.

On the eleventh I ordered a reconnoissance east to Blandville, by the "Hill Road," eight miles,

thence north on the road to Columbus to Weston's, five miles, and returning by Elliott's Mills to Fort Jefferson, nine miles. This reconnoissance was made by Capt. Stewart, in command of his own cavalry, and Company B, Capt. Collins, of the Fourth cavalry. No armed enemy was encountered, but captures of L. T. Polk and David Frazer, supposed to be couriers from Columbus, were made. No United States forces having previously approached so near Columbus, the inhabitants uniformly mistook our cavalry for rebel troops.

On the thirteenth, I ordered a demonstration to be made in the direction of Columbus, by six companies of cavalry, commanded by Capt. Stewart, supported by the Tenth and Eighteenth regiments of infantry, commanded respectively by Colonels Morgan and Lawler.

The infantry, crossing Mayfield Creek, at Elliott's Mills, took position there, while the cavalry advanced until they came within a mile and a half of the enemy's defences, driving his pickets into camp and bringing away several prisoners and their horses.

It was discovered that an abbatis of fallen timber, a mile and a half in width, surrounded the enemy's intrenchments. The rigor of the weather and the non-appearance of any considerable rebel force, led to the belief that they were closely collected around camp-fires within the intrenchments, and indisposed to take the field. It is believed, that with suitable preparation on our part, a favorable time was thus afforded for successful attack and capture of Columbus.

From this near approach, the cavalry returned by "Putney's Bend" and Elliott's Mills, to Fort Jefferson, communicating with and being joined by the infantry who formed their support.

On the thirteenth, Lieut. H. C. Freeman, engineer, with an escort of cavalry explored the different roads leading from Fort Jefferson to Blandville, and selected a strong position for encampment half a mile north of Blandville, on the road to Columbus.

On the fourteenth, the whole force proceeded, flanked and followed by a strong guard, moved in two columns, by different roads, toward Blandville, and encamped in such a manner as to command the approaches from Columbus by both bridges across Mayfield Creek, in that vicinity. One of these is known as O'Neill's Bridge, and the other as Blandville Bridge.

The distance of this day's march was eight and a half miles, over difficult roads covered with sleet. To guard against surprise, strong mounted pickets were thrown forward toward Columbus and to the bridge across Mayfield Creek, at Hayworth's Mill, three miles above Blandville.

On the fifteenth, we advanced to Weston's—the Fourth cavalry and Dollin's company, under command of Lieut.-Col. McCulloch, making an early movement southwest, in the direction of Columbus, and repeating a near approach to that place, while Capt. Stewart, with his company, pushed a reconnoissance, eight miles, quite to Milburn, taking the town by surprise and picking up a

man just from Columbus, from whom he derived much valuable information respecting the condition of the rebel force at that point.

He learned from this source that our demonstrations toward Columbus had excited alarm, and induced the enemy to call in his forces at Jackson, Beauregard, New-Madrid and other places. Milburn is reproached as a Union town by the rebels.

Joined at Weston's by the Seventh Illinois, (Col. Cook,) our whole force encamped for the night, in line of battle, ten miles from Columbus, taking a strong position, commanding the approaches to that place by two roads which intersect the road leading to Putney's Bend and Elliott's Mills to Milburn. Brig.-Gen. Grant, commanding the various forces in the field, came up with us at this point, and expressed his approval of the manner in which the disposition of the forces had been made. To prevent surprise, strong guards were again thrown forward.

At seven o'clock A.M., of the sixteenth, the entire column, except the Seventh Illinois volunteers, moved forward over icy roads toward Milburn, a small town southeast from Weston's, and eight miles distant, reaching Milburn about twelve M. The head of the column passed through the town on the road to Mayfield, about two miles, and halted—a portion of the column resting in the town. Looking to the object of the expedition, so far as it had been previously explained to me, I here manoeuvred my forces so as to leave the enemy in doubt whether my purpose was to attack Columbus, march upon Camp Beauregard, or to destroy the railroad leading from Columbus to Union City, and to awaken apprehensions for the safety of each.

While the rear of the column was still resting in Milburn, I countermarched the portion of it advanced beyond that place, taking the road beyond Milburn, leading north toward Lovelaceville, and followed in proper order the rear of the column, pushed on some four miles on that road, and encamped. Giving out that the object of the march was to encamp for the night on favorable ground near water in the vicinity of Milburn, the latent purpose of a change of the direction of my march was completely concealed.

In the mean time, to increase the deception, in pursuance of my order, Lieut.-Col. McChesney, with the Fourth cavalry, made a demonstration some five miles in a westerly direction, on the road from Milburn to Columbus, and there again learned that Camp Beauregard was broken up, and that the enemy had retired within his intrenchments at Columbus. And, soon after, I learned that he had destroyed the railroad bridge across the Obion, which if true, must be attributed to a fear that it was my intention to seize and control the railroad in the rear of Columbus.

Sending forward Captain Wemple with his company of the Fourth cavalry to Mayfield, I communicated with General Smith, commanding the columns that marched from Paducah, placing him in possession of a dispatch from Brig.-Gen. Grant, and giving him information of the report that Camp

Beauregard had been abandoned. Capt. Wemple, with his command, joined me the next day.

On the next day our whole force advanced north eight miles to Lovelaceville, throwing forward strong pickets to guard the approach from Columbus by Hayworth's bridge.

On the eighteenth my command was marched in two columns, by different roads, in a westerly direction, and encamped for the night about a mile from Blandville, except the Twenty-ninth regiment and part of the baggage train, which, in consequence of the heavy rains of the previous night and the miry roads, were unable to come up. Riding back, I disposed of the regiment and train so as to secure them against danger.

On the nineteenth, the Twenty-ninth and the remainder of the train came up, the march of the former continuing as far as O'Neill's Mills, (before mentioned,) where, with a section of Schwartz's battery, they encamped for the night, disposing the force so as to command the approach from Columbus by the bridge at that place.

During the same day I also sent forward the Tenth regiment and another section of Schwartz's battery to occupy another approach to Columbus, by the Blandville bridge. Those dispositions were made anticipatory of our advance by the enemy, of which I had heard a report. And still further to insure our safety, I placed strong pickets above, at Hayworth's bridge, instructing the officer in command to remove some of its plank, so as to render it temporarily impassable.

Admonished by the reported advance of the enemy and the exposure of my left flank for its whole length, during the march next day, I despatched a courier, during the night of the nineteenth, to communicate with our forces at Fort Jefferson, and to suggest that the pass at Elliott's Mill should be occupied by an adequate force, to prevent my return to Fort Jefferson from being cut off. The courier returned with a message from Colonel Marsh, commanding the Twentieth Illinois, informing me that all our forces, except mine and his own, had embarked for Cairo; but that he would remain and hold the pass until I came up, unless otherwise ordered. At seven o'clock in the morning of the twentieth, the main body of my forces moved forward on the direct road to Fort Jefferson, the Twenty-ninth, with a section of Schwartz's battery, and the Tenth, with another section of the same battery, after having rendered the bridges near their encampment impassable, falling in the rear of the column and moving on with it to Fort Jefferson. During the exposure of this day's march, which was considered eminently critical, the column was guarded against surprise by strong guards of infantry and cavalry moving in front, rear, and on the left flank.

The Eighteenth and Thirty-first regiments, together with three pieces of Dresser's battery, having arrived at Fort Jefferson by one o'clock, were immediately embarked for Cairo; the remainder of the column following the next day to the same place.

The unavoidable deficiency of transportation with which my command set out, aggravated by

the bad condition of the roads, prevented me from taking, on leaving Cairo, the five days' supply of rations and forage directed by the commanding officer of the district. Hence the necessity of an early resort to other sources of supply. None other presented but to quarter on the enemy or to purchase from loyal citizens. I accordingly resorted to both expedients as I had opportunity. In some cases finding live-stock, provisions, forage, etc., the owners of which had abandoned it and gone into the rebel camp, I took and appropriated it to the use of the United States without hesitation.

In other cases I purchased from loyal citizens such supplies as were indispensable, and caused certificates to be issued, charging the Government for the purchase of the articles thus obtained. By these means of supply, resorted to from the necessities of the case, substantial economy was practised, in saving to the Government, in supplies and transportation, more than the full value for the five days named.

The reconnoissance thus made completed a march of one hundred and forty miles by the cavalry, and seventy-five miles by the infantry, over icy and miry roads, during a most inclement season, and has led to the discovery of several important roads which did not appear on our maps.

Besides the immediate effect of so formidable a demonstration, other beneficial results, perhaps of little less importance, have flown from it. Without doubt it has exploded many false reports studiously and sedulously circulated by the enemy to our detriment. It has forcibly and deeply impressed the inhabitants of the district through which we passed with the superiority of our military preparations and of our ultimate ability to conquer the rebellion. It inspired hope among many loyal citizens who hailed us as deliverers, whom I regret our unexpected withdrawal will probably leave victims of rebel persecution and proscription.

Although disappointed by the recal from their advance, I am happy to state that the officers and men under my command, from first to last, performed the duties incident to the expedition with ability, fidelity, and rare patience under the most trying circumstances.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN A. McCLEARNAND,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding District of Cairo.

Doc. 18.

GOVERNOR TAYLOR'S PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
HATTERAS, Jan. 22, 1862. }

TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH-CAROLINA: The invincible arms of the republic at length advance to the suppression of the great revolt against popular rights, and the national authority which has essayed to rob you of your American citizenship, and to enslave you to the will of relentless domestic tyrants; the holy banner of the Union, consecrated anew through its baptism of tears

and blood, is borne by loyal hands, the symbol and pledge of your final and complete enfranchisement. Your silent and tearful prayers to God for rescue from the despotism that enthrals you are heard, and the hour of your deliverance approaches.

The brave men who come among you are not foes but friends, and their mission is one of mercy and relief. The war they wage is not upon North-Carolina and her people, but upon the rebels and traitors who have invaded your territory, and who hold you in constrained and protesting submission to their arbitrary power.

To coöperate with those who now proceed to your liberation, and who seek to restore to you your ancient and inalienable rights, is your sacred duty, and a privilege which you will accept with eagerness and joy.

A portion of your brother North-Carolinians are already rejoicing in the restoration of their freedom under the protecting ensign of the nation. Side by side with that glorious flag they have placed the reërected standard of loyal North-Carolina, and acting in concert with citizens of other sections of the State they have proclaimed a provisional government for the Commonwealth.

An opportunity will soon be offered you to participate in the enjoyment of these precious, and long accustomed privileges. And that there may be no complaint in any quarter that your brethren first liberated from rebel thralldom have forestalled your action or anticipated a decision in which you had a right to share, I do now, by these presents, notify and require the voters of this Commonwealth to attend at the usual voting places as established by law on Saturday, 22d February, 1862, an anniversary second in hallowed memory only to that of the proclamation of our national independence, at which time the ordinances of the Convention of November 18, 1861, a draft of which is hereto appended, will be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection.

And in order that the State may forthwith resume her participation in the councils of the Union, I do furthermore direct that, upon the same day aforesaid, the polls be opened for the election of representatives in the Congress of the United States to fill existing vacancies.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of the State to be affixed, at Hatteras, this 22d of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

MARBLE NASH TAYLOR.

Doc. 19.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S ORDER.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, January 25, 1862.

To Ward H. Lamon, Marshal of the District of Columbia:

SIR: The President of the United States being satisfied that the following instructions contra-

vene no law in force in this District, and that they can be executed without awaiting for legislation by Congress, I am directed by him to convey them to you:

As Marshal of the District of Columbia you will not receive into custody any persons claimed to be held to service or labor within the District or elsewhere, and not charged with any crime or misdemeanor, unless upon arrest or commitment, pursuant to law, as fugitives from such service or labor; and you will not retain any such fugitives in custody beyond a period of thirty days from their arrest and commitment, unless by special order of competent civil authority.

You will forthwith cause publication to be made of this order, and at the expiration of ten days therefrom you will apply the same to all persons so claimed to be held to service or labor, and now in your custody.

This order has no relation to any arrests made by military authority.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Doc. 20.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI,
St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 26, 1862.

The President, Secretary, Librarian, Directors, and other officers of the Mercantile Library Association, the President, Secretary, Directors, and other officers of the Chamber or Chambers of Commerce of this city are required to take the oath of allegiance prescribed by article 6 of the State ordinance of October 16, 1861.

Any of the above officers who shall neglect to file in the office of the Provost Marshal General, within ten days of the date of this order of the oath so superscribed, will be deemed to have resigned, and any who, after neglecting to file his oath of allegiance within the time prescribed, shall attempt to exercise the functions of such office will be arrested for contempt of this order, and punished according to the laws of war.

2d. It is officially reported that carriages bearing the enemy's flag are in the habit of driving to the vicinity of the military prison in McDowell's College. The commanding officer of the prison will seize and take possession of any carriage bearing the enemy's flag, and the horses, carriage, and harness be confiscated.

3d. It is officially reported that certain women are in the habit of approaching the vicinity of the military prison, and waving hostile flags for the purpose of insulting our troops and carrying on communications with the prisoners of war. The commanding officer of the prison guard will arrest and place in confinement all women so offending.

4th. Any carriage or other vehicle bearing a hostile flag in the city will be seized and confiscated. The city police and patrol guards are directed to arrest persons in vehicles under such

flags; also, persons wearing or displaying a hostile flag in the city.

By command of Maj. Gen. HALLECK.

M. H. McLEAN, Asst. Adj. Gen.

Doc. 21.

EXPEDITION TO SAVANNAH, GA.

THE FLANKING OF FORT PULASKI.

CAPTAIN DAVIS'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C.,
February 1, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, in obedience to your orders, I got under way on Sunday morning, the twenty-sixth ultimo, and sailed from this harbor, having under my command the gunboats Ottawa, Lieut. Commanding Stevens; Seneca, Ammen; and the armed steamers Isaac Smith, Nicholson; Potomska, Watmough; Ellen, Master Commanding Budd; Western World, Gregory; and the two armed launches of this ship; and having in company the transports Cosmopolitan, Delaware and Boston, on board of which were the Sixth Connecticut, the Fourth New-Hampshire, and the Ninety-Seventh Pennsylvania regiments; in all twenty-four hundred men, commanded by Brigadier-General H. G. Wright.

Commander C. R. P. Rodgers accompanied the expedition. The vessels anchored in Warsaw Sound the same evening.

On Monday morning Gen. Wright came on board the Ottawa, in which ship I was, bringing with him Major Speidel, commanding the battalion, and Company C of the Connecticut Sixth; he also sent Company D, of the same regiment, on board the Seneca, where Capt. Rodgers had taken up his quarters. The commanding officers repaired on board by signal, when the plan of operations was explained to them.

Owing to the shoalness of the bar and channel, it was not until half-past eight o'clock that I entered little Tybee River, or Freeborn Cut; and it was half-past one before I passed Fort Pulaski, at the nearest point. *The Fort was not prepared for an enemy on this side, and did not fire into the vessels.* But preparations were immediately set on foot to receive us on our return. The distance is that of a long range with a rifle-gun, or one of heavy calibre.

After coming up with and passing the high land on Wilmington Island, the further progress of the gunboats was arrested by a blockade of heavy piles driven in a double row across the channel. The vessels were anchored, and boats were despatched from every one of them to examine the numerous creeks leading to the river, and to make a reconnoissance to the main stream. Capt. Rodgers landed with the armed launches, and a detachment of troops, to scout and determine whether there were then, or had been, any batteries or guns in position on this eminence, and whether there were marks of recent occupation by troops. The regiment of City Light Guards, from Savannah, composed of very young

persons, has been stationed at Scrivens. No earthworks were found, but traces were discovered of horsemen, who must have been on the spot very lately.

At five o'clock the Confederate steamers, five in number, one of them carrying the square flag at the fore, (probably Commodore Tatnall's,) came to anchor at the mouth of the creek. They had it in their power to choose their distance, and this led to the expectation of an attack, but the night passed quietly.

At this hour Capt. Ammen passed the marsh, and cut the telegraphic wire leading from Fort Pulaski to the city.

After breakfast, on the morning of Tuesday, the twenty-eighth, the surveys and examinations were received, and I am deeply indebted to Gen. Wright for taking an active part in them all, and forming, from personal examinations, his conclusions as to the military seizure and occupation of Wilmington Island, to which Gen. Sherman and yourself had called my particular attention.

At fifteen minutes after eleven, the five steamers composing the fleet of Commodore Tatnall (as it is supposed) attempted to pass down the river with scows in tow. Capt. John Rodgers, who lay at anchor in Wright River, and myself, opened fire upon them, which they returned with spirit. The result of the engagement, which lasted less than half an hour, was, that Com. Tatnall, and one of his squadron, were driven back; the other three escaped injury, apparently, and made good their passage down to Fort Pulaski.

At two o'clock, the latter returned up the river, and the firing was resumed. They had waited for low water, and were so well protected by the banks of the river, while we ourselves were lying in a natural trench or moat, that the harm inflicted upon them was entirely disproportionate to the amount of ammunition expended. Their shot, which would have easily reached us by ricochet, on the water, were generally spent in force before they arrived at the creek in which we were anchored. We have been told, by a contraband since come in, that one of the steamers sunk at the wharf, after getting to the city, and we could see with our glasses that some of our shells took effect.

The practice of the day was very instructive. At four o'clock, on Wednesday morning, I came down the Narrows, passing the range of Fort Pulaski before daylight; and, leaving the other vessels in Warsaw Sound, I returned to this place by the way of Tybee Roads and Calibogue Sound.

As a demonstration, the appearance of the naval and military force in Wilmington and Warsaw Sound, has had complete success. *Savannah was thrown into a state of great alarm, and all the energies of the place have been exerted to the utmost, to increase its military defences, for which purpose troops have been withdrawn from other places.*

As a reconnoissance, the results are satisfactory. We have improved our knowledge of these obscure and intricate passages. We have ascer-

tained that Wilmington Island is abandoned, not only by the enemy's troops, but even by its inhabitants; *that this cut or narrows can be navigated by gunboats without difficulty*; but, on account of the width of the marsh opposite to the highland on Wilmington Island, that the channels of Savannah River cannot be advantageously commanded from this point at any time, and especially at low water; that gunboats could not lie in safety in any part of the narrows, unless Wilmington Island were occupied in force, on account of the advantages it possesses for constructing masked batteries, and the protection it affords to riflemen and skirmishers.

In the event of my arriving at an unfavorable conclusion in respect to the naval occupation of this passage, you directed me to consider the propriety of placing in it some obstructions which would render it useless to the enemy. In this respect he has anticipated our wishes; but the obstructions can be removed hereafter, if desirable.

During the engagement of Tuesday, Col. Rosa, commanding at Tybee, sent an aid to me with an offer of additional troops. I beg to call your particular attention to this act of courtesy and display of public spirit.

While all communication between Capt. John Rodgers in Wright River, and myself in Wilmington Narrows, by means of navy signals, was very difficult, or wholly impossible, the communication with army signals was easy and perfect. I recommend, therefore, their use in the naval service.

The conduct of the officers and men has been, as always, entirely satisfactory; my special acknowledgments are due to Gen. Wright for prompt and efficient service, voluntarily given, and to Commander C. R. P. Rogers, whose zeal in the public service and superior ability render his aid, wherever directed, a most valuable accession.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. H. DAVIS,
Fleet Captain South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

To Flag Officer S. F. DUPONT, U. S. N.,
Com'g South Atlantic Blockading Squadron,
Port Royal Harbor, S. C.

NEW-YORK "EXPRESS" NARRATIVE.

HILTON HEAD, Feb. 6, 1862.

It is now about six weeks since the first reconnaissance was made by officers of Gen. Sherman's staff in the direction of Savannah. Previous to that, indeed, Tybee Island had been occupied, and the creeks and sounds that encircle Hilton Head explored; Warsaw and Ossabaw inlets had been entered by gunboats, and several batteries discovered, some of which had been abandoned, and others were still maintained; but until Lieut. Wilson, Chief of Topographical Engineers, was despatched on the reconnoitring party, which left Hilton Head on or about the twenty-fourth of December, no effort had been made to ascertain the feasibility of entering the Savannah River on the northern side higher up than at its mouth. The history of the operations preliminary to the absolute accomplishment of such an entrance has

not been recently obtained. I was aware of the operations during their progress, and cognizant of the plans of the officers most concerned at the time, both of their inception and fulfilment. This is mentioned that the correctness and authenticity of the narrative may be better established than if the details were supposed to have been gathered from hearsay or at second-hand.

In order to understand the nature of the reconnaissance, it will be necessary to have a clear apprehension of the geography of the country. An ordinary map of the Savannah River will probably indicate but little more than the general course of the stream, and the situation of the principal city of Georgia. Savannah is about fifteen miles from the mouth of the river, and on the right or southern bank. Approach to it by water is defended by Fort Pulaski, a casemated fort on Cockspur Island, at the mouth of the river, and Fort Jackson, a barbette fort on the mainland, only four miles below the city. The left bank is formed by a succession of islands, and the channel also is interrupted by large and numerous islands, the most important of which is Elba, whose upper extremity is immediately opposite Fort Jackson. Lower down in the stream is Long Island. The network of creeks and bays that surrounds Hilton Head terminates southward in Calibogue Sound, which is divided from the Savannah River at its mouth by Turtle and Jones Islands; the waters that form two sides of Jones Island, which is triangular in shape, are called Mud and Wright Rivers; the latter is the southernmost, and separates Jones from Turtle Island, which lies next to Dawfuskie Island, the western shore of Calibogue Sound. This description is doubtless complicated, and close attention will be necessary to comprehend it; there are, however, none but military maps sufficiently minute to set forth these little creeks and inlets. The islands on the Savannah are all very low and marshy, overgrown by high grass, and frequently without a solitary shrub or tree; they are all liable to be submerged by a very high tide. Jones Island is not more than five miles long, by two or three broad. About half way between its upper and lower angles, and fronting on the Savannah, is Venus Point.

Lieut. J. H. Wilson, in the discharge of his duties as a topographical engineer, had occasion, almost immediately after the landing at Hilton Head, to make numerous reconnoissances toward the interior of the country, to draw military maps for the use of General Sherman, and to examine all the ordinary rivers, in any way accessible; in the course of his explorations, he came in contact with numerous negroes familiar with the country, who were used as pilots, others as oarsmen, and many of whom volunteered information relative to the means of passing through the various inland waters; information which was doubtless frequently superior to what their masters had possessed. From the conversations with these negroes, and from his own observations, this officer became convinced that an interior passage existed, connecting Calibogue Sound with the Sa-

vannah River, and which, if found passable by gunboats, might lead to the cutting off of Fort Pulaski, and, perhaps, to still more important results. He communicated these ideas to General Sherman, and was immediately despatched on a reconnoissance.

Taking with him two row-boats and about seventy men of the Rhode Island regiment, he left Calibogue Sound with his negro crew and pilots, and ventured by night through the intricate passages, which I have been able only partially to describe. Their intricacy is far greater than ever these confused sentences would indicate. They wind and turn in all conceivable directions; they narrow and widen and then narrow again; the channel, at times, is difficult to find or keep when found; they pass over shoals and between morasses, but finally do conduct into the Savannah River. At this time our troops had not advanced beyond Dawfuskie Island, and on some of these rivers rebel pickets were still stationed. The oars of our reconnoitring party, however, were muffled, and they passed by the pickets without discovery, under cover of the darkness, penetrating several miles up one of these streams, and leaving the picket in their rear. Had they been detected, retreat or escape would have been impossible, as there was no opportunity of returning except on the same route by which they had come. This piece of daring, however, had no result, for the river that they were exploring led into no other channel, but wastes away in a marsh; they therefore got back into another stream. Finally the creeks became so shallow that they were obviously unnavigable for any but the smallest craft, and at one point an artificial channel had been constructed about two hundred yards long, called Wall's Cut; this leads to the rear of Jones Island, and into both the Mud and the Wright Rivers, both of which, it will be recollected, empty into the Savannah, the former about six miles above Fort Pulaski, and the latter at a point about two miles from that important work. Wall's Cut had, however, been obstructed by three rows of piles, driven across its entire width by the rebels, and by a large bark sunk in the same direction across the channel. But at high tide the party were able to get over the piles and past the ship, for though the bark was anchored at one end, it swayed and careened with the motion of the waters sufficiently to enable small boats to pass. The grass on both banks was very high, and the Cut altogether invisible from the Savannah, while the marshy and miserable nature of the country prevented any approach to it by land. There was danger, it is true, of meeting pickets, or possibly stray parties of sportsmen, shooting the wild-duck, which cover these waters by the million, but such dangers must be incurred by those who go on reconnoissances. The party remained concealed by the grass during the day, and at night pursued its explorations; they found the channel of Mud River impassable for large vessels by reason of its shallowness, but got easily through the Wright River, and, rounding the point of Jones Island, entered the Savannah. There they re-

mained nearly all night, moving at times under the guns of Pulaski, near enough to hear the challenge of the lonely sentinels, or the conversation of the gunners on the parapets before tattoo; they sounded the channel in every direction, found out its bearings, went up the river beyond Venus Point, and even passed the entrance of Mud River, and then returned into the Wright, establishing, quite to the satisfaction of the reconnoitring officer, the practicability for gunboats of ten feet draught of passing by this route into the Savannah, without incurring any material risk from the guns of Fort Pulaski, which were at the nearest point a mile and three quarters off. If the passage were made at night there would hardly be a possibility of danger, it seemed to him, from this source.

When his report of this discovery was made to General Sherman, steps were instantly taken to render it available. Other and fuller reconnoissances were ordered, to make assurances doubly sure, and they resulted as favorably as before. Major Beard of the Forty-eighth New-York, the Provost Marshal, was sent to remove the piles and swing away the bark moored in Wall's Cut. Another adventurous excursion under command of Major Beard then occurred. A party of volunteer engineers and a company of the Connecticut Seventh accompanied that officer, and while some of the troops kept careful watch against discovery, others were occupied on the mechanical portion of the task. This was effected in two or three days and nights; all the piles were sawn off a foot below the bottom of the Cut, the bark was turned lengthwise so that a passage was left wide enough for the gunboats, and a large guard was stationed in the surrounding marsh. All this was accomplished without awakening the suspicions of the enemy. The height of the reeds had proved favorable, and the original panic of the rebels had from some cause or another, apparently increased, as their pickets were withdrawn. All stragglers, white or black, who approached, were seized; four or five whites seemed to have been gunning, for they were in boats laden with game; the others were slaves, who had escaped from Savannah; all manifested great surprise at discovering the Yankees. No scouts were ever detected; no boats on the river, except the steamers plying to Pulaski. It was rather a romantic operation, this working by night as silently as possible, to remove obstructions from the rebel stream, quite within sight of the Savannah, and almost within hearing from the vessels on its waters. On some nights the rain fell furiously, but the work proceeded. After the obstructions had been removed a violent storm, that lasted for several days, rendered any further operations impracticable; the pickets then were obliged to keep their dismal walk away off on this exposed outpost, trampling in mud that came near to their middles, and through the soaking grass higher than their heads, a task solitary and cheerless enough, but not surpassed in importance by any in the command. It was

well performed; a battalion of the Connecticut Seventh regiment, under Major Gardner, allowed no straggler or spy to approach without seizing him, and, fortunately, only one or two were tempted that way, and no suspicions of the enemy could have been aroused.

Information of these proceedings having been communicated to the navy, Commodore Dupont, of course, perceived of what consequence they might prove, and sent Capt. John Rodgers of the Flag, and Lieut. Barnes of the Wabash, to reconnoitre in company with Lieut. Wilson, so that the report of a strictly naval officer might be obtained, before strictly naval movements should be commenced. It was on the fifteenth of January before this last reconnoissance was made; for all these previous operations had necessarily consumed time. The reconnoissance, like all the others, occurred in the night. Captain Rodgers and his party were able to pass through the Cut, to make soundings in the Wright River, to enter the Savannah, and otherwise to ascertain all that was necessary in order to form an opinion as to the practicability of taking gunboats by this passage into the Savannah.

Capt. Rodgers reported with a measured degree of enthusiasm. He thought the passage possible, but hardly certain, and of course dangerous, but he was willing to assume the leadership of any movement based upon these reconnoissances. So it was finally determined to move forward a portion of the naval and military force in that direction, and to make what is known in the parlance of war, a reconnoissance in force. While preparations for this movement were advancing, some information of what had been done leaked out in the private letters of an incautious officer; his friends were as thoughtless as he, and gave his letters to the public press; the public press with equally culpable imprudence published explicit accounts of many of these circumstances; these accounts, there is reason to believe, were conveyed to the rebels, and two nights before our forces arrived at Wall's Cut, three rebel gunboats appeared in Wright River, where they had not been before in a month; they were seen by our pickets, and despatches instantly sent to General Sherman announcing the fact, in consequence of which additional force was forwarded that very night by Com. Dupont. The rebel steamers came into Wall's Cut, our pickets of course withdrawing; they discovered all that had been done, and then returned, leaving no guard; within fifteen minutes after their withdrawal, the picket was in his place again; but the long concocted and carefully hidden plan had been discovered, and any hope of a surprise frustrated. The scheme, however, was not abandoned, although sure now to meet with opposition.

Meanwhile discoveries had been made in another quarter, which seemed nearly, if not quite, as important as those to which I have already alluded. A passage on the right side of the Savannah has always been known to exist, leading from Warsaw Sound through the Wilmington River, until it narrows into St. Augustine Creek,

and finally empties into the Savannah, just below Fort Jackson. The passage was defended, and is still, by a battery; but, through the negroes, information was obtained of another, leading up also from Warsaw, but much nearer to the Savannah, and entering it lower down than St. Augustine Creek. This second passage is called Wilmington Narrows, and is said to have been occasionally used as a short cut by rival lines of steamers from Savannah city. Several reconnoissances were made along its course, both by naval and military officers of distinction, among the latter Capt. (now General) Gilmore, Chief of Engineers in Gen. Sherman's staff, of the former, Capt. Bankhead, of the gunboat Pembina. The result of their explorations was a determination on the part of Gen. Sherman and Com. Dupont to send a combined force up Wilmington Narrows, at the same time that operations should begin in the vicinity of Wall's Cut. Accordingly Gen. Wright, with three regiments, the Fourth New-Hampshire, Col. Whipple, the Sixth Connecticut, Col. Chatfield, the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, Col. Guess, was ordered on board the transports Cosmopolitan, Boston and Delaware. These vessels, convoyed by six or seven gunboats, the Ottawa, Captain Stevens, the Seneca, Capt. Ammen, the Ellen, Capt. Budd, and others, were despatched to Warsaw Sound, on January twenty-seventh. The naval force was placed under command of Capt. C. H. Davis, the Fleet-Captain, who was accompanied by Capt. Raymond Badgers, of the Wabash, Lieut. Barnes, and other skilful officers. This party proceeded according to order, up the Wilmington Narrows for several miles, quite in the rear of Fort Pulaski, until they arrived at a place where piles had been placed to obstruct their further progress. The gunboats remained at this spot, within a short distance of the Savannah, all night, while reconnoissances were made on land and water, by General Wright, Capt. Raymond Rodgers, and Lieut. Barnes. In the morning, Captain John Rodgers, with three gunboats, the Unadilla, Pembina, and Henry Andrews, appeared on the opposite side of the Savannah, in Wall's Cut, two of these vessels passing through into Wright River.

At this juncture the rebels at Savannah became alarmed, and Com. Tatnall, with five gunboats, appeared in the stream. Tatnall's fleet was about half way between the two divisions of the Federal naval force, and distant from each of them nearly two miles. The country on each side is, however, so flat that but little obstruction to the sight intervened, and a firing immediately commenced. Tatnall's double object was, to drive out the gunboats under Capt. Davis from Wilmington Narrows, and to run a fleet of lighters, with provisions, down to Fort Pulaski. In the first aim he was unsuccessful; he hoped probably that some of Davis's fleet would get aground, when the rebels could materially annoy them. But this was not the case; Davis returned Tatnall's fire vigorously, and is believed to have done one or more of the rebel gunboats serious damage. Meanwhile John Rodgers opened fire

from Wall's Cut, and the singular spectacle was exhibited of a triangular naval engagement, in which the three parties were each in a different river, and each, in order to reach the enemy, was obliged to fire across land.

Under cover of the smoke, and favored by a knowledge of the channel, three of Tatnall's boats succeeded in reaching Fort Pulaski and discharging their lighters; two were obliged to abandon the attempt. Later in the day, taking advantage of the tide, the three gunboats returned, leaving the lighters at the Fort. As they passed up the stream, fire was again opened on them; it is not known whether with any material result or not. No damage at all was received during the day by the Federal gunboats, nine of which attempted to enter the Savannah River.

Of course those under Capt. Davis were unable to do so, on account of the sunken piles; and I am informed that Capt. Rodgers considered it inadvisable to risk the chance of shallow water at the junction of the Wright with the Savannah, where he would have been within range of the guns of Fort Pulaski, as well as of the vessels of the enemy.

Gen. Sherman with his staff witnessed the cannonading from the steamer Mayflower, which lay just in the rear of Capt. John Rodgers' command.

At the time I write, it is not considered advisable to make any further statement of the condition of affairs, as information published at the North, is sure to reach the rebels within a day or two after it is in print.

Doc. 22.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT.

MAJOR-GENERAL VAN DORN'S ORDER.

GENERAL ORDERS—NO 1.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT DEPARTMENT, }
HEADQUARTERS, LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Jan. 29, 1862. }

1. THE undersigned, by order of the President, assumes command of the Trans-Mississippi District, which comprises the States of Missouri and Arkansas, except that portion of them lying between the St. Francis and Mississippi rivers, as far north as Scott County, Missouri; the State of Louisiana as far south as Red River, and the Indian Territory west of Arkansas. Headquarters, until otherwise directed, at Pocahontas, Arkansas.

Commanders of troops in the service of the Confederate States, within this district, will at once make a report of the strength and condition of their commands, accompanied with a written report in full of everything relating to the supplying of the troops—their wants, their arms and equipments; their clothing, ammunition, and, in a word, of everything that might be considered useful to be known at headquarters.

2. All officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, belonging to the troops of this district, now on furlough, are hereby ordered to return immediately to their regiments. The sick alone are excepted. It is hoped that this order will be considered a sufficient guarantee that there is a

necessity for the immediate services of every soldier in the district, and that those to whom it relates will respond with cheerfulness and alacrity to it.

3. The following officers are announced as staff officers at headquarters:

Major W. L. Cabell, Chief of Quartermaster Department.

Major A. M. Haskell, Inspector General.

Major R. W. Keyworth, Chief of Subsistence Department.

Capt. W. N. K. Beall, Assistant Adj. General.

Surgeon J. D. Gaenslan, Medical Director.

First Lieut. Clement Sullivan, Aid-de-Camp.

Communications relating to business in any of the staff departments, will be addressed to the chief in the departments to which they refer.

EARL VAN DORN,
Major-General.

Doc. 23.

LAUNCH OF ERICSSON'S BATTERY.

NEW-YORK, Jan. 31, 1862.

THE Ericsson Floating Battery, for the United States Government, was yesterday safely launched from the Continental Iron Works, Greenpoint, where it has been building for the last three months. The launch took place at about ten o'clock in the morning. Notwithstanding the early hour, the drizzling rain, the wretched state of travelling in the streets, and the fact that no notice had been given of the intended event, a very large crowd had collected along the wharf, consisting of workmen, residents of the neighborhood, and many persons of prominence in naval affairs, who had watched the undertaking with interest from its inception. In consequence of the novel construction of the vessel, and the vast amount of iron upon her, there was much anxiety felt as to the possibility of making her float, and it was strenuously maintained by many—and bets were offered and taken on the question—that she would sink as certainly as she was launched into the water. It was held to be impossible that a vessel of such light draft could carry such an enormous load of armor.

At ten minutes before ten o'clock the braces were knocked away, and the vessel began to move slowly towards the water. The Stars and Stripes, floating from each end, began to flutter and to catch the breeze as she started. There were very few persons upon her deck, most of the spectators preferring to remain on shore. Those few stood near the stern, and had a small boat by them as a last resort in case the battery should make a dive to the bottom, and obstinately refuse to float. An important difficulty to be experienced in her launching arose from the fact that she was launched over a bulkhead, rendering her more liable to dip her bows into the sea, or to strain herself, than in any other case. Capt. Ericsson, however, showed his confidence in the structure which he had builded, and stood within twenty feet of the stern, risking, with evident unconcern, the ducking which was confidently an-

anticipated for him as soon as the bows struck the water. Amidst the greatest anxiety on shore and on board, the vessel moved easily into the water, not immersing more than six feet of her forward deck, and sailed gracefully out into the stream for some distance. It was very evident to the dull-est observer, that the battery had not the slightest intention of sinking, being more than three feet out of water; and Captain Ericsson was delighted to find that she drew considerably less than his calculations had led him to anticipate. The anxiety gave way to enthusiasm, and all cheered to the best of their ability, including, to their credit be it said, those who had lost money by bets on the certainty of her sinking, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the shore was answered by the jubilant passengers on the vessel in the stream. The workmen, who have taken the greatest interest in their work, and have a personal pride and confidence in the battery, were very enthusiastic. As soon as possible the vessel was brought to the dock and made fast there, giving many of the spectators an opportunity to go on the deck and observe her construction more closely. The whole work of the launch was accomplished in a very little time, and the crowd soon dispersed, satisfied with the success of the undertaking thus far.

The vessel has been constructed with the specific intention of attaining absolute invulnerability under the guns of the most powerful batteries. It has been the endeavor, therefore, of the inventor to leave no part of the structure without adequate protection against all the possibilities of assault by shot and shell. The plan is entirely new and novel, and it is claimed that it fulfils every requirement of naval warfare more perfectly than is the case with any existing floating battery.

There are, in effect, two hulls to the vessel. The lower one, which is entirely under water, is about six feet deep, built lightly, flat-bottomed, sharp at both ends, and with sides inclining at an angle of fifty-one degrees to the vertical line. The second or upper hull comprises the defensive portion, has straight sides, is longer and broader than the under one, is five feet deep, sinks into the water three feet and three inches, and is covered with heavy iron armor. It has no bottom excepting what is required to enable it to fit exactly on the top line of the lower hull, both, of course, forming the consecutive side of the vessel. Upon the deck, which is shell-proof, is a cylindrical turret, which is to contain and protect the guns. A screw propeller, aft of the raking stem of the lower hull, supplies the motive power against the water, and aft of the propeller is an equipoise rudder, both hidden under and protected by the upper hull. The engine, boilers, and blowers are also in the lower part and protected by the upper.

The upper hull is one hundred and seventy-four feet long, forty-one feet four inches wide, and five feet deep. The stem and stern are pointed at an angle of eighty feet, and its sides are perpendicular. The sides are composed of a bulwark

of white oak, thirty inches thick, fastened without bolts, upon which is placed an armor of rolled plate-iron six inches thick, extending from bottom to top of the straight side, of five feet depth, and all around the vessel. This will be submerged three feet and three inches, thus projecting only twenty-one inches above the water line.

According to the original estimate of Capt. Ericsson the vessel was expected to draw ten feet, and project above the water-line only eighteen inches. But the actual presence of the vessel in the water yesterday proved that she will draw about three inches less than was estimated, or nine feet and nine inches. After the launch the vessel drew only seven feet three inches forward, and eight feet one inch aft; and as the additional weight of iron plating around the turret, the guns, and the fuel, which are to be put on the vessel, is accurately known, it has been estimated from these data that she will draw only the depth mentioned—nine feet nine inches.

The deck is shell-proof, and is composed of plank eight inches thick, placed on oak beams ten inches square, twenty-six inches apart, and covered on the top with double iron plating one inch thick. Both ends of the vessel being sharp, it is almost impossible, at a casual glance, to tell which is the stem or which is the stern.

The lower hull is one hundred and twenty-four feet long and thirty-four feet wide at the top, where it connects with the upper hull. It is six and a half feet in depth. It is sharp at both ends, the bow projecting and coming to a point at an angle of eighty degrees. It is flat-bottomed, and the sides incline at an angle of fifty-one degrees to the vertical line. It is built light of three-eighth inch iron; its average thickness being something like three quarters of an inch.

It is built thus light because it is entirely protected by the impregnable upper hull. By comparing the length and breadth of the two parts of the vessel, it will be seen that the upper hull extends three feet seven inches over the sides of the lower one, and twenty-five feet over each end. The inclination of the lower hull is such that a ball cannot strike it without passing through at least a distance of twenty-five feet of water, and then striking at an acute angle of, at the most, ten degrees. It is therefore absolutely impossible that the lower hull, and for the same reasons the propeller or rudder, should be injured at all by shot. It must strike the sides of the upper hull, where it is met by the resistance of six inches of iron and thirty inches of oak, or the turret, the defensive powers of which we shall proceed to describe.

The turret, which is placed upon the deck, and which is intended as a protection to the two guns and the gunners, is an iron cylinder, nine feet high and twenty feet internal diameter. It has two port-holes, if they may be called so, for the guns, and is intended to revolve. It is composed of plates of wrought iron, one inch thick, nine feet long, and about two feet wide, which are placed standing lengthwise, so that there are no

horizontal joints. Eight thicknesses of this plate make up the compact resistance on every side. The plates are firmly riveted together, though not so closely as to allow of no spring; and they so lap over each other that there will be only a single joint at one place. Thus the turret will be eight or nine inches thick on every side, but in addition to this Capt. Ericsson will place on the side in which the two port-holes are bored, which will of course be toward the enemy and will receive a large proportion of the enemy's shot, an additional thickness or shield of two inches of iron, so that on the fighting side the turret will present a thickness of eleven inches of wrought iron. The gunner inside a defence of this character will feel as secure as an ancient Knickerbocker in his easy-chair, while heavy balls are striking all about him, within a few feet outside, with all the force which the enemy's best guns can give them. A shell-proof flat roof of perforated plate-iron, placed on forged beams inserted six inches down the cylinder, covers the top. Several sliding hatches in this give access to the turret from outside. The sides of the turret are perforated with holes of an inch diameter, to give light, and are useful, in case the battery is boarded, for musketry fire. A turned composition ring is inserted in the deck, upon which the circumference of the turret rests, but its weight is mostly upheld by a vertical shaft, ten inches in diameter, which rests firmly in a cup on a bracket attached to the main bulkhead of the vessel. A spur-wheel, six and a half inches in diameter, eleven inch face, moved by a double-cylinder engine, turns the turret around and the guns as well, directing them to any point of the compass. A rod connected with the reversing gear of the engine will enable the gunner to control the aim, so that one officer has charge of both turret and guns, and the greatest possible accuracy may be attained in firing.

The armament of the vessel will consist of two Dahlgren guns of the heaviest calibre. They will be parallel, and the turning of the turret will give them their direction. The two port-holes are within about two feet of each other on the same side, and about three feet from the deck. The guns will move on forged iron slides across the turret, the carriages, which are wrought iron, being made to fit them accurately. When the gun is run in for loading, a pendulum of wrought iron will fall over the port-holes, so that no ball can enter. The guns will carry either shell or solid shot. Engineers and military men consider the eleven-inch shell, at short range, as one of the most terrific weapons introduced into practice. There is nothing that has yet been brought into practical operation that will equal them in destructive power. They will burrow under an enemy's works, and when they explode they produce an effect in the vicinity like an earthquake. The Government has also ordered for Capt. Ericsson some wrought-iron shot, very handsomely turned.

The engines have been placed in the vessel for some time. They were laid two months and

eight days from the time of laying the keel. They work very satisfactorily, a speed of sixty turns a minute having been already attained. The cylinders are forty inches in diameter, and twenty-two inch stroke. The boilers are on the horizontal tabular plan.

One of the most important results attained in the construction of the vessel has been the entire protection of the engines, propeller, rudder, and even anchor, from shot. The propeller and rudder are both hidden under the upper hull, and the anchor is protected by the forward projecting part of the upper hull within, while it is suspended in a circular chamber, open from below, so that the men may let out or haul in the anchor quite unexposed.

The ends of the vessel being sharp and of such immense force, the battery is, incidentally—for there was no stipulation that the inventor should include this advantage—one of the most powerful steam-rams that was ever built. The plate is perfectly straight on the two sides toward the end, so as to bear any shock, and the immense weight of the upper hull and deck—a weight of at least five hundred and fifty tons—would operate in one direction in the use of the vessel for this purpose.

The deck being perfectly water-tight, and having no railing or bulwark of any kind, but coming flush with the top of the upper hull, admits the washing of the sea over it at liberty. The turret can also be made water-tight. The vessel will ride easily in the water, because the sea, instead of breaking against it, will pass over it as in the case of a raft. The vessel is on the principle of a life-boat, in the respect of the water-proof deck; and it is believed that it will live in a sea where a common vessel would swamp. It is expected to attain a speed with her of eight knots an hour.

There have been only one hundred working days since the date of the contract for this battery. There has been only one establishment engaged in turning out the immense armor-plate, that of Abbott & Son, of Baltimore. If any other establishment could have been employed in this, the work might have been completed even sooner. The manufactory of Abbott & Son has been wholly given up to this work. Other portions of the plating have been made by Messrs. Corning, Winslow & Co., and Holdane & Co. Still the rapidity with which it has been completed shows what the country is capable of, if its energies were aroused. It is stated that the speed with which the work has been carried on would have been utterly impossible in England.

—*N. Y. World*, January 31.

Doc. 24.

INTERVIEW WITH LOYAL INDIANS.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, February 2.

THE importance of the interview between Commissioner Dole and the Chiefs of the Seminoles, Creeks, Iowas, and Delawares, loyal Indians, at the Planters' House yesterday, can hardly be

over-estimated. There were present Col. Wm. G. Coffin, Superintendent of the Southern Indians; Major G. A. Cutler, Agent of the Creeks; Major W. F. M. Army, Agent of Indians in New-Mexico; Major Snow, Agent of the Seminoles; Major Fielding Johnson, agent of the Delawares; and Major Robert Burbank, Agent of the Iowas.

The Indians expressed great pleasure in seeing Commissioner Dole. The Southern Indians said their people had been driven from home and were suffering.

Mr. Dole.—Government did not expect the Indians to enter this contest at all. Now that the rebel portion of them have entered the field, the Great Father will march his troops into your country. Col. Coffin and the Agents will go with you on Monday, and will assist you in enlisting your loyal men. Your enlistment is not done for our advantage only, it will inure to your own benefit. The country appreciates your services. We honor you. You are in our hearts.

One party tells us that John Ross is for the Union, and one that he is not.

Opothleyoholo.—Both are probably right. Ross made a sham treaty with Albert Pike, to save trouble. Ross is like a man lying on his belly, watching the opportunity to turn over. When the Northern troops come within the ring, he will turn over.

Dole.—You did not, and our people remember you. But we hope you will manifest no revenge.

Opothleyoholo.—The rebel Indians are like a cross, bad slut. The best way to end the breed is to kill the slut.

Dole.—The leaders and plotters of treason only should suffer.

Opothleyoholo.—That's just what I think. Burn over a bad field of grass and it will spring up again. It must be torn up by the roots, even if some good blades suffer. The educated part of our tribes is the worst. I am glad Gen. Lane is going down with us. He knows our wants. I hope the Government money will be paid us.

Dole.—We cannot pay you until we know who of you are Union and who rebel.

Opothleyoholo.—Those left back there are not loyal; we asked them to fight; we asked them to come up to Kansas; they did neither. They didn't help us in our time of trouble, and we won't help them. They turned against the Government with their eyes open. If we gain our land, we should have it and they nothing. We have talked it over among ourselves, and concluded not to do anything for them.

Dole.—We cannot pay you until all your chiefs are together, or substitutes elected, and a council held.

Opothleyoholo.—All those left back there are secesh.

Dole.—I have not the power to use the money except in a legal and regular way. We will take care of you, and the delay in paying you will be as brief as possible.

Opothleyoholo.—The Creeks have one thousand five hundred warriors who want to fight for the Union.

Aluktustenuke, (Chief of the Seminoles.)—We have two hundred and sixty warriors, and they will fight for the Great Father.

Major Burbank, (Agent of the Iowas.)—There are about fifty warriors in the tribe; they want to know on what conditions they can raise one hundred and fifty men if they unite with the Otoes, who speak the same language.

White Cloud acted as the interpreter.

Dole.—The Great Father has decided to accept your services to put down this rebellion, in case it is your pleasure to give your services. You will not be expected to fight white men unless they are arrayed against loyal Indians. You will receive the same pay as white men. The Government has not horses. The red man is said to be fleet on foot, and it seems to me that you ought to be able to go the same as white men. We should not have called upon you at all had not your own brothers been driven from their homes. You go to their assistance, not ours.

Lagarash.—We came down from our Nation to find out how it was, and we want to hear *the straight*. I depend on my Nation; I sit with my ear open to hear what they will do.

Dole.—You see before you Opothleyoholo, who has already been fighting for the Union. Now, what will you do?

Lagarash.—I cannot tell what they will do; I am ready.

Mawhee.—I only wait for my neighbors.

Tohee.—It depends upon the Nation.

Dole.—Unless the chiefs speak out, the warriors will refuse to do so. Will you yourselves urge your people to act?

Lagarash.—We want to know how long the war is to be, and in what way we are to fight.

Dole.—Not more than twelve months. As to the manner of fighting—you can all draw a bead at two hundred yards. *Your* way of fighting will answer our purpose.

Lagarash.—We want to go down there on horseback.

Dole.—We are going to send twenty thousand white men, on foot.

Lagarash.—Yes, that's the way white men fight; Indians don't. When we fight, we don't fight all the time; we don't want to fight so long. I think we can end the war in one battle.

Dole.—That will suit us. You are a large, noble, and brave set of men. Let me hear you say that you will be brave warriors, whether others are or not.

Lagarash.—I told you that whatever my Father wanted me to do I would do.

Mr. Dole arose and shook hands with the Iowa warrior. All present arose with them, and expressed their approbation by silent eloquence.

Dole.—When you go home, tell your warriors to get ready and prepare to be as brave as in former times. We may not want you for some time. Tell them that your brother red men have been driven from their homes, and they need your assistance. If only white men were at war, we should not call upon you.

Doc. 25.

SKIRMISH ON GREEN RIVER, KY.,

FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

THE following is a private letter from Capt. Joe Presdee, of the Second cavalry, Forty-first regiment Indiana volunteers, fighting on Green River, near Bowling Green, Ky.

CAMP WICKLIFFE, BANKS OF GREEN RIVER, KY., }
Tuesday, February 4, 1862. }

MY DEAR J——: Hurrah for Company H, of the Second cavalry, Forty-first regiment Indiana volunteers, commanded by the gallant Colonel Bridgland!

I, together with my boys, on last Saturday, opened the ball with secesh for the Second Indiana cavalry, and made the rebels pay for the music, as we killed three and wounded two! with none hurt on our side—and now for the story. On Friday morning I was ordered out, with my company, for picket duty, with three days' rations. I tell you the boys, when they heard the order, were tickled to death, and so was I, and off we started, and before night I had eight posts picked out, and my men placed at them, beside what I had at my headquarters. You may well believe that your uncle slept but little the first night, as I visited my pickets three times during the night, riding, as you may suppose, a good many miles—in fact, I spent the night in the saddle. Next day my forage came along to headquarters, and after taking off what I wanted there, I ordered the wagons to go on to the other posts, leaving enough for two feeds for each horse, and I mounted my horse to visit a post on a hill right on the river. I had scarcely got to the post when I heard a volley, and I knew in a minute that we were attacked in earnest. I rode down the road like lightning, firing off my revolver as I rode as an alarm, ordering the men at the posts, as I rode by, to mount, all but one, and follow me. I got to where the bridge once was (now burned down) in time, and, dismounting, sailed right in. (This is the life I think I was cut out for.) The rebels had fired on my men while unloading the corn, but they paid dear for it, as they left five on the field, and we drove the others from the position. I could scarcely keep my men from jumping into the river and going after them. I, of course, had sent to camp to say we were fighting, and Major Stewart came down to us, without bringing a man with him, saying, afterward: "Good gracious, Cap., I knew you and your fellows could take care of yourselves." He arrived while we were fighting, and rode right in among us. I shouted for him to dismount, that they were firing up the gully, and he might get hit. "Let them fire and be d—d," said he, dismounting and throwing down his coat and gloves. (I lost my gloves in the fight.) Said he, "Cap., give me one of them things." I handed him my carbine, (good for five hundred yards,) at the same time taking one myself from one of the men, and at it we went. I found my men so keen that I could not keep them under cover, as when I ordered

them under cover, they would lie down behind a stone about as big as an ink-bottle, supposing they were obeying orders, but I could not blame them, as I was as bad myself, as the Major reminded me as he sat on a rock, in full view of the rebels, with his carbine across his knee, waiting for a good chance. I got mad at the men, for exposing themselves so, and shouted to them: "Boys, the first man I see from cover, I shall certainly send back to headquarters." (Severe punishment.) "Hold on, Cap.," says the Major; "example would be good in this case—get into cover yourself." "I will," said I, "*when you set the example!*" This raised a shout from the boys, and a laugh from the Major and myself, and we took it for granted that the boys *were* under cover from that out. The Major has just left, saying, that when there is any fighting to be done, he wants Company H along—in fact, we have earned the name of the *fighting company*, and, if I am spared, we will retain it.

I expect to be ordered out to-morrow, or next day, not to return to camp *until the whole army crosses the river!* I wish you could have seen me, when I got your letter, on Sunday. I was lying in a mud-hole, with a rock in front of me, waiting for a chance to crack at the secesh. We kept up our fire all day Sunday, at anything in the shape of a man that came near enough to risk the ammunition. I am, as ever, yours,

J. P. PRESDEE.

Doc. 26.

THE SUMTER AT SEA.

THE CAPTAINS SHE CAPTURED.

LIVERPOOL, ENG., February 4, 1862.

ON Sunday night last, the Spanish steamer Duero arrived in Liverpool from Cadiz, having as passengers on board three gentlemen, late in command of different American ships, all of which had been captured by the Confederate steamer Sumter, and burned at sea. The captains are Minott, late of the Vigilant, Smith, of the Arcade, and Hoxie, of the Eben Dodge. They were the prisoners of Capt. Semmes, who, when the Sumter visited Cadiz recently, put them on shore there, whence they have been forwarded to this port by the American Consul there, and hence they propose returning to America by the Canadian steamer Bohemian. They describe the Sumter as a very indifferent screw propeller of about five hundred tons. She is armed with four short thirty-two-pounder guns and one sixty-eight-pounder pivot-gun. She is amply provided with small arms, has abundance of ammunition, and abundance of provisions of kinds, as may be expected from her helping herself so plentifully from various sources. Her crew, when she entered Cadiz harbor, was ninety-nine, all told, mostly Irish, but with a slight intermixture of English. The captains say, that the crew are very discontented, and that eleven deserted on entering a Spanish port. The marines on board are all Irish, and

they add, that of forty-three prisoners on board on arrival at Cadiz, all the negroes, who formed a large proportion of them, were retained as a part of the crew of the Confederate steamer.

As each of the captains relates circumstances somewhat different from the other, we shall take each in turn, and first of Capt. Hoxie. His vessel, the *Eben Dodge*, was one thousand two hundred and twenty-two tons, and belonged to New-Bedford, United States, whence she sailed on the twenty-sixth of November last, on a whaling voyage to the South-Pacific. She was provisioned and provided, in all respects, for a three years' voyage, and had a large store of water. Her crew had three years' clothing, and the findings of the ship and crew were all of the best. On December eighth, in latitude sixty-one degrees north, longitude fifty degrees west, about ten o'clock A.M., weather thick, a steamer hove in sight, showing American colors, and immediately fired a shot across the bows of the *Eben Dodge*, and then running up the Confederate flag, soon ranged alongside, coming up under her stern. Captain Semmes ordered Capt. Hoxie to take his boat and come on board, bringing his papers, stating that the steamer was the Confederate vessel *Sumter*, a statement, however, which Capt. Hoxie had anticipated. Capt. Hoxie, on going on board, was received by the first lieutenant, who conducted him to the cabin, where he found Capt. Semmes. Having examined the papers, the *Sumter's* commander said: "Oh! yes, it's all right; she is the lawful prize of the Confederate States, and I shall burn the ship." He next observed, "I am short of water, and you have plenty, I must have some of that;" and he forthwith ordered Capt. Hoxie to go back, sending an armed boat's crew with him, and to fetch off all the water. They did take away about one thousand gallons, and also took off a quantity of soap, tobacco, and a great cask of packed clothing. The whole of the charts on board the prize were also taken, the captain's sextant and chronometer, and being again brought on board the *Sumter*, Capt. Hoxie was ordered by her commander to bring one bed on board, with one trunk of clothing, and no more. His mates and crew were restricted to one bag of clothing each, and he was advised to "look smart" about it, as he (Capt. Semmes) must fire the ship. The conditions were complied with as speedily as possible, and the whole of the carpenter's plant having been taken on board the *Sumter*, the *Eben Dodge* was set on fire, and the *Sumter* bore away about sundown, leaving the prize blazing from stem to stern. Soon after this, Capt. Semmes called Capt. Hoxie aft, and said, "Have you any money?" adding: "It will be as well to be candid, for if I have any reason to doubt what you say, I shall have you searched." Capt. Hoxie replied, that he had one hundred and fifty dollars, which he was ordered to hand to the purser of the *Sumter*, who, Capt. Semmes said, would take care of it. Next morning, Capt. Semmes said the men belonging to the *Eben Dodge* had brought too many clothes on board, and ordered nearly all, save what they stood in, to be taken from them.

Capt. Hoxie describes the condition of the *Sumter* as filthy, and complains that he was detailed to a berth among the petty officers of the ship; but apart from these inconveniences he had no other cause of complaint, save forcible detention, denudation of cash and property, and destruction of his ship. In this respect his companions give concurrent testimony. We should add that one of the boats of the *Eben Dodge* was also taken by the *Sumter*.

Capt. Smith, of the schooner *Arcade*, one hundred and twenty-two tons, belonging to Portland, Me., sailed thence on the tenth of November, with a cargo of molasses, for Guadaloupe. On the twentieth of that month, at two o'clock in the afternoon, being in latitude twenty degrees thirty-five minutes north, longitude fifty-seven degrees twelve minutes west, the steamer *Sumter*, bearing the American ensign, bore up, and sent an armed boat's crew on board the *Arcade*. The crew took Capt. Smith on board the *Sumter*, along with the ship's papers, charts, chronometer, etc., announced her a lawful prize in due form, and that she must be burned. All the valuables, however, were first taken off. Capt. Smith was informed that he must confine his equipment, on removal, to a bed and trunk of clothes, and his men to a bag each; and this having been arranged, and the men brought on board the Confederate steamer, the *Arcade* was fired. Capt. Smith having only five dollars on him when questioned, was allowed to retain it.

Capt. Minott, of the *Vigilant*, six hundred and fifty-two tons, belonged to Bath, Me., sailed from New-York, on the twenty-first November, for Falmouth, for orders. On December third, about nine A.M., in latitude twenty-nine degrees twelve minutes north, longitude fifty-seven degrees twenty minutes west, a steamer, having the French ensign hoisted, hove in sight, came rapidly up, and proved to be, as Capt. Minott conjectured, the *Sumter*. The *Vigilant* was ordered to heave to, and two armed boat's crews were sent on board. They took away the ship's papers, and Capt. Minott on board the steamer; and after examining the papers, Capt. Semmes declared the *Vigilant* lawful prize to the Confederate States, adding that he should burn her. He then gave permission to Capt. Minott to fetch the customary trunk of clothes and bed, and the usual equipments for the others of the crew. A boat's crew sent on board took away all books, charts and other things of value from the *Vigilant*, together with whatever valuables belonging to Capt. Minott were on board, including sextant and chronometer, and at about two P.M. the prize was set on fire and left burning. Most of the crew of the *Vigilant* were negroes, and these were immediately incorporated with the crew of the *Sumter*, and set to work. In a conversation with Capt. Minott, Capt. Semmes said it was all fair; adding, "You would have taken me, if you could;" to which the former replied: "Yes, and would do so now, if you gave me the chance." Capt. Minott was also questioned as to whether he had any money; but having only fourteen

dollars, that was left with him. He was, of course, taken to Cadiz.

On the fourth of January, this year, the Sumter reached Cadiz, and the captains were released on the seventh. Before putting them on shore, Capt. Semmes assembled them and several of their officers and their respective crews, and telling them he was going to send them on shore, said: "The American Consul would take care of them." Capt. Hoxie then requested that the one hundred and fifty dollars he had intrusted to the purser of the Sumter might be given up to him; but Capt. Semmes said: "Oh! that is contraband of war, and is confiscated." They were then landed, and several of Capt. Hoxie's crew had to be supplied with clothes by the American Consul. The steward of the Eben Dodge, who was ill at the time of the capture, died on board the Sumter.

—*Liverpool Post*, February 4.

Doc. 27.

THE CASE OF JESSE D. BRIGHT.

On the sixteenth of December, 1861, Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, introduced into the Senate of the United States, the following resolution:

Whereas, Hon. Jesse D. Bright, heretofore, on the first day of March, 1861, wrote a letter, of which the following is a copy:

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to introduce, to your acquaintance, my friend Thomas B. Lincoln, of Texas. He visits your capital mainly to dispose of what he regards a great improvement in fire-arms. I recommend him to your favorable consideration, as a gentleman of the first respectability, and reliable in every respect.

Very truly, yours,

JESSE D. BRIGHT.

To His Excellency JEFFERSON DAVIS,
President of the Confederation of States.

And, whereas, we believe the said letter is evidence of disloyalty to the United States, and is calculated to give aid and comfort to the public enemies, therefore,

Be it resolved, That the said Jesse D. Bright is expelled from his seat in the Senate of the United States.

This resolution was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The members of this Committee are: Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, Chairman; Mr. Foster, of Connecticut; Mr. Ten Eyck, of New-Jersey; Mr. Cowan, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Harris, of New-York; Mr. Bayard, of Delaware; and Mr. Powell, of Kentucky.

In addition to the letter embodied in the resolution of Mr. Wilkinson, two other letters of Mr. Bright's got before the Committee, though informally, and figured, more or less, in the final debate. One of these letters is as follows:

AT MY FARM, September 7, 1861.

In reply to your favor of the twentieth, just received, I have to say that I have been personally

acquainted with Mr. Lincoln for more than twenty years, he having been at that time a prominent merchant of your city, where I was then residing, and was just entering on my career of life. He did me the favor to employ me as his attorney, and I generally attended to his legal business. The letter to which you refer is no doubt genuine. I have no recollection of writing it, but if Mr. Lincoln says I did, then I am entirely satisfied of the fact, for I am quite sure I would have given, as a matter of course, just such a letter of introduction to any friend who had asked it. So much for the letter.

You say the impression is sought to be created, on account of this letter, that I am in complicity with the Southern rebellion. I have so little regard, indeed such an utter contempt, for abolitionism, which is seeking, by every means in its power, to "crush out" every man who dares to dissent from the policy it prescribes, that, if it were merely to satisfy the corrupt partisans of that doctrine, I would not take the trouble of denying or attempting to counteract this impression. But for your sake, and the sake of such old tried friends as you, I think it due to myself to say that I am, and always have been, for preserving the integrity of this Union. I was laboring zealously for its preservation when these men, who are now so clamorous for its maintenance, were willing to "*let it slide*," rather than abate one iota of their unconstitutional doctrine of inequality; and no man regrets more than I the present condition of public affairs, or is more anxious to see peace, unity, and fraternity restored. I do not think the policy of that party is calculated to produce such results; so far from it, the inevitable tendency of its measures, in my opinion, is to render the disruption permanent and incurable. And hence I have opposed, and, so long as my present convictions last, shall continue to oppose, the entire coercive policy of the Government. I hope this may be satisfactory to my friends. For my enemies I care not.

Sincerely yours, JESSE D. BRIGHT.

J. FITCH, Madison, Ind.

The other letter, addressed to a loyal gentleman who was, at one time, Superintendent of the Capitol Extension, is as follows:

WASHINGTON, June 27, 1860.

DEAR SIR: I take pleasure in introducing to you an old and valued friend, Mr. Thomas B. Lincoln. He has a proposition to make you connected with a kind of machine he understands you are using in the public improvements under your control. I commend him to you as a reliable gentleman, in every sense of the word, and bespeak for him your kind consideration.

Truly yours, J. D. BRIGHT.

Capt. FRANKLIN.

On the case, as thus presented, the Committee of the Judiciary made the following report:

The Judiciary Committee, to which was referred the resolution to expel Hon. Jesse D. Bright from his seat in the United States Senate, respectfully report:

That they are of opinion the facts charged against Mr. Bright are not sufficient to warrant his expulsion from the Senate, and they therefore recommend that the resolution do not pass.

After a protracted and able debate, the vote was taken, with the result which the telegraph has announced. The resolution was passed by a vote of thirty-two to fourteen, the majority being one and one third more than two thirds of the members present.

The Senators who voted against the resolution are: Bayard, of Delaware; Cowan, of Pennsylvania; Carlisle, of Virginia; Harris, of New-York; Kennedy, of Maryland; Latham, of California; Nesmith, of Oregon; Pearce, of Maryland; Powell, of Kentucky; Rice, of Minnesota; Saulsbury, of Delaware; Ten Eyck, of New-Jersey; Thomson, of New-Jersey; and Willey, of Virginia. Among these are five of the seven members of the Committee of the Judiciary; and two, Harris, of New-York, and Cowan, of Pennsylvania, are Republicans.

The debate was distinguished by signal ability on both sides. Undoubtedly the most complete speech in favor of the resolution was that of Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, which, viewed as a clear, clean, and exhaustive argument on the case, as presented by the strict and simple record, has been seldom equalled before any tribunal. It was a masterpiece of forensic argumentation. Perhaps the finest speech against the resolution was that of Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, which was marked by singular dignity, cogency, and eloquence. Mr. Bright himself spoke as follows:

MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECH.

He said, perhaps what he should say had better have been said weeks ago. He thanked the Judiciary Committee for the favorable report which had been made, though one of their number (Mr. Foster) had given way under unprecedented pressure. The reasons might be satisfactory to that member, but he doubted whether they would be to even-handed justice. His main object in speaking now was to place himself right on the page of history; if he could succeed in that, he would be content. He was amazed at the party spirit exhibited against him, and the numerous accusations brought against him. He might, with propriety, have asked for counsel; but, conscience having said that he had done, written, and voted for nothing inconsistent with his prerogative as an American Senator, he had not claimed that right, and he did not regret not doing so. He should not try to shield himself from partisan blows, but challenged investigation into all the acts of his political life. He had been honored by the State of Indiana thrice by a seat in the Senate of the United States, and had been in the confidence of the Senate, and had received the highest honor they had given. He said this in answer to those who question his antecedents, and sought to prejudice him in the minds of his countrymen. He referred them to the letter he had written to Mr. Jefferson Davis, and to the

character given him by Mr. Lincoln, who had known him for many years, and who always considered him a worthy man. He contended that that letter was a simple letter of introduction, and its address had no intention to recognise the right of Mr. Davis to any title; it was only a mere courtesy, and only followed the example of others on the floor of the Senate. The Senator from Maine, in his assault on him, had said his address was like a courtier. If the Senator had known him better, he would have known that was not one of his faults. If he had been sycophantic, he might have got votes, but all he asked was for justice. When the letter was written, he did not believe there would be war. He referred to the President's Inaugural, the acts of the Post-Office Department, and the Secretary of State's despatches, to show, that on the first of March, it was not believed generally that there would be war. He did not believe there would be war till the fall of Sumter. After this there was war, and he should not have given the letter to Davis. He had not the most distant recollection of having written a letter to Davis or other letter of introduction to Capt. Franklin. It had been argued against him that he had said that he would do the same again. He would repeat it, and he meant it, that if he believed there was to be no war, he would give such a letter to an old friend. If he had had the least gleam of suspicion that there would be war, he should not have given the letter; but no one who listened to the debate here will suppose that the letter really has anything to do with the attack on him. But he was considered unfit to associate with such patriarchs in the country's service as the Senator from Massachusetts, (Sumner,) and the Senator from New-Hampshire, (Clark,) and even the Senator from Pennsylvania, (Wilmot,) and the Senator from Tennessee, (Johnson,) were afflicted by his presence here as not loyal enough for them. Oh! he must have degenerated in ten years. In 1850 he was appointed on a Committee with such men as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Clayton, and used his humble efforts to maintain peace. He had ever voted for peace, and never given a sectional vote. Every impulse of my heart, and every tie that binds me to earth, is interwoven with the form of Government under which we live, and to which I acknowledge my allegiance, and I will yield to no man in my attachment to it. Few men of my years have enjoyed more of her glorious advantages, and none have felt more grateful for them; and, though I have been assailed with all the fury of party spirit, and my character unjustly aspersed, and my loyalty and devotion questioned, this shall not alienate me from the faith of my life, or lessen the deep obligation I feel. I have devoted the humble energies of my life to the support of the Government under which we live, and which I would not exchange for any other on earth.

This may be the only opportunity I shall have of expressing my gratitude to the members of the Committee, who have, from that innate sense of justice that always governs the best judge, stood

by the report, and, rising above the storm of passion that seems to control the hour, resolutely maintained that attitude. They have done me all justice, and if my antecedents as a private citizen and a public servant have not proved a shield against criticism, and are not a sufficient guaranty, I give to them the pledge of an honest heart that my future life, wherever fortune may place me, shall give them no occasion to regret this act of justice to me and those whose destinies are interwoven with mine. I am not informed as to the opinion of Senators, except as they have declared them in debate. I have approached no Senator to learn his views. I have had no outside friends to solicit the aid of the public Press, with which to manufacture public opinion in my favor. Conscious of the purity of my intentions and purposes in all that relates to the support of the Government to which I owe allegiance, I had a right to suppose that my peers would rise above the behests of party, and look on this transaction in its true light. But this is a matter that I cannot and have not attempted to control. If the Senate has been polled, and, as I see it stated in some of the papers, it is a foregone conclusion that go I must, I say to my friends and my enemies that I will lose no time in putting myself on trial again before a tribunal whose judgment I have ever found just, and who, I am sure, will give me all the benefits resulting from an acquaintance of forty years and upward with a service which entitles them to judge whether I am a loyal or a disloyal subject—whether I have been a faithful or unfaithful representative of their rights in the many and varied duties which they have intrusted to me to perform. I will go forth with my record in one hand and the record of those who sent me here in the other, and will submit to the people of the State of Indiana the question of right or wrong in this case. I will go with the platform of principles laid down by that party I have acted with through life, and in the name of those principles, and in the name of the Constitution that I have ever tried to support, in letter and in spirit, I will ask a fair and impartial hearing. This, and this only, is the tribunal with which I intend to be content. Mr. Bright then referred to the question of the Senator from Virginia, (Mr. Willey,) asking him to define the letter of September to the Senator. I will say that I have had but one countersign since I have been on duty here, and that has been—peace, peace, peace. War never, never, never, as a remedy for any supposed grievance. But how different was the tone of the speech of the honorable Senator from Tennessee, (Mr. Johnson.) Causes of complaint I know he has, and I sympathize with him in his afflictions. Would I had the power to lift the load of sorrow that has bowed him and tens of thousands of others to the earth. Point out the road that leads to peace, with the restoration of the Union, making ours one government, with one flag, not a star effaced, and I will travel it with him as long as there is one gleam of light to guide us. And, sir, forgetting and forgiving, I would even con-

sent to take as travelling companions, the Senators from Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, and Pennsylvania, with all their heresies. The Senator from Tennessee has done one great injustice. Smarting under blows inflicted by the conduct of those he called a close corporation when here, he points to my association with them, forgetting, at the same time, his own. History, facts, and living witnesses, repel this absurd and unfounded accusation. The honorable Senator from Maryland, (Mr. Kennedy,) moved by a sense of justice to arrive at the truth, vindicates history in his late speech on some of these points. He well recollects the appeals made by himself, myself, and other Senators, some of whom I still see here, to Southern Senators to remain in their seats and give the incoming Administration a trial. The Senator from Tennessee knows I had no part or lot in any movement having for its object the disruption of this land. In replying to the request of the Senator from Virginia I do not want to be considered as seeking votes or any change of opinions. I said on a former occasion, my opinions were fixed. In the execution of details connected with the administration of government affairs, I have always endeavored to conform my action to the policy of those in charge of the Government. So under this Administration; when differing from them I have said so in a becoming manner, I trust. I have been opposed to the principle of coercion. I believe, in the language of the present Secretary of State, that this Federal system is, of all forms of government, the most unfitted for this labor of coercion. Coercion is war, and war, in the language of the late Senator from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) is disunion. But when hostilities commenced against Fort Sumter an entirely new feature presented itself. This act, followed by the proclamation of the President, was war. While my principles in regard to coercion remain unchanged, and while I doubt whether the line of policy of the last Administration, as well as the present, was the best with regard to affairs at Charleston, yet I never hesitated in my duty to my own Government, which was to sustain it in all its efforts to fully enforce obedience to the laws of the United States, within all constitutional limits. Mr. President, I have said all I proposed saying on this occasion; yet I wish to add a few words more. I will inquire, who is it that is asking for my expulsion? My record as a public man is before the country, and particularly before my constituents. The party that have so often honored me with a seat on this floor have lately adjourned one of the largest Conventions ever held in the State. Did they desire my expulsion on the ground that I was disloyal, or on the ground that I was not a faithful representative of their interests? Has any part of that great army from that State expressed any such desire? Have you had any petitions for my removal? Barely one, I believe. I do not understand that my constituency are asking my expulsion, and I want that fact understood before the country, that I am to be expelled be-

cause of my political antecedents. That fact cannot be disguised. I make no complaint. I do not feel that my personal rights are involved in this controversy, and when this blow comes, as the honorable Senator from New-York has announced it will come, I, sir, shall wrap my robes about me and take it. Let it come. I may fall as the gallant—the brave—the chivalric—the classic—the learned Senator from Massachusetts said I might fall—into the bastille. That is a matter I cannot control. That is in the hands of those who have the power, if it is their pleasure, in connection with this wrong, to inflict still another. Let the blow come; but, if my own volition continues, I will fall back into the arms of the people—the ever just people of the State of Indiana. I will ask them, sir, to vindicate the truth of history, by showing to the world that this partisan blow, levelled at my head, is not merited. I regret that I should have been betrayed into a word on this occasion. It has not been done in the belief of controlling or influencing a vote, but to give a plain narrative of facts, that the unprejudiced masses may have the true facts of the case, and on them base their judgment.

REBEL OPINIONS OF THE EXPULSION.

The expulsion of Mr. Bright from the Federal Senate, is another insult put upon the Northwest by rabid and fanatical New-England. The pretext on which this expulsion was based is the shallowest that could have been conceived. It is puerile, and unworthy even of the contemptible cabal which employed it for their purposes. Mr. Bright is the representative of the conservative feeling of the Northwest. His presence in the Senate was a standing rebuke of the excesses of the times; was a continual protest against the violence perpetrated on Northwestern interests by the domineering and destructive fanaticism of New-England. His expulsion is another wrench of the Puritan screw upon his subjugated and persecuted section. New-England declares to the Northwest, by this vote, that she shall not think in conflict with herself; that she will delve into the private correspondence of her leading citizens in pursuit of her determination to crush out independent Western thought.

Representatives from the Northwest voted for the expulsion; but in every case they were Puritan emissaries from New-England, sent forth into that country as the instruments of its enthrallment. The Northwest, it seems, is not to have a thought or a policy of her own. In all respects and in all measures is she to show herself the convenient tool of New-England. She is to go into a war ruinous to her special interests, in support of the dogmas of her superior. She is to furnish the troops for the armies, and to pay the burden of the taxes necessary to support the war. She is by her own troops to blockade her own intercourse with the South, her best customer, and her nearest neighbor and friend. She is to do all without a murmur or a protest. Her citizens are not to speak a word or write a line in public or

private correspondence, even in indirect collision with the measures of the ruling section. If they do, though they be representatives of sovereign States, and sit as ambassadors in the Federal Capitol, they are to be expelled ignominiously and sent home as traitors to the Union—that is to say, to the truculent policy of New-England.

It remains to be seen whether the Northwest will submit to this last indignity. The chances are that she will. The spell by which New-England seems to have subdued her, apparently grows more potential every day. It was the appropriate duty of the Northwest—and it was within her power to preserve the Union—but she yielded to New-England, and the Union was lost. It was then her duty to mitigate the evils of war, and to assume the part of peace-maker between the sections. That honorable office she declined; and she furnishes all the fighting regiments for the war. For her pains, she is now rewarded with indignity. A large proportion of her population entertain conservative opinions with regard to the present troubles, and condemn the madness which rules the hour. Mr. Bright was the exponent of this phase of Northwestern sentiment in the Federal Senate; and he is expelled as a traitor. The indignity is great, and the insult most gross; but the chances are that the Northwest will submit.

Richmond Examiner, February 11.

Doc. 27½.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S ADDRESS,

ON LEAVING THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE following address from General Beauregard, on taking a temporary leave of the Confederate army of the Potomac, is worthy of record as bearing official testimony to the fact of the indisposition of many of his troops to enlist for another term of service:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
NEAR CENTREVILLE, JANUARY 30, 1862. }

SOLDIERS of the First Corps, Army of the Potomac: My duty calls me away, and to a temporary separation from you. I hope, however, to be with you again, to share your labors and your perils, and in defence of our homes and rights, to lead you to new battles, to be crowned with signal victories.

You are now undergoing the severest trial of a soldier's life; the one by which his discipline and capacity for endurance are thoroughly tested. My faith in your patriotism, your devotion and determination, and in your high soldierly qualities is so great, that I shall rest assured you will pass through the ordeal resolutely, triumphantly. Still, I cannot quit you without deep emotion, without even deep anxiety, in the moment of our country's trials and dangers. Above all, I am anxious that my brave countrymen, here in arms, fronting the haughty array and muster of Northern mercenaries, should thoroughly appreciate the exigency, and hence comprehend that this is no time for the army of the Potomac—the men of Manassas—to stack their

arms and quit, even for a brief period, the standards they have made glorious by their manhood. All must understand this, and feel the magnitude of the conflict impending, the universal personal sacrifices this war has entailed, and our duty to meet them as promptly and unblenchingly as you have met the enemy in line of battle.

To the army of the Shenandoah, I desire to return my thanks for their endurance in the memorable march to my assistance, last July, their timely, decisive arrival, and for their conspicuous steadiness and gallantry on the field of battle.

Those of their comrades, of both corps, and of all arms of the army of the Potomac, not so fortunate as yet to have been with us in conflict with our enemy, I leave with all confidence that on occasion they will show themselves fit comrades for the men of Manassas, Bull Run, and Ball's Bluff.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

Doc 28.

CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY, TENN.

REPORT OF GENERAL GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF CAIRO, }
FORT HENRY, TENN., Feb. 6. }

Capt. J. C. Kelton, A. A., General Department of Mo., St. Louis, Mo. :

CAPTAIN: Enclosed I send you my order for the attack upon Fort Henry. Owing to despatches received from Major-Gen. Halleck, and corroborating information here, to the effect that the enemy were rapidly reënforcing, I thought it imperatively necessary that the Fort should be carried to-day. My forces were not up at ten o'clock last night, when my order was written, therefore I did not deem it practicable to set an earlier hour than eleven o'clock to-day, to commence the investment. The gunboats started up at the same hour to commence the attack, and engage the enemy at not over six hundred yards. In little over one hour all the batteries were silenced, and the Fort surrendered at discretion to Flag-Officer Foote, giving us all their guns, camp and garrison equipage, etc. The prisoners taken are Gen. Tilghman and staff, Capt. Taylor and company, and the sick. The garrison, I think, must have commenced their retreat last night, or at an early hour this morning.

Had I not felt it an imperative necessity to attack Fort Henry to-day, I should have made the investment complete, and delayed until to-morrow, so as to secure the garrison. I do not now believe, however, the result would have been any more satisfactory.

The gunboats have proven themselves well able to resist a severe cannonading. All the iron-clad boats received more or less shots—the flag-ship some twenty-eight—without any serious damage to any, except the Essex. This vessel received one shot in her boiler, that disabled her, killing and wounding some thirty-two men, Capt. Porter among the wounded.

I remain your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF CAIRO, }
CAMP IN FIELD, NEAR FORT HENRY, Feb. 5, 1862. }

GERERAL ORDERS, No. 1:

The First division, Gen. McClelland Commanding, will move at eleven o'clock A.M., to-morrow, under the guidance of Lieut.-Col. McPherson, and take a position on the roads from Fort Henry to Donelson and Dover.

It will be the special duty of this command to prevent all reënforcements to Fort Henry or escape from it. Also, to be held in readiness to charge and take Fort Henry by storm, promptly on the receipt of orders.

Two brigades of the Second division, Gen. C. F. Smith Commanding, will start at the same hour from the west bank of the river, and take and occupy the heights commanding Fort Henry. This point will be held by so much artillery as can be made available, and such other troops as, in the opinion of the general commanding the Second division, may be necessary for its protection.

The Third brigade, Second division, will advance up the east bank of the Tennessee River, as fast as it can be securely done, and be in readiness to charge upon the Fort, or move to the support of the First division, as may be necessary.

All the forces on the west bank of the river, not required to hold the heights commanding Fort Henry, will return to their transports, cross to the east bank, and follow the First brigade as fast as possible.

The west bank of the Tennessee River, not having been reconnoitred, the commanding officer entrusted with taking possession of the enemy's works there, will proceed with great caution, and such information as can be gathered, and such guides as can be found in the time intervening, before eleven o'clock to-morrow.

The troops will receive two days' rations of bread and meat in their haversacks.

One company of the Second division, armed with rifles, will be ordered to report to Flag-Officer Foote, as sharpshooters, on board the gunboats. By order,

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

DESPATCH OF FLAG-OFFICER FOOTE.

U. S. FLAG-SHIP CINCINNATI, }
OFF FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE RIVER, Feb. 6. }

The gunboats under my command, the Essex, Commander Porter; the Carondelet, Commander Walke; the Cincinnati, Commander Stembel; the St. Louis, Lieut. Commanding Paulding; the Conestoga, Lieut. Commanding Phelps; the Tyler, Lieut. Commanding Gwin; and the Lexington, Lieut. Commanding Shirk, after a severe and rapid fire of an hour and a quarter, have captured Fort Henry, and taken Gen. Lloyd Tilghman and his staff, and sixty men as prisoners. The surrender to the gunboats was unconditional, as we kept an open fire upon the enemy until their flag was struck. In half an hour after the surrender, I handed the Fort and prisoners over to Gen. Grant, commanding the army, on his arrival at the Fort in force.

The Essex had a shot in her boiler after fight-

ing most effectively for two thirds of the action, and was obliged to drop down the river. I hear that several of her men were scalded to death, including the two pilots. She, with the other gunboats' officers and men, fought with the greatest gallantry. The Cincinnati received thirty-one shots, and had one man killed and eight wounded—two seriously. The Fort, with twenty guns and seventeen mortars, was defended by Gen. Tilghman with the most determined gallantry. I will write as soon as possible.

I have sent Lieut. Commanding Phelps and three gunboats up after the rebel gunboats.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

REPORT OF FLAG-OFFICER FOOTE.

CAIRO, ILL., Feb. 7, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to report that on the sixth instant, at half-past twelve o'clock P.M., I made an attack on Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, with the iron-clad gunboats Cincinnati, Commander Stembel, (the flag-ship;) the Essex, Commander Porter; the Carondelet, Commander Walke; and the St. Louis, Lieut. Commanding Paulding; also taking with me the three old gunboats Conestoga, Lieut. Commanding Phelps; the Tyler, Lieut. Commanding Gwin; and the Lexington, Lieut. Commanding Shirk, as a second division, in charge of Lieut. Commanding Phelps, which took a position astern and in-shore of the armed boats, doing good execution there in the action, while the armed boats were placed in the first order of steaming, approaching the Fort in a parallel line.

The fire was opened at one thousand seven hundred yards distance from the flag-ship, which was followed by the other gunboats and responded to by the Fort. As we approached the Fort, slow steaming till we reached within six hundred yards of the rebel batteries, the fire both from the gunboats and the Fort increased in rapidity and accuracy of range.

At twenty minutes before the flag was struck, the Essex unfortunately received a shot in her boilers, which resulted in the wounding and scalding of twenty-nine officers and men, including Commander Porter, as will be seen in the enclosed list of casualties.

The Essex then necessarily dropped out of line astern, entirely disabled and unable to continue the fight, in which she had so gallantly participated until the sad catastrophe.

The firing continued with unabated rapidity and effect upon the three gunboats, as they continued still to approach the Fort with their destructive fire, until the rebel flag was hauled down, after a very severe and closely contested action of one hour and fifteen minutes.

A boat containing the Adjutant-General and Captain of Engineers came alongside after the flag was lowered, and reported that Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, the commander of the Fort, wished to communicate with the flag-officer, when I despatched Commander Stembel and Lieut. Commanding Phelps, with orders to hoist the Ameri-

can flag where the rebel ensign had been flying, and to inform Gen. Tilghman that I would see him on board the flag-ship. He came on board soon after the Union had been substituted for the rebel flag on the Fort, and possession taken of it. I received the General and his staff, and some sixty or seventy men, as prisoners, and a hospital-ship, containing sixty invalids, together with the Fort and its effects, mounting twenty guns, mostly of heavy calibre, with barracks and tents capable of accommodating fifteen thousand men, and sundry articles, which, as I turned the Fort and its effects over to Gen. Grant, commanding the army, on his arrival, in an hour after we had made the capture, he will be enabled to give the Government a more correct statement of than I am enabled to communicate from the short time I had possession of the Fort.

The plan of the attack, so far as the army reaching the rear of the Fort to make a demonstration simultaneous with the navy, was frustrated by the excessively muddy roads and the high stage of water, preventing the arrival of our troops until some time after I had taken possession of the Fort.

On securing the prisoners, and making the necessary preliminary arrangements, I despatched Lieut. Commanding Phelps, with his division, up the Tennessee River, as I had previously directed, and as will be seen in the enclosed order to him, to remove the rails, and so far render the bridge of the railroad for transportation and communication between Bowling Green and Columbus useless, and afterwards to pursue the rebel gunboats and secure their capture, if possible.

This being accomplished, and the army in possession of the Fort, and my services being indispensable at Cairo, I left Fort Henry in the evening of the same day, with the Cincinnati, Essex and St. Louis, and arrived here this morning.

The armed gunboats resisted effectually the short of the enemy, when striking the casemates.

The Cincinnati, the flag-ship, received thirty-one shots; the Essex, fifteen; the St. Louis, seven; and the Carondelet, six; killing one and wounding nine in the Cincinnati, and killing one in the Essex, while the casualties in the latter from steam amounted to twenty-eight in number. The Carondelet and St. Louis met with no casualties.

The steamers were admirably handled by their commanders and officers, presenting only their bow-guns to the enemy, to avoid the exposure of the vulnerable parts of their vessels.

Lieut. Commanding Phelps, with his division, also executed my orders very effectually, and promptly proceeded up the river in their further execution after the capture of the Fort. In fact, all the officers and men gallantly performed their duty, and, considering the little experience they have had under fire, far more than realized my expectations.

Fort Henry was defended, with the most determined gallantry, by Gen. Tilghman, worthy of a better cause, who, from his own account, went into the action with eleven guns of heavy calibre bearing upon our boats, which he fought until

seven of the number were dismantled, or otherwise rendered useless.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, A. H. FOOTE, Flag Officer.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of Navy, Washington.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED

ON BOARD THE CINCINNATI.

UNITED STATES FLAG-STEAMER CINCINNATI, }
February 6, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to report that the casualties on board this vessel, during the bombardment of Fort Henry, from the effects of the enemy's fire, were: Killed, one; wounded, nine; total, ten.

Respectfully, R. N. STEMBEL,
Commander, United States Navy.

To A. H. Foote, Commanding Naval Forces Western Waters:

SIR: As Capt. Porter is unable to write, he has advised me to send you a list of killed, wounded and missing on this vessel:

W. D. Porter, commander, scalded.
J. H. Lewis, paymaster, scalded.
T. P. Perry, third master, scalded badly.
S. B. Brittan, master's mate, killed by cannon-shot.

James McBride, pilot, killed by scalding.
William H. Ford, pilot, killed by scalding.
John Matthews, quartermaster, badly scalded.
A. D. Waterman, captain of forecastle, missing.
Henry Gemper, fireman, missing.
Samuel Bayer, fireman, scalded badly.
John Santz, fireman, missing.
James Coffey, seaman, killed by scalding.
N. McCarty, seaman, scalded.
H. Hagan, seaman, scalded.
Dana Wilson, seaman, killed by scalding.
Ben. Harrington, seaman, scalded badly.
Wm. O'Brien, seaman, scalded badly.
Thos. Mullen, seaman, scalded slightly.
W. H. Maxey, seaman, scalded badly.
T. Sullivan, seaman, scalded badly.
Jas. Bedard, seaman, missing.
J. P. Beers, seaman, killed by scalding.
John O. Hara, seaman, scalded.
John Castello, seaman, scalded.
J. J. Phillips, seaman, scalded.
B. Lonla, seaman, scalded.
H. Reynolds, seaman, missing.
James Argus, seaman, scalded.
Thomas Mullett, seaman, badly scalded.

In addition to the above, we had nineteen soldiers injured, of which several have since died.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT K. RILEY,
Ex-Officer U. S. Gunboat Essex.

COMMODORE FOOTE'S GENERAL ORDER.

CAIRO, February 10, 1862.

The officers and crew of that portion of the gunboat flotilla, which was engaged in the capture of Fort Henry, on the sixth instant, already have had their brilliant services and gallant conduct favorably noticed by the Commanding General of the Western army, and by the Secretary

of the Navy, conveying the assurance that the President of the United States, the Congress, and the country, appreciate their gallant deeds, and proffer to them the profound thanks of the Navy Department for the services rendered.

In conveying these pleasing tidings that our services are acknowledged by the highest authorities of the Government, you will permit me to add that in observing the good order, coolness, courage, and efficiency of officers and men in the memorable action between the gunboats and the fort, that I shall ever cherish, with the liveliest interest, all the officers and men who participated in the battle, and, in the future shall, with increased hope and the greatest confidence, depend upon all officers and men attached to the flotilla, in the performance of every duty, whether in the fight or the laborious work of its preparation.

A. H. FOOTE,

Flag-Officer Com'g U. S. Forces on the Western Waters.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

FORT HENRY, STEWART CO., TENN., February 7, 1862.

Three times three cheers, and another, and yet another, and one cheer more! The soldiers of the Union have won another victory, and an important rebel stronghold has fallen into our hands. Fort Henry, one of the most extensive and important fortifications in the confederacy, and, in fact, the key to the whole chain of fortifications which the rebels had stretched across the country from the Potomac to the Mississippi, is now ours, and the Star-Spangled Banner now floats where for many months the rebel "stars and bars" have flaunted in traitorous defiance.

For more than three weeks, very quiet but unmistakable preparations for a movement of some kind had been visible at Cairo, and other points within Gen. Grant's military jurisdiction, and although no flaming telegrams this time announced the fact in advance to a startled public, it was evident to a close observer that some event of more than ordinary gravity was in contemplation. So very secretly were the preparations conducted, that no intimation of the destination, size, or probable time of the expedition could be obtained from those supposed to be in the secret, and we could only watch and wait.

From certain indications, I had for several days concluded that Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, near the boundary line dividing the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, was the point aimed at; indeed, I believe I intimated as much in some of my previous letters, and I was not surprised to learn, on Saturday, the first of February, that some ten regiments of infantry, together with artillery and cavalry, then at Cairo, had received orders to be in readiness to embark next day, with three days' rations in their haversacks. But the embarkation of such a force, with horses, wagons, baggage and equipments, is no slight labor, and it was not until afternoon of Monday that the last of the transports left Cairo, and steamed up the Ohio in the direction of Paducah. Arriving at this point during the same evening, the boats halted for a short time, while some changes

were made in the disposition of the troops on board, and soon the whole fleet, under convoy of the gunboats Essex, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Carondelet, Lexington, Tyler and Conestoga, were ploughing their way swiftly up the muddy Tennessee, toward the Fort. When morning dawned, it revealed the transports safely moored to the bank, within ten miles of the rebel fortification. The Fort is situated on the right bank of the Tennessee, about seventy miles above its junction with the Ohio, and about ten miles south of the State line.

Soon after our arrival, three of the gunboats, under orders from Gen. Grant, proceeded cautiously toward the fort, shelling as they went, the woods on either side, to discover any concealed batteries, which might exist there, and afterward the Fort itself, to draw its fire, and ascertain the range of its guns. In the course of this reconnoissance, the Essex received a shot from a thirty-two-pound rifled gun, penetrating a corner of the Captain's cabin, which was not protected by sheathing, and splintering the woodwork to some extent, but doing no other damage. The aim of this gun was generally very accurate, the shots falling always in line of our boats, and frequently very close to them. The other guns of the Fort were less skilfully handled. Having ascertained thus the nearest distance within which it would be safe to disembark, the transports again started, and moved up to within about four miles of the Fort, where the troops were landed, and prepared to encamp for the night. The next day was consumed in making the necessary disposition of the troops for the attack, which was set for Thursday, the sixth inst.

During the day the gunboats Tyler and Conestoga went up the river, and succeeded in removing six torpedoes, or infernal machines, which the rebels had sunk in the channel below the fort, in the hope of blowing up or disabling our fleet when it should attempt to approach them. These instruments were constructed of boiler-iron, were about five feet in length, and contained sixty pounds of powder each. Had they been suffered to remain and explode, as they were intended to do, they would doubtless have inflicted serious damage to the boats; but Capts. Phelps and Walke succeeded in removing them without injury. During this time, a small river steamer, which had been employed by the rebels as a ferry-boat, between the Fort and the railroad, which crosses the river fifteen miles above, came out several times, from behind the shelter of an island, where she was ensconced, to take observations of our proceedings, but retired again before our boats could get a shot at her.

That night our troops, with the exception of Gen. Smith's brigade, which had crossed to the west side of the river, encamped on a ridge of hills parallel with the river, and about half a mile from it. Their camp-fires, scattered all along the sides of the ridge among the trees, for more than a mile, presented that night one of the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed, and no doubt being observed by the enemy, gave the impression that our force was much larger than was

really the case. Probably this might have had something to do in causing their precipitate flight afterward.

During the night a tremendous storm arose, accompanied with thunder and lightning, thoroughly soaking the soft clay soil, and rendering locomotion, especially in the low grounds, almost impossible.

In spite of this impediment, however, early the next morning order was given to prepare to march, and the forces were soon formed in four divisions, as follows: the First and Second brigades, comprising the Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first; Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-eighth Illinois regiments, with one regiment, (the Fourth Illinois,) and four independent companies of cavalry and four batteries of artillery, the whole under command of Brig.-Gen. McClelland, were to move across the country to a point on the road leading from the Fort to the town of Dover, on the Cumberland, for the purpose of preventing the enemy from receiving reinforcements from that direction, or of making their escape by that route, should the gunboats succeed in driving them from their intrenchments.

The Second division, comprising the Seventh, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-eighth, and Forty-first Illinois regiments, the Eleventh Indiana, the Seventh and Twelfth Iowa, the Eighth and Thirteenth Missouri, with artillery and cavalry, under the command of Gen. Smith, were to move up the west bank of the river, take possession of and occupy a hill overlooking the Fort, which the enemy had begun to fortify; and then a portion of the force was to re-cross the river and reinforce Gen. McClelland. Meantime, the gunboats, under command of the veteran Com. Foote, were directed to shell the Fort, and, if possible, drive the rebels from their guns. Thus surrounded and attacked on three sides at once, it was hoped that the enemy might be driven from their strong intrenchments and fall into our hands. An unconquerable determination held the minds of all, from the General commanding to the lowest private, not to return until our object was accomplished; but still, it was with much anxiety and caution that at the appointed hour of eleven the troops commenced to move forward. The forces of the enemy had been reported as probably fully equal in number to our own; they were well acquainted with the country and the facilities it afforded for attack or defence, and possessed the advantage of fighting under cover, upon ground cleared of all obstructions, while our attack must be made upon ground ill adapted by nature for the movement of troops, and rendered almost impassable by the timber which the rebels had felled for some distance on every side.

I had taken my own position with the advance of Gen. McClelland's column, thinking that the place for obtaining a view of the affair, and by noon the whole column was in motion. Our route was along a rough cart-path which twisted and turned about among the high wooded hills,

in a most perplexing manner. The storm of the previous night had soaked the soft alluvial soil of the bottoms, until under the tread of the troops it speedily became reduced to the consistency of soft porridge of almost immeasurable depth, rendering marching very difficult for the infantry, and for artillery almost impassable. For some three hours we thus struggled along, when suddenly the roar of a heavy gun came booming over the hills, and another and another, told us that the gunboats had commenced the attack. For an instant the entire column seemed to halt to listen, then springing forward, we pushed on with redoubled vigor. But mile after mile of slippery hills and muddy swamps were passed over, and still the Fort seemed no nearer. We could plainly hear the roar of the guns, and the whistle of the huge shells through the air, but the high hills and dense woods completely obstructed the view.

Suddenly the firing ceased. We listened for it to recommence, but all was still. We looked in each other's faces, and wonderingly asked: "What does it mean? Is it possible that our gunboats have been beaten back?"—for that the rebels should abandon this immense fortification, on which the labor of thousands had been expended for months, after barely an hour's defence, and before our land troops had even come in sight of them, seemed too improbable to believe. Cautiously we pressed forward, but ere long one of our advance scouts came galloping back, announcing that the rebels had abandoned the Fort, and seemed to be forming in line of battle on the hills adjoining. With a cheer our boys pressed forward. Soon came another messenger, shouting that the enemy had abandoned their intrenchments completely, and were now in full retreat through the woods. On we went, plunging through the deep mud and fording swollen creeks, until, on the summit of a hill higher than any we had previously surmounted, we came upon the outer line of the rebel fortifications. An earthen breastwork, defended by an immense long rifle-pit, stretched away on either side until it was lost to sight in the thick woods. Outside this the timber had been felled in a belt of several rods in width, forming a barrier very difficult for footmen, and utterly impassable for cavalry. This breastwork inclosed fully a square mile. Crossing it and pushing onward, we came soon to another similar line of defence, and further on still another before we reached the Fort itself—and crossing a deep slough which protects it on the land side, we stood within the rebel stronghold.

The Fort is of the class known as a full bastioned earthwork, standing directly upon the bank of the river, and encloses about two acres. It mounts seventeen heavy guns, including one ten-inch Columbiad, throwing a round shot of one hundred and twenty-eight pounds weight, one breech-loading rifled gun, carrying a sixty pound elongated shot, twelve thirty-two-pounders, one twenty-four-pounder rifled, and two twelve-pounder siege-guns. Nearly all the guns are pivoted and capable of being turned in any desired direction.

The Fort is surrounded by a deep moat, and, when fully garrisoned, would be almost impregnable against any force which could be brought against it from the land side. Evidently its designers did not anticipate so formidable an attack from the river, and, certainly, nothing less well defended than our iron-clad gunboats, could have attacked it with any hope of success.

The Fort showed fearful evidence of the accuracy of our fire, and the terrible force of our heavy guns. Every port facing the river was knocked out of shape; several of the enemy's guns had been hit by our shells—one had been completely dismounted and two more disabled by our shot.

The flag-staff was hit, and every one of the small log cabins which stood thickly in the centre of the open space, was riddled through and through by shot and shells. The earthen embankment, some fourteen feet in thickness, was pierced completely through in several places, but the tenacious character of the earth prevented it from forming such breeches as would ordinarily occur.

All about the guns spots of clotted gore and fragments of human flesh, showed that many lives must have been sacrificed before the Fort finally surrendered, but only four dead bodies were found within the Fort. It is believed, however, that a number of bodies were carried off by one of the rebel boats before the surrender. During the action the rifled sixty-pound gun burst, scattering its fragments in all directions, and greatly disheartening the rebels. This was the most effective gun in the Fort, and the one which had inflicted the shot on the Essex, on the day previous. This gun had been made at the Tredegar Works in Richmond, Virginia, the same establishment which cast the great gun that burst at Columbus, Ky., some time ago, by which Gen. Polk nearly lost his life. In addition to the guns found in the Fort, nine field pieces were afterwards found by our troops, at different places along the road, where they had been abandoned by the rebels in their hurried retreat.

The particulars of the attack and capture, as I afterwards learned them, were as follows:

Soon after noon the gunboats, according to the previous plan, advanced in two divisions up the river, passing on either side of a little island lying about a mile and a half below the Fort, so as in a measure to throw a cross fire upon it.

As soon as the boats appeared in sight, the Fort opened upon them fiercely. The boats advanced slowly up the river, firing moderately, until within about a mile of the Fort, when they opened their full batteries and the battle commenced in earnest. The scene is described as being terrifically grand. The air seemed filled with the flying missiles. The heavy boom of the guns and the shrieking of the shells as they tore through the air, were echoed back from the surrounding hills, till the whole space, for miles around, seemed filled with one confused roar. The Fort was soon wrapped in a cloud of smoke, which rose lazily up and floated away over the

hills, and through it, the flashes of her guns broke like successive bursts of lightning.

For more than an hour this fierce conflict continued, the boats gradually approaching nearer and nearer, until within a few hundred yards of the Fort, when the rebels' fire slackened, and suddenly a white flag was raised on the ramparts; but the dense smoke prevented its being seen by the boats, and the firing still continued.

In a few moments more, the rebel flag, which had been proudly flaunting from a tall pole, in the centre of the Fort, was hauled down, and Fort Henry was ours.

Capt. Phelps, of the gunboat *Conestoga*, was immediately ordered by the Commodore to land and take possession. On arriving at the shore, Capt. Phelps was met by an officer wearing the uniform of a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, who announced himself as General Lloyd Tilghman, acting Commander of the district, and who formally surrendered the Fort and the adjacent camps, with himself and about sixty others as prisoners of war. When the foremost of our cavalry reached the spot, they found Capt. Phelps standing alone, surrounded by his prisoners, waiting for some one to come and occupy the Fort.

Sixty-three prisoners were found inside the Fort, and twenty-seven others were afterward captured by our cavalry in pursuing the enemy. Among them are a very large proportion of officers of rank, who will prove very serviceable as exchanges for some of our own valued officers now in the enemy's hands.

The list of officers, so far as I have been able to learn it, is as follows:

Brig.-Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, of Kentucky, commanding the district; Capt. Jesse Taylor, of Tennessee, Chief of artillery and Commander of the Fort; Lieut. W. O. Wotts, artillery; Lieut. G. R. G. Jones, artillery; Capt. Miller, engineer-corps; Capt. Hayden, engineer-corps; Capt. Wm. Jones, Brigade-Quartermaster; Dr. A. H. Voorhies, Brigade-Surgeon; Dr. Horton, Surgeon Tenth Tennessee Regiment; Capt. J. McLaughlin, Quartermaster Tenth Tennessee; Major McCormick, Asst. Adj.-Gen.

Gen. Tilghman is a large, stout man, rather prepossessing in appearance, and gentlemanly in manner, after the Southern idea of a gentleman, but rather inclined to pomposity, like most of the rebel officers that I have seen. He is a graduate of West-Point, and was formerly in the United States Army. He is regarded as an excellent officer, and his capture will prove a severe loss to the Confederates. Capt. Taylor, I am informed, is also a West-Point graduate. The manner of their capture, as related by themselves, is somewhat curious.

At the commencement of the fight, Gen. Tilghman had posted a guard at the gate of the Fort, with orders to let no one pass out, but to fire upon any who attempted to escape. After the bursting of their rifle gun, and the disabling of two or three others by our shots, and while the shells were falling thickly around, the General himself,

with some of his officers, attempted to make their escape, but were stopped by the sentinels, who, strictly obeying their orders, threatened them with death should they attempt to pass. Soon after, the flag was hauled down. This is the story told by the guard, who claim to have been impressed into the rebel service, and who thus retaliated. This may account for the fact of so many officers being captured within the Fort, while the entire force in the camp outside succeeded in making their escape.

It may seem a matter of surprise, at first, that the entire force of the rebels, except the garrison of the Fort, succeeded in making their escape; but certainly the last thought in the mind of any one, was that they would abandon their complicated and formidable intrenchments, without making a single attempt to defend them, especially as they had occupied the two days intervening between our arrival and the attack, in strengthening their position and bringing in reinforcements.

The very night preceding their flight, they had thus been strengthened by the arrival of a thousand cavalry, which they had sent for from Dover when our approach was first known. That they intended to fight, up to the very day of attack, is evident, and the sudden change in their plans can only be accounted for on the supposition that the approach of the gunboats struck them with a sudden panic, similar to that of our own troops at Bull Run. That this was really the case, the appearance of their camps amply proves. Had they remained and fought, as was anticipated, although there is little doubt that we could ultimately have succeeded in defeating them, it must have been at the expense of severe loss on our part.

These give ample evidence, first, that they were intended for permanent occupation; and secondly, that they were abandoned in the greatest haste. On a piece of rising ground, immediately in the rear of the Fort, were constructed a series of log-cabins, capable of accommodating three thousand men. In addition to these, tents were pitched in different parts of the encampment, far more than as many more. The tents were mostly new, of good quality, and very comfortable. Judging from appearances, the force of the rebels could not have been less than seven thousand men—perhaps more. They must have abandoned very hastily, as scarcely anything was taken away. Arms, clothing, books, papers, letters, daguerreotypes, even watches and money, were left strewn about in the wildest confusion. In some of the cabins the dishes stood on the table just as they had been left at breakfast. In others the dinner was still cooking over the fire when our men arrived. Everything denoted that the flight was the result of sudden alarm, and not of deliberate intention. The papers found included all the various documents pertaining to the management of a military camp, muster-rolls, reports of all kinds, requisitions, orders, officers' commissions, etc., etc., some of them containing valuable information. The letters were mostly

from Mississippi and Tennessee, indicating the quarter from which the troops came. Many of them are written in rather a desponding strain, evincing a rather uncomfortable state of affairs at home.

Some letters I saw, written by officers in the Fort, which they had not had an opportunity to send. Nearly all of them were written in the braggadocio strain so common in the rebel newspapers, expressing the utmost confidence in the strength of their position, and proclaiming their ability to whip any number of Yankees which the despot Lincoln could send against them. The clothing found was generally of home manufacture, coarse but warm and durable, and they all appear to have been amply provided for in this respect. In some of the officers' quarters, however, were left fine and costly suits of New-York and Philadelphia manufacture, together with kid gloves, perfumery and toilet articles, of the best quality, in readiness, no doubt, against the time when they would make their anticipated triumphal *entrée* into Cincinnati, St. Louis or some other Northern city.

A large quantity of commissary stores were also found, showing that there was no lack of food of good quality. Coffee and tea appeared to be scarce, but there was plenty of flour, corn meal, rice, sugar, and molasses, fresh and salt beef, and bacon sides. Hams I saw none of.

The arms found were a motley variety: old flint-lock muskets, rifles and shot-guns of almost every known style. Great quantities of cartridges were found made up, for use in their smooth-bore guns, containing three buck-shot and a bullet each. In the magazine of the Fort were stored a large quantity of powder and ammunition of all kinds. Everything was prepared for a vigorous resistance, and had it been attempted, I have no doubt that it would have proved more difficult of capture than all the fortifications of Cairo, Bird's Point, and Fort Holt combined.

Perhaps the point which struck us most forcibly with surprise, after entering the works, was the enormous extent of the plan which had been proposed and partially carried out in the fortifications. As I before stated, the exterior line of breastworks, with their ditches and abattis, enclose at least a square mile. One single line of rifle-pits extends nearly a mile and a half. And this is only one of three lines of defence which were to be overcome before the Fort itself could be approached. There is ample room within the intrenchments for one hundred thousand men, and at least half that number would be required to properly defend it.

It is evident that the confederates regarded this as one of the most important points in their whole line of defences, and a glance at the map will show it to be such. By obtaining possession of this post, we have reached a point the most southern of any yet attained by our army away from the seacoast. We have an easy and uninterrupted communication with the entire North-west, and there is now nothing between

us and the Gulf to prevent an army from marching on to Mobile or New-Orleans, or by a flank movement reaching Memphis, Columbus, Nashville, or Bowling Green. An entrance has been effected into the Confederacy at a point where they least expected it, and the backbone of the rebellion is broken. You may be sure that the advantage gained will be immediately followed up. In fact, steps have already been taken to maintain our position, and extend our success. In a few days you will probably hear of more events of interest.

TELEMAQUE.

BOSTON "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

The correspondent of the *Boston Journal* gives the following interesting details of the bombardment of Fort Henry:

When the rebels took possession of Columbus, and made a stand at Bowling Green, they saw the necessity of also shutting the two gates midway the two places, the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, which open into the heart of the seceded States. Taking now the map, you will observe that the two rivers are very near together at the dividing line between Kentucky and Tennessee. Two important points were selected on those rivers, near the State line, strong natural positions, which military science and engineering had made, it was thought, impregnable to any attack by land or water. The points selected are below the railroad which connects Memphis with Bowling Green, thus guarding against any interruption of communication, a matter very important to the rebels, not only in subsisting their armies, but in enabling them to transfer troops from either division, as might be necessary to counteract our movements.

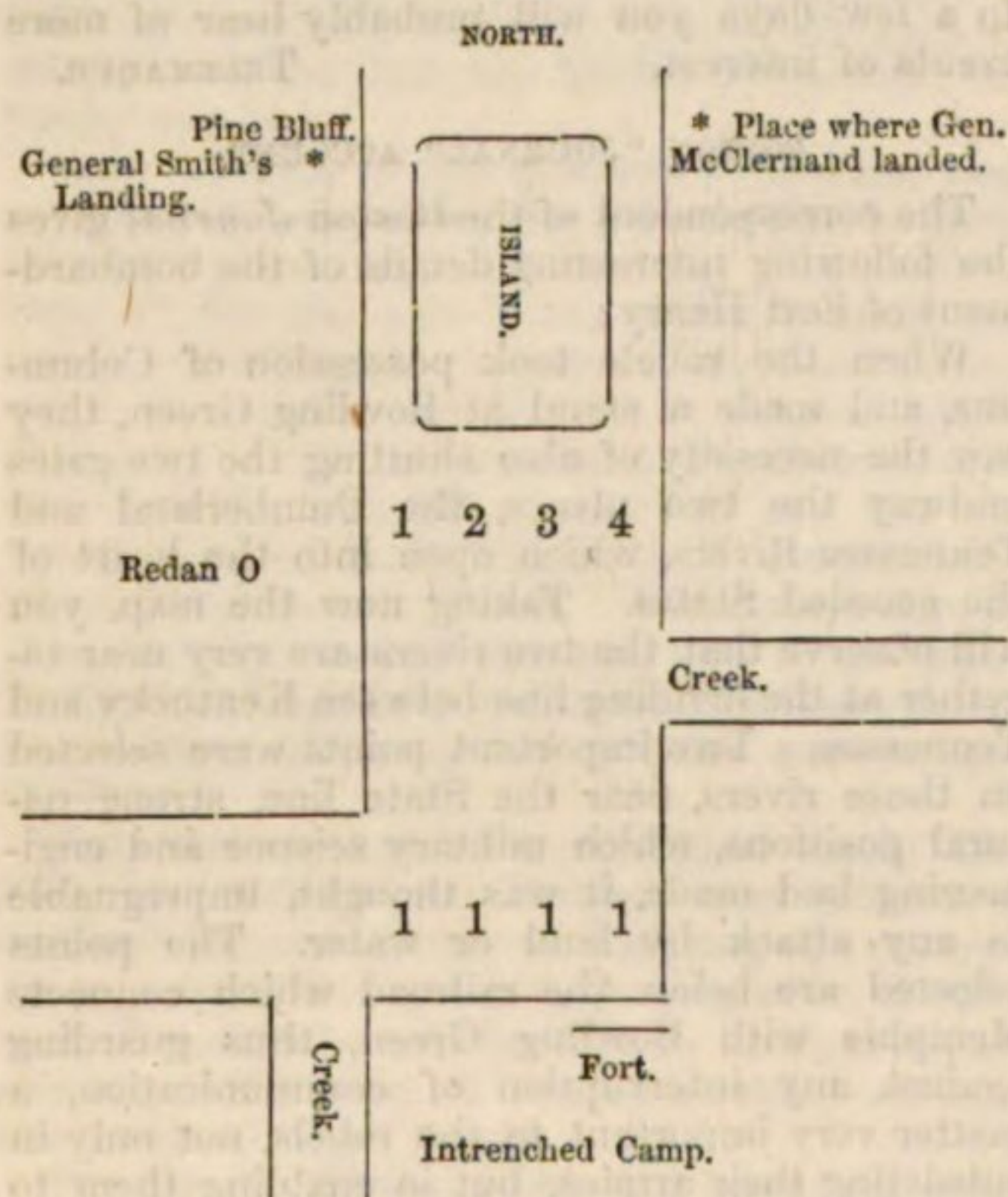
The point selected for fortification on the Tennessee, is about ninety miles from the Ohio River, at Pine Bluff Landing, on the east side, where, in addition to the strong battery commanding the river, there was an entrenched camp, protected on both flanks by creeks and a pond, and on the river by felled trees, for a long distance. The river at this point runs nearly due north. A mile and a quarter below the Fort is Panther Island, heavily wooded. The channel on the east side of the island is impassable at low water, the main channel being on the west side. The rebel engineer, therefore, in constructing the work, arranged the angles and faces to command the main channel, but had taken into account the contingency of high water, and had planted torpedoes in the east passage, which were fished up by Commodore Foote without difficulty. Three were first taken up, and all but one were found to be so moist that they would not have exploded.

The front face of the Fort is about twenty feet above the water. It contains four or five acres, and the intrenched camp about thirty acres.

You can obtain an idea of the relative positions by standing facing the north, and raising your right arm, half bent, till your hand is on a level with your face. Your arm represents the river; the Fort is at your elbow, in position to send a raking fire down toward your wrist. Midway

between the wrist, and above the elbow, you are to locate the creeks, which will almost enclose the entrenched camp behind the Fort. Right in front of your face, you are to locate a high bluff, one hundred feet high, with a redan, which commands the Fort on the opposite side of the river.

I do not know as this description may be intelligible, and I therefore give a diagram, such as your printer can set up with the types, lines and rules at his command:



1 2 3 4—Gunboats commencing attack.

1 1 1 1—Gunboats at time of surrender.

Distance from island to Fort, one and a quarter miles. River opposite Fort, three fourths of a mile wide. Instead of a right angle, as in this diagram, let it be gentle curve or bend in the river, and you will have a general view of the locality.

The country around is much broken, and intersected by creeks, and covered with forests. At one angle of the encampment there is a road which leads to the town of Dover, on the Cumberland, twelve miles distant. The magazine is in the centre of the work, and is well protected. The Fort and the camp are both surrounded by ditches.

A combined plan of attack was agreed upon. Com. Foote was to steam up the western or shallow channel, now containing water sufficient to float the boats over all obstructions, while the force under McClernand should gain the rear of the camp. At the same time Gen. Smith was to move upon the other bank, and attack the redan. A reconnoissance showed that the largest portion of the rebels were within their intrenchments, and that the force in the redan was comparatively small. Com. Foote being aware of the condition of the roads, desired Gen. Grant to move at an earlier hour than that assigned for the gunboats, but Gen. Grant was confident his forces could reach their positions in time. In this he

was undoubtedly mistaken, as the sequel proved. The distance was much greater than had been supposed, and the roads were mortar-beds after one regiment had passed. Gen. Grant did not accompany the column, but remained by the river. Com. Foote assured him that the troops would be behind, informed him that he should proceed at the time fixed upon, and added: "I shall take it before you will get there with your forces."

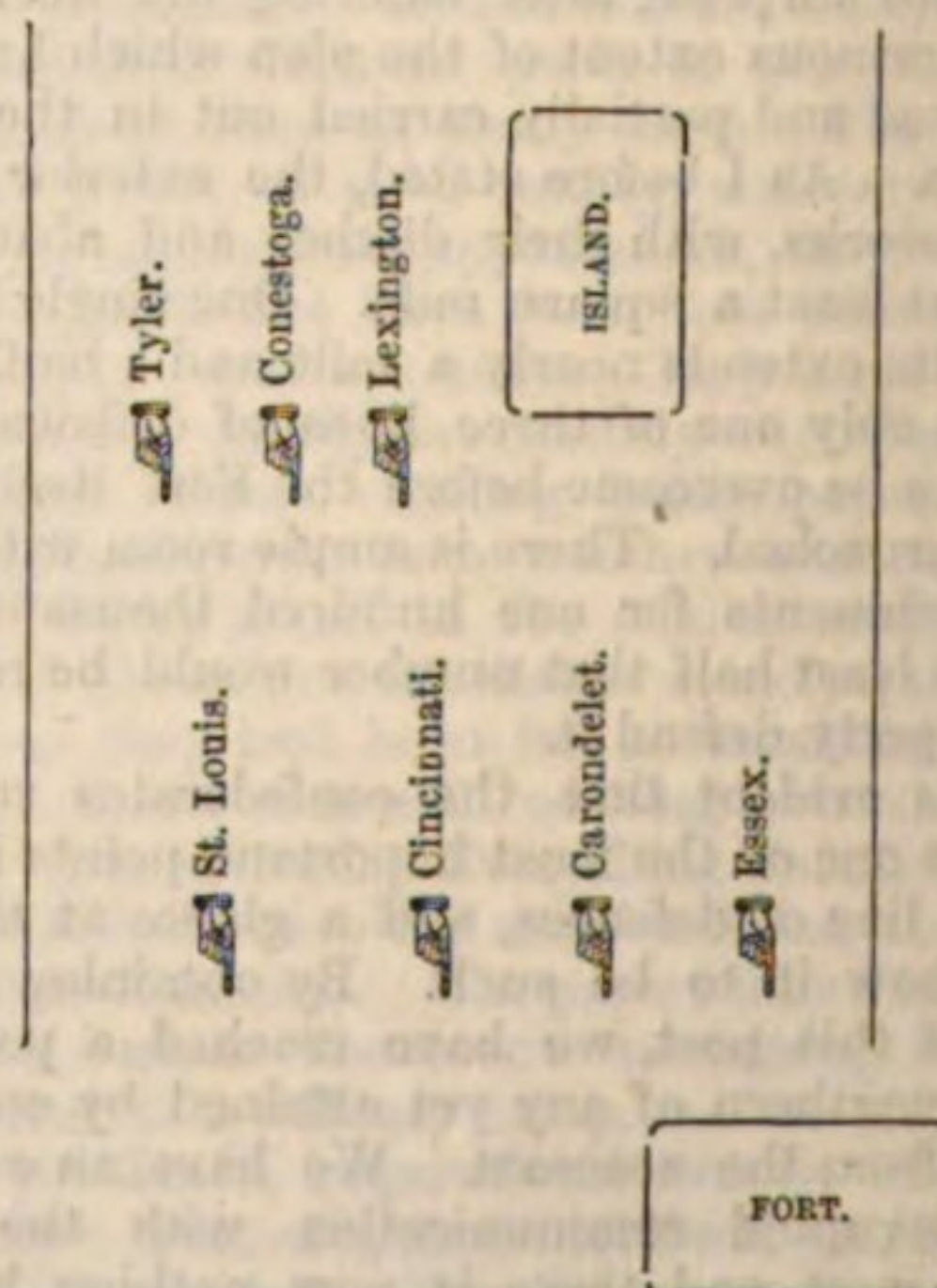
The gunboats were anchored four miles below the fort, opposite Gen. Grant's camp. At half-past ten o'clock a signal was made for them to get under way, and in a few minutes the fires which had been banked up were in full blast. Com. Foote had prepared his instructions several days previously, and upon mature thought saw nothing to be changed. They were brief and plain. The three iron-clad boats were to keep in line with him, steadily advance, and keep bows on—to do just as he did. The three not clad were to follow at a proper distance in the rear, and throw shell over those in advance.

To the commanders and crews he said that in a battle it was very necessary to success that they should keep cool. He desired them to fire with deliberate aim and not to attempt rapid firing, for three reasons, namely, that with rapid firing there was always a waste of ammunition; that their range would be wild; that the enemy would be encouraged unless the fire was effectual; that it was desirable not to heat the guns.

With these instructions he slowly led his fleet up the shallow channel under cover of the island, thus avoiding long-range shot from the rifled guns which it was known the enemy had in position to sweep the main channel. He steamed slow to allow the troops time to gain their position.

The columns of troops were in motion. At starting the bands enlivened the movement, till the horrible condition of the roads compelled them to cease.

The fleet slowly gained the head of the island and came into the following position:



The distance from the head of the island to the Fort is a mile and a quarter. As soon as the four boats came into position, the Cincinnati opened fire at thirty-four minutes past twelve o'clock, with an eight-inch Dahlgren gun, throwing a shell with a fifteen-second fuse into the Fort. The Carondelet and the St. Louis each gave the same kind of missile, while the Essex threw an eighty-pound shell.

The rebels instantly replied, and the firing became general, though not at first rapid. The commanders obeyed the instructions, kept their boats in a line with the Cincinnati, and fired with deliberate aim. The consequence was, that almost every shell dropped in the right place.

As only the bow-guns were used, there were only twelve guns brought to bear upon the Fort, and in return about the same number of guns were brought to bear by the rebels upon the boats. As soon as the four boats were sufficiently advanced, the Lexington, Tyler, and Conestoga reached the head of the island, elevated their guns and joined in the fight, taking deliberate aim and dropping their shells into the Fort and camp.

Steadily onward moved the boats, so nearly equal that at times they were almost in even line, throwing their shells as if practising at a target.

And now there was a visible commotion in the rebel camp. The first shell from the Cincinnati threw the troops into disorder, and at the fourth round, unable to stand the terrible hail which was bringing sure destruction, they broke and fled, leaving arms, ammunition, provisions, blankets, tents—everything, and poured out of the intrenchment a motley, panic-stricken rabble, taking the road toward Dover. A portion jumped on board a small steamboat which was lying in the creek above the Fort, and escaped up the river. A few shells from the boats would have stopped them, and doubtless would have caused terrible slaughter, but Com. Foote had a definite purpose in view—the taking of the Fort, and he was not to be swerved from that.

When the cannonade opened, the troops which were marching to gain the rear of the enemy, impeded by the swollen creeks, were not more than half-way to their designed positions, but with the first gun from the Cincinnati they gave a loud hurrah, and of their own accord broke into the double-quick, fearing they would be too late to have a hand in it. Their fears were well grounded, and the promise of Com. Foote to Gen. Grant was fulfilled, as the sequel will show.

Straight onward moved the boats, swerving neither to the right nor the left. As they neared the Fort their fire became more and more destructive. The sand-bags and gabions were knocked about, covering the guns and smothering those who served them. At an early moment in the fight the rifled gun of the rebels burst, but they did not slacken fire or seem discouraged. They fired with great accuracy, as will be hereafter seen, selecting the weakest spots of the gunboats, as their commander, Gen. Tilghman, said, for their points of sight. The gunboats were repeatedly

hit, and those portions which were not plated with iron were badly riddled.

The fight had lasted fifty minutes with scarcely a casualty on our part, when a twenty-four pound shot entered the Essex, passed through the thick oak planking surrounding the boilers and engines, and entered the starboard boiler, instantly disabling her, filling the entire boat with steam, and scalding a large portion of her crew. She at once dropped behind, and floated down with the stream, till taken up by a tug and towed to the encampment. The rebels were greatly encouraged. They revived their flagging fire, and evidently felt that victory was still to be theirs. But not for a moment faltered the fleet. They kept right on, straight toward the batteries, as if nothing had happened. They were now in close range. Their shells tore up the embankments as they exploded directly over the guns. One eighty-pound shell killed or wounded every person serving one of the guns, while the shots of the enemy which struck the iron plating glanced off, doing no harm.

There was no sign of backing out—none of stopping on the part of Com. Foote—and those who beheld the fleet supposed from the indications that he was going to run straight on to the shore and pour in his fire at two rods' distance. Such coolness, determination, and energy had not been counted on by the rebel general, and at forty-six minutes past one, or one hour and twelve minutes from the commencement of the fight, when the gunboats were within three or four hundred yards of the Fort, the rebel flag came down by the run. In an instant all firing ceased. The rebels had raised a white flag, signifying a desire for a truce, but the smoke hid it from view, and no one on board the fleet observed it, and the shells were pouring in at such a rate which would not admit of delay, after the thought had once taken possession of the rebels' minds that it was time to give in. Conditions were of minor consideration.

The St. Louis being nearest, immediately sent a boat on shore, and the Stars and Stripes went up with a wild huzzah from the crews. Gen. Tilghman, who commanded the rebels, asked for Commodore Foote. Word was sent from the Cincinnati that Commodore Foote would be happy to receive him on board that gunboat, and the Cincinnati's gig was sent to the shore. The rebel General entered it and soon stood before the Commodore.

Gen. Tilghman asked for terms. "No, sir," said the Commodore, "your surrender must be unconditional."

"Well, sir, if I must surrender, it gives me pleasure to surrender to so brave an officer as you."

"You do perfectly right to surrender, sir; but I should not have surrendered on any condition."

"Why so? I do not understand you."

"Because I was fully determined to capture the Fort or go to the bottom."

The rebel General opened his eyes at this re-

mark, replied: "I thought I had you, Commodore, but you were too much for me."

"But how could you fight against the old flag?"

"Well, it did come hard at first; but if the North had only let us alone, there would have been no trouble. But they would not abide by the Constitution."

Commodore Foote assured him that he and all the South were mistaken.

The Essex was formerly a ferry-boat used at St. Louis. She was enlarged and fitted up for the gunboat service, but is very differently constructed from the other boats. Her boilers are not below the water-line. They are surrounded by stanchions of white oak plank. When on board the Essex, a few weeks ago, I remarked to Capt. Porter that a shot entering one of the ports might be attended with unpleasant results. He agreed with me, but said that that was a contingency they could not guard against. The shot, however, which did the damage, did not come through one of the ports, but struck a few inches above, on the only spot at the bow where there was no plating!

Only one of the boats is wholly plated—the Benton. The others are plated at the bows and at the sides, in part. The Essex had the least mail of all. It is singular that the ball which did so much damage should have struck at the only vulnerable place at the bows.

The flag-ship Cincinnati fired one hundred and twelve shot; the St. Louis one hundred and sixteen; the Carondelet about one hundred; the Essex fifty-five; the Conestoga, Lexington and Tyler, a few each; making in all about four hundred shot.

The rebels replied spiritedly and with good aim, which is highly praised by Commodore Foote. They fired over three hundred shot. The Cincinnati was struck thirty-one times, the St. Louis seven, the Essex four. The Carondelet, I believe, did not receive a shot. Gen. Tilghman remarked to Commodore Foote, that "he knew the weak places of the boats, that he had accurate knowledge of their construction, and aimed accordingly." But notwithstanding this, all, with the exception of the Essex, are ready for a fight to-day. One of the one hundred and twenty-eight pound shots struck an angle of the pilot-house on the Cincinnati with a force that jarred the entire boat from stem to stern, but did not penetrate the two and one half inch mail, beneath which, at the side of the pilot, stood the Commodore, his head but a few inches from the place. The boats have proved a success.

When the rebel flag came down from the mast, the troops were a long distance from their assigned positions. The fight was over, and they had not seen it, and, what was more galling, they had not been able to participate in achieving the victory. Gen. Grant evidently did not understand that Commodore Foote was a man of his word, who believes in energetic action at close quarters. In giving me these details, Commodore Foote inci-

dentally remarked that he was decidedly in favor of close action.

Under ordinary circumstances he should adopt the plan of Commodore Du Pont at Tybee, but in this case he was satisfied with the plan he had adopted, and which he had resolved to carry out, no matter what the events of the moment. He was satisfied that while one casemated gun on shore was equal to five afloat, a gun behind an embankment merely was but little more than one on shipboard. He received the surrendered property, and two hours later turned it all over to Gen. Grant, and proceeded to make other arrangements.

The troops, if they had been in position as was designed, would doubtless have bagged the entire rebel force; but being behind time, the fleet-footed rebels were far on their way towards Dover, when they got possession of the road in the rear of the intrenchments. A portion of the force was immediately started in pursuit, while another portion was detailed to accompany the three gunboats sent by Commodore Foote up the Tennessee River to destroy the railroad at Clarksville, and get possession of the three rebel gunboats afloat.

The Tyler, Lexington and Conestoga, all of them fast boats, under the command of Lieut. Phelps, were sent. They are not iron-clad, but it is not known that there are any batteries upon the river.

I have upon former occasions made the readers of the *Journal* somewhat acquainted with Commodore Foote, with his personal appearance, his sterling qualities as a man and a Christian gentleman. He has now shown that he is an able commander—not only able to plan, but to execute. To him belongs in a great measure the credit of organizing this formidable naval force, of creating it with scanty materials, and against great difficulties. When he was informed that the rebels had ten to twenty thousand men in camp, he remarked that he was sorry for it, because if they stood their ground there must be a terrible slaughter, for he should take the Fort, or his vessels would go to the bottom.

This evening, notwithstanding his onerous duties, he has found time to sit down and give me these details. To him in particular are the readers of the *Journal* indebted for this full account. Aside from all these qualities of character, he is not afraid to have all men know that he recognizes his obligations to his Divine Maker. A gentleman remarked to him that he was getting nervous, and was afraid he did not sleep well. "I never slept better in my life than night before last, and I never prayed more fervently than on yesterday morning; but I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of those poor fellows on the Essex," was the reply. No wonder that under such a commander the victory is ours. He has done his duty from patriotic and conscientious motives, and a grateful people will reward him.

The other officers and men, one and all, did their duty nobly. Commodore Foote informed me that his instructions were obeyed to the letter.

ST. LOUIS "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

CAIRO, February 7, 1862.

Three of the gunboats, the Cincinnati, the Essex and the St. Louis, having returned from the capture of Fort Henry, and having obtained all the particulars from officers and men, I hasten to write you the details which I was unable to transmit by telegraph.

HOW THE ATTACK WAS CONDUCTED.

The attack was begun yesterday noon, the first gun fired from the Federal fleet, just after twelve o'clock. Only four of the gunboats were engaged—the Cincinnati, (the flag-ship,) the Essex, the Carondelet, and the St. Louis. These moving up towards the Fort abreast—the Conestoga, Tyler and Lexington remaining behind, but within easy hail. The order of the approach was, the Essex on the right; next to her the Cincinnati, then the St. Louis, and the Carondelet on the left. This disposition of the boats commends itself at once as an admirable stroke of Commodore Foote's undoubted naval genius. The object was to bring to bear the best guns of the fleet, and, at the same time, to prevent the exposure of the broadside of any of the boats to any of the enemy's guns. Had there been such exposure, it is easy to imagine the destruction and probable failure which would have occurred, for the boats are extremely vulnerable in their after-parts.

This order of approach having been assumed at the beginning, was preserved throughout the engagement, the fire opening at the distance of about one mile, and continuing with terrible effect until the surrender, when the fleet was not more than five or six hundred yards from the Fort.

Commodore Foote, it seems, pursued the same tactics that rendered him so famous in his attack upon the China forts a few years since, the English firing at a long distance and suffering severely, while he ran immediately under the guns of the Chinamen, and poured such a hot and effective fire into their wooden walls, that they inflicted but little damage to the boats, and were quickly and completely disabled and beaten.

Gen. Tilghman, the rebel commander of Fort Henry, upon his capture, promptly testified to the splendid manner in which the attack was conducted, saying that when he discovered the purpose of the Commodore, his chief object was to disable the flag-ship, and by getting the flag-officer out of the way, to disconcert the other boats, and enable him to pursue his firing with better effect. This accounts for the hearty manner in which his compliments were paid to the Cincinnati, she having received *thirty-one* shots out of about fifty, of which the whole fleet bear the marks. The Commodore complimented Gen. Tilghman upon his gallant defence of the Fort, at the same time assuring him that he would have pursued the purpose of his attack, even to the landing of his boat at the very bank under the Fort, and that the Cincinnati, had the fight continued, should have kept head on until she was sunk. Another reason given by the rebel general for

the concentration of fire upon the flag-ship, was the fact that she seemed to have got a better range than any of the other boats, and that her fire, just before the surrender, was most terrific. The Cincinnati bears many honorable scars. Several shots have left their marks upon her iron-plated sides, showing in each case a shallow and raking dent. One of her largest guns was struck on the right side of its muzzle, the shot chipping out a piece of the metal as large as a man's two hands, and actually splitting the muzzle eighteen inches down from the mouth. This will disable the gun entirely. Another gun, a thirty-two-pounder, I believe, bears a deep dent on its side, about eighteen inches from the mouth. Just behind the forward port gun, and where the sides of the boat are not covered with iron, several shots have gone entirely through the bulwarks. One of these completely decapitated one of the gunners; another passed through the bulwarks, scattering the splinters right and left, glancing along the timbers over the machinery, and passing into the wheel, but not doing much damage. The most terrible effect of the enemy's fire upon the Cincinnati, is seen on her upper works, the deck seeming to have been swept with the destructive missiles, the smoke-stacks pierced in several places, and the small boats riddled and almost destroyed. One large shot struck the iron-plated pilot-house, leaving an ugly mark, but doing no damage. The concussion was violent, and is described by the pilots as surprising the Commodore and them into a very decided *grunt*. But one man was killed outright on the Cincinnati. A few were wounded with splinters, whose names I have sent you. Capt. Pratt was badly hurt by a spent ball striking his leg. The men describe the crash of the balls through the timbers of the vessel as a terrible sound, but none of them flinched, say their officers, but the party manning the gun at which one of their number was beheaded. At the ghastly sight they scattered and fell back for a moment, but immediately rallied and stood their ground. The Cincinnati came into port with the large rebel flag flying under the Stars and Stripes, her appearance being greeted with many cheers and congratulations among the persons on the Cairo levee.

The Essex, which has always seemed an unfortunate boat, notwithstanding the pains taken with her and the admirable naval and fighting qualities of her commander, Capt. W. D. Porter, and his manly crew, was very unlucky in this engagement. For half an hour she bore her part in the contest most gallantly, her magnificent armament playing with fearful effect upon the Fort, when she received a most fearful shot immediately over the forward port-gun. Capt. Porter, at the moment was peering out the port-hole, watching the effect of his firing, and a young man named Brittain, son of the celebrated Dr. Brittain, of New-York City, was standing by his side, his hand on the Captain's shoulder. The ball divided his head, completely carrying away its crown, and scattering his brains upon the person of a paymaster who was standing by his side. This terrible mes-

senger of death flew along the ship, through the bulkheads which were to protect the machinery of the boat, and crashed into the middle boiler. Immediately, with a rushing sound, the scalding steam filled every part of the vessel. The two pilots, both well known in St. Louis, who were standing nobly at their work, so absorbed, as it seemed, in their duties, that they had neglected to close the trap-door which leads from below to their house, were enveloped by the blistering vapor and almost immediately scalded to death. They made a desperate struggle to get out of the pilot-house, running their arms through the look-out holes, which were not large enough to pass their bodies, and vainly striving to get their heads through for fresh air. The tars who had stood so gallantly to their guns, were appalled at this new and terrible enemy, and many of them were seen to throw themselves out of the port-holes into the river. Capt. Porter was badly scalded on the face and hands. At this writing, however, his wounds are said not to be so bad as was first anticipated. The large number of wounded and missing by this untoward event, I have already sent you. At this disaster the Essex was disabled, and began to fall back, which Commodore Foote observing, was for the moment perplexed. He thought first of falling back with her, and by fastening to her, to bring her again into line, but the second thought decided him to let her go; and pressing more eagerly forward with the Cincinnati, urged on by the plain necessity of close and desperate fighting, bore down upon the Fort, with a fiercer front than ever, hurling his messengers of death and destruction so rapidly upon the enemy, that all resistance was useless, and they were compelled to capitulate.

The St. Louis and Carondelet did splendid work, but did not seem to receive so much attention from the enemy. They are marked in several places, but did not lose a man.

Commodore Foote informs me that but eleven of the guns of the four boats were used, and the rebel officers represent that, out of the seventeen guns with which the Fort was armed, but eleven were brought to bear upon the boats—so that no advantage can be claimed by either side. The guns of the Fort were all of heavy calibre, the largest being a one hundred and twenty-eight-pounder—a beautifully finished piece from the Tredegar Works at Richmond. They had one rifled cannon, a thirty-two-pounder, which burst during the engagement, and became useless. Their guns were most skilfully handled, and all our officers give them the credit of a most gallant and determined defence of their fort.

The rebels report but five killed and eight or ten wounded. The number of prisoners is now stated to be fifty-four. The disposition of Gen. Tilghman and staff I have already sent you. They will probably be sent to this place to-day or to-morrow.

When the flag of the Fort was lowered, it was not quite taken out of sight of the boats, and Commodore Foote did not know but some trick was about to be played upon him, so he remained

quiet for a few minutes, waiting further demonstrations. Soon a small white yawl put out from the Fort, containing two officers, and on approaching the Cincinnati was hailed by Master Hoel. The officers said they wanted a conference with the Flag-Officer, which was at once granted them. One of our boats then put out for the Fort, containing Captain Stembel of the Cincinnati, and Captain Phelps of the Conestoga, which boat had now come up to the scene of the action. Entering the Fort, they immediately reared the American flag and brought off the rebel flag. Gen. Tilghman and staff then came on board the Cincinnati, and asked to be shown to Commodore Foote. At the interview, the General desired to know the terms of the surrender, to which the Commodore replied: "An unconditional surrender." And so it was accepted.

The amount of army plunder which fell into our hands is represented as very large, consisting of cannon, ammunition, tents, baggage, and muskets.

The rebel infantry forces encamped outside of the Fort, whose numbers are variously estimated from three to ten thousand, quit their position before and during the fight, getting off in such a hurry that much valuable property was left.

General Grant, with an advance guard, took possession of the Fort about an hour after the surrender, Commodore Foote turning every thing over to him. Whether Gen. Grant pursued the enemy that night or the next day, I cannot positively learn. The gunboats Tyler, Conestoga, and Lexington passed up the river toward the railroad bridge, and have not been heard from at this writing. The steamer Golden State is just in from Paducah, and brings no later news than that brought by the gunboats, though a boat was hourly expected down the Tennessee.

The general comment on the fight at this place is marked by much complaint of General Grant, though how justly or unjustly such complaint may be made cannot now be ascertained. It is known that Commodore Foote desired a brigade of infantry to go along the bank of the river with his boats, but this was not granted. Gen. Grant, it is thought, is much to blame for his inadequate transportation. He might have had boats enough to have landed all his force at once, and to have surrounded the enemy instantly. As it is, they have all escaped but those left in the Fort to man the guns. It is hoped that the rebel army has been vigorously pursued.

Yours,

G. W. F.

RESULTS OF THE VICTORY.

CAIRO, Friday Night, Feb. 7, 1862.

The reduction of Fort Henry and the capture of General Tilghman, staff and men, though they may be justly regarded as comprising one of the most brilliant feats of the war, are not more gratifying in themselves than important in their results. It is not very difficult to imagine the effect which the affair will have upon the rebel leaders generally, and upon the camp at Columbus

particularly. At that impregnable point, as they have been pleased to regard it, they will now have a lively and rather disturbing appreciation of the effectiveness of the gunboat service of the West. Commodore Foote has shown what it is in his power to do with but four of his boats, and they bringing to bear but eleven of their guns. Fort Henry was, perhaps, as strong an earthwork as any yet constructed by the rebels. It was mounted with seventeen heavy guns, eleven of which, equal in calibre to those on the gunboats, were taxed to their utmost in defence of the Fort, but yet, in the wonderfully short space of one hour and twenty minutes, were entirely silenced and surrendered into the hands of Commodore Foote. These guns, too, were mounted by some of the finest artillerists of the South, yet were insufficient.

With this instructive lesson before their eyes, it would seem reasonable to conclude that not even in Columbus will the rebels venture to dispute the palm with Commodore Foote, when in command of his full fleet of twelve boats and their full armaments. If they make the fight, we have a reasonable assurance that that place will meet the same destruction that was so summarily visited upon Fort Henry.

In this connection, we may allude to a significant bit of information: that the whole gunboat fleet is to be put in complete readiness *at once*, each boat in the late action to repair as well as she can until the order to move is given, which may be issued at any moment.

Another important result of the Fort Henry victory is the opening of Tennessee to the army under Gen. Grant, and the seizure and perhaps the destruction of the Nashville and Memphis Railroad, thus severing the connection between Bowling Green and Columbus, and threatening the rear of both these important points. Gen. Grant's division, including the brigade under Gen. Wallace, which we take for granted has ere this joined him, will number at least twenty thousand men. To this, we learn, additions of a large character will be rapidly made. A regiment passed up to-day on the Empress. One or two more are coming down the Central Railroad to-night, and will be forwarded immediately. The railroads in Illinois, we hear, have been appropriated for twelve days for the transportation of troops. The Quartermaster's department here is very much hurried, while activity and hopefulness are noticed in all army circles.

All this, I think, is the natural and important result growing out of the reduction of Fort Henry, and we may justly regard it as the beginning of a development which has for its speedy maturity either the capture of Bowling Green and Columbus, or the evacuation of both—more probably the latter. The spinal column of the rebellion is undoubtedly broken just in the small of the back, at the railroad bridge over the Tennessee River. The great medicine-man, Beauregard, comes west too late for a cure.

We are looking for important news from above to-night. A boat may get down before midnight

with the rebel prisoners on board, and satisfactory information from Gen. Wallace's movements.

Yours, etc., G. W. F.

GENERAL TILGHMAN'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

FORT HENRY, February 9, 1862.

Col. W. W. Mackall, A. A. General, C. S. A.,
Bowling Green:

SIR: Through the courtesy of Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding Federal forces, I am permitted to communicate with you in relation to the result of the action between the Fort under my command at this place, and the Federal gunboats, on yesterday. At eleven o'clock and forty minutes on yesterday morning, the enemy engaged the Fort with seven gunboats, mounting fifty-four guns. I promptly returned their fire with the eleven guns from Fort Henry bearing on the river. The action was maintained with great bravery by the force under my command until ten minutes before two P.M.; at which time I had but four guns fit for service. At five minutes before two, finding it impossible to maintain the Fort, and wishing to spare the lives of the gallant men under my command, and on consultation with my officers, I surrendered the Fort. Our casualties are small. The effect of our shot was severely felt by the enemy, whose superior and overwhelming force alone gave them the advantage.

The surrender of Fort Henry involves that of Capt. Taylor, Lieut. Watts, Lieut. Weller, and one other officer of artillery; Capts. Hayden and Miller, of the engineers; Captains H. L. Jones and McLaughlin, Quartermaster's Department; A. A. General McConnico, and myself, with some fifty privates and twenty sick, together with all the munitions of war in and about the Fort.

I communicate this result with deep regret, but feel that I performed my whole duty in the defence of my post.

I take occasion to bear testimony to the gallantry of the officers and men under my command. They maintained their position with consummate bravery, as long as there was any hope of success. I also take great pleasure in acknowledging the courtesies and consideration shown by Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant and Commander Foote, and the officers under their command.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

LLOYD TILGHMAN,

Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

Doc. 29.

THE AFFAIR AT HARPER'S FERRY, VA.

SANDY HOOK, MD., February 8, 1862.

ABOUT seven yesterday morning a flag of truce was displayed in a landing-arch in the railroad wall, just above the recent Harper's Ferry bridge, where an angular flight of steps led from the town side of the stone embankment, under the rail-

road track, to the river. The person waving the flag and calling for a boat to come over, was the only one in sight, and he was "colored." A boat, with the ferryman, and a gentleman named Geo. Rohr, (a loyal Virginian, whose property had been destroyed because of his Union sentiments,) went over to respond to the summons of humanity.

As the boat neared the arch, Rohr remarked to the ferryman that the man with the flag of truce was not a negro, but a white man painted. Nevertheless, it was decided to land and see what was wanted. The boat was pushed stern foremost into the arch, Rohr being seated in the stern. By the dim light it was discovered that the stairway was thronged with men, and before the boat could be started forward a man, pronounced by the deceased to be Capt. Baylor, fired a musket, the ball taking effect in Rohr's right thigh, passing through the leg and coming out just above the knee. The wounded man, finding that he had been entrapped, fired his musket into the recess, when a second ball struck him in the shoulder, and, passing downward, came out below the right breast.

When it became known on this side that Rohr had been shot, our riflemen poured volley after volley into the landing-arch, and such places as the enemy might conceal themselves. The battery on the Maryland heights opened on the houses in the rear, and the pickets in Sandy Hook discovered a squadron of cavalry and footmen pushing up the Shenandoah road in the direction of Charlestown. A squad of foot-soldiers were also discovered on the Loudon side of the Shenandoah, behind the abutment of the burnt bridge, but beyond the range of our rifles.

The buildings which had concealed the party of murderers from view, and shielded them from the riflemen, had long been the rendezvous, day and night, of the enemy's scouting-parties, who were thus enabled to approach unseen and fire upon our pickets. Their destruction had heretofore been contemplated, but desisted from out of consideration of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, who had a considerable investment therein. Col. Geary, however, ordered their immediate destruction by fire, and failing to ignite them by shells, Major Tyndale detached Lieut. Greenwalt, of company F, Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, with ten men, to proceed to the other side and set fire to them, which they speedily accomplished, bringing back several trophies dropped in hasty retreat by the murdering party, among which was a splendid Minie musket, loaded but not capped.

The houses fired were the Wager, Galt, and Railroad Hotels, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Dépôt, the Winchester Railroad Dépôt, Welch's store, the telegraph office, and the dwelling houses of Mrs. Wager, Mrs. Darien, Mrs. Ellen Chambers, George Chambers, and William J. Stevens — none of them occupied.

The destruction of this block now gives our pickets and batterymen a view of the Shenandoah road from Charlestown, and will enable our men to protect the village, in daylight, from any clan-

destine occupancy by the enemy's forces, as well as give them a warm reception if they should attempt to advance in force by their favorite and hitherto protected and concealed route.

The once populous town of Harper's Ferry now contains but seven families, all good Unionists, numbering perhaps forty souls, all told. During the shelling, these, as has long been customary, hung out white flags, and their domiciles were accordingly respected by our cannoniers.

Doc. 29½.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New-York *Commercial Advertiser* gives the following minute account of the voyage of the fleet from Hampton Roads, Va., to its destination:

ON BOARD STEAMER COSSACK, JANUARY 18.

At half-past nine o'clock on Saturday night, January eleventh, an order to steam up and get away as speedily as possible came on board the Cossack, and in twenty minutes the anchor was up and the wheels moving. Such promptness is highly creditable to Capt. Bennett, for of all the vessels of the fleet at Fortress Monroe the Cossack is the first to move. This trip she is not encumbered with two lumbering tows, but "walks the waters" with the freedom of a sea-bird. In two hours we have made Cape Charles lightship, which is twenty-five miles from Fortress Monroe, and here we get our bay pilot, having brought a coast pilot from New-York. Our destination is gradually becoming more defined, and it is freely spoken of that Pamlico Sound is to be the scene of our operations. Ten or twelve gunboats that quietly left Fortress Monroe at intervals during the past week are said to have made Hatteras Inlet and the military station there the rendezvous. The sealed orders are at last opened, and we know that we are to pass through Hatteras Inlet.

The passage through Hampton Roads was illumined by the rays of the moon, but as we approached the lightship off Cape Charles, we seemed to be pursued by a dense fog, which soon afterwards enveloped us in a damp embrace. The position of the moon was indicated by a lighter shade in the fog to the west of us. As the steamer travelled by the course laid down in the chart, and having plenty of sea-room, the incident of a fog was no impediment to her progress.

At midnight no sounds were heard on board except those peculiar to the first voyages of landsmen. Some of our Westmoreland County (Pa.) volunteers were sensibly affected by the motion of the steamer, which, although scarcely more than a gentle rising and sinking, caused many to rush to the side and indulge in powerful efforts to remove their boots by way of the œsophagus. Their slumbers were suddenly disturbed by a strong feeling of nausea, and the universal remedy of the taffrail was resorted to several

times before sleep could again visit their eyes. The prevalence of this uncomfortable sensation soon deprived the ship of the guard detailed from the regiment to pace the decks, and when the relief was sounded no relief guard was forthcoming—they were leaning over the ship's side gazing with intense interest into the deep and dark waters of the Atlantic.

Morning came. Sunday morning, but with little to distinguish it from the other days in the week. It was as foggy as on Saturday, and the ship's decks had the same coat of dirt on them that they have borne since the embarkation of the Pennsylvanians. At half-past ten we lay to about three quarters of an hour, as the soundings gave less depth and there was some indication of the fog breaking away. About half-past eleven the little flag-ship Picket, with our General on board, came dancing along over the rolling sea, when the Pennsylvanians aroused themselves from the depression of sea-sickness to give three rousing cheers for our gallant chief. The fog blew off, and for half an hour left the white sand fully exposed to our view. The low white sand beach extended as far as the eye could reach, and at intervals the ribs of a half-imbedded hulk protruded, a fit monument to the achievements of ocean on this terrible coast. A straggling rail-fence runs along this bank about a mile from the beach, and a farm-house with out-houses is distinctly visible, although the first indication of vegetation is nowhere to be seen. The white rollers break on this beach for miles, running along the receding shore with the speed of locomotives.

We are soon again enveloped in fog, and the Picket has fallen astern and disappeared. The beach is obscured and soon entirely invisible. The lead is thrown over every few minutes and the cautious pilot paces the deck with a sharp eye ahead. The fog again blows off, and shows that the steamer Northerner, with the Twenty-first Massachusetts on board, has got ahead of us in the fog. No other craft is in sight. The low beach of Hatteras island stretches along and exhibits a recent wreck, high and dry, and the tent of some wrecker, who is engaged in dismantling her, close at hand. Her masts and upper deck are gone, but her bowsprit and jib-boom still remain.

The woods of Hatteras island are now visible in clumps, and one solitary tree, apparently miles from any others of its kind, raises its broad top amid a waste of sand. Another cloud of fog is approaching, and the Northerner, the beach, and the woods are again invisible. The steamer's whistle and bell are plied with energy, as we are closing on the Northerner, and must warn her of our presence. The fog has again cleared away, and Hatteras lighthouse is visible about ten miles south and west of us. This light is one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and can be seen at night at a distance of eighteen miles. The Northerner, the only one of our fleet visible, is abreast of us, and both steamers have the Union Jack flying at the foretopmast, the signal for a

pilot. We are yet fifteen miles from the inlet, and can hardly make it before night sets in. It is therefore determined to lay off and on until morning, as no pilot appears. The great point of danger in approaching the inlet is a shoal that extends several miles below the cape.

As our steamer passed Cape Hatteras lighthouse, it became evident that to run down to the inlet against a head-wind would be impossible before dark, and Capt. Bennett determined to put back far enough to enable him to make the inlet at high tide the next morning. The sun was setting through a band of clear sky just above the horizon as our craft went about. The sky and water met in the west, at the Hatteras shoals, and the breakers as they arose in clouds of spray were distinctly pictured on the angry sky. Although the wind was a light soft southern wind, there was a heavy swell which made our good craft roll and pitch until the mirror suspended in the state-room described an angle of twenty degrees with the wall. In the smoothest weather there is a swell about Cape Hatteras which is always dangerous. The light here is the same that Com. Barron ordered to be extinguished, while he was in possession of the works at the inlet. It is to be hoped that before he leaves Fort Warren he will be made to atone for that and other treacherous acts.

The moon and stars shone brightly as we slowly steamed northward and westward. About seven o'clock we met the little steamer Picket, with Gen. Burnside on board, steaming bravely on towards the light. We hailed her as she passed, describing a circle in the air with her masts, and informed her we were too late to pass the bar that night, and kept on our way. The rollers broke on the sandy beach with a sullen murmur, and heaved up clouds of spray that glittered in the bright moonlight. To the eastward of us rolled the broad Atlantic, unbroken by an obstacle for thousands of miles. The steamer rose and fell on the swell and creaked through every timber as a cross-sea with the force of ten thousand sledge-hammers would strike her abeam and send her guard under on the opposite side. She soon righted herself, and pouring a sheet of water from her side, plunged forward to struggle with the next hill of water.

We held this course until half-past eleven, calculating that against a head-wind, which was gradually increasing, we would regain the lighthouse by daylight. As we went about we got into the trough of the sea and rolled with a wheel out of water half the time, bringing the strain on one side or the other as we lurched from side to side. Those who escaped from sea-sickness during the early part of the passage were now brought to the rail, but as the duties of a faithful correspondent do not admit of indulgence in this weakness, the writer, perhaps through the power of the press, which even Neptune seems to acknowledge, maintained that equilibrium necessary to fully transcribe all he sees and hears.

At five minutes past seven on Monday morn-

ing, as the sun arose from the waste of waters to the east of us, we were abreast the lighthouse and in the roughest part of the sea off Cape Hatteras. The wind, which freshened during the night, was now hushed into a gentle and warm south wind. The sea ran pretty high nevertheless, and our craft showed her sea qualities in rising like a waterfowl over the swells. Between us and the land the sea broke in sheets of spray over Diamond shoal, and inside the shoal were five of our fleet of steamers that lay off and on during the night, and took the inner course in the morning. Keeping well out to sea, we passed the southern extremity of the shoal, and had a clear course to the inlet. As we approached the bar just outside the inlet, the steamer S. R. Spaulding which left Fortress Monroe for Port Royal, and brought Com. Goldsborough to Hatteras, came steaming along in company with our vessels.

A small side-wheel tug, with a gun mounted fore and aft, came through the inlet with a pilot to conduct us over the bar. A dark cloud which had been coming down from the north-east as we approached now passed over us, and was followed by a squall which sent the spray from the breakers on the bar flying about in clouds. The captain of the tug hailed us and asked: "What water do you draw?" Our captain answered: "Eight feet." The pilot shouted: "There is too much sea on the bar for you." At this time the Spaulding headed for the breakers, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of spray. Our captain remarked, "If she can pass, so can we," and with that, our ship's head was put in the same direction.

With some anxiety we watched the progress of the Spaulding, which was uninterrupted, and we were soon in the breakers, the spray from which flew over our hurricane deck, drenching everything and everybody; but we were the first of the transport fleet to pass through the inlet, which is not more than three hundred yards wide. The little Picket, which was taken in tow by a large steamer in the morning, had been cast loose, and came in next on her own hook. The other vessels came as they arrived; but eleven or twelve, that arrived too late, anchored outside to leeward of the land, and one, the City of New-York, after trying twice to cross the bar, during one of which efforts she grounded but soon got off, was at last compelled to anchor just outside the breakers.

As we steamed down the coast from the cape to the inlet, a distance of about twelve miles in a south-east direction from the cape, we saw the earth-works of Fort Hatteras and the blue uniforms of our troops, who seemed to be busily engaged on the works. As we came nearer the inlet, the quarters of the soldiers occupying Fort Clark were visible, with a tall flag-staff bearing the Stars and Stripes high on the "sacred soil." Soon Fort Clark became visible, and a line of teams and loaded wagons going toward the Fort. The boys came running towards the beach to get a good view of us.

The gunboats recently arrived from Fortress Monroe were anchored inside the northern hook, formed by the sandy termination of Hatteras island, and the larger number of our vessels that gained the inside of the inlet anchored east and north of the entrance, while many dropped their anchors in the inlet itself. The tide setting out fast, and the wind from the north-east, made a heavy strain on our cables, to ease which some of our vessels were obliged to keep their wheels gently in motion.

A more forlorn-looking region cannot well be conceived of, than the country (if two sand-spits approaching each other can be so called) about the inlet. For miles in each direction, the sandy ridge is not more than three quarters of a mile wide; but anything that can give us the shelter we now enjoy we regard with delight, for the wind that sweeps over us now must make the sea outside anything but desirable.

ON BOARD THE COSSACK, HATTERAS INLET, }
January 14. }

A gale from the north-east prevailed all day. At noon it was varied by a smart shower, which we hoped would knock down the sea and wind up the gale, but we were disappointed. The wind continued increasing in fury instead of diminishing. We have been watching with painful interest the steamer City of New-York, which is aground in the breakers outside the inlet, and with the glass we can see the breakers making a dash over her stern. There are evidently some of the crew on board, for a signal of distress was shown this morning at the same time her foremast was being cut away, carrying the maintopmast with it as it fell. Her funnel was either cut away or broken by the heaving of the vessel still later, and at night she looked as much like a total wreck as anything of the kind. Our captain has expressed a willingness to go to their aid, but he has no orders, and has six or seven hundred lives aboard, which would all be risked by going out. The lower spit of the island, on which Fort Hatteras stands, is almost submerged, and the fortifications look like an island instead of a part of the beach.

The works here are nearly in the same condition as when taken. The guns have been mounted, and some slight repairs made in the works. A steam-engine works two condensers for making fresh water from salt water, which is the only water this region supplies. The principal supply comes from the North, regular shipments being made by every steamer from Baltimore. The barracks occupied by the troops are those erected by the North-Carolinians previous to the surrender of the forts. A large gun brought here by the rebels, and which was cast last spring by the Tredegar Works in Richmond, has been mounted on the beach, on a circular platform, by our men, and is a formidable-looking weapon. It commands the inlet and the sound to a distance of three or four miles.

Two companies of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, and a company of regulars, garrison the forts at the inlet. The Ninth New-York, Col.

Hawkins, and the remaining companies of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, are encamped four or five miles further north on the island, at Camp Winfield and Camp Wool. A battery is in course of construction near the camps, which is nearly ready to receive its armament.

Brig.-Gen. Williams is in command of this post.

January 15.

The prospect for a better day is promising this morning. The wind, which changed to north-east during the night, has fallen to a gentle breeze, but there is a high tide which rushes through the inlet like a mill-race. I enclose a chapter of incidents which have had a somewhat depressing influence on the spirits of officers and men in the division, but all are too much engaged to be seriously affected by them. Although the crew of the City of New-York have been saved from a terrible fate, the worst fears for the vessel and cargo have received confirmation. There is a probability of saving the rifles and some shells; in fact, some of the latter have been taken off by the boats of the George Peabody. The remains of Col. Allen, and the surgeon of the New-Jersey regiment, have been recovered. They were washed ashore by the tide, this afternoon.

A consultation was held to-day by Gens. Burnside, Foster, Reno, Parke, and Williams, the result of which is preparation for an advance, probably toward Roanoke Island, on which the rebels are known to be encamped in considerable force, and the possession of which is desirable, as it will cut off communication between Pamlico and Albermale Sounds.

Eight gunboats have been stationed about three miles to the north-west of the inlet, as a picket-guard against a night attack from rebel gunboats from the mainland.

The Cossack is the most advanced toward this point, of the transport fleet, and such precautions as placing blankets over the windows through which lights may be visible, have been resorted to. In more exposed positions lights are prohibited. Your correspondent's state-room is on the side nearest the advanced gunboats, but as the room is lighted from a deck-light in the ceiling of the room, the precaution of concealing the light is not resorted to.

As the weather will now admit of vessels leaving their anchorage, it is anticipated that shots will be exchanged to-night, with some rebel boat that may attempt to make a reconnoissance. There are known to be six or seven gunboats on the sound, but whether they will dare to show themselves is doubtful. Our boats will probably advance until they discover their haunts, and then sharp work is anticipated.

HATTERAS INLET, January 15.

Next to the interest with which the ebbing of a human life is watched, is that with which a noble ship, that is thumping her life out, is regarded. The propeller City of New-York has just foundered within sight of over thirty vessels of all kinds, and not one able to stretch forth a hand to aid her in her terrible necessity. Throughout

the whole of yesterday she was watched with anxious eyes from the decks of an entire fleet, and all the probabilities of her condition canvassed, while the imagination, in the absence of facts, was left to picture the state of her crew, as being attended by all the horrors which sympathy with them could inspire.

Providentially her crew were saved, but after what terrible sufferings, physical and mental, and what a depth of despair, is best understood when it is known that they spent the whole of Tuesday and Tuesday night lashed to the rigging to prevent being washed off by the sea, which made a clean breach over her every few minutes, and that all her boats but one, which could not be launched safely in the foaming surf about her, had been destroyed; another having been taken away by the first officer and four of the crew, shortly after she grounded.

HEROISM OF TWO MECHANICS.

To the heroism of two men is chiefly due the salvation of the crew. The captain, and the officers remaining on board, would take no action in relation to lowering the last remaining one of the five ship's boats, when William H. Beach, and his brother, Charles A. Beach, both mechanics from Newark, N. J., determined, as a last resort, to launch the yawl, and make an effort to gain the fleet, whence they expected assistance. Having done this successfully, they asked the captain and pilot to accompany them, but they declining, the second engineer, William Miller, of Nashville, Tenn., Hugh McCabe, of Providence, R. I., fireman, and George Mason, of Staten Island, (the colored steward of the vessel,) resolved to accompany them. They pulled over the bar with the flowing tide, and gave notice to several vessels of the fleet, from which were immediately sent surf and other boats to their aid, and thus the crew were saved.

From various sources I have compiled the history of the vessel, her cargo, her voyage here, and the catastrophe in which it terminated.

The City of New York was a six hundred ton propeller, built by Mr. Cope, of Hoboken, for the Philadelphia and Boston line about ten years ago, and rated A2. Her engine was a double cylinder, three hundred and fifty horse-power, made by Hogg & Delamater, of New-York, and was in excellent condition. About two years ago she was chartered by the Government for the coast survey, when she was plated with three eighth inch iron. She drew about sixteen feet of water, and was built very sharp. She was offered to the Government not long ago for sixty thousand dollars, but she was considered to be of too deep draft for service.

The steamer left New-York at ten A.M., on Tuesday, the seventh inst., with a cargo consisting of eight hundred uncharged sixty-four pounder shells, sixty cases of rifles, four hundred barrels of cannon-powder, some barrels of cartridges, and rifle-powder in tin cases, a supply of Sibley tents, mattresses, blankets and cots, and large stores of baled hay and oats. She arrived at Fortress Mon-

roe on Thursday, at eleven o'clock and thirty minutes A.M.

She left Fortress Monroe at noon, on Saturday, with sealed orders, and when outside the Chesapeake her steam-valve broke, by which the vessel lost two hours while repairing it. She arrived off Cape Hatteras lighthouse at half-past ten on Sunday morning, where she anchored, preferring to await the next morning in order to have a whole day to cross Hatteras shoals and make the inlet, and to avoid the fogs that prevailed all Sunday. Next morning she started to cross the shoals, and in doing so struck fifteen times in about twenty minutes. The frame-work about her screw was bent so as to infringe upon the fans of the screw, which jarred the packing from the shaft, and through the opening she leaked considerably. Her damage at this point was not of a serious character, but the captain came to anchor with a signal for a pilot flying.

No pilot arriving, and several of the vessels of the fleet having passed her toward the inlet, the captain thought it just as safe to try to make the inlet as to lie there. He accordingly steamed forward, and as he approached the bar was met by the pilot's tug from inside. The tug turned as if to lead the way, and told the pilot of the City of New York that he was in the right channel and might go ahead, when the steamer immediately struck. The pilot on the tug repeated his injunctions to keep ahead, notwithstanding he was informed the vessel had struck. All headway soon ceased, when an effort was made to stretch a hawser from the steamer to the tug, which failed of any beneficial result. The tug then went through the inlet, as the people on the steamer supposed, to send a more powerful vessel to haul her off, but no assistance came. At this point the first officer lowered a boat from the davits, and putting two sets of oars in her, four of the crew followed, and they put off to a schooner anchored outside the breakers.

The steamer grounded on the bar just outside the inlet, where the sea broke completely over her stern. About her the sea was a sheet of foaming breakers. Every sea lifted her up, and when its force was expended, she came down with a shock which embedded her still deeper in the sand. In a short time the two boats housed on her deck were stove in by the sea, and when an attempt was made to launch her life-boat it filled with water, and the painter breaking, it drifted to sea. But one boat now remained, which those on the wreck were fearful of launching, believing that it also would be lost. The S. R. Spaulding at this time passed out to sea through the inlet on her way to Port Royal, and was hailed from the wreck, but no attention was paid to their call, and with terror in their hearts the sufferers turned to the prospect of spending the night in their perilous position. During the night the wind increased to a gale and the steamer was leaking rapidly.

The pumps were kept working by the steam which was kept up till ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the fires were extinguished by the

rising water in the ship. At this time the ensign was hoisted with the union down—a signal of distress; but no assistance was sent. The foremast of the steamer was now cut away, and in falling it carried away the main-topmast. This cased the vessel somewhat, but still she thumped heavily on the sand, and her smoke-stack was afterwards cut away, but with little benefit, as the sea was now breaking through in several places. The crew now tied life-preservers about them, lashed themselves to the rigging to prevent being washed overboard, and prepared to spend the night on board, awaiting the momentary breaking up of the vessel. About three o'clock in the morning the sea began to lift the deck from the hull with every surge. At eight o'clock it was resolved to launch the remaining boat, and the five men above named got in, and pulling through the surf to the fleet, succeeded in communicating the condition of the wreck to the nearest vessels, which at once sent off their boats to take the sufferers from the wreck.

The pilot of the tug reported at headquarters that the vessel was in no danger, and would live through it, and that the crew had abandoned her and gone on board the schooner outside. This probably explains the reason why no aid was sent to the vessel.

The men who were taken off the wreck had eaten nothing during the twenty-four hours previous, and, exhausted with the cold sea which drenched them with spray from the breakers, and the almost superhuman efforts to retain their positions on the surging wreck for nearly twenty hours, required to be supported after reaching the vessels to which they were taken. Dozens of willing hands were extended to them, and their wet clothes were at once changed for dry and comfortable apparel.

As soon as the sealed orders, under which they sailed from Fortress Monroe, were opened, it became the subject of general comment why a vessel drawing sixteen feet should be sent through an inlet in which the present depth is not more than thirteen feet. This may become a subject of future investigation. The pilot of the tug sent out to conduct the vessels over the bar asked of each captain the draft of his vessel as she approached, with this single exception.

I subjoin a list of the officers of the City of New York, and the places of their residence.

Captain, Joseph W. Nye, of Falmouth, Mass.

First officer, J. G. Rogers, of New-York.

Second officer, Ward Eldridge, of Falmouth, Mass.

Chief engineer, Reuben Carpenter, of Milton on the Hudson, N. Y.

Second engineer, William Miller, of Nashville, Tenn.

Third engineer, A. Sherman.

Coast pilot, J. T. Horton.

Stevedore, Mr. Bassett.

Purser, Mr. Smith, in charge of stores.

Mechanics in the employment of the coast division: John Dye and brother, master masons; William H. Beach, wagon-maker, and Charles A.

Beach, forger, of Newark, N. J. The last two were the men who launched the last boat.

The steam gunboat Zouave, Capt. Wm. Hunt, of the coast division, sank this morning at her anchorage. She was used as a transport, and had on board a portion of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts volunteers, who were removed, however, before the vessel went down. Her cargo consisted of the camp equipage of the Twenty-fifth, and ordnance and subsistence stores for the expedition. A large portion of the stores are of a character not to be damaged by water, and will therefore be saved.

It is supposed, that in the gale of Tuesday night, during which all the vessels anchored inside the inlet, sheered in every direction by the conflicting wind and tide, she ran foul of a sunken wreck, and was stove in. She lies at present in about eighteen or twenty feet water, and several tugs are engaged in removing her cargo. She will be got up in a short time.

The Zouave was formerly a North River freight-boat, and was known as the Marshal Ney. She was bought by the Government, reconstructed, and changed into a gunboat. She behaved very well on the voyage down, having made on the Chesapeake four miles an hour with a barque and a schooner in tow.

In addition to the other casualties, which have attended the coast division, is one of an extremely painful character. Col. J. W. Allen, and Surgeon F. S. Weller, of the Ninth New-Jersey volunteers, were drowned by the oversetting of a small-boat in the breakers at the inlet, this morning. Col. Allen left the ship *Ann E. Thompson*, on which his regiment was transported to this point, accompanied by the surgeon of the regiment, to report at the headquarters of Gen. Burnside, on board the *Picket*. The boat was manned by sailors from the ship.

The *Ann E. Thompson* is one of the vessels which anchored outside the inlet, on Monday evening, and in order to reach the General's ship, it was necessary to pull over the bar and through the inlet. The boat succeeded in reaching the *Picket*, and Col. Allen made his report; but as he was returning through the inlet, the boat was upset, and himself and the Surgeon were drowned. The sailors clung to the boat until assistance arrived. It is supposed, that the Colonel and the Surgeon, being encumbered with overcoats, swords and top-boots, went down immediately. I have not yet heard of the recovery of the bodies. A sketch of the life of Col. Allen has already been published in the *Commercial Advertiser*, in connection with the organization of the coast division.

HATTERAS INLET, January 16, 8 P.M.

The day has been too windy for small boats to be out, and consequently but very little intercourse between the vessels of the fleet has taken place. The anchorage within the inlet is of the worst character, giving but little room for vessels to swing with the tide. Our craft, the *Cossack*, in addition to being aground twice to-day, yesterday swung round on the jib-boom of a brigantine,

which ground to powder four or five of the after state-rooms.

The fine steamer *Louisiana*, of Baltimore, chartered temporarily for the transportation of the Sixth New-Hampshire volunteers to this point, grounded on Tuesday, with her troops on board. The soldiers were removed to another vessel, but the steamer was not relieved. She has the appearance of being "hogged"—the sailor's name for breaking in the middle, indicated by a depression of both ends of the vessel. She is reported as being in this condition, to-day. The steamer has been on the line from Baltimore to Norfolk, but was in dock when chartered for the coast division. She is eight hundred tons capacity, draws eight feet water, and was built about nine years ago in Baltimore. (See *Lloyds*.) Her engine was built by Reader, of Baltimore, and has a beam-engine of three hundred and fifty horse power, the cost of which was thirty-five thousand dollars. The estimated value of the vessel is about sixty-five thousand dollars. She was magnificently fitted up when running as a passenger-boat.

A schooner, to the east of us, which was loaded with stores for the expedition, has gone down just astern of us. The water is flush with her deck. She is probably swung on one of the sunken wrecks, which are very numerous in this sound.

If we do not leave this soon, every vessel in the fleet will be disabled or sunk by the combined agency of wind, tide and shoal. But there is a prospect that we will escape across what is called the bulkhead, to-morrow, into deeper water. The bulkhead is a bar inside the inlet, similar to that outside, but the water is so shallow, that bales of hay, from the wrecked City of New-York, ground on it from one ebb-tide until the next flood. It forms a barrier against the sea from the sound, hence its name. On Saturday we move in the direction of Roanoke Island, where the rebels are believed to be five thousand strong. Our picket-boats report having seen four or five secession gunboats making a reconnoissance last night, but they kept well out of the range.

A member of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment died this morning, of pleuro-pneumonia, and was buried in the sand on the beach. His name was James Conway, of company D, and he resided in Lower Marion, Pa.

ON BOARD U. S. STEAMER COSSACK, }
HATTERAS INLET, January 17. }

No movement has yet taken place here. The wind continues fresh from the south-east, enabling some of our vessels outside the inlet, to come over the bar. The schooner *Scout*, with a portion of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania on board, under Lieut.-Colonel Bell, came in this forenoon, after having been blown into the Gulf Stream, and getting below Cape Lookout, fifty-nine miles south of her destination. The supply of water on board was sufficient only for a day and a half, at the end of which time it was supposed she would have reached this point. She left Fortress Mon-

roe at eleven o'clock Saturday night, and was consequently five days and a half at sea, and the greater portion of the time the men and crew were on a short allowance of water. No coffee could be made on board, on account of the scarcity of water, and the suffering of the troops was severe. Many cases of delirium resulted from this state of affairs, as the rations consisted chiefly of salt beef and pork. The schooner experienced a succession of severe gales, adding seasickness, to a general extent, to the suffering from want of water.

The Suwanee, steam gunboat, which had been disabled at Annapolis, by blowing out her steam-chest, arrived to-day, and will be added to the armed squadron attached to the fleet.

Two of the regiments stationed at this post, the Ninth New-York, Col. Hawkins, and the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, Col. —, are to be relieved by the Sixth New-Hampshire, Col. Converse, and the Fifty-third New-York, Col. d'Epineuil, and will join the forces of the expedition. The Sixth New-Hampshire has already been transferred, and the Fifty-third New-York will be transferred in a day or two. The steamer Louisiana is still aground.

But little anxiety is felt here about the enemy's gunboats. They give our bull-dogs a very wide berth. The chief anxiety is on account of the indifferent anchorage within the inlet. Almost every day some additional vessel is aground, if not permanently, at least for a short time. Our good craft has touched bottom several times within the last two days, once only with danger of remaining aground. By the aid of a few tons of Pennsylvania volunteers, who were made to go from side to side of the vessel, to rock her, and by backing the engine, she was rescued from the impending danger.

Many conjectures are expressed in relation to the object in the economy of nature of the sand-banks that make an inlet to Pamlico Sound a necessity, but all end in the opinion that they were intended as a wholesome and final test for human patience. The man who endures, without losing his temper, the million unexpected and improbable casualties that must attend whatever enterprise he engages in here, deserves to be canonized among the most patient of his race. How the people who formerly inhabited this region managed to maintain anything more than vegetative existence is a miracle. One can readily understand how the cardinal doctrine of the wrecker becomes an article of faith, to doubt which is a wicked heresy, by enduring the privations of this region for a single day. Next to wrecking, piloting vessels through the tortuous ramifications of the sand-bars of Pamlico Sound is the legitimate profession of the biped mollusca of this region, and when you think you have settled with your pilot and given him a gratuity in the way of sail-cloth, or rope, there is a final request for a small piece of salt pork, as he has just lost a barrel by damage from sea-water.

Natural philosophers argue the existence of certain animals from the natural productions of

different regions and at different periods of the earth's formation; by the same rule, although no trace of the species is to be found at present in the neighborhood of Hatteras Inlet, the existence of the wrecker is established by the remains of innumerable wrecks. No other animal can exist on this coast.

HATTERAS INLET, JANUARY 19.

We are still awaiting the order to advance into the enemy's country, and as the promulgation of that order is dependent on results yet to be attained, the time of our departure is problematical. It is laid down as an axiom that doubtful things are always uncertain. The author must have been connected with some great military and naval expedition to have been so impressed with this truth as to declare it axiomatically. We are still within Hatteras Inlet, and each day of delay adds one if not two to the list of our disasters.

Night before last the gunboat Suwanee arrived here and anchored almost on the bar. Before long she was aground. Yesterday she partly bilged and is now unfit for service. The gunboat Ranger also went aground. The steamer Cossack was aground from Saturday morning until Sunday morning. The gunboat Stars and Stripes was aground yesterday, but succeeded in getting over the swash into deep water. A large ship grounded on the bar outside the inlet, but subsequently got off.

A tug that swung foul of the Brant Island shoal lightship, which is anchored here, having been captured from the rebels, had her guard and gangway crushed into her cabin, showing her timbers to be rotten. A grand mistake seems to have been made in the selection of vessels for the expedition. A very large proportion of the vessels of the fleet have been aground and several have been lost through their great draft. The vessels draw too much for the waters in which they are intended to operate. It is even said that the figures on the stem and stern of some of our vessels have been altered in order to secure their sale to the Government.

To-day I have noticed for the first time since we left Annapolis something peculiar in the day. The Pennsylvanians were singing hymns at various intervals, and referring to my dates, I perceived it was Sunday. But from no other external indication could I infer that a Sabbath had shed its benign influence on the bleak desolation about me. I went ashore and found Capt. Belger, of the Seventh Rhode Island battery, landing his horses from the George Peabody. The trembling creatures were led to the gangway of the steamer, and after attaching a rope about thirty feet long to their necks, were pushed over into the water; the end of the rope being secured to the stern of a small boat, they were thus led ashore. They were entirely under water when thrown over, and came up snorting and puffing, but invariably striking out by instinct for the beach. Capt. Belger's battery will be left here a short time, as there is no immediate service re-

quired of it, and the Peabody will be required as a transport for infantry.

These forts, the scene of Gen. Butler's exploit, are nearly in the condition in which they were found by our forces. Fort Hatteras, the nearest to the inlet, is the most important. It is a circular work, riveted with wooden piles, and the sand of which it is composed is double sodded. Four or five of the guns are yet unmounted. Within the circular work are protecting bastions of earth, and a large bomb-proof magazine occupies the centre. The barracks within the work accommodate one company, and are occupied at present by company C, First United States artillery, under Capt. Morris. Fort Clark is a much smaller work, and is occupied by company B, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers, under the command of Capt. James Wren.

The post is under the command of Brigadier-Gen. Thomas Williams, with the following staff: Assistant Adjutant-General, Lieutenant C. Cook; Brigade Quartermaster, Lieut. H. E. Elliott; Commissary of Subsistence, Capt. John Clark; Lieut. G. C. DeKay, A.D.C.; Lieut. J. C. Biddle, A.D.C.; Brigade Surgeon, Dr. T. H. Bache, son of Professor Bache, of Philadelphia.

The sand-spit on which the forts are erected still bears traces of the bombardment in the form of fragments of bomb-shells and unexploded shells, with a few solid sixty-four-pound shot. The camps further up the island are being entrenched with skilfully constructed earthworks, which will prevent all possibility of a recurrence of such affairs as cutting off regiments, as in the case of the Twentieth Indiana. This affair has been magnified into an undue importance by the newspaper correspondents, who, in the absence of sensation in the humdrum life at Hatteras Inlet, have spread rather extensively on this trifling affair. The truth of the matter is, that the terrible execution by the shells of the Monticello was a joke practised on the credulity of these sensationists, and the only mortality resulting from her fire was the killing of an inoffensive inhabitant of the island. Not one rebel was killed.

The Ninth New-York alone will be relieved at this post by the Sixth New-Hampshire. The Forty-eighth Pennsylvania will not be relieved, as was stated in a previous letter, but will continue to form a portion of the command of Gen. Williams.

HATTERAS INLET, January 20.

The chief object of interest at present, is the difficulty in getting vessels over the bulkhead or swash, within the inlet. Our vessels are nearly all too deep to pass, except at the top of the tide, and even then it is necessary to remove troops, stores and coal, and to blow the water out of the boilers. When the vessels are lightened to the utmost possible degree, they are taken in tow by the light-draft tugs, and at high tide are, with a great deal of difficulty, worked over. An operation that should have been completed before our arrival here, was not commenced until to-day. Soundings are being taken on the bar, and the

channel indicated by barrel buoys, on which lights are to be placed at night.

We have just received intelligence of the wreck of the steamer Pocahontas, which was loaded with the horses of the Fourth Rhode Island regiment, of the First battalion Fifth Rhode Island, and the horses of the staff-officers of several regiments, in all one hundred and twenty-three horses. Seventeen horses were brought to the shore, and ninety-six were lost. No lives were lost. The vessel was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the country. She was built over thirty years ago, and ran from Baltimore to points below, on the Chesapeake Bay. She was chartered by the Government for the present trip only. She was disabled by one of her flues giving out while at sea, and was run ashore about fifteen miles north of Cape Hatteras. The vessel was run ashore on Friday, and the crew, with the horses, did not arrive here until Sunday, after two days' travel in the heavy sands of this region.

Propellers and steam-tugs are being sent out to remove the troops and stores from the heavy ships, three or four of which have been anchored off the beach since Monday, the thirteenth. Their draft is too great to admit of them being brought inside, even unloaded, and they will probably be sent back to New-York. They can be seen rolling and tossing with the heavy sea that the east and south-east winds of the past two days have driven on the coast.

Albert H. Tucker, of Milford, Mass., a private of company B, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts volunteers, died to-day of pleurisy, and will be buried to-morrow, on the beach. The chaplain of the regiment intends reading the funeral services over the deceased, at which the company to which he belonged, are to be present. Two soldiers of the Twenty-first Massachusetts died of small-pox, and were buried at sea, owing to the infectious character of the disease.

Col. Allen, of the New-Jersey Ninth, left the Ann E. Thompson, accompanied by Surg. Weller, of the regiment, the captain and second mate of the ship, with a crew of ten or twelve sailors and soldiers, in a surf-boat, to report to Gen. Burnside. They were returning to the ship, and when in the breakers outside the inlet, a heavy sea broke over the bow of the boat, filling her with water, and washing the crew back toward the stern of the boat. The Surgeon was trampled into the bottom by the men, who were forced back by the water, and was drowned in the boat. Their oars were washed away, and the boat was thus at the mercy of the breakers, which soon upset her. The Colonel and the second mate of the ship, whose name is James Taylor, were both drowned when the boat capsized; and all hands would certainly have perished, but for the proximity of the tug Patuxent, Captain Jeremiah Bennett, whose pilot, James McIntyre, of Philadelphia, launched the boats of the steamer, which picked up the captain of the ship and the boat's crew. The remains of Colonel Allen and Surgeon Weller will be sent North in the Spaulding, which is daily expected to arrive from Port Royal.

HATTERAS INLET, January 21.

We feel somewhat encouraged to-day, in the brightening prospect for soon getting over the bar into deep water. Gen. Burnside has been disappointed in the arrival of four or five tugs, chartered at Annapolis, which have not yet made their appearance. This loss has been partially supplied by three tugs, which were sent from Philadelphia, with orders to proceed to Port Royal, but which were compelled, by stress of weather, to put back to this point, after going within about a hundred miles of their destination. Their experience of the rough sea outside, has rendered them unfit for service, except in smooth water, and they are therefore compelled to remain here, where their presence is of great value to the expedition. The steamers are the Phenix, the Patuxent, and the Pilot Boy. Gen. Burnside has kept them constantly employed in conducting vessels over the shoals, outside and inside.

The vessels of the naval fleet, formerly a portion of the North-Atlantic blockading squadron, under Flag-Officer Goldsborough, have been over the swash, and in deep water, with few exceptions, the last two days. The veteran declares his readiness to go into action in ten minutes, should the enemy have the temerity to appear. The delay at present, is occasioned by the difficulty in getting the transports over the shoal water. The vessels of the naval fleet have been selected with a full knowledge of the depth of water in the waters to be navigated, and the maximum draft has been limited to eight feet. But little difficulty has been experienced in getting these vessels over, but the movements of the entire expedition are hampered by the depth of water required for our transports.

The first of the large transports has just got over the swash, by the high tide of to-night, after having been aground three days between the flood-tides. The steamer Cossack, after having been lightened of everything that increased her depth, even to blowing the water out of her boilers, succeeded, at eleven o'clock this evening, in gaining water beyond the swash, ten feet deep.

The discharge of heavy guns this afternoon, in the direction of the deep waters of the sound, attracted some attention at the headquarters of the fleet, and it is said to have been occasioned by the proximity of two rebel gunboats. They were chased by three or four of our most advanced gunboats, but they soon showed their heels. Two or three thirty-two-pound shot were sent after them, but they were beyond range, and in a short time entirely out of sight. They must have considerable anxiety in relation to the force now collected at this point, to venture so near in order to gratify curiosity.

The floating battery (canal-boat) Grapeshot, which was being towed to this point by the steamer New-Brunswick, became disabled off Cape Hatteras, and was cut loose. She had no stores on board, and her crew were removed to the steamer.

HATTERAS INLET, January 22.

Our hopes of a speedy movement are steadily increasing. Several additional vessels were brought over the swash last night, although the night was dark as a starless and foggy night can be. This morning several others were brought over, and they continue to come. The time of our advance is even becoming defined, and it may take place within forty-eight hours. A strong north-east wind is blowing, the effect of which is to increase the water over the bulkhead, as it arrests the passage of the water through the inlets above this point, and consequently forces more through Hatteras Inlet.

We are now about two miles from the anchorage ground at the inlet, in a north and easterly direction. Communication with the beach is exceedingly difficult, from the strong tide which rushes in from the sea.

HATTERAS INLET, January 23.

The underground railroad seems to be the favorite mode of communication with the enemy. We daily hear of arrivals by this line, the ramifications of which seem to be as diverse as the stories told by the passengers. Confidence in the sagacity of General Burnside leads me to believe, however, that he will not be governed to any great extent, by the reports of highly imaginative travellers by the North Star. There are at present forty-five or fifty contrabands who have succeeded in escaping from thralldom and have reached this point by, according to their own reports, the most hairbreadth escapes and by positive interpositions of Providence. They are quartered outside of Fort Hatteras, in a wooden building bearing the sign of "Hotel d'Afrique," in well-painted German characters.

About a week ago five or six arrived in a small boat, in a condition to warrant a belief in their highly embellished story. They were gaunt from hunger, exhausted by fatigue, and in rags. They escaped from the northern counties of North-Carolina, about two months ago, and spent five or six weeks in the woods, living on roots and herbs, after which they succeeded in stealing a boat, in which they descended Roanoke Sound on the eastern side of Roanoke Island. As they passed the island they were hailed by the sentinels, and, pretending to stop rowing, allowed their boat to drift past with the tide until they were at some distance from the sentries. They then struck boldly out, when several shots were fired at them, none of which struck them. They reported the island literally covered with rebels.

Yesterday another arrival of two negroes from the region of Roanoke, reports the island deserted, the rebels having established themselves on the mainland across Croatan Sound, where they have erected masked batteries.

A knowledge of the position of Roanoke Island, and the sands on both sides, would indicate some truth in this last report. From past experience the North-Carolinians must know the great risk attending the strengthening of an island from

which, in case of defeat, they cannot retreat. It is quite reasonable to suppose that they have abandoned the island for the mainland, where their communication with the source of their supplies is unbroken. The value of a position on the mainland is equal to one on the island, as but one of the sounds is navigable by vessels of more than four feet, and that is Croatan Sound, between the island and the mainland.

The sound, where the character of the shore on the mainland side admits of fortification, is two miles wide, divided in the middle by a shoal on each side of which there is a channel. The shores are generally flat, and at the entrance to the sound from the south, the mainland is marshy to a distance of several miles from the water. Batteries on the available shore must certainly prove formidable, and must be reduced before our troops can be landed. That such batteries exist is the general belief here, as it is understood that positive information of the destination of the expedition to this point has been communicated to the enemy from Washington. It is difficult to form, even at this place, and in this stage of our progress, any reliable opinion as to our destination.

Our departure for the point of attack has not been accelerated by the gale which prevailed throughout to-day and last night, and promises to hold out all night — unless it will increase the depth of water at this point, which it is supposed to do by those who are familiar with the effect of the wind on the water of the sound. It is classified by experienced men as a fierce gale, and nothing but the shallow water of the sound saved some of our vessels. The wind blows the tops of the waves off, and frets the water into thousands of wavelets, which break in spray that is carried along like drifting snow. Our vessels are compelled to pay out their cables in order to relieve the strain on the anchors. The Guide had a signal of distress flying to-day, and this evening, about nine o'clock, she fired three minute-guns, as further signals. She was answered from several tugs by blue-lights, and one tug immediately put off to her assistance. I have not yet learned the cause of her making signals of distress. She has been aground since last night, and may have bilged.

The naval squadron attached to Gen. Burnside's Coast division, is under the command of Flag-Officer L. M. Goldsborough, who is also the commander-in-chief of the North-Atlantic blockading squadron. Subjoined is the organization of the naval squadron:

Flag-Officer, L. M. Goldsborough, of Washington, Commander-in-chief.

Chief of the Staff, Commander A. L. Case, of Newburgh, N. Y.

Staff Medical Officer, Assistant Surgeon S. C. Jones.

Signal Officer, H. G. B. Fisher, of Boston.

Secretary to Flag-Officer, Henry Van Brunt, of New-York.

Clerk to Flag-Officer, E. C. Meeker.

Second Clerk to Flag-Officer, S. C. Rowan.

VESSELS OF THE SQUADRON.

Flag-Ship, Philadelphia, steam gunboat, Acting Master S. Reynolds.

Lieutenant, E. L. Haines, of Philadelphia.

Chief Engineer, Chas. A. Norris, of Washington.

Assistants, Chas. R. Joyce and A. J. Hopkins, of Washington.

Acting Purser, T. Thornton.

Steam gunboat Stars and Stripes, Lieut. Commanding R. Worden.

Steam gunboat Valley City, Lieut. Commanding J. C. Chaplin.

Steam gunboat Underwriter, Lieut. Commanding W. V. Jeffers.

Steam gunboat Hetzel, Lieut. Commanding H. K. Davenport.

Steam gunboat Delaware, Lieut. Commanding S. P. Quackenbush.

Steam gunboat Shawsheen, Acting Master T. G. Woodward.

Steam gunboat Lockwood, Acting Master G. L. Graves.

Steam gunboat Ceres, Acting Master J. McDiarmid.

Steam gunboat Morse, Acting Master Peter Hayes.

Steam gunboat Whitehead, Acting Master Chas. A. French.

Steam gunboat Virginia.

Steam gunboat Louisiana, Lieut. Commanding A. Murray.

Steam gunboat Henry Brinker, Acting Master Commanding John E. Geddings.

Steam gunboat General Putnam, Lieut. Commanding — McCook.

Steam gunboat Hunchback, Acting Lieut. Commanding E. R. Calhoun.

Steam gunboat Southfield, Volunteer Lieut. Commanding C. F. W. Beam.

Steam gunboat Young America.

Steam gunboat Commodore Barney, Acting Lieut. Commanding R. D. Renshaw.

Steam gunboat Commodore Perry, Acting Lieut. Commanding Charles W. Fluster.

Sailing gunboat J. N. Seymour.

Sailing gunboat Granite, Acting Master Commanding Ephraim Boomer.

Sailing gunboat Jenny Lind.

PICKET.
—N. Y. Commercial.

(Doc. 30.)

BATTLE OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. BURNSIDE.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, ROANOKE ISLAND,
February 10, 1862.

To Major-General Geo. B. McClellan, Commanding United States Army, Washington:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that a combined attack upon this island was commenced on the morning of the seventh, by the naval and military forces of this expedition, which has resulted in the capture of six forts, forty guns, over two thousand prisoners, and upward of three

thousand small arms. Among the prisoners are Col. Shaw, commander of the island, and O. Jennings Wise, commander of the Wise Legion. The latter was mortally wounded, and has since died. The whole work was finished on the afternoon of the eighth inst., after a hard day's fighting, by a brilliant charge in the centre of the island, and a rapid pursuit of the enemy to the north end of the island, resulting in the capture of the prisoners mentioned above.

We have had no time to count them, but the number is estimated at near three thousand.

Our men fought bravely, and have endured most manfully the hardships incident to fighting through swamps and dense thickets.

It is impossible to give the details of the engagement, or to mention meritorious officers and men, in the short time allowed for writing this report, the naval vessel carrying it starting immediately for Hampton Roads, and the reports of the Brigadier-Generals have not yet been handed in.

It is enough to say that the officers and men of both arms of the service have fought gallantly, and the plans agreed upon before leaving Hatteras were carried out.

I will be excused for saying in reference to the action, that I owe everything to Generals Foster, Reno and Parker, as more full details will show. I am sorry to report the loss of about thirty-five killed, and about two hundred wounded, ten of them probably mortally. Among the killed are Col. Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, and Lieut.-Col. Victor de Monteil, of the D'Epinouil Zouaves; both of them fought most gallantly. I regret exceedingly not being able to send a full report of the killed and wounded, but will send a despatch in a day or two with full returns.

I beg leave to enclose a copy of a general order issued by me on the ninth inst. I am most happy to say that I have just received a message from Commodore Goldsborough, stating that the expedition of the gunboats against Elizabeth City and the rebel fleet has been entirely successful.

He will, of course, send his returns to his department.

I have the honor to be, General, your obedient servant,
A. E. BURNSIDE,
Brig.-General Commanding Department of North-Carolina.

REPORT OF COM. GOLDSBOROUGH.

U. S. FLAG-STEAMER PHILADELPHIA, }
OFF ROANOKE ISLAND, February 9, 1862. }

Roanoke Island is ours. The military authorities struck to us yesterday. Their means of defence were truly formidable, and they were used with a determination worthy of a better cause. They consisted of two elaborately-constructed works, mounting together twenty-two heavy guns, three of them being one hundred pounders rifled. Four other batteries, mounting together twenty guns, a large proportion of them being also of large calibre, and some of them rifled; eight steamers mounting two guns each, and each having a rifled gun with a diameter of a thirty-two pounder, a prolonged obstruction of smaller vessels and

hills to thwart our advance, and altogether a body of men numbering scarcely less than five thousand, of whom three thousand are now our prisoners.

The fighting commenced on the morning of the seventh inst., at about eleven o'clock, and was continued till dark. The following morning it was resumed at an early hour, and it lasted until well in the afternoon, when by a bold charge by our army the rebel flag was made to succumb, and our own was hoisted everywhere on the island in its place. No attack could have been more completely executed, and it was carried out precisely in accordance with the arrangements made before the expedition left Cape Hatteras Inlet.

A detailed account of the operations of the naval branch of the expedition will be forwarded to the Department hereafter.

I beg to submit herewith a copy of a general order to be read on the quarter-deck of each vessel belonging to that branch of the expedition.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH,

Flag-Officer Commanding North-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

To the Hon. GIDEON WELLS,

Secretary of the Navy.

GENERAL ORDER.

The following is the General Order:

Your efforts of yesterday and the day before against the enemy, were alike worthy of yourselves and the sacred cause our glorious flag upholds.

I thank you for them, and congratulate you upon the results achieved. No commander-in-chief could have been more gallantly sustained, or could have desired a more gratifying display of coolness, skill and discipline.

We have yet more work of the kind to accomplish, and will soon deliver another blow to crush the hydra of rebellion. From what I have already witnessed, I am sure that you will do it well.

L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

REPORT OF COL. FERRERO.

I beg to submit the following as the report of the Fifty-first regiment N.Y.V.:

I received an order from Gen. Reno, on the morning of Saturday, the eighth of February, 1862, at about half-past seven o'clock, to form line on the right of the Second brigade. The regiment started at about eight o'clock A.M., in the rear of the First brigade. After having marched a distance of about half a mile, we met three companies of the Twenty-first Massachusetts. I halted my column, and allowed them to take their position. Following them on the main road up the island, and marching a distance of about half a mile, I received an order from Gen. Reno's aid to force our way through a dense jungle in the direction of the fighting. On arriving near the rear of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, received an order to advance, and take position on their left.

Finding the swamp almost impassable, owing to the dense growth of underbrush on the right of my line, I ordered four companies of the right

wing, viz., A, G, D and I, to push forward toward the left, under command of Lieut.-Col. Potter. Said companies advanced and entered the fire on the left of the Twenty-first Massachusetts. During the engagement of the above companies in said position, the firing was very galling, but it was replied to with great vigor, by both men and officers. I ordered the companies of the left wing to push forward towards the right. Finding it impossible to engage the enemy on account of the Twenty-first Massachusetts regiment being in front, I ordered the men to lie down, in order to avoid the shower of bullets from our own troops as well as those from the enemy. The enemy, finding that they were outflanked, commenced to retreat, when the order was given by Gen. Reno to charge. The right wing charged under command of Lieut.-Col. Potter, while I led the left wing.

Having advanced a few paces in front of the Ninth New-Jersey and the Ninth New-York, I found their fire was directed into our ranks. I halted my men, and ordered the signal for cease firing to be sounded by my bugler, which was understood by all the troops in the vicinity. At that moment the cry came to charge, when all charged, my right wing arriving at the fort first. Capt. J. G. Wright, of company A, color company, arrived with his company, and planted the American flag upon the ramparts, in advance of any other regiment. It was the first American flag in the fort. Capt. Sims, of company G, and Capt. Johnson, of company I, took possession of the guns of the fort. I led the left wing down the main road, followed by the Ninth New-York, crossed the moat, and halted inside the fort. On arriving inside of the fort, Lieut. Springweller, of company K, brought me a wounded officer, who was a lieutenant in the Wise Legion, of Virginia, whom he found lying a short distance off.

After remaining at the fort about fifteen minutes, I rallied my men, formed line, and started up the main road in pursuit of the enemy. On arriving at the end of the island, I found that two boat-loads of the enemy had escaped, but one containing O. Jennings Wise, severely wounded, and four others, had been captured, and were in charge of the Ninth New-York. The four prisoners were transferred to my charge, and I left them in a house which was guarded by our troops. Ascertaining that Gen. Reno had advanced across the island to the left, I immediately followed, and arrived in time to receive an order from him to place a chain of sentinels to encircle the grounds and barracks of the captured enemy, which was executed, and remained upon duty until relieved by the Ninth New-Jersey. The men and officers under my command, behaved with a coolness that was really surprising for men who were under fire for the first time. On Sunday morning, the ninth inst., I received an order to detail a company to plant the American flag on one of the captured forts on the sea-shore.

Yours respectfully,

EDW. FERRERO,
Col. Fifty-first Regiment N.Y.V.

COLONEL LEE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-SEVENTH REGT. MASS. VOLS., }
ROANOKE ISLAND, February 12, 1862. }

To His Excellency John A. Andrew:

DEAR SIR: I am very sorry to be obliged to report the death of Capt. Hubbard of company I, which occurred this morning. I would recommend to fill the vacancy, First Lieut. Edward K. Wilcox; for First Lieutenant, C. Wesley Goodale, now Second Lieutenant; and for Second Lieutenant, Joseph W. Lawson. The list of killed and wounded, in the engagement February eighth, was, in my regiment, as follows:

Killed.—Corporal Geo. W. Hale; private Levi Clark, company F; private H. C. Bardwell, company G; private Wm. Hill, company B.

Wounded.—Gordon M. Sweet, company A; G. M. Whitney, company B; Bart O'Connel, Oscar M. Loomis, company C; Hiram Sheffield, Otto Stamm, George Duncan, company E; First Serg. Pliny Wood, company F; Isaac Hunt, company G; Charles L. Clark, company I; Martin Kelly, company C.

Company D was not in the battle, having been detailed to work the guns on board the propeller Ranger.

Several others were slightly wounded. I think all of the above will recover. C. L. Clark, company I, was shot in the neck, the ball passing completely through, just behind the windpipe. He was reported as dead, but is rapidly recovering. All of our officers and men behaved with the utmost coolness and bravery, and so with all of our regiments. Massachusetts may well be proud of the troops she has sent into the field.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

COL. H. C. LEE,
Commanding Twenty-seventh Regiment.

COLONEL KURTZ'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS, }
ROANOKE ISLAND, February 12, 1862. }

MY DEAR GENERAL: You undoubtedly have already read the account of our trip down from Annapolis, our arrival at that worst of all places to get into—Hatteras Inlet—and now you will get an account of our passage up Pamlico Sound, in all the newspapers, and also of the movements of the whole body of troops after our arrival at this place, and therefore I propose to give you an account of my own regiment, and of the facts that I had ocular demonstration of during the engagement, and since. On the morning of Saturday, the eighth instant, after a bivouac upon the wet ground all night, during which there was a drenching rain, I received orders to take up the line of march, and follow the Massachusetts Twenty-fifth up to the locality where the enemy was supposed to be intrenched. After a march of about half an hour, we heard a few stray shots ahead of us; a few moments brought us in face of the enemy, which the Twenty-fifth had already engaged. My regiment, by order of Gen. Foster, (who accompanied the Twenty-fifth,) formed in column by division in rear of the Twenty-fifth.

After remaining a short time in this position, under a very hot fire of grape, canister, shell and musketry, within two hundred yards of the rebels, I was ordered to march by a flank across the partially cleared swamp and turn the enemy's left. I immediately commenced the march, and it was at this point that I had a lieutenant and one man killed, and nearly all the wounded which I report. In order to accomplish the desire of my General, I had to force my way through what the rebel engineers had declared a swamp impenetrable by man or beast. It was certainly the worst-looking place I ever saw man attempt to go through. But I told my men the General had ordered it, and by the help of God, and indomitable perseverance, we would go through it. After a most fatiguing and laborious scratching of two and one half hours, and all the time above our knees in swamp-mud, we made the clearing upon the enemy's left, and introduced ourselves to his notice by a lively fusillade from four companies, which he did not condescend to acknowledge, but immediately gave us leg bail.

A charge was then made by the whole line, and as is usual in all such matters, a great many lay claim to have been the first to get in. I am satisfied with what my regiment did; it was the first time that most of them had been under fire, and the first men who were wounded were brought, mangled and bleeding, in full sight of them; but notwithstanding, when I gave the order to file across that hot fire, they followed me to a man, and the energy and perseverance they manifested, in forcing through that almost impenetrable swamp, could not have been beaten by veterans. Soon after the evacuation of this breastwork, the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts arrived. In coming up the sound, the day before, they got aground, and did not arrive in time to participate in the affair at the breastwork. They were ordered to pursue the enemy, now in full retreat, and we followed after them.

After a march of six miles, we were met by a flag of truce, who asked for a suspension of hostilities until morning. Gen. Foster sent Major Stevenson back, demanding unconditional surrender or fight, in a few moments. The Major came back with the intelligence of surrender, when we marched into their camp, which proved to be their winter-quarters—wooden buildings capable of accommodating five thousand men very comfortably. We immediately took possession of their arms, equipments, ammunition and stores. We have captured two hundred and thirty commissioned officers and forty-four companies—about three thousand prisoners, with three thousand stand of arms and equipments, and two or three large magazines full of ammunition. We have the flower of the chivalry here; they come from Texas, (the famous Texan Rangers,) North-Carolina, Georgia, Virginia and Mississippi, and they look as if they felt very much down in the mouth to find out we came from Massachusetts.

They said they thought we could not fight, but they found out we could fight like devils. General Parke's brigade took and have posses-

sion of one of the forts that was not fought, and it is a fine work, and with Yankees in it cannot be taken; but they surrendered without firing a gun. Everything upon the island is now in our possession—Hurrah! The gunboats have since gone up the river, taken or destroyed the rebel fleet—the Fanny and all the rest but one, I believe, which escaped through the canal. The rebels destroyed by fire Elizabeth City, to prevent its falling into the hands of our forces. The gunboats have gone up the canal to fill it up, and thus cut off communication with Norfolk.

Annexed please find a list of my killed and wounded.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN KURTZ.

Killed.—Lieut. John Goodwin, private John Shaw, both of company B, of Marblehead.

Wounded.—Company B, Sergeant Gamaliel H. Morse, seriously, in shoulder and breast. Company I, private Frank Howard, seriously, by deep flesh wounds on inside of both thighs. Company D, private John Battles, slightly; Wm. H. Jennings, slightly. Company A, M. C. West, slightly. Company F, H. D. Allen, George Grant, J. B. Lake, and Francis Card, slightly.

LETTER FROM COL. MAGGI.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST REGT. MASS. VOLS., {
ROANOKE ISLAND, February 9, 1862. }

To Brig.-Gen. Reno:

On Friday, the seventh, at five P.M., my regiment disembarked. I formed the line rapidly, and in good order. Then Gen. Parke came in your name, and asked from my regiment a company of skirmishers, in order to go in advance and explore the wood, which from the place of disembarkation was crossing the island toward our right side.

I gave to him company D, of ninety men strong, commanded by Captain T. S. Foster. Afterwards you came and gave me the order to go to the cross-road and take possession of all that ground, placing my pickets for the night, in order to cover the main body. I did so, placing a section of artillery at the cross-road, supported by company C, and throwing right and left, from water to water, two other companies in small pickets, covered by sentries at a distance of fifteen paces each, and placing the rest of the regiment at the entrance of the wood as support. I had already detailed two sections as a scouting party, who would have relieved each other during the night, in order to explore the ground in front of the pickets, and advance as far as possible without giving the alarm, in order to discover the position of the enemy.

But at that time you, General, and Gen. Foster came and gave me the order to change the position, concentrating them on the road, and call them to the front. I did so; six companies were in front, with two pieces of artillery, with a prolongation of pickets in the two roads which open through the woods at an angle of sixty degrees. The remaining four companies, with the other

three pieces of artillery, were to the rear precisely at the cross-road, which lay four hundred yards behind the first. Those companies had pickets right and left, but with the order to do no firing to the front, and in case of an attack to act as support.

We stood all night without fire, and raining all the time. None of the men slept, and every half-hour I made the companies fall in with the greatest silence. All officers and men of the regiment, without exception, comported themselves with remarkable patience and endurance during twelve hours of darkness and raining. Not a word of grumbling, not an expression of weariness. At half-past six o'clock, a small scouting-party which I sent a little beyond my pickets, returned. I permitted my men to light fires in order to dry themselves as much as possible. At seven o'clock A.M., an aid of Gen. Foster came and ordered me to allow the First brigade to pass through my line of pickets.

The brigade came half an hour later, headed by the General himself, in the following order: Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Twenty-third Massachusetts, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, Fifth battalion Rhode Island, and Tenth Connecticut, and immediately upon your arrival we followed them, following your order to defile through swamp and water to the rear and to the left of the Twenty-fifth, and then halting, I took the two flank companies, D and G, armed with Harper's Ferry rifles and sabre-bayonets, and after having assured myself of the position of the battery of the enemy, and, by the different shots of their guns, of the extension of the ground which they could sweep on our left, (their right,) I ordered the two companies to jump into a deep swamp, and commanded them to open fire by file, marching slowly to the front and left. I forbade those two companies to waste any ammunition, and fire only when perfectly sure of their aim.

We had soon in front the infantry of the enemy which supported the right flank of the battery. It was then that the fire began to be really hot, and I had many men put *hors du combat*. Among those, I regret to say, Capt. T. S. Foster was shot by a bullet through the left leg; but we steadily kept up the firing for more than two hours, advancing toward the front and left at the same time. At this moment, the Twenty-fifth having changed their position, two of my companies formed in line, and in a few minutes all the rest of the battalion advanced by my order, guided by Major Clark. At the edge of the swamp, and in front of me, was an exposed ground of one hundred yards.

The regiment once in line, I charged that distance and ordered the men to lie down and load, covered by a small natural elevation. During that march we suffered four or five minutes a very thick fire, and lost fifteen men. The battery was already flanked. You came and said to me: "Charge and take it!" We arose and did so. At our left flank were three companies of the Fifty-first New-York. Our State color was

the first on the battery, afterward the flag of the Fifty-first, then immediately after our regimental flag. One of our men found in the battery a rebel flag, with the motto: "*Aut vincere, aut mori.*" After a few moments of joy, I put again in line the regiment in the road behind the battery, and, led by you, we proceeded toward Camp Georgia. Company E, of my regiment which was in front, found the enemy retreating; they turned and fired, but were soon repulsed, with loss of three dead and some wounded. They sent a flag of truce and surrendered.

I am glad to say that I never saw any better behavior by any soldiers, young or veterans. I do not believe that it was possible, in such a ground, (if a continued swamp and pond of water can be so called,) that any one could surpass the brilliant and gallant conduct of all my command. If I should mention the names of those officers who have distinguished themselves, I should be obliged to send you the names of all, beginning from the Major to the last second lieutenant, as every one of them deserve it. I shall mention two—Capt. T. S. Foster and Lieut. F. A. Stearns, Acting Adjutant—not because they fought more bravely, but because they were, by the force of circumstances, obliged to stand for a longer time in a more dangerous position than any others.

The last two had been, during all the fight, coolly and bravely at my side from the beginning till the end. Both have been wounded—the first by a bullet in the left leg, and the second slightly in the right temple and in the neck. And also, I would call your attention to the faithful services of Surgeons Cutter and Warren, and the Chaplain, who bravely followed the troops through the fight, to bear back the dead and wounded. All the wounded were conveyed to the hospital, and our dead were immediately buried. I send you a list of the killed and wounded. I have the honor to be, your obedient subordinate,

A. C. MAGGI,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding Twenty-first M. V.

ORDER OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, }
HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, March 1, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 3.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of the Commonwealth has received from the Twenty-first regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, Lieut. Col. Albert C. Maggi Commanding, a flag of the "Confederate States," captured by that regiment on the redoubt, in the gallant and victorious charge, led by Col. Maggi, at Roanoke Island, on the seventh day of February.

He has also received from the Twenty-fourth regiment, Col. Thomas G. Stevenson Commanding, the regimental colors of the Eighth regiment of North-Carolina "State troops," surrendered, as one of the results of the victory, to Col. Stevenson's regiment, which bore a gallant part in the fortunes and trials of the day.

He has also received from the Twenty-third Massachusetts volunteers, Col. John Kurtz Commanding, the regimental colors of another rebel

regiment, secured by the Twenty-third on the same field.

These worthy sons and heroic soldiers of Massachusetts, in the hour of their triumph, dearly bought, offer to her these trophies.

They shall be preserved in honor of their fortitude, their fidelity and their achievements.

And if, as they behold them, the eyes of their countrymen shall moisten with tears, remembering the hardships, the sufferings, and the losses by which they were won; their *hearts* shall be strengthened also by the precious memories of that heroism and valor which so proudly illustrated, in the very van of battle, the perpetuity of the Republic.

The Commander-in-Chief, in congratulating and thanking in the name of the People of Massachusetts, the Twenty-first, the Twenty-third and the Twenty-fourth volunteers, joins with these regiments, in equal honor, the Twenty-fifth, commanded by Col. Edwin Upton, and the Twenty-seventh, commanded by Col. Horace C. Lee.

Sharing alike the hardships and the fortunes of the engagement, all of these noble regiments participated in the honors of the victory, and by constant endurance, prompt obedience and unflinching fortitude, under the fire of the enemy, exhibited the best qualities of citizen soldiers.

These flags (with the consent of the Honorable House of Representatives) will be conspicuously displayed in the Hall of the House, and will there remain in the care of the Quartermaster General, until further orders.

The Adjutant-General will cause a copy of this order to be transmitted to the commanders of each of the regiments and batteries of artillery now at the seat of war from this Commonwealth.

By order of His Excellency,

JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

WILLIAM SCHOULER,
Adjutant-General.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COM. LYNCH, C.S.N.

FLAG-SHIP SEA BIRD, }
OFF ROANOKE ISLAND, February 7, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that the enemy, at ten A.M. to-day, with twenty-two heavy steamers and one tug, made an attack upon this squadron and the battery at Pork Point.

As his numerical force was overwhelming, we commenced the action at long range, but as our shells fell short, while his burst over and around us, (owing, I think, to the superior quality of his powder,) we were eventually compelled to shorten the distance.

The fight lasted continuously from ten A.M. to half-past five P.M., throughout which the soldiers in the battery sustained their position with a gallantry which won our warmest approbation. The fire was terrific; and at times the battery would be enveloped in the sand and dust thrown up by shot and shell.

And yet their casualties was only one man killed and three wounded. The earthwork,

however, was very much cut up. I mention the battery, because, in all probability, communication will reach you before intelligence will be received from the appropriate official source. The enemy approached in ten divisions, the rear one having the schooner transports in tow.

The advance, which was the attacking division, again sub-divided, and one portion assailed us and the other the battery. Repeatedly, in the course of the day, I feared that our little squadron of seven vessels would be utterly demolished, but a gracious Providence preserved us.

Master Commanding Hoall, of the Forrest, received a wound in the head, which is pronounced serious, if not mortal. I yet trust that this promising young officer, who so bravely fought his ship, will be spared to the service. Midshipmen Camm of the Ellis, and — of the Curlew, each lost an arm, which, with three others slightly wounded, constitute the sum of our personal casualties.

I am sorry to say that the Curlew, our largest steamer, was sunk, and the Forrest, one of the propellers, disabled. We have received other injuries from shot and shell, but comparatively of light character, and could, with the exception of the Forrest, renew the action to-morrow, if we only had ammunition. I have not a pound of powder nor a loaded shell remaining, and few of the other vessels are better off. During the latter part of the engagement, when our ammunition was nearly exhausted, I sent to the upper battery for a supply, but ten charges were all that could be spared, and those were expended at dark, as the enemy were withdrawing from the contest.

In all probability the contest will be renewed to-morrow, for the enemy having landed a force below the battery, will doubtless endeavor to divert its fire. I have decided, after receiving the guns from the wreck of the Curlew, to proceed direct with the squadron to Elizabeth City, and send express to Norfolk for ammunition. Should it arrive in time, we will return to aid in the defence; if not, will there make a final stand, and blow up the vessels rather than they shall fall into the hands of the enemy.

These are reasons for retiring upon Norfolk, but it would be unseemly thus to desert this section of country. If I have erred in judgment, by a speedy notification, the error will be corrected. Commander Hunter, Lieut. Commanders Cooke, Parker, and Alexander, and Masters Commanding McCorrick, Taylor, and Hoole, bravely sustained the credit of the service, and every officer and man performed his duty with alacrity. Lieut. Commanding Simms, although absent on detailed service, exhibited such an eagerness to participate in the conflict as to give full assurance that, if gratified, he would have upheld his high reputation.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient,

W. F. LYNCH,
Flag-Officer.

NEW-YORK "COMMERCIAL" NARRATIVE.

ON BOARD U. S. STEAMER COSSACK }
HATTERAS INLET, February 4. }

Monday has passed and no movement has yet taken place, but our preparations have evidently been made more complete. Yesterday and to-day the vessels to be towed in by steamers were hauled into positions astern of their respective steamers. On Monday morning, about eight o'clock, a small sail-boat was seen on the horizon toward the mainland, after which one of the gunboats went immediately. The boat made no effort to escape, and was taken to the flag-ship of Commodore Goldsborough. There were nineteen negroes on board of her, who were taken on board the flag-ship. They are refugees from the mainland, from the neighborhood of Middletown; they bring no important information. It is generally believed that there will be numerous instances of failing courage on the part of the rebels similar to those which have already occurred. The North-Carolinians may be true to the Union, but they are going to make as few sacrifices for either side of the question as they possibly can. They have been compelled to enter the service of Jeff. Davis, but they will require an equal amount of compulsion before they take sides for the Union.

An officer came on board on Monday evening, and delivered verbal orders to be ready for departing, as we should sail as soon as the weather permitted. All day to-day we have had excellent weather, with the exception of light foggy vapors, which blew off toward noon.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S GENERAL ORDERS.

The subjoined address to the soldiers, issued in the form of a general order, is characteristic of Gen. Burnside. It breathes the broad-hearted humanity that all feel to be a large element in his nature who have even the slightest intercourse with him. It also shows the confidence he reposes in his troops, it being an appeal to the humanity and honor of the men composing his army:

ADDRESS TO THE TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, }
PAMLICO SOUND February 3, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 5.

This expedition being about to land on the soil of North-Carolina, the General Commanding desires his soldiers to remember that they are here to support the Constitution and the laws, to put down rebellion, and to protect the persons and property of the loyal and peaceable citizens of the State. In the march of the army, all unnecessary injuries to houses, barns, fences, and other property will be carefully avoided, and in all cases the laws of civilized warfare will be carefully observed.

Wounded soldiers will be treated with every care and attention, and neither they nor prisoners must be insulted or annoyed by word or act.

With the fullest confidence in the valor and the character of his troops, the General Commanding

looks forward to a speedy and successful termination of the campaign.

By Commanding Brig.-Gen. A. E. BURNSIDE.
LEWIS RICHMOND, Asst. Adj.-Gen.

SAILING ORDERS.

This evening the subjoined orders were delivered to the Colonel of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania. Similar orders have been issued by the generals of the first and third brigades. To-morrow morning we sail without doubt.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA,
STEAMER PATUXENT, February 4. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 8.

The following orders have been issued from headquarters, Department of North-Carolina:

SIGNALS.

To Weigh Anchor.—The Union Jack at the foremast with the brigade flag (blue letter A in the centre) underneath, with American flag at the stern, shall be the signal for weighing anchor and starting.

Coming to Anchor.—The American flag at the foremost shall be the signal for coming to anchor, the vessels of each brigade close to each other. In a fog the signal for coming to anchor shall be two whistles from the flag-ship, repeated at intervals of one minute. This signal will be repeated by the flag-ship of each brigade.

Landing.—Preparatory, Union Jack at the foremast; getting into boats, American flag underneath Union Jack; landing, brigade flag underneath Union Jack and American flag.

Distress.—American flag Union down. At this signal the whole fleet will slacken speed and look for the signal to anchor. All the tugs and light-draft vessels will be sent at once to the assistance of the disabled vessels by the commander of each brigade.

By order,

J. L. RENO,

Brigadier-General.

EDWARD M. NEILL, Asst. Adj.-Gen.

ORDERS FOR DISEMBARKATION.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA,
STEAMER PATUXENT, February 4. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 9.

The following orders and directions as to disembarking the troops will be strictly followed and obeyed by the commanding officers of this brigade:

Let all the thole-pins of the small boats be secured by lanyards underneath, so that when they are taken out they may not be lost.

A large and strong pair of stairs with man-ropes will be made to fit on all the four gangways of the steamers, and one on each side forward and one on each side aft of the propellers and sailing vessels. An officer must be placed at each stair to disembark the men, receive their muskets and pass them to the men when in the boats.

Two sailors will be detailed for each boat, the

remainder of the crew to be supplied from the soldiers, and the crews will not be changed unless deemed necessary by the commanding officer. A steering-oar, if there be no rudder to the boat, must be rigged, and a coxswain appointed to each boat.

At a signal of the Union Jack at the foremast of the flag-ship of the brigade, Patuxent, the boats will be cleared away, lowered, and the rowers and coxswain placed in them.

At a signal of the American flag under the Union Jack at the foremast of the flag-ship of the brigade, Patuxent, the men will be placed in the boat awaiting the signal to start, which will be the blue flag of the brigade, with the letter A in the centre, under the Union Jack and American flag.

If the transports of the brigade cannot approach within easy rowing distance of the shore, all the boats of the different vessels of the brigade will, at the third signal, row to the Patuxent and attach themselves in two lines as they arrive in succession—the painter of each being attached to the stern of the preceding boat. The Patuxent will give one whistle in starting for the shore, two whistles as a warning to prepare to cast off, when the coxswain of each boat will be ready to cast off, at a moment's warning, the painter of the following boat. At three whistles all the painters will be cast off, the coxswain will give each boat the proper direction toward the shore, the oarsmen will seize the oars and pull rapidly to land, where all the soldiers will jump out at once, holding up their cartridge-boxes and muskets, and form rapidly in line by the colors of their regiment without regard to companies. A field-officer will accompany the first detachment. Having made one trip, the boats will return and land the remainder of the regiment as rapidly as possible. In order that the officers and men may fully understand the movement, the commanding officers will drill the men in getting into the boats and out if practicable, so that all in succession may be fully instructed.

It is absolutely necessary that the most silent, prompt obedience be rendered during the disembarkation, so that all confusion and consequent delay may be avoided, and the commanding officers are urged to give their personal attention to the preparing of all necessary detail, by designating boats, finding their capacity, and assigning the officers and men for each and every trip, etc.

Three days' cooked rations will be carried in the haversacks, and canteens will be filled with water, overcoats will be carried, but knapsacks will be left on board. The vessels will be in readiness to start to-morrow morning.

By order of J. L. RENO,
Brigadier-General.

EDWARD M. NEILL, A. A. G.

February 5.

After a stay of three weeks and two days inside of Hatteras Inlet we are at length in motion. At an early hour this morning active movements commenced. A few vessels that had not yet been towed into position were hauled astern of steam-

ers and lines stretched between them. At half-past seven, Flag-Officer Goldsborough's vessel, the Philadelphia, moved forward, heading partly southward, and was followed by the other vessels of the naval squadron. As the squadron held a southward course for some time, it was asserted that Newbern was the point of attack, but it was soon discovered that the channel describes a zig-zag line, for several turns were made before the main course was indicated. At last she held a course about west of north, when all concluded that Roanoke Island was certainly the point of our destination. Stretching along at regular and short intervals, the gunboats filled their places in the line, and without changing their positions in relation to each other, and with scarcely perceptible motion, steadily stretched away to the horizon.

After the naval squadron came the transports and gunboats carrying troops. The little propeller Picket, with Gen. Burnside on board, was moving about in every direction and firing guns as signals of departure to the various brigades. But few changes had been made from the order of embarkation at Annapolis. Some of the ships of heavy draft were relieved of their troops, who were transferred to other ships of less draft to facilitate navigation of the sound. The Ninth New-Jersey were transferred to the George Peabody, while the Ninth New-York, with their battery of six twelve-pounder howitzers, were distributed among the canal-boats, which were towed by some of Flag-Officer Goldsborough's gunboats. The appearance of the fleet is very imposing. It consists in all of sixty-five vessels of all classes and characters. Each brigade forms three columns, headed by the flag-ship of the brigade. The gunboats of the coast division occupy chiefly positions on the flanks, to be ready for a response to any demonstration from shore that we may hear. Each large steamer has one, two, and in some instances, three schooners in tow, whose tall, tapering spars point unvaryingly to the zenith as the water is just ruffled by the light wind. Several of the gunboats also have tows. The aisles between the three columns of ships are unbroken through the whole length of the fleet, which extends almost two miles over the surface of the sound, except by the two or three small propellers, whose duty consists in conveying orders in relation to the speed of some steamer that cannot be curbed down to the snail pace at which we are travelling—four miles an hour. This speed will bring us within ten miles of Roanoke Island about sunset, when we will anchor for the night. The entire distance from Hatteras Inlet to Roanoke Island is laid down at about thirty-eight miles.

The Eighty-ninth New-York, the Sixth New-Hampshire, and the Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut have been assigned to Gen. Williams's brigade, and remain at Hatteras Inlet, in camp. This force will take part in some future movements in this department.

About fifty vessels are left behind at the Inlet. They consist of schooners, chiefly loaded with stores of various descriptions. The fleet now mov-

ing is supplied with fifteen days' provisions, while the vessels remaining at the Inlet are stored with food for the entire fleet to last about sixty days.

The day is beautiful, with a few light clouds floating through the sky. We have a head wind, but not a strong one. It is expected that the lodgment will take place to-morrow. The water over which we are sailing is shoal and the winds of the past week have stirred up the sand from the bottom until the sound about us is streaked with alternate stripes of blue and muddy water. The vessels at the inlet are more than hull down, although our progress is very slow. We hold our course through a serpentine channel, which makes navigation tedious and difficult.

The latter part of our passage of the sound has been through a more direct course, scarcely deviating from due north. The mainland of North-Carolina appears more distinctly to the west of us. The low swampy shores, covered with reeds near the water, can be seen with the aid of a good glass, while the cypress trees further in seem to grow out of a mirror. A few isolated houses rise out of the water at intervals, which our pilot, who has navigated the sound off and on during the past sixteen years, informs me are seine-houses, used during the shad and herring seasons by the fishermen of the mainland. No other indications of life are visible. Those interminable swamps along the shore can shelter nothing higher in the scale of being than lizards, toads, and snakes, and perhaps runaway negroes. A country with such a seaboard can be fit only for a puerile and purposeless race. But to-morrow will decide whether spongy-shored Carolina or sterile, rocky-coasted New-England produces the better men.

At sundown this evening, the signal to come to anchor was displayed from the flag-ship, and our anchors were dropped in about two fathoms water, and within ten miles of the southern point of Roanoke Island, which, after to-morrow, must acknowledge allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. The marshes of Roanoke are within about seven miles of us to-night, and a sharp look-out is kept up by our gunboat flotilla. The bright moonlight, however, will do more toward keeping off prowlers who may desire to approach us than the utmost vigilance of our picket-boats. A dark night is a powerful ally of spies and other vermin.

At dawn to-morrow we move forward, and expect in two hours to be at Roanoke Island. The precise point of attack is scarcely indicated yet, but will be determined by the presence of the enemy's batteries. Such craft, as may appear with hostile intent, will first be disposed of, and the batteries will next be attended to. The channel, through which we pass, is at some points so narrow, that a musket can do execution on the opposite shore. At other points it approaches the shore very closely. At no point in the channel are our vessels at any time beyond easy range of batteries erected on the mainland. We expect hot work, or batteries totally evacuated. The favorite mode of warfare of the sons of chivalry

will probably blossom forth here in true Southern exuberance, namely, the masked battery.

February 6.

The signal to weigh anchor was hoisted at the mast-head of the flag-ship, at eight o'clock this morning; the weather being dark, and the horizon filled with heavy clouds. The fleet was soon in motion. The gunboats are a considerable distance in advance of us. Our progress is slow and careful, as the water shoals considerably. The low marshy shore of the mainland, as we approach the entrance to Croatan Sound, is clearly seen through a glass, and the white-barked cypress trees distinguished from the general darkness of the forest. At intervals, tall, blasted trees, with forking branches, can be seen towering above the ordinary height of the more vital trees, like the spectres of a past growth of forest trees, much taller than the woods that now cover these swamps. A low point to the east of us has the remains of a lighthouse on it, but its warning eye is dimmed by the vandalism that characterizes every act of the Southern rebels. About north of us, the southern extremity of Roanoke marshes looms through the rainy atmosphere, by which we are now surrounded, (eleven A.M.) Our progress is entirely arrested by the storm for about a quarter of an hour, but there goes the clang of the bell, to "start her." A mile or two further on, we anchor for the night, the weather not permitting an attempt to pass through Roanoke Inlet without extreme danger.

ON BOARD THE S. R. SPAULDING, }
CROATAN SOUND, N. C., Feb. 7. }

The small tugs, J. P. Levy, Champion and Alert, acted last night as picket-boats to the fleet, occupying positions a mile beyond the most advanced of our vessels. The quiet of the expedition up to this time, having rendered your correspondent anxious for an incident, he could not resist the temptation to accompany the officers in command. On board the Levy, Capt. Wm. Cutting, (of New-York,) was in command, accompanied by Lieut. Fearing, also of Gen. Burnside's staff, and several members of the signal corps. Lieut. Anderson, accompanied by Lieut. Flagler, was in command of the Champion, and the Alert was under Lieuts. Reno and Leydig. The duties required of these officers were to lie at anchor off the entrance of Croatan Sound, and to keep a sharp look-out for hostile craft from within. Precautions were observed not to be caught by any venturesome vessels, such as dropping the anchor with a buoy attached, in order to be ready to slip cable and run within the line of the gunboats.

All lights were carefully concealed, and everything that would tend to betray our presence, completely shaded. The early part of the night was clear, affording a good view of the inlet, the lighthouse, (without a light,) and the marshes at the entrance. The low western shore of the island was obscured by fog, which increased about midnight, until everything was enveloped in a veil impenetrable beyond two boats' length. Should

a hostile vessel appear, the alarm was to be given by burning green lights, with which the signal officers were supplied. The tugs being unarmed, of course could offer no resistance. The only objects of interest seen during the night, were frequent flashes of light, which were as suddenly obscured.

An effort to sleep, which was persisted in through four hours, resulted in about one hour's sound slumber, sitting on a wooden stool, with the head resting against the side of the steward's table.

Information received from other sources, gives the floating force of the rebels at fourteen steamers and eight sailing vessels, consequently great anxiety was felt, lest some of these would venture out to attack our defenceless tugs. Our fears, although sufficient to make us wakeful, proved to be entirely groundless. Toward morning the fog cleared away, and the sun arose in a sky marked with clouds enough to give it beauty.

As we return within the lines, we pass the steamboat Southfield, to which Com. Goldsborough has transferred his flag from the Philadelphia, and were requested by him to tell the General to close up the rear division as rapidly as possible, as he would go into action as soon as that could be done. We arrived on board the Spaulding, where we found the General urging forward, by signals and other processes, the preparations for passing through the inlet.

ON BOARD THE S. R. SPAULDING, }
CROATAN SOUND, N. C., Feb. 7. }

PROCEEDING TO THE BOMBARDMENT.

All our preparations having been made by ten o'clock, the gunboats, under the lead of the Flag-Officer's ship, moved forward, and were soon inside the narrow passage leading into Croatan Sound, known as Roanoke Inlet. The mainland juts eastward, forming a point of marshy land at the southern extremity of Croatan Sound, which forms the only navigable water leading past Roanoke Island. A small marshy island forms the eastern boundary of the channel, while the western shore is a low marshy point. One of our gunboats grounded in passing through, but was soon got off. Following Com. Goldsborough's squadron were the gunboats of the coast division, all of which passed through without interruption.

The S. R. Spaulding, with Gen. Burnside on board, next passed through, but the remainder of the transports were detained about two hours. The rebel gunboats could now be seen close in shore, evidently under the guns of batteries on shore. As our fleet passed into the sound, a signal was fired from one of the rebel gunboats, to announce our approach. This was about half-past ten o'clock. At half-past eleven the first gun from our vessels was fired from the flag-ship, and was replied to by the rebels. The Flag-Officer hoisted the signal: "This day our country expects that every man will do his duty." The effect of this on the "shell-backs" was electric. They worked their guns with unflagging energy, determined that their country should have noth-

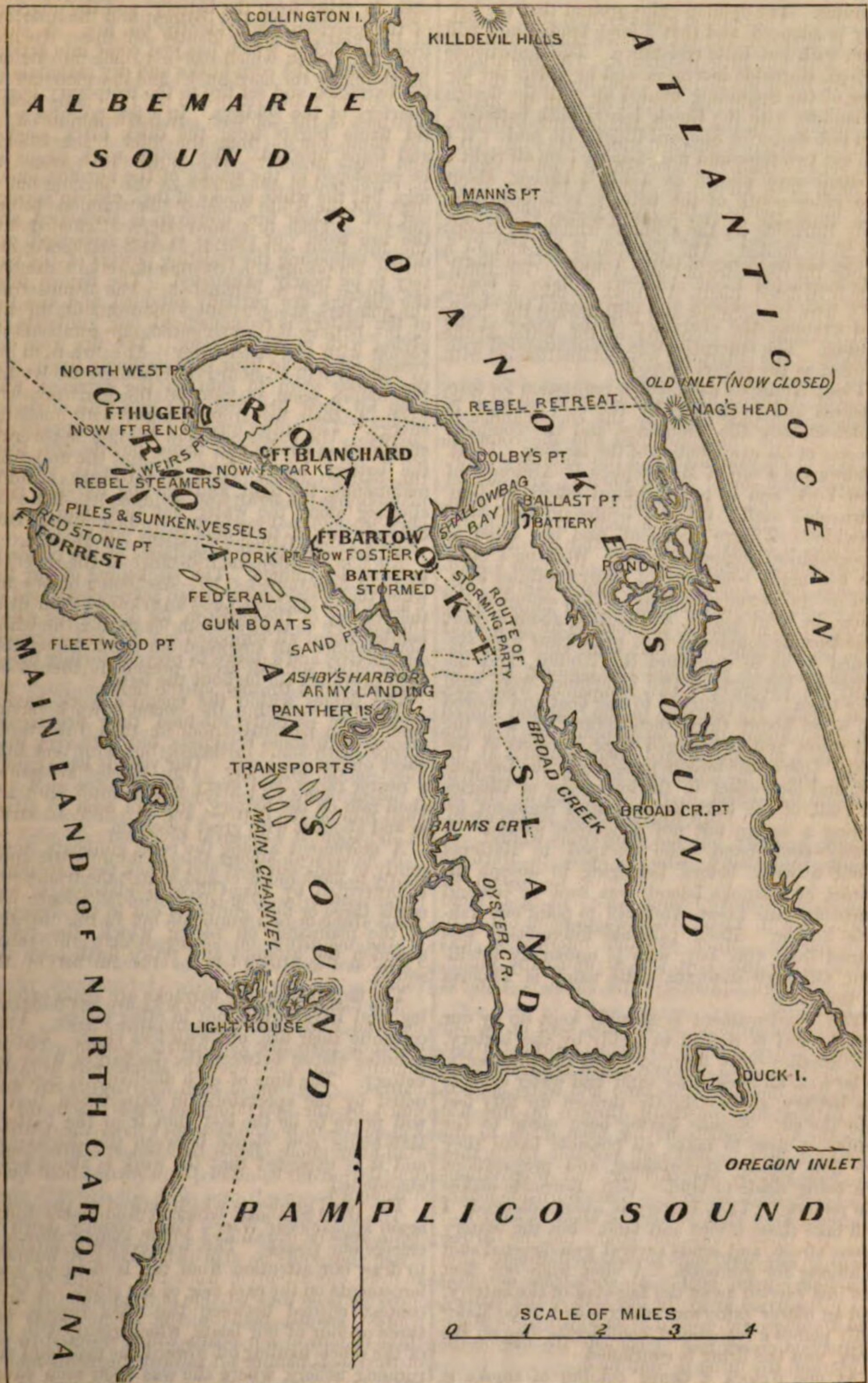
ing to complain of in relation to them. As our vessels came within shorter range, the fire became more rapid, but the regular fire did not commence until noon, when the flag-ship displayed the signal for close action.

The number of the rebel gunboats visible in the early part of the engagement was seven, but as our vessels came into closer action, they moved to the northward, with the design of drawing our fleet after them, so as to bring them under the guns of their batteries on the island. At twelve o'clock the engagement became general, between the retreating gunboats of the rebels and our fleet, with an occasional shot from a battery on shore. The firing was exceedingly brisk for some time, but the distance was evidently too long for destructive effect. The one hundred-pound Parrott gun on board the Southfield, to which the Flag-Officer transferred his flag, boomed forth with terrific explosions, followed by the roar of the flying shell and the crash in bursting. The puff of smoke in the air was almost simultaneous with the splash of fragments in the water. The rebel gunboats kept up a steady fire in reply, and their shots could be seen skipping along the water among our vessels. Their fire was varied at times by the louder report of a hundred-pound Parrott gun on board one of their vessels. The Sawyer gun on board the Fanny, which was captured by the rebels at Hatteras Inlet, was the most annoying in its effects, as the range is long and very accurate.

The fire from the fort indicated a weak force working the guns. Their shots, which were inaccurate and chiefly ricochet, were fired at considerable intervals. The guns of the fort are evidently heavy but not rifled. The rebel gunboats retire steadily before our fleet, and are now a considerable distance up the sound. A line of piles driven into the bottom across the principal channel, obstructs the progress of our vessels in the direction of the retreating rebels, which occupy an inner channel under the guns of their battery, and our fleet now turn their attention to the fort, which keeps up a steady and rapid fire from one gun only. Our vessels have got the range of the battery, but some shells explode high in the air, and over the woods in the rear of the work.

Gen. Burnside, on board the Spaulding, has approached sufficiently near to have an excellent view of the bombardment, and is now pacing the deck with impatience at the delay in the arrival of the transport fleet. He has ordered a trial of the range of the eighteen-pounder Dahlgren gun on the forward deck to be made. Three shots were fired, which fell short, but in a direct line with the battery. Our fleet of transports may now be seen crowding through the inlet. The stern-wheel boat Cadet, with the Fifty-first New-York, Colonel Ferrero, on board, has just come up abreast the Spaulding, and Col. Ferrero is ordered to be in readiness to land his men, to which he responds: "All ready, General."

The fire from the battery has slackened, and now shots are fired at intervals of ten or twelve



minutes. The opinion gains ground that the battery is silenced, and that a force landed now will meet with but little resistance. The impatience of Gen. Burnside increases, and he orders the anchor of the Spaulding hauled up with the design of landing with the Rhode Island Fifth battalion, and Col. Ferrero's Shepard Rifles. He said: "If I can get two thousand men ashore, I am all right." A small cove, known as Ashby's harbor, about two miles south of the battery, is indicated by Gen. Burnside as the point at which the troops are to be landed. The position is marked by a house, the residence of Capt. Ashby. Gen. Burnside instructed Lieut. Andrews to take a boat's crew with ten soldiers, and pull toward the shore, and examine the character of the water at the landing. The enterprise was not unattended with danger, as the sequel proved.

Lieut. Andrews has made a reputation for fearlessness and judgment, by the cool manner in which he took the soundings, and the complete success of his examination of the landing. Lieut. Andrews is a son of Mr. Stephen P. Andrews, of New-York, and is topographical officer on Gen. Burnside's staff. He is a lieutenant in Colonel Hawkins's Zouave regiment, and has acted as topographical engineer on Gen. Williams's staff. He has made soundings of many localities here, and several reconnoissances. After sounding the water, he went ashore, and looking about a short time became convinced that some guns were stationed so as to command the landing, and the glitter of bayonets of two companies were seen near them. He returned to the boat and shoved off, when about thirty men sprang up from the tall grass, and discharged their muskets at the boat. One of the bullets passed near the Lieutenant, and took effect in the lower jaw of Charles A. Viall, of the Fifth Rhode Island regiment, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. A young contraband, who escaped to Hatteras about a week before, belonging to Joseph M. Daniel, of Roanoke Island, was sent by General Burnside with Lieut. Andrews to point out Ashby's harbor. Much valuable information was gained from this boy, who is unusually intelligent, although illiterate. His name is Thomas R. Robinson.

The bombardment is steadily kept up by our vessels, and is replied to feebly by the battery. Our missiles seem, from on board the transports, to be well directed; the sand and water close to the battery, are constantly thrown up fifty feet into the air. Signals having been made to the transport fleet to make all possible haste, they are now rapidly approaching, and preparations are being made to land. Gen. Burnside makes the remark, "That battery is about silenced; I will take these troops and land," but the battery opens afresh, and sends several well-directed shot in among our gunboats. A shot from our fleet has just carried away the flag-staff of the battery, and an officer (afterward ascertained to be Major Hill) plants a regimental confederate flag on the work, and the firing is continued.

At one o'clock a dense column of smoke is

seen to arise from the battery, and the quarters of the garrison are evidently on fire. A shell from the Picket, which has just come into action, burst among the corn-husks and dry materials in the barracks, and set fire to the temporary board quarters of the soldiers. In a few minutes a lurid flame bursts from the thick black smoke, and leaps upward. The entire work seems to be enveloped in the smoke of the burning buildings, but the white smoke of their cannon springs out yet. Their fire, however, is slackened, and the fire from our vessels is also slackened, evidently supposing the resisting powers of the battery to be nearly exhausted. The flames from the quarters are partially subdued, and the fire of the battery is recommenced, our gunboats replying with increased vigor. The fire from our vessels for half an hour is exceedingly lively, and the flames seem to gain on the garrison, who keep up their fire from one gun with unabated energy. The entire quarters are now apparently enveloped in smoke and flame, but the gun from the battery booms forth at intervals, steadily maintaining the fight, and sending its shot ricocheting along the water, but their aim is bad. Scarcely any of their shot strike our vessels.

All acknowledge the resistance of the rebels to be most determined. The slackening of our fire when theirs slackened was an acknowledgment of the bravery of the garrison, for during the whole bombardment all supposed our fire to be terribly destructive, and a desire to prevent further bloodshed prevailed throughout the fight.

The flames within the enemy's work having again been partially subdued, their fire recommences with some briskness, but with very little effect on our gunboats. Our vessels have gained a nearer range, and every few minutes shot and shell rain on the battery, and are seen to strike in and about it with great precision.

A movement among the rebel gunboats, apparently to flank our fleet and attack the transports, is prevented by Flag-Officer Goldsborough, who sends three or four gunboats out in the direction of the mainland, on seeing which, the rebels abandon the attempt and retire further up the sound.

The flames from the barracks are again extending, and have broken out in other places. They continue their fire, but with less vigor. Twenty minutes elapse between the discharges from the battery. The time of each discharge is carefully noted by the spectators, in expectation that it will prove to be the last shot from the battery. Half-hours now elapse between the discharges, and it is expected that the work is about being abandoned.

The rebel gunboats which retired up the sound again appear near Wier's Point, coming down to engage our vessels. This was evidently intended to draw our attention from the landing of reinforcements on the east side of the point. A brisk contest ensued between the rebel vessels and three or four of our boats, which resulted in one of the rebels hauling off toward the mainland and running ashore, where she was soon seen envel-

oped in flames. This vessel was said to be the *Curlew*, and is supposed to have been the flagship of Commodore Lynch, the rebel commander. She was struck by a hundred-pound shell from the Parrott gun on the *Southfield*, which exploded on her deck.

The contest between our gunboats and the rebel battery is still continued, but is kept up by the battery at long intervals. The white puffs of smoke from our vessels are frequent, and the roar of our guns and hum of the projectiles fill the air with terrible sounds constantly. Our vessels are frequently enveloped in smoke so impenetrable as to obscure them entirely.

In order to cover the landing of the troops, at three in the afternoon three of our gunboats took positions along the shore to the south of the battery, in order to shell the woods; and their shells are now bursting high in the air, and dropping a shower of fragments among the trees, every few minutes. Two boats have taken position close to the landing-point, to more effectually cover the landing of our men.

Seeing a portion of our gunboat fleet drawn off in another direction, six of the rebel craft appear under the shore at a quarter past four o'clock, and another conflict is opened. A small tug, in which Gen. Burnside is making the circuit of the fleet, passes within easy range of the rebel vessels, and a shell from one of their guns explodes over them, showering the water about with the fragments, one of which came on board the tug. No person was injured, however. For half an hour this fight continued, and was maintained on both sides with great spirit; after which, the rebels put off up the sound and disappeared.

The fire from the battery was continued until our vessels hauled off for the night, about six o'clock, the last shot being fired by the battery. All became quiet in a very short time, and the only light that could be discerned on shore was the ruddy glow of the smouldering fire of the burnt quarters of the rebels. About fifteen hundred missiles of various kinds were thrown into the rebel battery by our vessels, and nearly two thousand were thrown throughout the bombardment. The bravery of the garrison was universally commended, with that true chivalrous spirit that recognises a noble quality even in an enemy. Such courage would certainly hold out until morning, and all were in expectation of a renewal of the conflict.

Our casualties were extremely slight. Five were killed and ten wounded. The bursting of a thirty-two-pounder rifled gun on the after-deck of the gunboat *Hetzel*—which shattered the gun-carriage and destroyed a portion of the bulwarks, cutting through the deck into the upper part of the hull—wounded five men, one only seriously. The master's mate of the gunboat *J. N. Seymour* was killed by a shell that took off the upper part of the skull.

The conduct of the officers and men of the naval squadron is highly commendable. The spirit with which the engagement was commenced and kept up is an indication of the courage of the

officers of our navy. Some of the vessels were in critical positions at different periods during the fight, owing to the dangerous character of the water. The *Ranger* grounded twice under the guns of the battery, and was hauled off by Mr. Charles H. Hazwell, of New-York, engineer-in-chief of the fleet of army gunboats, who was on board the tug *Tempest*, and detailed to aid such vessels as were disabled in the action. The impatience of the brave fellows on board to deliver their fire was such, that as soon as the vessel was hauled broadside to the battery, and before she was free, bang went their guns, their shot falling accurately inside the battery. The *Chasseur* grounded once, but worked herself off in a short time. A shot entered the *Louisiana* just below the hawser-pipe, passed through the chain-locker, shattering several links of her chain, and exploded in the hold among some sacks of coal, blowing off the hatches, which were battened down. Singularly enough, no one on board was injured, and but little damage done the vessel.

The *Stars and Stripes* was engaged six hours, and came as near the battery as her draft would permit. She once ventured too close, and grounded, but succeeded in steaming off. At one period of the engagement, she was situated between the gunboats of the enemy and the battery, and her entire armament was actively engaged. From her gun-deck she threw eight-inch shells from two sixty-four-pounder guns on each side, while her twenty-pounder Parrott gun and two rifled howitzers on the upper deck poured in their fire. A shot cut one of the stays, and another passed between her masts. While the *Stars and Stripes* was aground for two hours, she kept up a constant fire, and received the fire of the battery. Her officers behaved in the most cool and courageous manner, proving themselves worthy the cause they defended.

The *Hunchback*, with her one hundred-pound Parrott, sent terrific messengers into the gunboat and the battery.

The gunboats of the coast division, under the direction of Commander Hazard, U.S.N., did excellent service. The *Vidette* was prominently engaged during the day, and received a shot in her quarter, which did little damage.

The plan of attack varied from the original plan, which was arranged in expectation of batteries just at the inlet, which is but two hundred feet wide, and so difficult that great care is necessary in navigating it. Had such batteries existed, the resistance to be overcome by us would have been vastly increased. The absence of these batteries changed the plan of attack from three columns to two. The foresight of Commodore Goldsborough kept our fleet out of a trap which, if we should have entered, would have annihilated it.

The effective nature of our fire was subsequently proved by the fact that every vessel of the rebel fleet was struck in the engagement.

About four o'clock, all our transports had passed through the inlet, and were anchored beyond the range of the guns of the battery.

Their decks, spars, and rigging were crowded by the soldiers, eagerly watching the progress of the struggle between our vessels and the battery, and cheers were given whenever a well-directed shot was observed to strike. They clung to the rigging like bees to a hive, in clusters as close as they could cling. Their dark figures were clearly defined on the western sky, lighted by the afternoon sun. The water was perfectly still, reflecting the ships and their loaded spars, adding greatly to the striking appearance of the scene.

The gunboats of the naval squadron under command of Flag-Officer Goldsborough, with their armaments, are as follows:

Southfield, (flag-ship,) armament, three nine-inch shell guns and one one-hundred-pounder rifled gun; Delaware, one nine-inch shell gun; Stars and Stripes, four eight-inch shell guns, one twenty-pounder Parrott gun, and two Dalghren boat-howitzers; Louisiana, two heavy thirty-two pounders and twenty-eight-inch shell guns; Hetzel, one nine-inch shell gun and one eighty-pounder rifled gun; Commodore Perry, two nine-inch shell guns; Underwriter, one eight-inch gun and one eighty-pounder rifled gun; Valley City, four thirty-two-pounders and one rifled howitzer; Commodore Barney, two nine-inch shell guns; Hunchback, two nine-inch shell guns and one one-hundred-pounder rifled gun; Ceres, one thirty-two-pounder and one thirty-pounder Parrott gun; Putnam, one thirty-pounder rifled gun and one light thirty-two pounder; Morse, two nine-inch shell guns; Lockwood, one eighty-pounder rifled gun and one twenty-four pounder howitzer; J. N. Seymour, two thirty-pounder Parrott guns; sloop Granite, one thirty-two pounder; Brinker, one thirty-pounder rifled gun; Whitehead, one nine-inch shell gun; Shawsheen, two twenty-pounder Parrott guns.

The gunboats of the coast division engaged, under the direction of Commander Hazard, U.S.N., are: Picket, four guns; Pioneer, four guns; Hussar, four guns; Vidette, three guns; Ranger, four guns; Chasseur, four guns.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, all our transport ships were within the inlet, and clustered in rear of the bombarding fleet, at a safe distance. Their boats are being lowered and got ready, with crew and coxswain, to pull ashore or be towed by a steamer. The stern-wheeler Cadet, with the Fifty-first New-York Volunteers crowded on her decks, approached the shore gradually. The Patuxent, with the Twenty-first Massachusetts on board, and boats at her stern, next passed. The Pilot Boy, loaded on every available spot with the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, and towing a string of twenty boats, also full to their gunwales, passed along, with Lieut. Andrews on board to pilot her into the water he had sounded. The greater number of our vessels are preparing to disembark their troops into small boats. About four thousand men are now on their way, in steamers and small boats, to the point of landing.

At five o'clock, the first body of troops was landed from the Pilot Boy and her small boats, consisting of the Twenty-fifth regiment of Massa-

chusetts Volunteers. The landing of the troops was unobstructed, for a good reason. A body of rebels were discovered by the glare of their bayonets over the underbrush, and a shrapnel shell from the Delaware and Picket soon sent them scampering into the woods. The landing of our troops was in itself a brilliant operation. As the steamers swept down to the shore, where the water is bold, they detached the lines of the boats, each small boat casting off the painter of the one following; the rowers pulled into a small inlet, and each boat emptied itself on the shore without delay. In less than an hour, about four thousand men were landed, and before eleven o'clock the entire force, except the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, whose steamer, the Guide, grounded soon after the passage of the inlet. They were put ashore on Saturday morning.

The point at which our troops were landed is a small cove known as Ashby's harbor. The order in which our men were put on shore was: First, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Tenth Connecticut, Fifty-first New-York, Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fourth Rhode Island, Fifth Rhode Island, and Fifty-first Pennsylvania. Six thousand men were thus put ashore in an incredibly short time. A pause of about an hour then occurred, during which the remainder of the division were being prepared for debarkation. Before eleven o'clock, the bivouac-fires of our regiments lighted up the shore and the woods the distance of a mile.

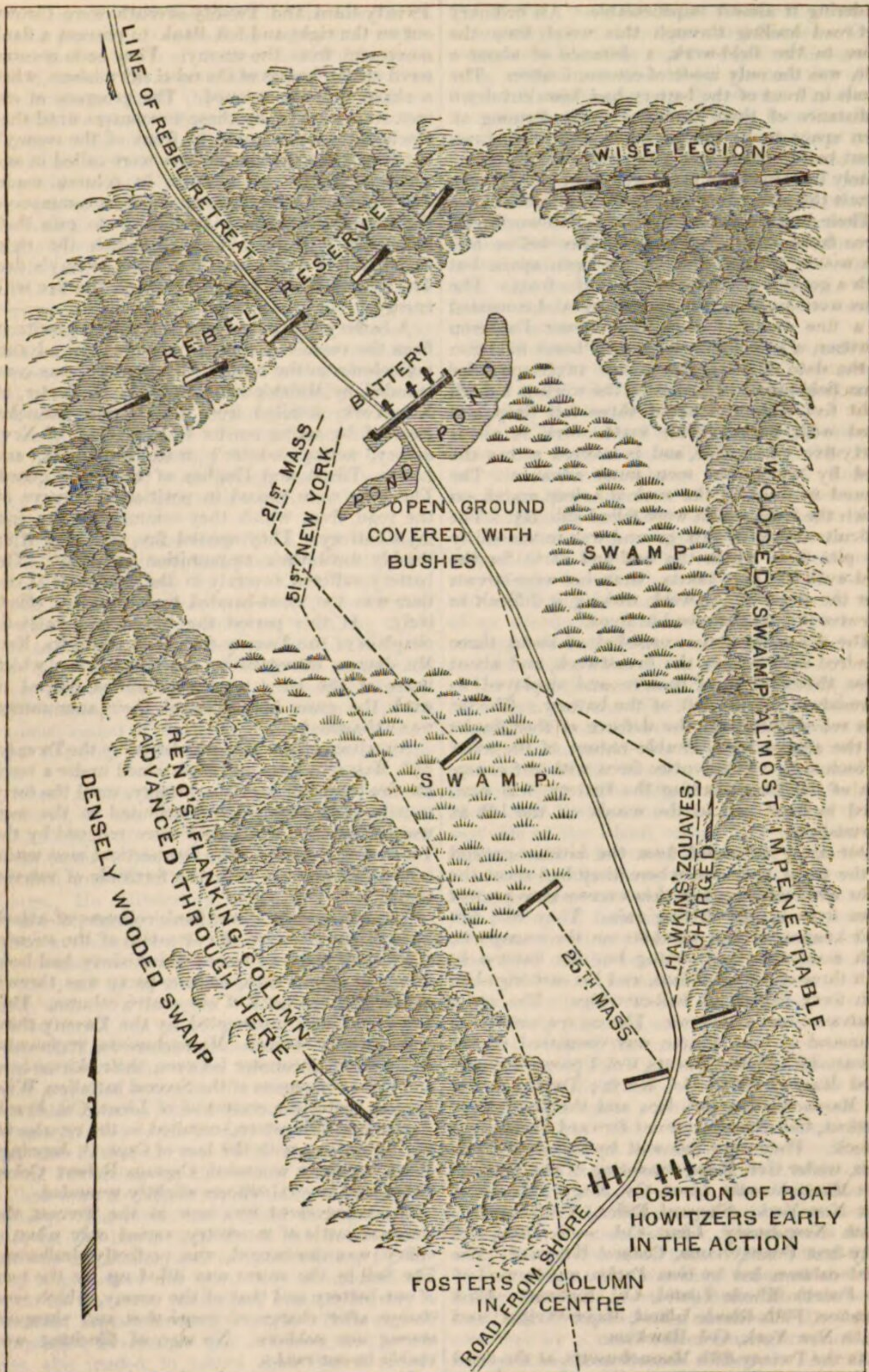
A slight advance was made by the Twenty-first Massachusetts soon after landing. They proceeded along a road leading diagonally across the island, and when about a quarter of a mile from the shore they fell in with a party of the pickets of the enemy.

ROANOKE ISLAND, February 8.

This morning at nine o'clock, a few shots were exchanged between our gunboats and the battery. This, however, ceased after about fifteen minutes' firing, and was not renewed during the day. The rebel gunboats were not seen after the fight of the seventh, having gone up the sound in the night. This morning a small steamer was seen towing a fleet of five schooners across the sound in the direction of the east side of the island. They were uninterrupted by our boats, as we were engaged in removing the piles and sunken schooners obstructing the channel.

A brilliant but bloody fight of two hours' duration has put us in possession of Roanoke Island, with the forts on the mainland destroyed and abandoned by the enemy. From definite information received by Gen. Burnside, the position of all the works on the island was clearly known, and his movements were based on this knowledge. The plan of attack consisted of a central attacking column, led by Brig.-Gen. Foster; a left flanking column to attack the right of the enemy's work, under Brig.-Gen. Reno, and a right flank column to attack the left of the enemy's position, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Parke.

The approach to the enemy's position was through a swampy wood, with a dense undergrowth,



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ROANOKE.

rendering it almost impenetrable. An ordinary cart-road leading through this wood from the shore to the field-work, a distance of about a mile, was the only mode of communication. The woods in front of the battery had been cut down a distance of three hundred yards, forming an open space to be played on by the rebel guns, about two hundred feet wide. The woods immediately in rear of the work were also cut down to permit the manœuvring of their own forces.

Their battery consisted of an earth-work with three faces covering the open space before and the woods at each side of the open space, but with a general direction of fire to the front. The guns were mounted in embrasure and consisted of a fine twenty-four-pounder brass Dahlgren howitzer, a long eighteen-pounder brass field-gun of the date of 1834, and a new twelve-pounder brass field-piece. In front of the work is a ditch eight feet wide and about three feet deep, and filled with water. This earth-work is about thirty-five yards wide, and is erected across the road by which our men must advance. The ground in front of the work is a deep marsh on which the trees which were felled still lay. The difficult nature of this ground was increased by the pits from which the turf and earth for the field-work had been taken. Branches were strewn over the front of the work, making it difficult to discover it from the wood in front.

The defending force consisted of about three hundred men, within the breastwork, and about three thousand as a reserve and deployed as skirmishers on the left of the battery. The rebels relied chiefly for the defence of their flanks on the almost impenetrable nature of the wood on each side. Their entire force, with the exception of the force working the battery, was scattered in front and in the woods on the left as skirmishers.

Our army advanced from the bivouac-ground of the night previous, where they had spent the night with nothing but thin overcoats to protect them from a cold driving rain. They had left their knapsacks and blankets on the transports, each man carrying nothing but his haversack, with three days' provisions, and his cartridge-box with forty rounds of ball-cartridge. The order of advance was as follows: The centre, under the command of Gen. Foster, was composed of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Col. Upton; Twenty-third Massachusetts, Col. Kurtz; Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, Col. Lee, and the Tenth Connecticut, Col. Russell, moved forward about eight o'clock. They were followed by the second column, under Gen. Reno, consisting of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Maggi; the Fifty-first New-York, (Shepard Rifles,) Col. Ferrero; Ninth New-Jersey, Lieut.-Col. —; and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Colonel Hartraaf. The third column, led by Gen. Parke, was formed of the Fourth Rhode Island, Col. Rodman; First battalion, Fifth Rhode Island, Major Wright; and Ninth New-York, Col. Hawkins.

As the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, at the head of the first column, advanced up the road, the

Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh were thrown out on the right and left flank to prevent a flank movement from the enemy. They soon encountered strong bodies of the rebel skirmishers, when a sharp fire was opened. The progress of our men was marked by these encounters until they reached the open space in front of the enemy's battery, when the skirmishers were called in and preparations for an advance in column made. The right and left attacking columns commenced the movement through the woods to gain their respective positions, in doing which the right under Gen. Parke came under the enemy's fire. The Fourth Rhode Island returned the fire with energy.

A battery of six twelve-pounder boat-howitzers from the vessels of the navy headed the advancing column in the centre. The battery was commanded by Midshipman Benjamin H. Porter, of New-York, detailed from the frigate Roanoke, assisted by acting master E. P. Meeker, of New-Jersey, acting master's mate Hammond, and Lieuts. Tilson and Hughes of the coast guard. The guns were placed in position at a curve of the road, from which they commanded the enemy's battery. They opened fire, and kept it up briskly until their ammunition gave out. The battery suffered severely in the fight, and at one time was too short-handed to be worked effectively. At this period the brave and patriotic chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Rev. Mr. James, disregarding the dangers by which those at the guns were surrounded, helped to work the guns himself until their ammunition was exhausted.

An advanced position was taken by the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts and maintained under a terrible fire from the enemy's battery, until the forty rounds of ball-cartridge distributed to the men were exhausted, when they were relieved by the Tenth Connecticut. The Connecticut men maintained this position with the fortitude of veteran troops.

The movements of our flank columns of attack had not yet attracted the attention of the enemy. After their most advanced skirmishers had been driven in by our men, another party was thrown out to turn the flank of our centre column. This movement was intercepted by the Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiments, and a sharp encounter between their skirmishers and three companies of the Second battalion, Wise Legion, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Frank Anderson, (fillibustero,) resulted in the repulse of the Virginians, with the loss of Capt. O. Jennings Wise, mortally wounded, Captain Robert Coles, killed, and several officers slightly wounded.

The engagement was now at the fiercest, the constant rattle of musketry, varied only when a volley was discharged, was perfectly deafening. The lull in the storm was filled up by the roar of our battery and that of the enemy, which sent charge after charge of grape-shot and shrapnel among our soldiers. No sign of flinching was visible in our ranks.

The wounded from the field, that were borne

to the rear by their comrades, in their arms or on litters, passed our advancing regiments with a smile, and as much of a cheer as their faintness would permit them give, and never without an encouraging word, if they were not too much exhausted to speak. Heroism of the true stamp, courage of the most unquestionable character, and patriotism and devotion to the cause for which they were so fiercely contending, could alone support our men under the combined agencies of the perils of their position, and the depressing effect of the gloomy procession of mangled comrades passing continually.

At each flash of the enemy's cannon, our men were ordered to crouch down in order to avoid the flying missiles. The difficulty in executing such a movement was very great. Our men stood in many instances in water and mud to their hips, and to move in any direction required a scramble over a fallen tree, with jagged and torn branches to annoy and impede. The bodies of the dead and wounded, when they first fell, were in most instances covered with water, especially when they fell into the pits with which the field is cut up.

The column under Gen. Parke, sent to attack the left of the battery, had passed the central column, when a charge by the Ninth New-York, Hawkins's Zouaves, was ordered. Major Kimball at once headed the storming party, calling to his men to follow him and they would win the battery. The boys dashed off with the accustomed cheer, and at the double-quick, the Major invariably keeping considerably in advance. In the commencement of the charge, they were met by a hot fire from the battery and the muskets in the rear.

It was at this time that Lieut.-Col. Viguier de Monteuil, of the Fifty-third New-York, distinguished himself. He fearlessly exposed himself to the enemy's fire, thinking only of encouraging the men and contributing to the success of the charge. He deliberately loaded and fired a rifle he carried, taking a steady aim before firing. He spoke to the soldiers in the most cheering tones of encouragement, and when he at last was struck in the head by a musket-bullet, he sank to the earth without a struggle. A braver man could not be found. A more ardent defender of the cause of liberty need not be asked. He leaves a wife in New-York, whose protection should be made a special object by the country.

As the Zouaves neared the battery, Gen. Reno's column, headed by the Twenty-first Massachusetts and the Fifty-first New-York, appeared in the woods advancing on the enemy's right. Their bullets were already dropping the men inside the battery. The rebels soon found their great reliance on the impenetrability of the woods to the left was a mistake, and without waiting for the near approach of our men, they abandoned the work in the most precipitate manner, leaving a wounded captain inside the work. They cast off knapsacks, haversacks and overcoats, and whatever else tended to retard their flight. Three companies of the Fifty-first New-York, (Lieut.-

Col. Porter,) were the first to enter the battery, where they planted the Stars and Stripes. They were soon followed by the Twenty-first Massachusetts, when Lieut.-Col. Maggi planted the white flag of Massachusetts on the work. Hawkins's Zouaves next came dashing over the ditch and up the side, to find the work in possession of their friends. It was but a question of distance who should arrive first, for undoubtedly the Zouaves would have stormed the battery at the point of the bayonet, had the work not been evacuated.

Gen. Parke with the right column soon appeared, but the enemy had retired. The Zouaves who were in his column, having the left, were nearest the front of the battery, and were consequently ordered to charge.

The bodies of five rebels were found inside the battery, and the carcass of a mule. The gun-caissons of one of the field-pieces in the battery were riddled by the bullets from our rifles.

Lieut. Close of the Tenth Connecticut, was sent forward to reconnoitre, and reported to Gen. Foster, who ordered a charge, which Col. Russell headed amidst a storm of shot from the battery.

Col. Russell was killed while charging in front of his column, but no external wound was observed on his body. Col. Russell was esteemed very highly by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and family in New-Haven to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father, while his country has lost a brave man, a true patriot, and an honorable gentleman.

The Twenty-first Massachusetts, the Fifty-first New-York and the Ninth New-York, proceeded along the line of retreat of the rebels in pursuit. The path was marked by the clothes and surplus material of which the rebels divested themselves in their flight. The Fifty-first New-York and the Ninth New-York pursued the road leading to the east side of the island, where they supposed the rebels would endeavor to embark for Nag's Head. On reaching the shore, several boats were seen being towed away by a steamer, while two were just putting off from shore. Our men commanded them to return, but as they did not obey, they fired on the rebels. This had the desired effect; the boats immediately put about and the men came ashore. The boats contained twenty-five or thirty prisoners, among them several wounded men. One of the wounded was Capt. O. Jennings Wise, of the Wise Legion, who was struck twice on the field, once while being borne from the field, and again when our men fired on the retreating boats. Capt. Wise died the same night.

The Twenty-first Massachusetts advanced in the direction of a large camp of the rebels, which they were told by a negro woman was situated to the northward of the battery. A company was sent forward in skirmishing order, who came on a few companies of the rebel force. The rebels fired, without effect, when our men returned the fire, killing three and wounding five. The rebels retired, and our men steadily advanced. They were soon met by a rebel officer bearing a white flag, asking to see the officer in command. An officer was sent to bring him to Gen. Reno, who was ad-

vancing with the other regiments. The officer was one of the Thirty-first North-Carolina regiment, who came to make terms. The only terms granted were an unconditional surrender. The Second brigade, with Gen. Reno at the head, marched into the camp of the Thirty-first North-Carolina, when the officers delivered up their swords, and the men threw down their loaded muskets.

Half an hour after the battery was taken, Gen. Foster moved forward with the First brigade, at the head of which the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts marched, as they were fresh, having been landed just as the Zouaves charged the battery. It was expected the rebels had retired to another battery where a stand would be made by them. As our troops approached the second camp of the rebels, they were met by Lieut.-Col. Poore, who asked what terms of surrender would be granted. Gen. Foster replied, their surrender must be unconditional. The officer then asked what time would be granted them to consider the terms. Gen. Foster replied: "While you are going back to your camp to convey the terms and returning." The Lieut.-Colonel departed, and Gen. Foster remained fifteen minutes waiting for his return, when he ordered an advance. They had not proceeded more than one hundred yards, when Col. Poore again met them with the answer that the terms were accepted.

Gen. Foster then marched his brigade into the camp of the rebels, when Col. Shaw, the commander of the entire post, delivered up his sword, saying: "I give up my sword and surrender to you five thousand men." He thought he had that number, but some were on the mainland, having escaped, and others were reinforcements which he expected, but had not arrived in time to be surrendered.

The forces surrendered number about three thousand men. The post includes the whole of Roanoke Island, with batteries mounting over thirty guns, and Fort Forest on the mainland, mounting eight or ten guns. Two large encampments, commenced in August by the Third Georgia regiment, and completed by the rebels now our prisoners, were also surrendered. The camp is composed of wooden quarters for from four to five thousand men, comfortably constructed and shingled over, and in excellent condition.

About six thousand of our soldiers encamped in these buildings, with the rebel prisoners, who were assigned quarters, and a guard placed over them. The batteries along shore were abandoned by their garrisons as soon as the knowledge of the capture of the field-work by our men reached them. They joined the main body, and were surrendered with the others.

Our victory was complete. Not one circumstance transpired to detract from the success of the enterprise. We met them in their stronghold, drove them out, took them prisoners with all their arms, ammunition, stores and equipage. Our loss compared with the results is trifling. We have lost brave men, but they died with the sounds of victory ringing in their ears, the highest ambition of the true soldier. Friends will mourn their loss,

but the pang is softened by the consciousness that they died to some effect. No disastrous rout adds bitterness to their sorrow. On the contrary, the light of a brilliant and unqualified victory forms a halo around their bloody couches, causing the hearts of mothers, wives and sisters to rejoice, though their eyes may be suffused with tears.

The direct results of the victory just achieved by Gen. Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough, are of very great importance. The rebels are driven from one of their strongholds in North-Carolina—their army at this point are prisoners in our hands—their fleet is destroyed—their batteries, which were intended for the destruction of our fleet, are in our possession, very slightly damaged.

Their force at this point when attacked is variously estimated at from three thousand five hundred to five thousand. Certainly we have twenty-five hundred men in our hands, whom we found in arms against the Government.

The works which have come into our possession reflect credit on the men who constructed them; but being devised and constructed for one specific object, they were next to useless for any other. The great object in their construction was that, when our vessels were drawn into the inner channel, they should be sunk by point-blank fire. No lateral range was given to the guns. On the contrary, the embrasures were narrow, giving room only for firing on our vessels when abreast of their guns. The position taken up by Commodore Goldsborough completely frustrated their design, and instead of twenty-five guns bearing on the fleet, but one could open fire with any chance of being effective.

The works are constructed in the most substantial manner. The sod revetments were in fine condition; the guns were mounted on wooden platforms carefully laid. The interior of the works which were abandoned without being attacked was in the most perfect order, indicating an efficient commanding officer.

The names by which these works were known among the rebels are Fort Huger, on Weir's Point, northernmost on the shore of the island; Fort Blanchard, to the south of this, and Fort Bartow, on Pork Point, the most southern of the channel-bearing works. On the eastern shore of the island, at Robb's Fishery, a battery mounting two guns, pointed inland, was erected to cover the retreat of their forces toward Nag's Head. A singular precaution for men who had resolved to "conquer or die."

Battery Huger, on Weir's Point, is a semi-circular work, mounting eight heavy thirty-twos in embrasure in the centre, and two *en barbette* at each end, one of which is rifled. A rear curtain with a salient angle in the centre, protects the rear. A large quadrangular bomb-proof occupies the centre. This was under the command of Major Hill.

Battery Blanchard mounts four thirty-twos *en barbette*, with a left flanking curtain extending round to the rear.

Battery Bartow, or Pork Point Battery, is

semi-circular, with a long curtain of sand extending three hundred yards from the right along the shore. This Fort mounts six embrasure guns, with one empty embrasure, and three guns mounted *en barbette*. One of the barbette guns is an eighty-pounder rifle. Ammunition in abundance was found in these works undestroyed by the rebels. They spiked the guns, cut the ropes and split the gun-wheels.

These works will in all probability henceforth be known by the names of the generals of the coast division.

The fine camps in which our brave troops now enjoy such comfortable quarters are of incalculable value to us. They consist of about twenty-four long gabled buildings, with chimneys and out-houses. Each house will accommodate two companies. Directly in rear of each of these houses is an excellent well, by which water for the camp is fully supplied.

The rebel forces surrendered into our hands are composed of one battalion of the Second regiment Wise Legion, (Fifty-ninth Virginia volunteers,) under the command of Lieut. Col. Frank Anderson. One company was under the command of Capt. O. Jennings Wise, and another under Capt. Robert Coles. The officer who gave his name as Lieut. Pottier, was subsequently found to be Capt. Pottier of the Wise Legion. This corps mustered on the field about five hundred men, and were landed the night previous to the battle.

A detachment of Col. Wharton J. Green's North-Carolina regiment under the command of himself and Lieut.-Col. Poore, landed from Elizabeth City, about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, and at two o'clock they were prisoners in our hands. This corps numbers about five hundred men. Another detachment of the same regiment was about being landed, when intelligence was brought to them of the defeat of their friends, and they put off again. Some of the fugitives from the battle-field succeeded in escaping in the boats of the freshly arrived, who were left to be taken prisoners. The troops in occupation of the post consisted of the Eighth North-Carolina, Col. Shaw, seven hundred and fifty men; a battalion of the Seventeenth North-Carolina, commanded by Major Hill, two hundred men; Thirty-first North-Carolina, Col. Jordan, six hundred strong.

The officers of the captured forces of post are subjoined:

EIGHTH REGIMENT, STATE TROOPS, NORTH-CAROLINA INFANTRY.

Colonel, Henry M. Shaw.

Lieutenant-Colonel, William J. Price.

Major, George Williamson.

Captains, Jas. W. Hinton, J. M. Whitson, Hy. M. Rae, And. J. Rogers, Jas. M. Williams, Chas. J. Jones, Ed. C. Yellowby, Rufus A. Barrier, Gaston D. Cobb, Pinkney A. Kennerly.

First Lieutenants, Wm. H. Bayley, T. J. Jarvis, Chas. H. Barron, Archibald H. Gregory, J. M. Murchison, Wm. M. Walker, A. J. Hines,

Jacob File, Julius A. Wright, Archibald H. Gregory.

Second Lieutenants, B. F. Simmons, Enoch F. Baxter, T. W. Davis, W. L. S. Townsend, Robt. B. Gilliam, J. C. Cooper, K. M. Murchison, Niell G. Monroe, A. Alston, Leonard Henderson, C. D. Rounstree, W. N. Pabbs, Jonas Cook, H. C. McCallister, S. M. Butler, J. J. Bill, Wm. M. Wilhelm.

BATTALION OF THE SEVENTEENTH NORTH-CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

Major, G. H. Hill, formerly lieutenant in Sherman's battery.

Co. I, Captain, J. B. Fearing.

First Lieutenant, Chas. G. Elliott.

Second Lieutenant, J. M. Hinton.

Co. J, Lieutenant Gilliam in command.

This battalion is the remainder of the Seventh North-Carolina regiment captured at Hatteras Inlet.

THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT (NORTH-CAROLINA TROOPS) INFANTRY.

Colonel, J. V. Jordan.

Lieutenant-Colonel, D. G. Fowle.

Major, J. J. Yates.

Captains, Conway Goodwin, C. W. Knight, E. R. Silas, A. Betts, L. C. Manly, J. Miller, G. Picot, W. D. Jones, Jas. McKay, Joseph Witty.

First Lieutenants, W. H. Hartman, S. J. Latham, Wm. Parker, Quentin Utly, H. B. Jordan, J. H. Hughes, J. Pipkin, F. H. Perry, C. H. Coffold, F. J. Bowen.

Second Lieutenants, R. Steagrell, M. T. Sealy, S. W. Morrisett, S. H. Hyman, C. B. Lindsay, S. Crouch, T. H. Wray, Anderson Betts, R. L. Bryant, J. W. Holden, S. P. Collins, J. A. Slaughter, S. B. Boole, W. Debnaur, Wm. Puley, William A. Prince, William Pearson, T. H. Garkins.

The caged Southern blood coursing in the imprisoned veins of our captives does not seem to have made very distinguished the much vaunted qualities of the defenders of "our homes and fire-sides." In fact, they bear a very disparaging comparison with the "mud-sills" to whom they have capitulated. A more miserable class of men it would be difficult to find. Several of these pusillanimous creatures, who happen to be residents of Roanoke, have sneaked out of their uniforms into citizen's dress, in order to avoid being taken prisoners, but they are being detected daily. A pass and safeguard was granted to a man named Dough, whom Col. Shaw said had not taken up arms against the Union, and in one hour information was received that three of his brothers, who had been in the Eighth North-Carolina regiment, were on the island in civil costume. Such are they! To whomsoever is king they are ready to bow.

In the medical department of the rebel forces several prisoners were made. Among them are Dr. Walter Coles, Surgeon-in-chief of the post. Dr. Coles was two years resident physician to Bellevue Hospital. Dr. Busby, of Raleigh, N. C.,

and his assistant, Dr. A. T. Gordon, of the Wise Legion. Dr. R. H. Worthington, Murfreesboro, of the Thirty-first North-Carolina regiment.

These gentlemen said they had about twenty-five wounded in all, in their hospital.

Lieut. S. C. Kinney, of Staunton, Va., an officer of the engineer corps, was also among the prisoners at this house.

The wounded rebels were carried about two miles to the rear, to a farm-house on the eastern shore, at Shallowbag Bay.

The following were among the number :

O. Jennings Wise, captain in the Fifty-ninth Virginia regiment, (Wise's Legion,) wounded four times; once in a boat in which he was being taken to Nag's Head. He has since died. He is a son of Gov. Wise, of Virginia.

E. Allen Quigley, Co. K, Wise Legion, slightly wounded.

J. T. Sloan, of Salisbury, Roanoke County, N. C., a member of the Eighth North-Carolina regiment, wounded in the arm.

George Groves, Wise Legion, in the head.

James Groves, Wise Legion.

James Kay, Wise Legion, badly.

Six others lay wounded in one room, and five or six were being operated on in the kitchen of the house used for the hospital. One wounded man lay in the same room with Capt. Wise, and several up-stairs.

The body of Wm. B. Selden was found within the field-work, pierced through the head by a bullet. He was formerly in the U. S. Navy, and was in command of a gun when shot.

Lieut. Pottier, of the Second regiment, Wise Legion, was wounded by a bullet in the leg, lying within the breastwork. He said he arrived at Roanoke Island the night before, with the battalion of the Wise Legion, commanded by Col. Frank Anderson. His regiment had been stationed at Fort Hill, near Washington, until ordered to North-Carolina. His estimate of the forces on the Island was three thousand two hundred rebels.

The body of Capt. Robert Coles, of the Second regiment, Wise Legion, was also found inside the stormed work. A bullet passed into his breast a little above his heart. His features were calm, and his eyes partially open. His body was sought by a cousin, who was a surgeon in the confederate army. Dr. Walter Coles said the parents of Capt. Coles resided in Spruce street, Philadelphia. Capt. Coles was twenty-three years old in December. Lieut. Col. Frank Anderson succeeded, much to the vexation of our troops, in escaping to the mainland.

The bodies of several privates were found in the field-work. The casualties in the rebel forces do not much exceed forty in killed and wounded.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

KILLED.

TWENTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS. — Private Jas. Haverstock, Co. C, of Worcester; Michael Bros-

nihan, Co. E, Worcester; Eugene Garatuer, Co. G, Worcester; Valentine Suter, Co. G, Oxford; Levi Ball, Co. I, of Gardner; Thomas Kelly, Co. I, of New-England Village.

TWENTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS. — Private Henry W. Battles, Co. D; Private Wm. Hodgeman, Co. D; Corporal George W. Henry, Co. C; Private Samuel D. Sargent, Co. C; Jos. Hammond, Co. B.

TENTH CONNECTICUT. — Col. Chas. L. Russell, Lieut. Stillman, and two others, names unknown yet.

FIFTY-FIRST NEW-YORK. — Wm. H. Banker, Private Co. I; Private Nicholas Darling, Co. A.

TWENTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS. — Lieut. John Goodwin, Jr., of Co. B, Marblehead, Mass., shot through the body by a cannon-ball.

Lieut. Col. Viguier de Monteuil, of the D'Epineuil Zouaves, killed by a ball in the head while gallantly urging the Ninth New-York forward, in the desperate charge just before the evacuation of the battery by the rebels. He had volunteered in the ranks of the Ninth New-York, carrying a Sharp's rifle, with which he took deliberate aim each time he fired. He had taken off his overcoat and hung it on a tree, in the heat of the enemy's fire, in order to be less incumbered in the fight. He urged the Zouaves by voice and gesture, telling them he would show them "how to do it." When struck, he fell over backwards, without a struggle, his arms folded across his breast. He leaves a wife in New-York.

Col. Russell bore no external wound, and is supposed to have been killed by the concussion from a cannon-ball. Col. Russell leaves a wife and several children in New-Haven.

WOUNDED. — TENTH CONNECTICUT.

Co. A, Corporal J. W. Ramsey, chest; Privates H. L. Parker, knee; Samuel O. Frost, hand; Wm. A. Thrall, finger; A. P. Todd, two fingers; Frank Ramor, leg severe, (may be killed); Thos. J. Stillman, head; Elizur C. Johnson, arm; Wm. S. Brockway, leg.

Co. B, Corporal Eugene A. Root, hand.

Co. D, Corporals Geo. Cook, knee; Alex. Palmater, foot; Privates Alexander Wright, leg; Wm. B. Davis, lower jaw; R. B. Speed, hand; R. L. Hurlburt, leg, severe; Edward F. Briggs, leg, severe; Irville Owens, head, severe; Lyman G. Lane, shoulder; Levi A. Hamblin, hip; Geo. W. Newell, leg; W. H. Pectall, hip.

Co. F, Private Jeremiah Collins, ankle, severe, (may be killed.)

Co. H, Capt. Robert Leggett, thigh; Sergeant Wm. M. Webb, knee; Corporal Henry J. Haugh, arm, severe; Corporal Jedediah R. Gay, hip; Privates Halmer Colbert, leg; Thomas Graff, chest; Peter Doneicke, leg; Peter Slade, hip, (amputated); Wm. Ride, thigh; Hals. B. Culvert, leg; Patrick Dinckey, leg; Planey Bartholomew, groin, dangerous; Geo. Brown, leg; Wm. Bailey, thigh; Chas. H. Daniels, wrist; Fred. C. Douglas, shoulder; Jas. Gaffney, thigh; Henry J. Huff, arm.

Co. I, Private George P. Robbins, thigh.

Co. K, Capt. Benj. Jepson, head.

KILLED AND WOUNDED — TWENTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, OFFICIALLY REPORTED.

Killed.

Co. C, James Haverstock, Worcester.
 Co. E, Michael Brosnihan, do.
 Co. G, Eugene Gantner, do.
 Co. G, Valentine Suter, Oxford.
 Co. F, Levi Ball, Gardner; Thomas Kelly, N. E. Village.

Wounded.

Co. A, Corporal H. E. Brooks, in ankle, Worcester; C. S. Bartlett, arm shattered, do.; S. S. Dresser, flesh wound, leg, do.; H. F. Knox, slightly, neck, Holden; D. B. Bigelow, flesh, leg, Worcester.

Co. B, Edwin F. Pond, wrist, Milford.

Co. C, Corporal J. P. Burke, head, Boston; A. D. Condon, seriously, South-Boston; Wm. Chaffee; Worcester; Chas. Conklin, seriously, Hopkinton; Geo. J. Fayerweather, Westboro; Edward R. Graton, seriously, Leicester; A. H. Holman, North-Brookfield; Samuel Hall, groin, Uxbridge; J. A. McKinstry, Southbridge; T. N. Magee, Douglas; Cyprian K. Stratton, Worcester; G. W. Williams, Southboro.

Co. D, Capt. A. H. Foster, eye, Worcester.

Co. E, Corporals John Howell, leg; Worcester; Dennis Sheehan, side, do.; Thomas McKeon, wrist, do.; Privates Peter Brady, stomach, do.; Ephraim Smith, shoulder, do.; James Mitchell, thigh, do.

Co. F, John A. Gilchrist, jaw, Lunenburg; Charles H. Stratton, leg shattered, Winchendon; Geo. W. Rice, leg, Fitchburgh.

Co. G, Christian Class, leg, Clinton; Christopher Lenhardt, hand, do.; Baptist Reno, breast, Douglas; Ferdinand Swan, hand, Clinton; Geo. Vetter, arm and breast, do.; Daniel Williams, left arm shot away, Milford.

Co. H, Second Lieut. N. H. Foster, left elbow, N. Brookfield; Corporal Randall Mann, supposed mortally, Leicester; George E. Kent, do.; H. H. Ware; W. H. Endith, Princeton.

Co. I, John S. Brown, head, Orange; W. L. Wheeler, do., Royalton; S. F. Jillson, thigh; A. N. Cobleigh, leg.

Co. K, Samuel Thurston, leg, Worcester; Edwin F. Pratt, leg, Holden; Frank S. Sibley, leg, Auburn.

Missing.

Co. A, George F. Robinson, Worcester.

Co. B, D. H. Eames, Hopkinton.

Co. C, Corporal Samuel Healy, Boston; W. C. Hemmenway, West-Boyleston; W. C. Hardy, Worcester; Horace Merriam, Warren; Lewis Wright, do.

Co. E, Jas. Gordon, Worcester; Frank Smith, do.; Joseph Tibault, do.

Co. K, B. F. Mills, Worcester.

TWENTY-SEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS.

Co. C, Corporal B. O'Connell, elbow.

Co. G, J. Hunt, finger.

Co. A, Private Gordon Sweet, compound fracture.

Co. B, Privates George A. Whitney, leg; Wm. Kill, abdomen, dangerous.

Co. E, Privates Geo. Duncan, leg, severely; H. Sheffield, ———; Cyrus Agens, slightly; Otto Steunn, hip, flesh wound; Charles L. Clark, throat.

TWENTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS.

Co. D, Capt. D. S. Foster, leg.

Co. A, Private R. Weeks, thigh, severe; F. Sanderson, hand; C. W. Wadleigh, arm.

Co. B, Privates John Sheeby, leg, severe; James Kane, thigh, severe.

Co. C, Privates George Manning, thigh, dangerous; P. Leonard, leg to be amputated; A. Moody, shoulder, severe.

Co. D, Privates Addison Marsh, face; James Montgomery, thigh, dangerous; Chas. T. Green, leg, slight; Geo. Hardy, leg, slight; Amos W. Gleason, shoulder, severe.

Co. E, Sergt. Chris. A. Curtis, leg, flesh wound.

Co. G, Privates Henry Howard, thigh; J. W. Norcross, chest; G. H. Matthews, chest, dangerous; Seth H. Paine, chest, dangerous; G. D. Whitcomb, shoulder, dangerous.

Co. H, Corp. Fred Tyas, leg, slightly.

Co. K, Geo. Booth, jaw, dangerous.

TWENTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS.

Co. B, Sergt. G. Morse, left side.

Co. D, Corp. John Battle, shoulder.

Co. A, Private M. West, thigh.

Co. F, Private J. B. Lake, wrist.

Co. J, Private Frank Howard, thigh.

TWENTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS.

Co. G, Private A. W. Littlefield, thigh.

WOUNDED—FIFTY-FIRST NEW-YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Co. A, Sergt. James Hamilton, throat.

Privates Wm. Cody, leg; Wm. Smith, shoulder, slight; Robert Sliter, thigh, severe; Daniel C. Davidson, side.

Co. I, Private Henry Falley, head, severe.

NINTH NEW-YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Co. A, Lieut. G. W. Debevoise, throat.

Privates Marcus May, hand; G. H. Luam, elbow; Jeremiah Donovan, head.

Co. E, Lieut. Vansyck, thigh.

Privates J. H. Skinner, head; Jas. Judge, thigh; Wm. B. Vansyckle, hip; H. Millinette, chin and shoulder.

Co. G, Lieut. Alima P. Webster, arm.

Privates James Early, shoulder; Neal Cannon, side; Richard Scanlon, shoulder; Glancy M. Wheeler, leg.

NINTH NEW-JERSEY VOLUNTEERS.

Co. H, Serg. Augustus Armstrong, head.

Co. A, Private John J. Eckle, three fingers off.

Co. B, Privates Wm. W. Lebrane, finger off; Ferdinand Disbro, compound fracture.

Co. C, Privates Joseph Heritage, leg, severe; J. Hickman, hand.

Co. D, Privates Wm. Phillips, scalp, slight; Geo. Worth, chest, severe; David A. Johnson, neck, slight.

Co. F, Private Samuel Blake, side, severe.

Co. G, Privates B. Ruddinger, head; Victor Williamson, lower jaw.

Co. H, Private Edward Clayton, mouth, slight.

Co. K, Private Jonathan Burl, leg amputated, dangerous; Private Geo. P. Dobbs, head.

Co. H, Private Wm. Aumick.

This report is as perfect as can be under the circumstances, being compiled from the chief medical director's report of the wounded, and the regimental reports of the killed.

The names of some of the wounded on the fleet are subjoined.

R. M. Coleman, wounded in the chest, is master's mate of the Ceres.

Alexander Hand, seaman on the Ceres, wounded in the arm. He was promoted to be mate. Two of the crew of the Ceres were killed at Elizabeth City. I have not learned their names.

Stephen Millis, second assistant-engineer of the J. N. Seymour, received a wound in the thigh, and is in a critical condition.

The master's mate on the Hetzel was killed by a shell. One man was killed on the Morse, whose name I did not learn.

The killed and wounded on the fleet do not exceed twenty.

REBEL DOCUMENTS.

A post report for the month of December, made by Major Hill, in command of Pork Point battery, was found signed by Major Hill, in which he returns three officers absent, captured at Hatteras by the enemy since August twenty-eighth, 1861. These are Capt. L. S. Johnson, Lieuts. J. T. Lassell and J. W. Poole. One of these, I understand, is again in our hands, having been liberated from Fort Warren, and having rejoined his regiment. His name is Capt. L. S. Johnson.

A memorandum, found in the enemy's works, shows the strength of the rebel position at Roanoke Island:

In batteries,.....	36
In the naval squadron,.....	11—47
On the Curlew,.....	2
Sea Bird,.....	2
Raleigh,.....	1
Commodore Lynch,.....	2
Fanny,.....	2
Post Boy,.....	2

Three other vessels are known to be at other points on the sound, whose force is not given. Five of these guns are rifled.

The following letter, in lead-pencil, was found within the work which was bombarded:

R. I., February 7th, 1862.

DEAR SIR: The enemy are in sight of our battery, and have already twenty-three steamers and twenty-six transports moored this side of the marshes.

We are all ready for them, and expect to give them a good thrashing, and send them home to their work. The engagement will certainly be a long and desperate one, but our cause is good. God being, as I firmly believe, on our side, will give us the victory.

With much respect, your obedient servant,

Sergeant W. E. VAUGHAN,
Commander Gun No. 5, Pig Point Battery.

To JOHN R. HATHAWAY.

REPORT OF COMMANDING OFFICER, ROANOKE ISLAND.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report the operations that have been constructed under my direction at this post.

I took charge on October twelfth, relieving Capt. Dimmick, and found the works in the condition following:

Pork Point battery complete, and turned over to its commander.

Robles Fishing battery, essentially complete, with six gun-carriages mounted, but no guns, and a small amount of sod-revetments had to be done after I took charge.

The barge Superior was in position at Redstone Point, and the barge Nicholas, which now forms part of that battery, was moved out in the stream.

Weir's Point battery was nearly complete, having the front face finished, and the rear parapet partly built. There were eight guns mounted, four barbette and four embrasure. These guns in embrasure have since been mounted on better carriages, and two of the barbette guns replaced by rifled guns.

On or about the fifteenth October, Gen. Hill came here, and upon examination disapproved of the R. F. battery, as too far off, and not in supporting distance of the others. Gen. Hill then went to Norfolk, whence he returned on Sunday, October twentieth.

Gen. Hill gave me several orders, verbally and written, relative to the works, and among them directed me to use four of the guns that had been sent here for R. F., at Fort Blanchard; to let Gen. Mann have two guns, with equipments; to build Fort Blanchard without delay, and to mount no guns at Robb's Fishing, till further orders. The orders of Gen. H. have been executed, and the parapet to the barges at Fort Forrest, and the works at Fort Blanchard, and on the eastern side of the island, has been erected under my direction.

The work at Fort Forrest was not designed by me. The barges are from the navy-yard to Flag-Officer Lynch, and the location selected by him. Upon his application I had the embankment erected; it was a work of great labor, and the effect of working in the mud and water producing so much sickness among the negroes, that I was compelled to discharge a large number as soon as the work was finished.

I have always considered obstructions of the channel as indispensable to the defence of this post. It was so considered by Captain Dimmock, and Com. Hunter ordered piles to be cut, and contemplated procuring a pile-driver from the navy-

yard, before Com. Lynch took command of the fleet.

In my first communication to the office at Norfolk, and in several subsequent ones, I made application for a steam pile-driver, and received the reply, that it could not be procured. I urged the importance of obstructions to Col. Wright, commandant of the post, and he agreed with me, but said, he had no authority to obstruct the channel.

Gen. Hill was here November fourteenth. I spoke to him on the subject, and he went to Norfolk, saying that he would try to send down a pile-driver. He was soon after ordered to another post, and the pile-driver never came. Gen. H. gave authority to Dr. Warren & Co.

On December first I was in E. City. I saw some old schooners; asked Mr. Clarke, if he would buy them, and send them down, if I wrote for them. He replied, that he would without delay. I thereafter consulted Col. Wright, who did not consider himself authorized to buy the vessels.

I wrote then to Richmond, stating the condition of the defences, and asking for authority to obstruct the channel. I have never received a reply. My letter was received by the chief of the engineer bureau, who, in a letter dated December ninth, stated that my report on the defences had been received, and would be promptly answered.

Let me congratulate you and your loyal readers on these events, and myself that I have been an eye-witness of them.

PICKET.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The following are extracts of a letter, written by the captain of one of the companies in the Tenth Connecticut volunteers:

ROANOKE ISLAND, February 10, 1862.

MY DEAR —: The dread hour of battle has come and passed, and left me unscathed! In the few moments I have before the post leaves, I must recount briefly how we did.

At noon on Friday our gunboats passed up to attack the enemy's batteries. The transports followed with all expedition. We heard the first gun fired about one P.M. Rapidly the boats came into it, and the heavy shot and shell fell back and forth like hail. After a contest of about two hours, the signal was given us to land. We loaded, got into our boats, pulled for the pilot-buoy, and then in two long lines were towed to shore, some three miles distant.

In the woods we could see the glitter of hundreds of bayonets; but still on we steadily went, cheering. A gunboat came up and sent a shell howling like a fiend through the woods. The bayonet glimmers departed. Ashore, the first American flag was carried by a Massachusetts regiment, but the proud motto of old Connecticut, "*Qui Trans Sust.*," was the next to follow.

Three companies of our regiment, viz.: A, Capt. Pardee; D, Capt. Coit; and H, Capt. Leggett, were among the first landed; also a part of

company B, Capt. Otis. At once I was ordered forward into a wood, to deploy my whole company as skirmishers, shove on about twenty yards, and then maintain my position. I did so, and for three hours we stood in mud and water up to my knees. With the shades of night closing, darkness shut down upon us, and the enemy were somewhere beyond. By that time the lines had been extended to overlap us, and we were permitted to withdraw. Wet and cold, we waded through the swamp, the grass up to our eyes, until we came out upon the sandy plain, where the troops were *bivouacked*. A long rail-fence supplied us with fuel, and soon we had three large fires kindled, and the men grouped about them to enjoy rest, food, and a *drying*.

I went about ten P.M. to the headquarters—an old, hastily deserted house, and slept beneath the porch on some corn-stalks, sharing part of Dr. Kellogg's blanket. About seven A.M. we woke up, (having slept fitfully,) and found the order to form had been given. I rushed out to my company, and got them formed; then awaited the regimental formation, which was then made in two sides of a square. The regiments of our brigade were also in marching order.

Gens. Foster and Burnside came up and greeted our Colonel. Both of them spoke pleasantly to us. Pretty soon Gen. Foster, with about a dozen attendants, started down the narrow road through the woods, which was to be the pathway to battle, death and victory. A reconnoissance was made, skirmishers thrown out, and by and by the rattling shot told us we had found the foe. It was a fierce, hot fire—shot by shot at first. Then came the order for our advance. On we walked slowly, stopping every few minutes for the regiments at our head to move on, and wondered what the nature of the rebel position could be. We laughed and joked together as when in camp. It was impossible to feel that all this was real and *deadly*. One mile was passed, then a second—heavy guns boomed, rifled shots shrieked. We heard cheering ahead. By and by the woods showed more light ahead. We heard balls among the leaves; we saw men hurry by with medical stores toward the front; we met men exhausted by the roadside. An aid came down to us with an order—"Advance the Tenth!"

Col. Russell pressed his lips firmly together, and said: "We are going under fire, Captain—forward, solidly, quickly!" I was hoarse with a terrible cold, but found voice. Men came by with stretchers, carrying the brave Massachusetts boys, frightful with their bleeding wounds. We saw the dead lying beneath the trees on either side. Doctors were busy in their vocation; surgery is a noble art! We halt on the edge of a great clearing; we deploy to the right, by companies, and mine in advance. I see the smoke and flashes from the redoubts; at last we are under fire! We move forward twenty paces. I halt and dress my company. Two others wheel in at my left. The balls whistle around me. I knew I had no power to control them, but that God would shield me, and make me do my duty.

I felt ready for anything. God kept me cool and collected; God preserved me. To Him be the glory. I stood two or three paces in front of my boys, looking to the left, watching for the formation to be completed, knowing that our next order would be to commence firing. An explosion close by me benumbed me. I looked at myself. I was unharmed. I looked at my company. Four men were wounded by the bursting of a shell. I ordered them to the rear, to a surgeon's care, and dressed the ranks. "Commence firing!" rang out from the lips of our Colonel.

Let me describe the position. We had been pursuing an embowered path through the woods; suddenly it entered a broad clearing, where thick bushes (like the whortleberry) and tangled vines netted the marshes. Evergreen trees, principally pines, were on either side, and three hundred yards in front of us was the famous redoubt, of which we had been told weeks before, in Hatteras Inlet! When we debouched from the road into the cleared way, it brought us right in front of and in perfect range of the rebel guns. They had three pieces of artillery fronting and commanding this clearing, and large numbers of riflemen, perched in trees, behind the turfed walls, and under all possible covers. I had dressed my company, (at no dress parade had it ever been done better,) and stood two or three paces in front of them, when the shell burst, of which I have before spoken. When ordered to fire, they commenced with a will. Every piece told, and then the boys buckled to in good style. For an hour we fought on; not a man shrinking from his post. One after another was wounded, and sent to the rear. Still the boys closed their ranks and fired. I made them lie down while loading, to keep them under cover.

You have no conception of the deadly whizz of bullets, or of the peculiar breath of grape and sharpnel! An iron rain, a leaden hail, were on every side. I was looking at Lieut. Stillman. A ball entered his lungs; he gasped and fell! Two sergeants and three privates carried him to the ambulance. There he died. A ball ploughed Ezra's lower lip, making a ghastly wound. He went off to have it dressed, and then set out to fight, but I forbade him.

Three boat-howitzers at our left had been in use early in the morning, but now were idle, awaiting a time of greater need. In front of them a part of our right wing was posted. In their rear was the balance of the regiment. We formed two lines of battle opposite and parallel to the redoubt. One after another, other regiments were marched into the woods on our right and left, but we kept our position. Balls came thicker and faster. We were ordered to lie down under the bushes and stop firing. Down the boys piled themselves, and sought cover of bogs, stumps, and whatever else furnished protection to us. Col. Russell, for a long time, refused to lie down. The Lieut.-Col. of the D'Epineuil Zouaves got out then with him, and asked him to watch the firing, and see the effect of his own shot. (He had a rifle.) By the efforts of our Lieutenant-Colonel,

this man was got out of the way at last, but not till the exact range of our Colonel had been obtained by the enemy. A ball whizzed close to him! Capt. Coit called out: "Colonel, that was meant for you—lie down—do lie down! The Colonel stood quietly looking at the battery, evidently watching for the appearance of our troops on the flank of the enemy. Again Coit entreated him to lie down, and this time successfully. He had been thus covered for a few minutes, when a shot came lower than usual. It entered our Colonel's shoulder and pierced him to the heart. It was to him an instantaneous death. His body was carried to the rear, and we lay still. Oh! what a thing is war to benumb the emotions. Much as I loved Col. Russell, I felt no sorrow then. My only thought was, the progress of the fight, and the question of success or failure. The moments flew rapidly by, marked by the music of the balls.

Three boat-howitzers at our left were started at a run toward the battery. Three companies moved on splendidly; then came a shower of balls whose like I never saw before. It was a rain of death. The remainder paused in their course, and stood on the logs behind which we lay—waiting—waiting. Suddenly a wild cheer came from the battery. With a rush, the Zouaves went forward. The American flag waved from the redoubt. Another, and still another Union flag were added to their number, and we knew that the battle was won! I have this as the result of the battle: Eleven men are wounded—my Lieutenant is dead—Capt. Jepson is wounded. He is now to go home, and spend a few weeks recruiting himself. Our regiment had a hard time and heavy losses.

We have been highly complimented by our General in the official report of the transactions. We tried to trust in God, and our trust was not confounded. I lay that day in the mud and water to my waist for an hour. I had a terrible cold, which has not yet gone. We had a wonderful experience and a providential escape.

February 13.

I am on board the Spaulding, with my company, guarding one hundred and forty prisoners, all officers. There are four colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, six majors, and the balance line officers. We came on yesterday morning, and our boys (company A) have done guard duty—two hours on and four hours off—by turns, ever since. P.

—*New-Haven Herald*, March 1.

REBEL NARRATIVES.

"RICHMOND DISPATCH" ACCOUNT.

RICHMOND, February 26, 1862.

In commencing a slight account of the capture of Roanoke Island with the forces there, I wish to say that, so far as my opinion goes, the place was entirely undefensible, without the aid of a naval force strong enough to cope with the Federal gunboats. In these days of diving-bells and sub-marine batteries, the ordinary channel obstructions are of little avail unless protected

by ships-of-war, for they can be readily removed at night after a day's fight is over. With a clear channel, and no batteries within a mile, a gunboat will put on a full head of steam and pass the shore fortifications with chances of more than two to one in favor of going by them without serious injury. Taking all things into consideration, I believe that, had no force been landed upon Roanoke Island, it must have fallen inevitably in the course of a few days by cutting off communication with the main land. It is evident to any one who will study the position of the island and the surrounding waters, that so soon as the Federal ships passed Roanoke it was literally in the hands of the enemy, and that the more men there were upon the island, the sooner must it have capitulated. In a subsequent letter, I will give my reasons for this statement more fully, and will endeavor to convince every one that, with the present resources of the Confederacy, it is impossible to hold such a point as Roanoke Island, where a large hostile fleet can be brought into action.

On the sixth of February, Com. Lynch received intimation that Burnside's fleet was slowly feeling its way up Pamlico Sound. He at once sent the Curlew down to make a reconnoissance, and Capt. Hunter reported the fleet at anchor some six miles below the island. The evening was cloudy, misty, and very dark. Judging that the fleet would advance immediately upon the approach of clear weather, Com. Lynch sent word to Col. Shaw, the commander of the island, to be ready for an engagement, on the morrow. The next morning, also, was dark and misty, but our fleet was drawn up in line of battle, the flag-ship on the right, and the others according to rank on the left, waiting for the approach of the enemy, when the fog cleared away.

After a time the sun lighted up the dense masses of clouds that hung over the sound, and soon after the wind lifted them in air, and sent them drifting seaward. This was at half-past ten, and at that hour the fleet of the enemy got under way and advanced slowly up the channel. Some twenty gunboats came up in line of battle, with two black steamers on either side, as flankers, some distance in advance. At thirty-five minutes past eleven, they arrived within about two miles of our fleet, and commenced firing with rifled guns of long range and heavy calibre. Gradually falling back, to bring the ships within range of the guns in the "Pork Point" battery, our ships finally made a stand, and at forty minutes past twelve, commenced the fight. Then the engagement became general, and rapid firing was kept up on both sides. Our steamers joined the battery in sending defiance to the thunder of the enemy's guns.

Meanwhile preparations were going on to make a defence on land, and word was sent to Gen. Wise to send over reinforcements immediately from Nag's Head. As soon as possible the Fifty-ninth Virginia regiment, under Col. Frank Anderson, with two companies of the Forty-sixth Virginia,

under Captain O. J. Wise, were embarked on barges for the island. The fight had begun before the troops reached the point of Roanoke, and as the upper portion was rounded, the whole scene burst upon the eye. Ah! what a beautiful sight it was! Below, some three or four miles away, was our little fleet in line, and beyond was the enemy, rapidly pouring out shot and shell at them or at the batteries. Still farther on, just gleaming through the sunlight, was the forest of masts and the white sails of the transports, kept far in the rear out of the reach of danger. The Federal gunboats fired rapidly and with great precision, the shell exploding with admirable accuracy around our little boats. They replied spitefully and effectively, and made a most gallant and determined fight, skirmishing to the right and left to destroy the range and aim of the enemy. The guns of Fort Bartow fired slowly but steadily, and seemed waiting for a nearer approach before turning loose all the heavy "dogs of war," that, shotted and aimed, crouched in readiness to spring upon the foe.

The barges containing the soldiers, towed by a small steamer, ran around the point of the island towards the engagement. The channel at that point was tortuous and narrow, and, there being but one approach to the landing-place near Fort Huger—the upper battery—it was necessary to proceed with great caution to prevent being grounded on the shoal. It became necessary to approach nearer the fight than was anticipated, and, almost before the fact became known, the barges were within range of the guns of the ships, and the shells began to explode around them at a furious rate. About that time Com. Lynch determined to skirmish to the rear behind the channel barricade, in order to draw the enemy on within a fair distance of Fort Huger. At the first intimation of retreat, the enemy's ships started forward, and our boats huddled together as much as possible to protect the barges, at the same time signalling them to retire. That moment was a fearful one for all. The shells came one after the other with terrible force and rapidity, their explosion ringing through the air, scattering the fragments in every direction over the water. Occasionally a large one-hundred-and-twenty pounder thundered across the waves, and sent its ponderous shot in the midst of the flotilla. The air was filled with heavy reports, and the sea was disturbed in every direction by fragments of shell. Several exploded near the barges, and pieces were thrown upon the decks, but fortunately doing no serious injury. One by one the gunboats came up and crowded around to receive the fire, all the time replying rapidly with their rifle guns, whose shells ricocheted into the enemy's ships. Immediately in front was the Fanny, with the gallant Tayloe, actively working his gun, and beyond the Beaufort, Capt. Parker, and the Sea Bird, the flag-ship of Commodore Lynch, and the others whose names I could not distinguish at the time. All acted nobly. All fought like veterans and heroes, as they are. As the boats neared the barges, the

officers, amid a perfect shower of shot and shell, came out on the decks, and, swinging their hats, gave hearty cheers of encouragement to the soldiers. I do not remember a moment in the history of the Confederacy—not even when the “stars and bars” were first hauled upon the capitol at Montgomery amid the enthusiastic shouts of an earnest people, when my heart has so swelled with emotion, and when I have been so willing to sacrifice my life, my all, in the defence of the right and my country.

Finding it impossible to proceed further, Col. Anderson ordered the boats to return to the upper end of the island, in order to effect a landing there. Covered by the gunboats, the barges retreated and were soon out of reach of the fire. Running as near in shore as possible, Col. Anderson ordered the barges grounded, and then proceeded to land the men as rapidly as possible. The disembarkation was conducted by Col. Anderson and Capt. O. J. Wise, in an orderly manner, and in less than two hours the men were formed in column on the beach, and were prepared to march down the island to the point where it was supposed an attempt to land would be made.

All the time the naval battle continued, and, despite the heavy odds, our little fleet of seven gunboats could not be silenced, and continued the fight as actively as in the morning. At fifteen minutes past two the Curlew received a shot which soon after sunk her. She was run up to the opposite shore and her ammunition taken off by the Fanny, which boat immediately returned into the fight. At four o'clock a small steamer was run ashore below the Pork Point battery, and the landing of troops begun. Only one gun in Fort Bartow could bear upon the point, and it was kept engaged by a gunboat which ranged itself alongside about a mile distant. Soon after this it began to grow dark and the firing on both sides was about to close. Our boats fired until the course of the shell could be traced through the air and its explosion marked by a fierce red flash. At forty-five minutes past five, the firing ceased, owing to the darkness, and soon after, our fleet retired. They were, however, nearer the enemy than in the heat of the engagement, and, with one or two exceptions were little injured. Commodore Lynch deserves the thanks of the nation for the skilful manner in which he conducted the battle, and the officers under him also merit a country's gratitude for their bravery and gallant conduct.

Collecting his forces, Col. Anderson marched down the island some five or six miles, and bivouacked near the barricade constructed across the island at the marshes. In going down he passed under the fire of the ships, but the men marched through it with the greatest coolness and determination.

The guns in Fort Bartow were very skilfully used, and did good service throughout the day. The battery was manned by two companies of the Seventeenth North-Carolina, under Major Hill, the “State Guards,” and the “John Harvey Guards,” but only the former company was

brought into immediate action, as the guns were ranged rather too much up the channel. Only three guns could be used during the fight, a rifle and a howitzer, *en barbette*, and one embrasure gun. These three, however, were so well manned that no one of the hostile ships passed up far enough to come within range of the second embrasure gun. The men fought with great coolness and intrepidity, and showed conclusively what they could do under experienced and skilful officers. From the time the battle commenced until darkness put a stop to the scene, the enemy threw over three thousand shot and shell, and used every conceivable kind of projectile. Still the battery was but little injured, and the casualties only amounted to one man killed and three wounded. It seems almost a miracle that no more damage was done; for hour after hour the ponderous shell were thrown into it, sending up huge jets of sand and stone from the outer angles and from the turf and sand revetments of the embrasures. None of the guns were injured to any extent; and when the sun rose on the ensuing morning the fort was in as good repair for defence as on the first day.

Immediately back of the fort were the quarters of the Seventeenth North-Carolina. These were set on fire early in the action by the explosion of a shell, and long after dark they were still burning, the lurid flames lighting up the sky, the light flashing for miles across the flickering waves. When morning dawned there was but a mass of smouldering embers. In these huts was the baggage of the regiment, and about two hundred stand of arms; all of which was destroyed. Late in the evening it began to rain, and throughout the night it was dark and stormy. I was in the hospital near by, attending to the wounded men, in company with other surgeons. Every attention possible was given them, and every effort made to relieve their sufferings. Towards morning, owing to frequent use of opiates and anodynes, they became easier, and I went down to the battery to see the result of the bombardment. It was after two o'clock in the morning. Passing by the quarters of Major Hill, we found the gallant officer already up and preparing for the forthcoming fight. By him was Capt. Taylor, C.S.A., the officer in general charge of the ordnance on the island, and also Lieuts. Talcott and Loyall, all of whom fought nobly and bravely during the engagement. The night was intensely dark and misty. The light of the burning huts reflected its red glare upon the ramparts of the fort, and showed us where the enemy's shots had taken effect. Just below us was the beach, up which the little waves washed musically, and far beyond the lanterns hung in the rigging of the ships, indicating where they lay at anchor. We went through the work, examining every embrasure, the magazine, parapet, gun-carriage, and traverse—Lieut. Talcott at the time giving directions to guide the artisans and laborers in their repairs. At three we returned, and I was soon after dreaming of—not battle scenes, but of happy hours with dear, good friends.

Want of space forbids me to give an account of both days' fight at this time; but I will continue this to-morrow up to the hour I was so unfortunate as to be made a prisoner, (what a humiliating thought.) After that time I feel at liberty to say but little, owing to the terms of my parole. To relieve public anxiety as to the result of the fight, I will premise a little, and give the list of killed and wounded on our side, to-day, although it properly belongs to the succeeding letter. The casualties were as follows:

KILLED.

Capt. O. Jennings Wise, Forty-sixth Virginia, shot in several places.

Capt. Coles, company I, Forty-sixth Virginia, shot in the breast.

Lieut. William R. Selden, C.S.A., shot in head.

Lieut. Neill T. Monroe, company E, Eighth North-Carolina, shot in breast.

James D. Horn, Eighth North-Carolina.

Corporal Lane, do. do.

R. W. Cameron, do. do.

Thomas P. Mulleneaux, Second North-Carolina.

Johnston Williams, do. do.

Sergeant John H. Talley, do. do.

S. J. Claiborne, do. do.

Alfred B. Scott, do. do.

John S. Turpin, do. do.

William Bennett, Forty-sixth Virginia.

William Wilson, North-Carolina State Guards.

Charles Bailey, do. do.

Total killed, 16

WOUNDED.

FIFTY-NINTH VIRGINIA.—Lieut. Walker, slight, in the leg; George Collin, severe, in elbow; Thos. Robbins, company B, severe, in knee; William David, severe, in thigh and abdomen; John Ray, flesh wound, in hand; Lieut. Edgar Miller, slight, in shoulder; John Lawson, in arm; James A. Snell, in arm; Dennis Cussick, finger shot off; John Smith, severe, left eye; William E. Quigley, in head; Lieut. Isadore Potier, in leg.

FORTY-SIXTH VIRGINIA.—Frank Gamble, company A, wounded in leg; Frank Johnson, company A, wounded in leg; Henry Adler, severe fracture, thigh; G. W. Jarvis, flesh wound, in foot; Lieut. Frederick Carter, slight wound, arm; William Nute, slight, in leg; Robert Thomas, company I, slight, in neck; Charles H. Thompson, slight, head; Benjamin Burgess, right knee; David Bishop, right shoulder, with fracture.

THIRTY-FIRST NORTH-CAROLINA.—J. W. Wardsworth, in lungs, probably mortal; William H. Werner, right arm.

EIGHTH NORTH-CAROLINA.—Corporal J. H. Anderson, finger shot off; James W. Haney, flesh wound in thigh; William Sikes, severe, right arm; Edward Russ, severe, in head; Capt. Joseph W. Whitson, slight, in leg; James Snowden, company B, in hand; Martin Etheridge, in hand; J. J. Sloan, in arm; Joseph Jarvis, in head.

SECOND NORTH-CAROLINA.—W. H. Wofford, company D, in arm; William L. Wilson, company

A, in leg; Jacob P. Jarrett, in head; G. W. Graves, in forehead.

SEVENTEENTH NORTH-CAROLINA, (IN FORT BARROW.)—James Green, severe, in shoulder; William Groves, severe, in thigh. Total, thirty-nine.

Generally the wounds are very slight, and with few exceptions, are rapidly recovering. All are now in a hospital at Elizabeth City, but will be removed to Norfolk as soon as proper transportation can be provided. Medical supplies and medicine have been sent down from Norfolk, and every possible attention given to relieve their sufferings.

And now, my dear friends, I beg your congratulations, and ask some sympathy for myself and companions in captivity. Do not judge any of us harshly until I have told the whole story, and then you may say what you please. Not all the men captured were in the fight, but the few who were—some three hundred and sixty in number—kept back nine full regiments for four hours and a half, until their guns were clogged and their ammunition exhausted. Our friends, the "Blues," fought with great bravery, and could the public fully understand their course of action, they would receive some decided demonstration of approval. The same can be said of Capt. Coles's company, Capt. Dickenson's, the "McCulloch Rangers," and other companies—but I am forestalling my letter of to-morrow. And now, "Good night."

BOHEMIAN.

RICHMOND "ENQUIRER" ACCOUNT.

While doubt and anxiety pervades the public mind as to the disaster at Fort Donelson, the sad and melancholy affair at Roanoke Island seems temporarily forgotten. We are in possession of facts connected with that fight, which we shall lay before the public for calm and impartial judgment.

On the morning of the sixth February, sixty vessels of the enemy appeared to the south of Roanoke Island. All day they were assembling, and early on the morning of the seventh, the signal for their advance was given. The command of Gen. Wise was at Nag's Head, there being no accommodation for them on the island. Early on the morning of the seventh, eight companies of the Second regiment, Wise Legion, Lieut.-Col. Anderson, and two companies of the First regiment, Wise Legion, as a battalion, under Capt. Wise, were sent to the island. The ten companies of Gen. Wise's command numbered about four hundred and fifty men. On the morning of the eighth, Major Fry, with four other companies of the First regiment, and Col. Green's battalion, were sent to the island. Three companies were retained at Nag's Head to prevent the enemy landing on the Roanoke Sound shore of the beach, and to construct a ferry of lighters, and to save stores and baggage in case of retreat or disaster.

On the island no preparations whatever had been made. Col. Shaw's regiment, Col. Jordan's and three companies of Col. Marten's regiment, had been on the island for months. These regiments numbered, all present, one thousand nine hundred and fourteen. Of these, about one thou-

sand seven hundred were soldiers. There were four hundred and fifty absent and sick, leaving one thousand two hundred and fifty for all duty. From these, five batteries had to be manned, leaving, on the morning of the eighth, only eight hundred and three North-Carolina infantry reported for duty. These had not been paid, or clothed, or fed, or drilled. The island had no implements for the labor on the works, no teams but two pair of broken-down mules, and no horses for field-artillery. There were but three pieces of field-artillery—one twenty-four pounder, one eighteen pounder, and one brass howitzer—the mules drew the latter, and the men the heavier pieces through the sand. There was only twelve-pounder ammunition for any of the large pieces. The forts, built on the island before Gen. Wise was assigned to the command, were all in the wrong places—at the north end of the island—leaving all the landings on the south end uncovered by a single battery. No breastworks had been made, and there were no tools to make any—the marshes at the south end of the island had no defensive works upon them. But one steam-tug and two barges were provided, and there were no means of retreat either by tugs or ferry—thus it will be seen there were provided no means of defence, and still less of escape, though timely notice and a providential warning of twenty-five days had been given. To the crime of inefficient defence, is to be added an interference with Gen. Wise's orders by Gen. Huger, who was utterly ignorant of the country he was to have defended. Gen. Wise ordered Gen. Henningsen to send the artillery-horses by the beach-road, and the guns by the Currituck section of the Albemarle Canal, where they could be towed to the island. This order Gen. Huger changed, and thus no artillery reached the island.

The cavalry of the Wise Legion had been detained in Richmond.

But four hundred and fifty of the Wise Legion, and two companies of North-Carolina infantry, got into the fight; the balance of the North-Carolina infantry were held in reserve.

Unfortunately, Gen. Wise was prostrated on the second day after his arrival at Nag's Head, with pleurisy, threatening pneumonia. He had been at Nag's Head about nine days. Though in painful illness, he issued all necessary orders, and sent over the troops. He ordered a division of the whole force on the island—one third to cover the landing at Pugh's, one third the landing at Ashby's, and one third to be held in reserve. These orders were not executed—no force was put at Pugh's, and Col. Jordan, who was placed at Ashby's, fell back without a struggle from the enemy's landing. Under cover of a steamer, on the evening of the seventh, the enemy landed ten thousand men, after having bombarded the forts on the seventh for six hours and a half.

There was no wharf for our boats to land at, and Col. Anderson's men had to leap into water four feet deep, and wade ashore.

On the night of the seventh, Capt. Wise with ten of the Blues and ten of the Rangers was on picket; the next morning, with his twenty men

and the balance of the Rangers, he drove in the enemy's pickets and brought on the action early in the morning; but it did not become general until half-past seven or eight o'clock. After driving in the pickets he was ordered with his battalion—the Blues and Capt. Coles's company—to cover the left flank, Col. Shaw thinking the right well protected by a deep-looking cypress swamp. About ten o'clock Capt. Wise found his battalion exposed to the galling fire of a regiment; turning to Capt. Coles, he said: "This fire is very hot; tell Col. Anderson we must fall back or be reënforced." Capt. Coles turned to pass the order and was shot through the heart, dying instantly. Capt. Wise was wounded first in the arm and next through the lungs, which latter wound threw him to the ground. He was borne to the hospital in charge of the gallant Surgeon Coles, and received two additional wounds while being borne from the field. That evening Surgeon Coles put him into a boat to send him to Nag's Head, but the enemy fired upon it, and he was obliged to return. The enemy seemed to regret this, and treated him very kindly, taking him out of the boat on a mattress, and starting back to the hospital. The next day about eleven o'clock A.M., he calmly and in his perfect senses, without suffering, softly passed away. Colonel Hawkins and Lieut.-Col. Betts, of Nineteenth New-York regiment, were with him when he died, and wept like generous-hearted soldiers. The former said: "*There is a brave man.*"

Capt. Wise, Coles, and Selden were special marks for the enemy—the latter did terrible execution with his gun. The enemy admit three hundred killed and wounded, while our estimate of their loss is from four hundred to six hundred.

The Zouaves approached our lines under a white flag, causing our men to mistake it for a surrender. They arose and gave three cheers, and the enemy fired upon them in the act of cheering. They then *en masse* literally crowded upon and crushed our battery of field-pieces, and about the same time the enemy passed through the cypress swamp which Col. Shaw thought impassable, and turned the right flank. They also turned the left after Capt. Wise and Coles fell, and thus cut off the retreat of our forces across Roanoke Sound to the beach, and thus the struggle ended about one P.M., but the fighting was kept up irregularly all that day and part of Sunday. Col. Shaw ordered a retreat early, and Col. Jordan's men were completely demoralized by his order to take care of themselves. Lieut.-Col. Green and Major Fry never got into action.

Thus four hundred and fifty men of the Wise Legion and North-Carolina infantry, fought upwards of five thousand of the enemy, at an indefensible place for five hours and a half—losing at the outside twelve killed and thirty wounded, whilst damaging the enemy from three hundred to five hundred; counting to the enemy for every man of the Wise Legion engaged man for man. The fighting was against all odds, and none was ever cooler, firmer, or more stubborn. General

Burnside said to Surgeon Coles that in all his experience he had never known so small a body of men give so much trouble, and cause so much loss to so overwhelming a force. The men of the Wise Legion did all that the same number of men could have done.

And now, why did Gen. Wise fight his men against such odds? In answer, we have to say, that *he had no election*. When the department was organized, and before his Legion left Richmond, he repaired in person to the island, examined into its condition, and hurried back a month ago, to warn his superiors at Norfolk and Richmond of the indefensible condition of the island, and its utter want of means of defence.

His remonstrance at Richmond was met by a peremptory order to the island, and there to defend it; and at Norfolk he was told that *men* were not wanted. All we wanted were "*supplies, coolness, and hard work*." After this, he was obliged to work and fight without means and without men. No men ever behaved with greater coolness; but there was no time to work, and his Legion fought ten to one up to the muzzles, and without flinching. The government had permitted the golden time for work to pass unimproved; the delay of the enemy, caused by providential interference, had not been improved by the confederate authorities, and, notwithstanding the glorious performance of his Legion, all was lost—the granary and the larder of Norfolk is gone—and the enemy are at the back-door of Norfolk. Upon whose shoulders the blame should fall, we cannot say. Gen. Wise is free from all censure. If there is to be no investigation into such disasters, we hope that the department will honestly and openly assume the responsibility, and that Congress and the people will look out for better preparation in the future.

Successes call for no investigation, but *disasters* demand the utmost scrutiny into their causes. An investigation will establish whether or not the disaster could have been prevented. If it could not have been prevented, the public mind will be satisfied. If any officer is responsible for the disaster, an investigation would discover him, and he should be removed, whatever may be his position. The cause demands that no man responsible for such a disaster should be permitted to further compromise the destiny of the Confederacy. If it be the Secretary of War, or General Huger, or General Wise, let it be known. As for General Wise, without consultation with him, with only a general knowledge of his purposes, made known to us before he left Richmond, we invite and solicit the fullest investigation that can be had.

We shall be told by the timid that this *is no time for investigation*; that the enemy are at our doors, and that we should prepare to meet them by closing up our ranks and hushing our dissensions. Our worst enemy, and one we have most to fear, is *inefficiency*. Investigation alone can defeat that enemy—congressional scrutiny can alone overcome this Federal ally that assails our rear.

Gen. Wise's Legion was not constituted like other brigades, he was required to raise his own command, and there never was one company assigned to him by the War Department. He recruited three full regiments and one battalion of eight companies of infantry, eight companies of cavalry, and four companies of artillery. And notwithstanding that he recruited and armed this command, one regiment was separated from it and sent to South-Carolina, without even the respect of consulting him; another divided and dissipated—his cavalry and artillery are now ordered to North-Carolina, and General Wise ordered to report at Manassas with three companies of infantry. If, by this order to report at Manassas, the Department mean to insinuate that any portion of the responsibility of the Roanoke disaster belongs to Gen. Wise, let Congress call for the correspondence between the Department and Gen. Wise, and the public can then decide where the responsibility should properly rest.

THE ROANOKE REVERSES.

To the Editor of the Richmond Examiner:

The independent conduct of your journal emboldens me to venture a criticism upon the late reverses at Fort Henry and Roanoke Island, which may be grating to ears polite, but is rendered necessary by the condition of the country. It is high time that these surrenders should cease. for, considering the character of the war in its consequences to us, they have been truly amazing, commencing with that of the cavalry at Alexandria down through that of Col. Pegram, at Rich Mountain, that of Com. Barron, at Hatteras, etc., etc., to the present lamentable instances.

At Fort Henry a *Brigadier-General*, unwounded, having a garrison almost intact, lowers his flag over a dozen guns of the largest calibre, and with a hackneyed compliment, yields up his bloodless sword. How withering and humiliating to our Southern manhood was the sorrowful reply of the Yankee Commodore. That the general should have neglected to make preparation for preventing the enemy from ascending the river and burning the railroad bridge, may be passed over, because no commission can make a man a commander unless it be given by nature; but if the statement as to his surrendering be true, is he to be retained upon the rolls of the Southern army as an officer?

The Roanoke affair is perfectly incomprehensible. The newspapers are filled with extravagant laudations of our valor—the annals of Greece and Rome offer no parallel—whole regiments were defeated by companies, and we yielded only to death. Our men finally surrendered "with no blood on their bayonets," and what is the loss? Richmond Blues, two killed and five wounded; McCulloch Rangers, one killed and two wounded; the other four companies lost in all two killed and eleven wounded. Comment is needless. The whole army had better surrender at once, for it will eventually come to it.

I am, sir, etc.,

AN OFFICER.

Doc. 31.

TEST OF THE MORTAR-BOATS.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

CAIRO, February 9, 1862.

IN respect to the efficiency of the mortar-boats constructed at St. Louis, at the suggestion of General Fremont, there have been many doubts in the minds of well-meaning persons, including a number of army and navy officers. They have been thought clumsy, insufficient in their bulwarks, incapable of bearing the heavy mortars designed for them, and beyond all question incapable of resisting the terrible concussion which would attend the firing of a thirteen-inch shell.

All these opinions and prognostications have been overthrown to-day, by the experiment made under the superintendence of Captain Constable, and before a committee of three, composed of himself, Capt. Kilty, of the gunboat Mound City, and Capt. Dove, of the gunboat Louisville.

One of the mortar-boats, No. Thirty-five, was taken in tow this morning, by three steam-tugs, and conveyed to a point a few hundred yards below Fort Holt, on the Kentucky shore. The huge mortar had previously been placed on board, and fixed upon one of Rodman's mortar-carriages or beds. Ten or twelve of the thirteen-inch shells were prepared, filled, however, with wet sand, instead of powder, the object of the experiment simply being to ascertain the range of the mortar, and the effect of the firing upon the various parts of the boat. The boat was fastened to the shore, and the mortar directed down the river, which from that point stretches away in a broad and straight sheet of water, five or six miles, toward Columbus.

Everything having been got in readiness, Capt. Constable fired a small charge of four pounds of powder, for the purpose of "scaling" the mortar. The first experiment with a shell then followed, with a charge of eleven pounds of powder. When all was ready, the boat was cleared of the company, most of us retiring to the shore, Captain Constable alone remaining to discharge the gun. Ready! fire! A deafening concussion, and in an instant the huge shell was seen mounting in the air with a magnificent curve, and its terrible roar gradually diminishing, as its distance from us rapidly increased. It may have risen to the height of half a mile, and was almost lost to view before it began to make its descending curve.

On its disappearance, our eyes were eagerly directed to the river's level, to mark its fall. It was wonderful to wait so long, the seconds lengthening out, as it seemed, to minutes. The suspense was relieved by the sudden shooting up, from the water's line, of a white column of spray, far down the Mississippi, and, as it was estimated, two miles and a half away from us. The mortar-boat was scarcely moved by the explosion, and the mortar-carriage recoiled but two or three inches. This was very encouraging.

The second experiment was made with twenty pounds of powder, Captain Constable again discharging the gun. The concussion was terrific.

Some distance in the rear of the boat, where I was standing, it was not painful, but those who remained alongside and in the boat, were considerably shocked. The shell rose beautifully, mounting much higher in the air, and at the expiration of twenty-nine and one half seconds, struck the water, at an estimated distance of three miles. This concussion showed itself very palpably upon the boat. The hatchway-coverings in the front part were lifted off, and in some cases broken and split, while the boat itself recoiled some two or three feet, and penetrated the soft bank of the river.

Experiment number three was made with the full charge of *twenty-three pounds of powder*. The time of the flight of the ball was thirty-one seconds, and the distance *three and a half miles*. The recoil of the gun-carriage was about two feet, and the effect of the concussion upon the loose wooden work of the boat, was the same as in the previous shot.

Experiment number four gave results similar to number three, Capt. Paulding, of the gunboat St. Louis, discharging the gun in the place of Capt. Constable. Capt. Paulding describes the concussion as very stunning and painful, and thinks it could not be endured within the bulwarks of the mortar-boat by any man for more than eight or ten consecutive shots.

Number five was with but fifteen pounds of powder, the mortar in this case being elevated to more than forty-five degrees. The shell was twenty-eight seconds in the air, and seemed to fall as far away as any of the preceding ones, which led to the opinion in the minds of the Committee, that a lighter charge of powder was quite as efficient as a full twenty-three pound charge.

The mortar-boats are about sixty feet long, and twenty-five feet wide, surrounded on all sides by iron-plate bulwark, six or seven feet high. The mortar itself weighs seventeen thousand two hundred and ten pounds, has a bore easily admitting a thirteen-inch shell, and from the edge of the bore to the outer rim is seventeen inches. The mortar-bed weighs four thousand five hundred pounds, and from the experiment of to-day, is pronounced by Capt. Constable to be the most admirable mortar-carriage yet invented. The shell filled with wet sand, weighed two hundred and thirty pounds, an enormous missile, to be hurled through the air a distance farther than from the levee to Grand avenue, in your city. Filled with powder, these shell will weigh two hundred and fifteen pounds, and can be thrown at least half a mile farther than were those filled with the sand.

Say, twenty of these mortar-boats drop down to within easy reach of Columbus, and at the same time be out of the reach of the best rifled cannon the rebels may bring to bear—so small, indeed, at a distance of three and a half or four miles, as scarcely to be discernible on the surface of the water. Say further, that each of these boats will fire, at a very low estimate, four shells an hour, then twenty of them would dis-

charge eighty shells an hour, with perfect impunity, and at this rate, for one night of ten hours, *eight hundred of these terrific missiles may be thrown into the rebel camp and fortifications.* Can they endure it? Pandemonium would be a Paradise to the place it would make of Columbus.

The trial of to-day demonstrated that the recoil of the boat was altogether lateral, and not perpendicular, as it was feared it would be. It also shows that the iron bulwarks render the concussion more severe, than it would be without them; and that, if they are permitted to remain, some plan will have to be devised by which the gunners at each discharge, may get outside of them. Illustrating the effects of the concussion, is the circumstance that the cap of the gunner, who discharged the fifteen-pound charge, was carried away from his head, and he almost taken off his feet.

Another objection to the boat, discovered to-day, was its construction at the bow and stern. Unless towed very slowly, both up and down stream, it dipped the water considerably. These, however, are all minor objections, and easily got rid of. The boats will admirably serve the purpose for which they were designed, and prove the most terrible engines of destruction the enemy have yet had to encounter.

Yours, etc., G. W. F.

Doc. 32.

EXPEDITION TO FLORENCE, ALA.

COM. FOOTE'S SPECIAL ORDER.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT TYLER, }
PADUCAH, February 2. }

LIEUTENANT Commanding Phelps will, as soon as the Fort shall have been surrendered, upon a signal from the flag-ship, proceed with the Conestoga, Tyler, and Lexington, up the river to where the railroad bridge crosses, and, if the army shall not have already got possession, he will destroy so much of the track as will entirely prevent its use by the rebels. He will then proceed as far up the river as the stage of water will admit, and capture the enemy's gunboats and other vessels which might prove available to the enemy.

A. H. FOOTE, ✓
Flag-Officer Commanding Naval
Forces in Western Waters.

LIEUT. PHELPS'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT CONESTOGA, }
TENNESSEE RIVER, February 10, 1862. }

Flag-Officer A. H. Foote, United States Navy,
Commanding Naval Forces Western Waters:

SIR: Soon after the surrender of Fort Henry on the sixth instant, I proceeded, in obedience to your order, up the Tennessee River with the Tyler, Lieutenant Commanding Gwin; Lexington, Lieutenant Commanding Shirk, and this vessel, forming a division of the flotilla, and arrived after dark at the railroad-crossing, twenty-five miles above the Fort, having on the way de-

stroyed a small amount of camp equipage abandoned by the flying rebels. The draw of the bridge was found closed, and the machinery for turning it disabled. About half a mile above were several rebel transport steamers escaping up stream.

A party was landed, and in one hour I had the satisfaction to see the draw open. The Tyler being the slowest of the gunboats, Lieutenant Commanding Gwin landed a force to destroy a portion of the railroad-track and to secure such military stores as might be found, while I directed Lieutenant Commanding Shirk to follow me with all speed in chase of the fleeing boats. In five hours this boat succeeded in forcing the rebels to abandon and burn those of their boats loaded with military stores. The first one fired (Samuel Orr) had on board a quantity of submarine batteries, which very soon exploded. The second one was freighted with powder, cannon, shot, grape, balls, etc. Fearing an explosion from the fired boats—there were two together—I had stopped at a distance of one thousand yards; but even there our skylights were broken by the concussion, the light upper deck was raised bodily, doors were forced open, and locks and fastenings everywhere broken.

The whole river, for half a mile round about, was completely "beaten up" by the falling fragments, and the shower of shot, grape, balls, etc. The house of a reported Union man was blown to pieces, and it is suspected there was design in landing the boats in front of the doomed house. The Lexington having fallen behind, and being without a pilot on board, I concluded to wait for both of the boats to come up. Joined by them, we proceeded up the river. Lieutenant Commanding Gwin had destroyed some of the trestle-work of the end of the bridge, burning with them lots of camp equipage. J. N. Brown, formerly a lieutenant in the navy, now signing himself C. S. N., had fled with such precipitation as to leave his papers behind. These Lieutenant Commanding Gwin brought away, and I send them to you, as they give an official history of the rebel floating preparations on the Mississippi, Cumberland, and Tennessee. Lieut. Brown had charge of the construction of gunboats.

At night on the seventh we arrived at a landing in Hardin County, Tenn., known as Cerro Gordo, where we found the steamer Eastport being converted into a gunboat. Armed boat crews were immediately sent on board, and search made for means of destruction that might have been devised. She had been scuttled, and the suction-pipes broken. These leaks were soon stopped. A number of rifle-shots were fired at our vessels, but a couple of shells dispersed the rebels. On examination I found that there were large quantities of timber and lumber prepared for fitting up the Eastport; that the vessel itself—some two hundred and eighty feet long—was in excellent condition, and already half-finished; considerable of the plating designed for her was lying on the bank, and everything at hand to complete her. I therefore directed Lieutenant

Commanding Gwin to remain with the Tyler to guard the prize and to load the lumber, etc., while the Lexington and Conestoga should proceed still higher up.

Soon after daylight on the eighth we passed Eastport, Miss., and at Chickasaw, further up near the State line, seized two steamers, the Sallie Wood and Muscle—the former laid up and the latter freighted with iron, destined for Richmond and for rebel use. We then proceeded on up the river, entering the State of Alabama, and ascending to Florence at the foot of the Muscle Shoals. On coming in sight of the town, three steamers were discovered, which were immediately set on fire by the rebels. Some shots were fired from the opposite side of the river below. A force was landed, and considerable quantities of supplies, marked "Fort Henry," were secured from the burning wrecks. Some had been landed and stored. These I seized, putting such as we could bring away on our vessels, and destroying the remainder. No flats or other craft could be found. I found, also, more of the iron and plating intended for the Eastport.

A deputation of citizens of Florence waited upon me, first desiring that they might be made able to quiet the fears of their wives and daughters, with assurances from me that they would not be molested; and secondly praying that I would not destroy their railroad bridge. As for the first, I told them we were neither ruffians nor savages, and that *we were there to protect from violence and to enforce the law*; and, with reference to the second, that if the bridge were away, we could ascend no higher, and that it could possess no military importance, so far as I saw, as it simply connected Florence itself with the railroad on the south bank of the river.

We had seized three of their steamers, one the half-finished gunboat, and had forced the rebels to burn six others loaded with supplies, and their loss, with that of the freight, is a heavy blow to the enemy. Two boats are still known to be on the Tennessee, and are doubtless hidden in some of the creeks, where we shall be able to find them when there is time for the search. We returned on the night of the eighth to where the Eastport lay. The crew of the Tyler had already gotten on board of the prize an immense amount of lumber, etc. The crews of the three boats set to work to finish the undertaking, and we have brought away probably two hundred and fifty thousand feet of the best quality of ship and building lumber, all the iron, machinery, spikes, plating, nails, etc., belonging to the rebel gunboats, and I caused the mill to be destroyed where the lumber had been sawed.

Lieutenant Commanding Gwin had in our absence enlisted some twenty-five Tennesseans, who gave information of the encampment of Col. Drew's rebel regiment at Savannah, Tennessee. A portion of the six or seven hundred men were known to be "pressed" men, and all were badly armed. After consultation with Lieutenants Commanding Gwin and Shirk, I determined to make a land-attack upon the encampment. Lieutenant

Commanding Shirk, with thirty riflemen, came on board the Conestoga, leaving his vessel to guard the Eastport, and, accompanied by the Tyler, we proceeded up to that place, prepared to land one hundred and thirty riflemen and a twelve-pounder rifled howitzer. Lieutenant Commanding Gwin took command of this force when landed, but had the mortification to find the camp deserted.

The rebels had fled at one o'clock in the night, leaving considerable quantities of arms, clothing, shoes, camp utensils, provisions, implements, etc., all of which were secured or destroyed, and their winter-quarters of log-huts were burned. I seized also a large mail-bag, and send you the letters giving military information. The gunboats were then dropped down to a point where arms, gathered under the rebel "press-law" had been stored, and an armed party under Second Master Goudy, of the Tyler, succeeded in seizing about seventy rifles and fowling-pieces. Returning to Cerro Gordo, we took the Eastport, Sallie Wood, and Muscle in tow, and came down the river to the railroad crossing. The Muscle sprang a leak, and all efforts failing to prevent her sinking, we were forced to abandon her, and with her a considerable quantity of fine lumber. We are having trouble in getting through the draw of the bridge here.

I now come to the, to me, most interesting portion of this report—one which has already become lengthy; but I must trust you will find some excuse for this in the fact that it embraces a history of labors and movements, day and night, from the sixth to the tenth of the month, all of which details I deem it proper to give you. *We have met with the most gratifying proofs of loyalty everywhere across Tennessee and in the portions of Mississippi and Alabama we visited. Most affecting instances greeted us almost hourly. Men, women and children, several times gathered in crowds of hundreds, shouted their welcome, and hailed their national flag with an enthusiasm there was no mistaking; it was genuine and heartfelt.* Those people braved everything to go to the river-bank, where a sight of their flag might once more be enjoyed, and they have experienced, as they related, every possible form of persecution. Tears flowed freely down the cheeks of men as well as of women, and there were those who had fought under the Stars and Stripes at Moultrie, who in this manner testified to their joy.

This display of feeling and sense of gladness at our success, and the hopes it created in the breasts of so many people in the heart of the Confederacy, astonished us not a little, and I assure you, sir, I would not have failed to witness it for any consideration. I trust it has given us all a higher sense of the sacred character of our present duties. I was assured at Savannah that of the several hundred troops there, more than one half, had we gone to the attack in time, would have hailed us as deliverers, and gladly enlisted with the National force.

In Tennessee, the people generally, in their en-

thusiasm, braved secessionists and spoke their views freely, but in Mississippi and Alabama what was said was guarded. "*If we dared express ourselves freely, you would hear such a shout greeting your coming as you never heard.*" "We know there are many Unionists among us, but a reign of terror makes us afraid of our shadows." We were told, too: "Bring us a small, organized force, with arms and ammunition for us, and we can maintain our position, and put down rebellion in our midst." There were, it is true, whole communities, who, on our approach, fled to the woods, but these were where there was less of the loyal element, and where the fleeing steamers in advance had spread tales of our coming with fire-brands, burning, destroying, ravishing and plundering.

The crews of these vessels have had a very laborious time, but have evinced a spirit in the work highly creditable to them. Lieuts. Commanding Gwin and Shirk have been untiring, and I owe to them and to their officers many obligations for our entire success.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. L. PHELPS,
Lieutenant Commanding U.S.N.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" NARRATIVE.

ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP ST. LOUIS, }
NEAR PADUCAH, February 12. }

I have just learned the following interesting particulars of an expedition up the Tennessee River. The telegraph has, I believe, meagrely sketched some of the facts. What I give you is "*ex cathedra.*"

On the sixth instant, soon after the surrender of Fort Henry, Commodore Foote gave orders to Capt. S. L. Phelps, of the Conestoga, to proceed up the Tennessee River, in command of a division consisting of the Tyler, under the command of Lieut. Gwin; the Lexington, under command of Lieut. Shirk; and his own vessel. After dark of the same day, the flotilla arrived at the railroad-crossing twenty-five miles above Fort Henry, and destroyed a large amount of camp equipment abandoned by the fleeing rebels. The draw of the bridge was found closed, and the machinery for working it disabled. About a mile and a half above the bridge were several rebel transport steamers, making good headway up the stream. Capt. Phelps ordered a squad of men to open the draw. This was done in about an hour. The Tyler being the slowest of the gunboats, Lieut. Gwin landed a force to destroy a portion of the railroad track, and to secure such military stores as might be found, while Captain Phelps and Lieut. Shirk, with the Conestoga and Lexington, followed the fugitive rebels with great speed. In five hours the Conestoga succeeded in forcing the rebels to abandon and burn three of their boats, loaded with military stores. The first one fired by the rebels, the Samuel Orr, had on board a quantity of submarine batteries, which very soon exploded. The second one was freighted with powder, cannon, grape, balls, etc. Fearing an explosion from the fired boats, (there were

two of them close together,) Capt. Phelps had stopped at a distance of one thousand yards, but even then the skylights of the Federal boats were broken by the concussion; the light upper deck was raised bodily, doors were forced open, and locks and fastenings everywhere broken. The whole river for a half a mile round, was completely beaten up by the falling fragments, and the showers of shot and balls. The house of a reputed Union man was blown to pieces. It is suspected there was some such design in landing the boats in front of the doomed house. The Lexington having fallen astern, and without a pilot on board, Capt. Phelps concluded to wait for both of the boats to come up.

They all proceeded up the river. Lieut. Gwin had destroyed some of the trestle-work at the end of the bridge, burning also a lot of camp equipment. J. N. Brown, formerly a lieutenant in the Federal navy, now of the confederates, had fled with such precipitation as to leave his papers behind him. Lieut. Gwin got possession of these; they consisted of an official history of the rebel floating preparations on the Mississippi, Cumberland and Tennessee. Lieut. Brown, it appears, had charge of the construction of the rebel gunboats.

At night, on the seventh, the flotilla arrived at a landing in Hardin County, Tennessee, known as Cerro Gordo, where they found the steamer Eastport being converted into a rebel gunboat. Armed boats' crews were immediately sent on board. On reaching her, it was found that she had been scuttled and the section-pipes broken. These leaks were soon stopped. A number of rifle shots were fired at the Federal boats, but a couple of well-directed shells dispersed the rebels.

On examination, Capt. Phelps found that there were large quantities of lumber prepared for filling up the Eastport; that the vessel itself, two hundred and eighty feet in length, was in excellent condition, and already half finished. A considerable quantity of the iron plating was lying on the bank, and everything at hand to complete her. Lieut. Gwin remained with the Tyler to guard the prize, timber, etc., while the other boats proceeded up the river.

Soon after daylight, on the eighth, they passed Eastport, Mississippi, and at Chickasaw, further up near the State line, seized the steamers Sallie Wood and Muscle, the former laid up, and the latter freighted with iron, destined for Richmond, for rebel use.

The flotilla proceeded up the river, entering the State of Alabama, and ascending to Florence at the foot of the muscle shoals. On coming in sight of the town of Florence, three steamers were discovered by our men, but they were immediately set on fire by the rebels. Some shots were fired from the opposite side of the river below. A force was landed, and considerable quantities of supplies marked "Fort Henry," were secured from the burning wrecks. Some had been loaded and stored. Our flotilla took possession of as much of these stores as they could bring away, and destroyed the remainder. A large quantity

of iron plating, evidently intended for the Eastport, was found here also.

A deputation of the citizens of Florence waited upon Capt. Phelps, desiring that they might be made able to quiet the fears of their wives and daughters with assurance that they would not be molested; also, praying that the Captain would not destroy the railroad bridge. As for the first proposition, the anxious fathers and husbands were assured that the Federals were neither ruffians nor savages, and that they were on an errand of protection to loyalty and enforcement of law. As to the second proposition, Capt. Phelps said that if the bridge were away, he could ascend no higher, and that it could possess, so far as he saw, no military importance, as it simply connected Florence with the railroad on the south bank of the river.

Our brave command had seized three rebel steamboats, one of them a half-finished gunboat, and had forced the rebels to burn six others loaded with supplies. This was a heavy blow to the enemy.

Two rebel boats are still known to be in the Tennessee River, and are doubtless hidden in some of the creeks, where they will be found when there is time for the search.

On the night of the eighth, the flotilla returned to where the Eastport lay. The crews of the different boats secured two hundred and fifty thousand feet of the best quality of ship and building lumber, all the iron, machinery, spikes, etc., intended to be used in the completion of the gunboat. The saw-mill used in preparing the lumber was destroyed.

In the absence of the Conestoga and Lexington, Lieut. Gwin enlisted twenty-five Tennesseans, who gave information of the encampment of Col. Drew's rebel regiment, near Savannah, Tenn. A portion of the six hundred or seven hundred men composing the regiment were known to have been "pressed" into the service, and all were badly armed. Captain Phelps determined to make a land attack on this encampment. Lieut. Shirk, with thirty riflemen, went on board the Conestoga, leaving his vessel to guard the Eastport. The Conestoga and Tyler went up toward the encampment, but after landing one hundred and thirty riflemen, and a twelve-pound howitzer, it was discovered that the rebels had left. A large quantity of stores, shoes, etc., were found on the ground, the fugitives having been greatly alarmed when they departed. A mail-bag, containing letters full of military information, was found, and is now in possession of Commodore Foote. Proceeding a few miles down the river, to a point where the rebels had a small armory, our men captured seventy rifles and fowling-pieces.

Returning to Cerro Gordo, our men took the Eastport, Sallie Wood and Muscle in tow, and came down the river to the railroad-crossing. The Muscle sprung a leak, and all efforts failed to prevent her from sinking. She was abandoned, and with her a quantity of fine lumber. In the official report of this important expedition, Capt. Phelps says that he met with the most gratifying

proofs of loyalty everywhere across Tennessee and in the portions of Mississippi and Alabama visited by him. Most affecting instances greeted him hourly. Men, women, and children several times gathered in crowds of hundreds, shouted his welcome, and hailed the National flag with an enthusiasm not to be mistaken. It was genuine and heartfelt. The loyal people braved everything to get to the river bank to see the old flag once more. Their tales of persecution and suffering were heart-rending. Tears flowed freely down the cheeks of men as well as women, as they spoke of the fondly cherished hope of again living under the Stars and Stripes.

At Savannah, Tenn., Capt. Phelps was assured that, of the several hundred troops of which I have already spoken, more than one half would have hailed their capture by our men as a deliverance from bondage. In Mississippi the people spoke with less freedom about the Union cause. They said they were actually afraid of their own shadows, so great was the reign of terror in their midst.

The selection of Captain Phelps for this important expedition, has proven one of the best that could have been made. In a man who, like him, unites with the loyalty of a patriotic American citizen the coolness and intrepidity of an experienced commander, there can be little wanting to make him equal to any emergency that the service of our country, in her hour of peril, may present. He has done much, and will do more to establish the high character of the calling in which he is engaged.

Commodore Foote has just cause for self-congratulation in devising the expedition, and placing at its head a man who has so nobly acquitted himself. Of this valiant officer, however, more anon. MACK.

Doc. 33.

CAPTURE OF ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. REPORT OF LIEUT. S. P. QUACKENBUSH.

UNITED STATES STEAMER DELAWARE, {
OFF ELIZABETH CITY, February 11, 1862. }

Commander S. C. Rowan:

SIR: In obedience to orders, I herewith submit to you the following report:

On the seventh day of February, 1862, at ten o'clock in the morning, the United States steamer Delaware, S. P. Quackenbush, Lieut. Commanding, and bearing the red pennant of Commander S. C. Rowan, in obedience to a general order from the United States flag-ship Southfield, got under weigh, and proceeded through the marshes towards the battery on Roanoke Island, known as Fort Sullivan, mounting ten guns, which battery we attacked at half-past eleven in the morning, and continued the fire, gradually closing in, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we ran close in to shore, within ten feet of the beach, for the purpose of covering the landing of the troops from the army transports, and flanking the fort. At this period the launches, under the command

of Midshipman Porter, came up for the same purpose. Master's Mate J. H. Hammond, of this vessel, then assumed the command of the launch Delaware. At this time the Captain called away his gig, and, together with his aid, Acting Assistant Paymaster F. R. Curtis, made the first landing on Roanoke Island, for the purpose of reconnoitring and capturing a rebel tent, which was accomplished and brought on board. After which, believing that there was a large body of rebel troops in the woods, we fired several shells from our nine-inch Dahlgren, commanded by J. H. Kerens, which it was afterwards ascertained lodged in the midst of their encampment, compelling them to disperse and desist from throwing up intrenchments.

At a quarter past five P.M. reported to flag-ship, and requested permission to land troops from the transports, which was granted, and we landed the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment, accomplishing it by eight o'clock P.M., when we hauled off and anchored, distant some hundred yards from the shore, where we remained during the night. The following morning, at the request of Gen. Burnside, sent Acting Master Chase, with the command of ten soldiers of the Ninth New-Jersey regiment and two boats' crews, on shore for the purpose of reconnoitring. They returned at eleven o'clock A.M. Previous to this, Paymaster's Clerk Charles T. Hallowell, landed for the purpose of ascertaining if he could procure compressors' screws for our rifled howitzer, which was disabled during the action. He was unsuccessful in procuring them, owing to the engagement at the time. Capt. Quackenbush and his aid, F. R. Curtis, went on shore at half-past one o'clock to offer assistance to the army; ascertained that they required warm fresh water and surgical attendance to dress the wounds, and had the same sent to their hospital, together with the Surgeon, Le Traver, who rendered efficient service on the transport steamer Union. Afterwards weighed anchor and went within one hundred yards of Fort Sullivan, when Commander Rowan and Lieut. Commanding Quackenbush landed at the fort, and witnessed the raising of the glorious Stars and Stripes on the rebel battery, amid tremendous cheering.

On the ninth, at half-past two P.M., this squadron, consisting of fourteen vessels, under command of S. C. Rowan, weighed anchor for Elizabeth City. During the afternoon discovered three small rebel steamers, which we chased until dark, and then came to anchor eighteen miles distant from this place, receiving on board two fishermen from a small sail-boat, captured by the United States steamer Ceres. On the tenth inst., at six o'clock A.M., weighed anchor for Elizabeth City. At eight A.M. discovered the enemy's gunboats, consisting of seven steamers and one schooner; gave chase and found that the enemy had a battery of four guns on our left, and one of one gun in the town facing us. At six minutes past nine A.M. engaged gunboats and battery, and closed in fast upon them, filling the air with shot and shell.

At twenty-five minutes past nine A.M. the schooner struck her colors, and was found to be on fire. About the same time the rebel flag on the battery at Cobb's Point was taken down and waved apparently as a signal for the rebel gunboats. Wm. F. Lynch, Flag-Officer, was commanding at the fort. This signal was afterwards ascertained to be an order for the evacuation of the rebel gunboats. They immediately ran close in shore, and were instantaneously abandoned and set on fire by their crews, some of whom escaped in boats, and others, jumping overboard, swam and waded to the shore. Lieut. Commanding Quackenbush now gave the order to his aid, F. R. Curtis, to man the cutter and bring off a rebel flag for Commander Rowan. J. H. Raymond, Acting Master's Mate, together with a part of his division, immediately jumped in the boat with F. R. Curtis, and boarded the rebel steamer Fanny, which was at the time on fire, and hauled down the rebel flag; then proceeded on shore to the battery, and Mr. Raymond then planted the Stars and Stripes, and returned on board the Delaware, which was moored to the wharf at Elizabeth City, at forty-five minutes past nine o'clock in the forenoon—thus ending one of the shortest and most brilliant engagements which has occurred during this unfortunate civil war. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers and men attached to this vessel.

Mr. Gabandon, signal officer attached to this vessel, rendered efficient and valuable service during the engagement.

GENERAL ORDER FROM COMMANDER ROWAN.

GENERAL ORDER.

UNITED STATES STEAMER DELAWARE, }
OFF ELIZABETH CITY, February 11, 1862. }

The commander of the flotilla in Albemarle Sound avails himself of the earliest moment to make a public acknowledgment of the coolness, gallantry and skill, displayed by the officers and men under his command, in the capture and destruction of the enemy's battery and squadron at Cobb's Point.

The strict observance of the plan of attack, and the steady but onward course of the ships, without returning a shot until within three quarters of a mile of the fort, excited the admiration of our enemies.

The undersigned is particularly gratified at the evidence of the high discipline of the crews, in refraining from trespassing, in the slightest degree, upon the private property of defenceless people in a defenceless town.

The generous offer to go on shore and extinguish the flames applied by the torch of a vandal soldiery upon the houses of its own defenceless women and children, is a striking evidence of the justness of our cause, and must have its effect in teaching our deluded countrymen a lesson in humanity and civilisation.

S. C. ROWAN,
Commanding U. S. Naval Forces in Albemarle Sound.
F. R. CURTIS,
Paymaster.

COMMANDER ROWAN'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER DELAWARE, }
OFF ELIZABETH CITY, February 10, 1862. }

SIR: I have the happiness to report that I have met the enemy off this place this morning at nine o'clock, and after a very sharp engagement have succeeded in destroying or capturing his entire naval force, and silencing and destroying his battery on Cobb's Point.

The only vessel saved from destruction is the Ellis, Capt. J. M. Cook, who is wounded and a prisoner on board this ship. I have other prisoners.

I am happy to say that our casualties are few, considering the warmth of the enemy's fire, say two or three killed and some wounded.

I send the Ellis to you under command of Acting Master Chase, of this ship, who, I hope, you will confirm in the command.

The conduct of the gallant men I have the honor to command is worthy of all praise.

A detailed account will be furnished when I have time.

I am happy to say that none of our vessels are severely injured.

I shall leave here a small force, and visit the canals, and take a look into the other places before I return.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. C. ROWAN,
Commander U.S.N.

NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

A correspondent gives the following account of this affair:

After the great victory of Roanoke Island, and as soon as suitable preparations could be made, a portion of the fleet proceeded to Elizabeth City, for the purpose of capturing the rebel navy, which, it was said, had made a stand at that point, with the intention of resisting our force to the last. Orders were also given to burn what steamers the rebels were building at that place, but not to destroy or molest any other property belonging to the citizens.

The expedition, in command of Capt. S. C. Rowan left Roanoke Island on Sunday, February ninth, at three o'clock P.M. It was composed of the following steamers: Delaware, Lieut. Com. Quackenbush, the flag-ship; Underwriter, Lieut. Com. W. N. Jeffers; Louisiana, Lieut. Com. Murray; Lockwood, Acting Master Graves; Seymour, Lieut. Com. Wells; Hetzell, Lieut. Com. Davenport; Shawsheen, Acting Master Woodruff; Valley City, Lieut. Com. Chaplin; General Putnam, Acting Master Hotchkiss; Commodore Perry, Lieut. Com. Flusser; Ceres, Acting Master MacDiarmid; Morse, Acting Master Hayes; Whitehead, Acting Master French; Brincker, Acting Master Giddings, making fourteen in all.

The distance to Elizabeth City from Roanoke Island, is some thirty-five or forty miles.

We came in sight of Elizabeth City about three o'clock, and, as we approached, we discovered the enemy's steamers—seven in number—in line of battle, in front of the city, ready to

receive us. A fort was also discovered on a point which projected out some considerable distance—one fourth of a mile, perhaps—in front of the rebel line of steamers; and directly opposite of this fort was a schooner, anchored, on which were two heavy rifle guns; the distance between the fort and this schooner being about half a mile. Four large guns were mounted on the fort, and it was thought by the rebels that no fleet of ours could pass this narrow channel; consequently they considered themselves safe, with the assistance of their navy, drawn up between the city and the fort.

At the sight of the enemy, everything was in readiness for battle. To describe the wild delight of our brave blue-jackets, when they first discovered the enemy, is more than pen can do.

The charge was short and desperate, and without any exception is one of the most brilliant ever made by the American navy. All eyes were on the Commander, Rowan, to see what the first order would be, as we were rapidly approaching the foe.

In due time he ran up the signal to engage the enemy in close action, hand to hand. We were then about two miles from the enemy. This was a signal for a test of speed as well as the signal for a deadly encounter with a desperate foe, whose all was staked upon this final engagement. For a distance of two miles it was a race between our steamers in their eagerness to outstrip each other, and to be first to meet the enemy of the Republic face to face.

The river began to narrow as we approached the city. The point where the fort was situated necessarily brought our steamers nearer together, making them sure marks for the enemy's guns; indeed, it would be a miracle if a shot from one of the enemy's guns did not strike some one of our steamers. Under the circumstances, most any other commander would have thought it advisable to first attack the fort and silence the guns on both sides of that narrow point, and then attack the rebel steamers; but not so with the brave and intrepid Rowan, whose motto is to charge bayonets on the enemy, whenever and wherever he may be found. In action the position of the commander's ship is in the centre of the squadron. The Delaware, Capt. Rowan's flag-ship, was at the head of the advancing column, and led the van. No attention was paid to the fort or armed schooner, as they dashed by them through a perfect torrent of shells and grape, boarded the rebel steamers, and engaged them at the point of the bayonet, as the panic-stricken rebels leaped into the water in every direction. Many were killed by the bayonet and revolver in this hand-to-hand fight, and sank below the water. Their real loss will, doubtless, never be known to us; the slaughter, however, was fearful, and the struggle short and desperate—not more than fifteen minutes in duration.

The fort and armed schooner were deserted quite as soon as were the rebel steamers, for it was made quite as hot work for those behind the guns as it was for their confederates on the gun-

boats. Our loss is two killed and about a dozen wounded—all seamen. The death-struggle was brief. In less time than it would take to write a telegraphic dispatch the victory was ours.

The Commodore Perry was in the advance, and made for the rebel steamer *Sea Bird*, the flag-ship of the rebel navy, on which was Commodore Lynch, and run her down, cutting her through. The *Ceres* ran straight into the rebel steamer *Ellis*, and ran her down in like manner, boarding her at the same time. The Underwriter took the *Forrest* in the same style, while the *Delaware* took the *Fanny* in fine shape, she having received ten shots from our squadron, which made daylight through her in as many places. The *Morse*, *Shawsheen*, *Lockwood*, *Hetzell*, *Valley City*, *Putnam*, *Whitehead*, *Brincker*, and *Seymour* also covered themselves with glory. Every officer and man in our entire squadron behaved like a hero, one as brave as the other, all through this desperate charge. The terrified rebels, as they forsook their gunboats, fired them, and thus all but the *Ellis* were burned, including a new one on the stocks. Four were burned, one captured, and two made their escape—the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort*. They are in the canal which leads to Norfolk, but are not able to go through, on account of the locks having been destroyed; consequently they will be captured before this reaches you, as they can go only some few miles toward Norfolk.

The log-books of the steamers, together with the signal-book of the rebel navy, and all their navy signal-colors, fell into our hands, with many other records and papers, which places us in possession of much that is valuable.

The following are the names of the seven steamers which we encountered to-day, with their commanders: *Ellis*, Capt. C. W. Cooke; *Raleigh*, Capt. Alexander; *Fanny*, Capt. Taylor; *Beaufort*, Capt. Parker; *Accomac*, Capt. Sands; *Forrest*, Capt. Hoover; *Sea Bird*, (the rebel flag-ship,) Com. Lynch. All of these commanders were educated in the United States Naval Academy. Capt. Cooke is taken prisoner by our forces. As I have already said, the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort* escaped.

When it became evident that nothing but disaster awaited them, the rebels, after firing their gunboats, fled to the village, and commenced firing the principal buildings. It is said that Col. Martin, of Hatteras memory, fired considerable of his own property before fleeing. An officer of the *Wise Legion* was caught mounted, riding through the village, pointing out buildings to be burnt. The village had been deserted by most of the population. Those who remained were in great fright, under the delusion that the object of our visitation was to burn the town, and that they would be cruelly treated. Capt. Rowan availed himself of the first moment to disabuse them of this idea, and assured them that he came to give them protection, and besought them to cease inflicting injury on themselves by setting fire to their beautiful village. A prominent physician came to the dock, and

sought a conversation with Capt. Rowan, who repeated these assurances, which had the effect to cause them to stay the further application of the torch. But several of the best buildings were already in flames, among them the court-house. An application was made to Capt. Worden to assist in putting out the flames, but as his fleet embraced but a limited number of men, and as his own boats might in their absence be fired; and in addition to this, there being but little prospect, since the insane rebels had rendered worthless the hose by cutting it, of accomplishing more than drawing upon him the lie that he had fired the village, he properly declined to allow his men to go ashore. He was visited by several Union men, one of whom assured him that there were three thousand others in the county, but who dared not avow themselves as such. Negroes flocked in large numbers to the landing-place, and indulged in demonstrations of welcome, and brought poultry, eggs, and other things, to sell, and received a greater price than they asked. The news of the capture of Roanoke Island was not generally known; and the assurance that it was really so, and that nearly three thousand had been taken prisoners, created great surprise, as the people had been told by the rebels that their position was impregnable.

Though the village was much deserted, it was believed that many were in the suburbs and would return. Hundreds had left during the last week or two, and on the return of the rebel steamers from the action of Friday, in a crippled condition, many more fled. Capt. Hunter of the *Curlew* had left for Norfolk the evening previous, and the belief was general that that city would next be visited by our troops.

—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

Doc. 34.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

To the Editor of the Richmond Examiner:

A NATIONAL emblem should symbolize the national government in its history, nature, office and fundamental principles.

The lion of England ascribes the royal character, and undisputed supremacy of the king of beasts to that noble government.

Various nations, as Austria, Russia, etc., have assumed the free eagle, as typical of the characteristics of their governments.

It is believed to be susceptible of proof, that the *single star* is our proper national emblem.

Inasmuch as there are various orders and classes of stars, it is proper that a question be first raised in that connection. In this view we should not think of our star as one of the so-called *fixed* stars, which are, *to human sight*, in their order, almost too small to be assigned mere twinkling points, without apparent career, having, as far as men have yet discovered, no influence in creation, unless we accept the *conjecture* of astronomers, that they are suns, the centres of other

systems than our own; in which case, though these reasons disappear, a yet stronger one arises in the fact that, as suns, they would shine by *inherent* rather than *borrowed* light—which idea will be found inapplicable. But rather should we think of it as a planet, a world in itself, shining steadily, having an evident career, bright and marked, unchangeable, complete, of Almighty design, an essential chord in the universal harmony, of which a single false note, the slightest irregularity, would destroy that harmony, and upturn the universe.

Now for the points of the analogy:

1. Our government hath foundations well laid and sure. The star is *created*, *placed* in its *relative* position, and *held* there, coursing on through space by an *Almighty* hand—we ask no more. Though all the firmament were studded thick as the silver dust that sprinkled the gorgeous milkyway, and every star were as thickly inhabited, the universe combined could not affect one tittle in its integrity, nor move one jot from its course, the single star so created, so placed, and so held. The Almighty hand we do not defy; human hands we do. The star, then, well symbolizes the fact that our government is durably founded.

2. The confederate government, as the prominent idea of its constitution, possesses no powers of its own, but only exerts such as may have been conferred upon it by the States—the star has no light of its own, but simply *reflects* such as it receives, and so symbolizes the nature of our government.

3. Inasmuch as the star borrows its light from a source possessing *inherent* light—the sun; as the emblem of the confederate government, it would indicate that the source from which that government derives its powers, possesses itself *inherent* powers; in other words, that *the States are independent sovereigns*; and as this *fact* is a *fundamental principle* of our government, the star is eminently appropriate as indicative thereof.

4. This State sovereignty is no *new* principle, but equally *original* and eternal; and as the very right of secession was based upon the fact that this principle was original to the old contract, this *fact* should be indicated by retaining, as our emblem, that which originally symbolized this relation, to wit, the single star.

5. As we are not an unrecorded people, new-sprung from the womb of time, but *have* a history *peculiarly our own*, gloriously illustrated by the noble deeds which our great Southern sires have done, it is fit that, as Southerners, we retain some suitable connection with the past; and *the single star*, as the symbol of that grand principle, (lost by the abomination of despotism, and our peculiar property,) which was the source of all that is to be remembered in the system of that past, furnishes that suitable connection.

6. We stand preëminent, bordered, on either side, by nations steeped in political darkness. The stars, in their courses, lifted on high, shine amid surrounding darkness, and so illustrate our position and functions. Accordingly, as the star was selected to guide the wise men to the source

of human blessedness, so the star of our Confederacy shall be a beacon to the nations, to guide them to that utmost of political blessings, pure republican liberty.

So much for the single star of itself; now to view it comparatively.

The sun and moon are both set by the Almighty, but,

1. The star is a better emblem than the sun, because the sun shines by a light *inherent* in itself, not *borrowed and reflected*, like the light of the star, or the powers of our government. Moreover, the sun puts out of view all other lights within the compass of its power; no State rights man will agree that such an idea shall be expressed, even remotely, by the emblem of the confederate government.

2. The star is better than the queen of night, because she, *to human sight*, is ever changing, waxing or waning, and *one no less than the other*; the only course of change for us must be *onward*.

3. The *single* star is better than a number of stars, proportioned to the number of States, for if such a *number* of stars be the emblem of the nation, any *change in the number of the States* would necessitate a change in the emblem, and *this involves the idea that the character, or rather the completeness of the nationality, depends upon the number of States composing it—the very idea which proved so pernicious under the late Union*, and which, entirely opposed as it is to our whole system, we should most carefully avoid. This number of stars, *each for a State*, is further objectionable, because *the States* possess *inherent* powers, are *suns*, while a star simply *reflects*.

To the "Southern Cross," besides what has just been said, an objection is found in the fact that, however "far-sighted" our statesmen, none of them can make that constellation from even the southernmost point of the Confederacy. *It is not ours*; we are not quite far enough from the North, however painful the fact; and for us, a people fighting for our own rights, to assume it, would be exceedingly unbecoming, as a clear violation of the rights of the dwellers in Terra del Fuego, a people weaker than ourselves.

The objection to the cross itself, as the prominent feature of our flag, may be found on inspecting a chart of the flags of other nations, where it will be found, in every variety of shape and color, endlessly repeated.

It is right, and certainly desired by every thoughtful man in the nation, that some thankful acknowledgment of the Deity be a feature of our banner; but the *prominent* feature of the *national* banner should be *the national emblem*, and that emblem for us, *a single star*.

I am, sir, etc.,

HEREMON.

[We have printed the foregoing communication, not because we approve the idea, but because the subject is one on which it is well to hear all rational suggestions.

Before we got our national emblem, we must get rid of stars and stripes in all their variations. So, too, of all arrangements of red, white and blue.

Nothing can be gotten from either but plagiarisms, poor imitations, feeble fancies. Our coat-of-arms must be not only in accord with the higher law of heraldry, but, above all, *original*, our own, and not another's.

Not one of the thousand writers on this topic has yet presented an original or appropriate idea. Yet there is a thought which starts to the mind's eye.

The national emblem of the equestrian South is the *horse*. Its colors are *black and white*. Its shield is the *sable horse* of Manassas, on a silver field; its flag is the white flag with the black horse. Both colors are already united to make the grey of the confederate uniform; and emblem and colors are alike suggestive of the country and its history, and neither belong to any other nation of Christians.—Ed. Ex.]

—*Richmond Examiner*, February 11.

Doc. 35.

GALLANTRY OF LIEUT. PHELPS.

THE Secretary of the Navy sent the following letter to Flag-Officer Foote:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, February 13, 1862.

SIR: Your letter of the seventh instant, communicating the details of your great success in the capture of Fort Henry, is just received. I had previously informed you of the reception of your telegraphic despatch announcing the event, which gave the highest satisfaction to the country. We have to-day the report of Lieut. Commanding S. L. Phelps, with the gratifying results of his successful pursuit and capture and destruction of the rebel steamers, and the dispersion of the hostile camps, as far up the river as Florence.

I most cordially and sincerely congratulate you and the officers and men under your command, on these heroic achievements, accomplished under extraordinary circumstances, and after surmounting great and almost insuperable difficulties. The labor you have performed, and the services you have rendered in creating the armed flotilla of gunboats in the Western waters, and in bringing together, for effective operation, the force which has already earned such renown, can never be over-estimated.

The Department has observed, with no ordinary solicitude, the armament that has so suddenly been called into existence, and which, under your well-directed management, has been so gloriously effective. I am, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
GIDEON WELLES.

To Flag-Officer A. H. FOOTE,
U.S.N., Commanding Gunboat Flotilla, etc.,
Calro, Illinois.

Doc. 36.

FIGHT AT BLOOMING GAP, VA.

GEN. LANDER'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, February 15.

THE following news was received here to-day:

PAWPAW, VA., Friday, February 14—8 P.M.

Major-Gen. G. B. McClellan:

The railroad was opened to Hancock this morning, also the telegraph.

We had an important forced reconnoissance last night, which was completed to-day. We broke up the rebel nest at Blooming Gap. We ran down and captured seventeen commissioned officers, among them colonels, lieutenant-colonels, captains, etc.

We engaged them with four hundred cavalry; our infantry was not near enough to support the cavalry, and the enemy's were retiring.

We have in all seventy-five prisoners, and killed thirteen of the enemy, and lost two men and six horses at their first fire. I led the charge in person, and it was a complete surprise.

Col. Carroll, commanding the Fifth or Eighth Ohio, made a very daring and successful reconnoissance immediately afterward to Unger's Store.

Major Frothingham is entitled to great credit, for building, under my direction, in four hours, in the dead of night, a complete bridge across the Great Cacapon, at an unfrequented mountain road.

Two columns of two thousand men each, marched thirty-two miles, and one column forty-three miles since four P.M., yesterday, besides bridging the river.

The papers taken, and my own reconnoissance to the south, prove the country clear, and that Jackson and Loring are in Winchester.

We made a move and occupied the Blooming Gap and Point Mill, on the belief, by information obtained from deserters, that Gen. Carson's brigade was there.

Gen. Dunning has just arrived at New-Creek, from Moorfield, forty miles south of Romney. He has captured two hundred and twenty-five beef-cattle, and he broke up the guerrilla haunt there. Two of his men were badly wounded, but several of the rebels were killed.

The enemies have thus been driven out of this Department.

I respectfully commend Col. S. S. Carroll to your notice. He is a most efficient and gallant officer. Lieuts. H. G. Armstrong, A.A.G., and Fitz-James O'Brien, Aid-de-Camp, joined me in the charge by which the rebel officers were captured, and confidence restored, after the cavalry had been checked. O'Brien was shot through the breast by a rebel whilst out scouting.

F. W. LANDER,
Brigadier-General.

The following official recognition of the services of Gen. Lander, was made by President Lincoln.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, February 17.

To Brig.-Gen. F. W. Lander:

The President directs me to say that he has observed with pleasure, the activity and enterprise manifested by yourself and the officers and soldiers of your command. You have shown how much may be done in the worst weather and worst roads, by a spirited officer, at the head of

a small force of brave men, unwilling to waste life in camp when the enemies of their country are within reach. Your brilliant success is a happy presage of what may be expected when the army of the Potomac shall be led to the field by their gallant general.

[Signed] EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

CUMBERLAND, MD., February 15, 1862.

A small portion of Gen. Lander's force being at Pawpaw Tunnels, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, half-way between Hancock and Cumberland, he joined it from New-Creek with a portion of the force there, and ordered the construction of the Great Cacapon Railroad bridge. This was completed on the evening of the fourteenth instant. At four o'clock P.M. on the thirteenth instant, Gen. Lander started south with a small cavalry force. At eight o'clock the same evening, word came back for a portion of the command to move.

This was the first intelligence we had of a march being intended, although the command had been turned out twice a day, with blankets slung, inspected, marched short distances, and ordered to keep two days' cooked rations on hand. It was soon covertly whispered among officers that it was the intention of Gen. Lander to move on Blooming Gap, a strong pass in the mountains, reported to be held by Gen. Carson's brigade, four thousand strong. For this purpose he had called in all his cavalry force, numbering nearly five hundred men, and led by Col. Anastanzel of the First Virginia regiment. They had been arriving for two days previous. It appeared afterward that it had been intended to bridge the Cacapon River the next day, but the enemy having discovered the small party of scouts led by Gen. Lander, he concluded to make the march that night. Twenty wagons were placed in the river, planks were hauled, and in four hours a bridge improvised at a point about seven miles south of the railroad.

This bridge, one hundred and eighty feet in length, was built between nine and one o'clock at night. It was about seven miles to Blooming Gap from where the river was bridged.

Gen. Lander's intention was to charge through the Gap in the night, as the position of the enemy could not be turned, and then halt his cavalry on the east side of the town, and check their retreat toward Winchester until the infantry provided for as support arrived. It was believed that, whatever the force of the rebels, in the darkness and confusion the quarters of the officers could be surrounded, and the officers taken before their men could form. It was one of those dashing exploits for which this officer has been so justly celebrated. But the enemy had retired beyond the town, and when, led by the General and his staff, the cavalry flew through the Gap and rallied beyond it, the birds had flown. Col. Anastanzel was at once ordered to push forward on the Winchester road with the cavalry, reconnoitre,

and, if possible, overtake and capture the baggage of the enemy.

Gen. Lander meantime brought up Col. Carroll with the Eighth Ohio regiment, and the Seventh Virginia, Col. Evans, for a support. Col. Anastanzel encountered the enemy at the head of the pass, two miles from Blooming. He was met by a sharp fire, and halted his command, instead of pushing through it, to the front. On hearing the firing, Gen. Lander came up and ordered Anastanzel forward. The men faltered before the musketry of the enemy, when Lander saying, "Follow me," halting at the head of the column only long enough to tell the men to remember their holy mission and follow their General to victory. His appeal was answered by one private named John Cannon, a Virginia refugee. Gen. Lander charged, followed by Major Armstrong, Assistant Adjutant-General; Fitz-James O'Brien, the well-known poet of his staff, and Major Bannister, Paymaster U.S.A., who had volunteered for the expedition. A group of rebel officers were distant about three hundred yards, encouraging their men. General Lander being mounted on his celebrated horse, outran the rest of the party, and cut off the retreat of the rebel officers. "Surrender, gentlemen," he said, and coolly dismounting, extended his hand to receive the sword of Col. Baldwin, whom an instant before he had appeared, to outside observers, to be riding directly over. Five of the rebel officers surrendered to Gen. Lander, and four more, immediately afterward, to the officers of his staff, among them the Assistant Adjutant-General of Gen. Carson.

By this time the rebel infantry, perceiving the small number of their adversaries, commenced a heavy fire from the woods, but the cavalry had recovered from its panic, and now poured up the hill. Gen. Lander once more ordered Anastanzel to charge up the road, and capture the baggage of the enemy. The cavalry dashed forward, the advance guard soon overtook and turned out of the road fifteen wagons and horses, but the main force of the cavalry seemed paralyzed, and would not face the fire. Two of the gallant privates in front were shot by the enemy, who had again rallied, and there was another check. Col. Evans now came up with his regiment of infantry, and captured many more of the rebels. Gen. Lander shot at one of his own cavalymen who refused to go forward, saying: "The next time I'll hit you, and if you don't clear the road, this regiment shall deploy and fire upon you." Col. Carroll now came up. "Go on," said Gen. Lander to Carroll, "we need you now—clean them out, and take their baggage." Col. Carroll cleared the road as he went, both infantry regiments behaving admirably, following and engaging the enemy to the last, until ordered back. The pursuit was continued eight miles.

The result of this affair was the capture of eighteen commissioned officers, and forty-five non-commissioned officers and privates. Thirty of the rebels were killed, with a loss on our side of seven killed and wounded. Col. Carroll drove

the enemy beyond the limits of Gen. Lander's department and returned.

Gen. Lander has applied to the Governor of Maryland for the promotion of John Cannon to a lieutenancy. He has also the names of several deserving men of the cavalry force. He attributes the misconduct of the cavalry to the absence of several of their officers, now ill at Cumberland. Capt. Carman is reported to have behaved well. The same force, on independent scouting parties by companies and squads, has behaved well. It was the first time they were ever marched as squadrons before the enemy. They had been accustomed to dismount and fight as infantry, and had little practice with the sabre.

The following order has been issued in reference to one of the men killed, and I think more orders have been issued in relation to others. An officer obliged me with a copy of this:

SPECIAL ORDER No. 58.

S. D. Bigger, a private of Capt. Carman's company, D, First Virginia cavalry, having been killed while gallantly endeavoring to capture the baggage of the enemy, will be escorted to his former residence, and the body delivered to his family, with the regrets of the Commanding General that so brave a man should be lost to them and the country.

His last words were: "I am killed; don't mind it; but go on."

Capt. Carman will detail two of his comrades, true soldiers, who were with him at the front, as an escort.

The expenses and burial charges will be paid. Had the man lived, he would have received promotion.

By command of

Brig.-Gen. LANDER.

H. G. ARMSTRONG, A.A.A.G.

It is said that Gen. Lander still maintains that cavalry is one of the most effective arms to use in this country, and believes, if he had not ordered to bring up the infantry, the men, having got over the excitement occasioned by this first fire, would have done all that he could have expected of them. He has complimented the whole command, for the manner in which they bore the hardships of a bivouac in the snow, and a march of forty-three miles without rest, and with scant subsistence.

When Gen. Lander was reënforced from Ohio, no wagons were furnished with the regiments; one of his best regiments has no tents, not a murmur has been heard, and the enemy driven from Moorfield on the south, to the eastern limits of his department, by a system of hurried marches and combinations, which compelled Jackson to retire, by threatening his subsistence-trains. As much has been said about General Lander's marching on Winchester, it may be remarked that he has never been ordered east of Romney, and all he has done since his reoccupation of that point, has been done at the risk of displeasing in high quarters. I was informed, by very good authority, that Lander would fight Jackson, in force, in his own department, but could not

proceed beyond it unless to support Gen. Banks, should he need his assistance. He captured four thousand bushels of corn and two hundred and twenty-five beef-cattle, from one of the rebel dépôts, forty miles south of Romney, a few days since.

His men, on their marches, usually take rations in their haversacks, and beef-cattle are driven loose with the command. They have made some astonishing marches for raw troops, and in their numerous skirmishes, they have had no support from artillery.

Doc. 37.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI, }
St. Louis, February 4. }

THE president, professors, curators, and other officers of the University of Missouri, are required to take and subscribe to the oath of allegiance prescribed by the sixth article of the State Ordinance of October sixteenth, 1861, to file the same in the office of the Provost-Marshal General in this city. Those who fail to comply with this order, within the period of thirty days, will be considered as having resigned their respective offices; and if any one who so fails shall thereafter attempt to obtain pay or perform the functions of such office, he will be tried and punished for military offence. This institution having been endowed by the Government of the United States, its funds should not be used to teach treason, or to instruct traitors. The authorities of the University should, therefore, expel from its walls all persons who, by word or deed, favor, assist, or abet the rebellion.

The presidents and directors of all railroad companies in this State, will be required to take and subscribe to the oath of allegiance, in the form, within the time, and under the penalties prescribed in the preceding paragraph. They will also be required to file bonds for such sums as may be designated by the Provost-Marshal General that they will employ no conductors, engineers, station-masters, or other officers, agents or employees, who have not taken the oath of allegiance and who are not loyal to the Union.

No contracts will hereafter be made by quartermasters or commissaries in this department with persons who do not take and subscribe to an oath of allegiance similar to that prescribed by the act of Congress, approved August sixth, 1861.

Purchasing officers are prohibited from making purchases of persons of known disloyalty to the Government. Where articles, necessary for the public service, are held only by disloyal persons, and cannot be purchased of Union men, the fact will be reported to these headquarters, when the proper instructions will be given.

All clerks, agents, and civil employees in the service of the United States, in the department, will be required to take and subscribe to the oath prescribed by the aforesaid act of Congress.

The attention of all military officers is called to this order; and any one who shall hereafter keep

in the Government employment persons who fail to take the said oath of allegiance, or who announce and advocate disloyalty to the Union, will be arrested and tried for disobedience of orders.

It is recommended that all clergymen, professors, and teachers, and all officers of public and private institutions for education or benevolence, and all engaged in business and trade, who are in favor of the perpetuation of the Union, voluntarily subscribe and file the oath of allegiance prescribed by the State ordinance, in order that their patriotism may be known and recognised, and that they may be distinguished from those who wish to encourage rebellion, and to prevent the Government from restoring peace and prosperity to this city and State. By order of

Major-Gen. HALLECK.

N. H. McLEAN,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Doc. 38.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CONTRABANDS.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS, E. C.,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., February 6, 1862. }

THE helpless condition of the blacks inhabiting the vast area in the occupation of the forces of this command, calls for immediate action on the part of a highly-favored and philanthropic people.

The occupation of a large portion of this area of country, on the seventh of November last, led to an address to the people of South-Carolina, briefly setting forth the causes which led to it; its objects and purposes; and inviting all persons to the reëducation, in a loyal spirit, of their lands and tenements, and to a continuance of their avocations, under the auspices of their legitimate Government, and the protection of the Constitution of the United States.

The conciliatory and beneficent purposes of that proclamation, except in a few instances, have not only been disregarded, but hordes of totally uneducated, ignorant and improvident, blacks have been abandoned by their constitutional guardians, not only to all the future chances of anarchy and of starvation, but in such a state of abject ignorance and mental stolidity, as to preclude all possibility of self-government and self-maintenance in their present condition.

Adequate provision for the pressing necessities of this unfortunate and now interesting class of people being therefore imperatively demanded, even by the dictates of humanity alone, an additional duty, next only in importance to that of the preservation of a world-revered Constitution and Union, is now forced upon us by an unnatural and wicked rebellion.

To relieve the Government of a burden that may hereafter become insupportable, and to enable the blacks to support and govern themselves in the absence and abandonment of their disloyal guardians, a suitable system of culture and instruction must be combined with one providing for their physical wants.

Therefore, until proper legislation on the sub-

ject, or until orders from higher authority, the country in occupation of the forces of this command will be divided off into districts of convenient size for proper superintendence. For each of these districts a suitable agent will be appointed to superintend the management of the plantations by the blacks, to enroll and organize the willing blacks into working parties, to see that they are well fed, clad, and paid a proper remuneration for their labor, to take charge of all property on the plantations, whether found there, provided by the Government, or raised from the soil, and to perform all other administrative duties connected with the plantations, that may be required by the Government. A code of regulations on this subject, as well as a proper division of districts, will be furnished in due time.

In the mean while, and until the blacks become capable of themselves of thinking and acting judiciously, the services of competent instructors will be received—one or more for each district—whose duties will consist in teaching them, both young and old, the rudiments of civilisation and Christianity; their amenability to the laws of both God and man; their relations to each other as social beings, and all that is necessary to render them competent to sustain themselves in social and business pursuits.

For an efficient and complete organization of this system, there will be appointed two general agents, one to have a general superintendence over the administrative or agricultural agents, and the other over the educational department.

2. The above system is not intended, in any respect, to interfere with the existing orders respecting the employment of contrabands by the staff department of the army, and by the cotton agents.

3. As the blacks are now in great need of suitable clothing, if not other necessities of life, which necessity will probably continue, and even increase, until the above system gets into working order, the benevolent and philanthropic of the land are most earnestly appealed to for assistance in relieving their immediate wants. Never was there a nobler or more fitting opportunity for the operation of that considerate and practical benevolence for which the Northern people have ever been distinguished. By order of

Brig.-Gen. T. W. SHERMAN.

Doc. 39

GEN. JOS. E. JOHNSTON'S ADDRESS.

THE following is a copy of Gen. Johnston's address to the rebel army of the Potomac:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF
NORTHERN VIRGINIA, February 4, 1862. }

SOLDIERS: Your country again calls you to the defence of the noblest of human causes. To the indomitable courage already exhibited on the battle-field, you have added the rarer virtues of high endurance, cheerful obedience, and self-sacrifice. Accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of home,

you have met and borne the privations of camp-life, the exactions of military discipline, and the rigors of a winter campaign. The rich results of your courage, patriotism and unfaltering virtue, are before you. Entrusted with the defence of this important frontier, you have driven back the immense army which the enemy had sent to invade our country, and to establish his dominion over our people by the wide-spread havoc of a war inaugurated without a shadow of constitutional right, and prosecuted in a spirit of ruthless vengeance. By your valor and firmness, you have kept him in check, until the nations of the earth have been forced to see us in our true character—not dismembered and rebellious communities, but an empire of confederate states, with a constitution safe in the affections of the people, institutions and laws in full and unobstructed operation, a population enjoying all the comforts of life, and a citizen soldiery who laugh to scorn the threat of subjugation.

Your country now summons you to a noble and a greater deed. The enemy has gathered up all his energies for a final conflict. His enormous masses threaten us on the west; his naval expeditions are assailing us upon our whole southern coast; and upon the Potomac, within a few hours' march, he has a gigantic army, inflamed by lust and maddened by fanaticism. But the plains of Manassas are not forgotten, and he shrinks from meeting the disciplined heroes who hurled across the Potomac his grand army, routed and disgraced. He does not propose to attack this army so long as it holds its present position with undiminished numbers and unimpaired discipline; but, protected by his fortifications, he awaits the expiration of your term of service. He recollects that his own ignoble soldiery, when their term of service expired, "marched away from the scene of conflict to the sound of the enemy's cannon," and he hopes that at that critical moment Southern men will consent to share with them this infamy. Expecting a large portion of our army to be soon disbanded, he hopes that his immense numbers will easily overpower your gallant comrades who will be left here, and thus remove the chief obstacle to his cherished scheme of Southern subjugation.

The Commanding General calls upon the twelve-months men to stand by their brave comrades who have volunteered for the war, to re-volunteer at once, and thus show to the world that the patriots engaged in this struggle for independence will not swerve from the bloodiest path they may be called to tread. The enemies of your country, as well as her friends, are watching your action with deep, intense, tremulous interest. Such is your position that you can act no obscure part. Your decision, be it for honor or dishonor, will be written down in history. You cannot, you will not, draw back at this solemn crisis of our struggle, when all that is heroic in the land is engaged, and all that is precious hangs trembling in the balance.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,
Major-General C.S.A.

Doc. 40.

THE CAPTURE OF EDENTON.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER MAURY'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP LOUISIANA, }
OFF ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., February 12. }

SIR: In obedience to your orders, I proceeded with this vessel, accompanied by the Underwriter, Lieut. Com. Jeffers; the Commodore Perry, Lieut. Com. Husser; and the Lockwood, Acting Master Graves Commanding, to the city of Edenton, west end of Albemarle Sound.

At half-past eight o'clock this morning, we arrived off the entrance to the harbor, and, after careful reconnoissance, we passed in—the Lockwood in the advance, to keep the large vessels informed from time to time of the depth of water in the channel, or of the appearance of earthworks on the banks.

At ten A.M. we had undisturbed possession of the town; part of a flying artillery regiment, variously estimated at from one hundred to three hundred, fled precipitately, without firing a shot. Many of the inhabitants also left, in consequence. I was told, of a vile rumor having been put in circulation by the panic-stricken enemy, that our havoc was indiscriminate at Elizabeth.

I was happy in being able to stigmatize such a report as it deserved, and to restore quiet to a very excited population.

There are no fortifications at or in the water approaches to Edenton. At Hornblow's Point trees have been felled, possibly with a view to the construction of works.

Among the results of the expedition are the destruction of eight (8) cannon and one schooner, (on the stocks,) at Edenton. We captured two schooners in the sound; one loaded with four thousand bushels of corn. We also took six bales of cotton from the Custom-House wharf.

There were no public stores in the town. The Custom-House was empty.

We remained two hours about the town, and were visited by the authorities and others; many of them professed sentiments of loyalty to the old Union.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A MAURY,

Lieut. Commanding Second Column
Naval Division.

Com. ROWAN.

Commanding Flotilla Albemarle Sound.

Doc. 41.

LIEUT. JEFFERS' REPORT

ON THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE ALBEMARLE AND CHESAPEAKE CANAL.

UNITED STATES STEAMER UNDERWRITER, }
MOUTH OF NORTH RIVER, February 14, 1862. }

SIR: On parting company with you at this place yesterday, I proceeded in the Lockwood, Acting Master Graves, accompanied by the Shawshien and Whitehead, towing a couple of schooners, to the mouth of the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal.

On opening the reach of the river leading to the mouth of the canal, I discovered two small steamers and three schooners about a mile and a quarter up the canal, and that the mouth of the canal was obstructed.

Pickets stationed near the mouth fired their muskets to give the alarm, and a large body of men, whose muskets glistened in the sunshine, got under cover at the point where those vessels were.

I immediately moved up within a couple of hundred yards of the mouth of the canal, until all the vessels grounded, and ordered the Whitehead to open fire with her nine-inch guns. But three shells were fired, when the whole body precipitately fled.

On going on shore, I found that a schooner had been sunk about fifty yards within the mouth, supported by piles, logs, etc., forming a complete barrier. I advanced a picket of fifteen men, under command of Acting Master Graves, followed by the machinists of the Louisiana, with crowbars, mauls, etc. At the distance of half a mile a second row of piles had been driven. They were at work on this when we surprised them. The steamers and schooners had left before we landed; but a fine large dredging-machine remained, and this we soon saw sinking. This sunk diagonally across the canal, closing it entirely for the passage of the smallest vessel, being say ten feet from one bank and six from the other. The machinery was entirely destroyed by the working party, the hull above water burnt and entirely consumed.

A resident named Stone, having a store near this point, was interrogated, and stated that the force near was the remnant of the Wise Legion, commanded by Wise in person, and numbering about six hundred men. Capt. Graves, with a few men, followed their rear guard to the county bridge. This is the thoroughfare between Currituck and the upper counties, and there was a battery of three guns placed to command the canal and main road. The guard had been removed. In their haste they left the axes used in destroying the dredging-machine, some canteens, haversacks, and clothing. In fact, as a contraband deserter from the Legion at Elizabeth City told me: "Ever since that fight in Western Virginia, in which we lost five hundred men, we have been running all the time, and now they will never stop until they get back to Richmond."

I completed the rebel works by sinking two schooners in the mouth of the canal and burning all that remained above water. The work completed, I returned to this anchorage.

My thanks are due to Acting Master Graves and Assistant Engineer Lay, acting chief of the Louisiana, for the complete manner in which my directions were carried out.

Respectfully submitted.

WILLIAM N. JEFFERS,
Lieutenant Commanding.

Lieut. Com. A. MAURY,
Senior Officer Commanding Expedition.

Doc. 42.

VESSELS DESTROYED IN BULL'S BAY.

LIEUTENANT CONROY'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES BARK RESTLESS,
OFF BULL'S BAY, S. C., Saturday, February 15, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that on the thirteenth instant, about eleven o'clock A.M., we discovered a vessel ashore on a shoal in Bull's Bay. I sent two armed boats in for the purpose of reconnoitring, and, if possible, to bring her off. On boarding, they found her to be a very old and worthless craft, without a cargo, and with only four negroes on board. While on board the sloop, they discovered three vessels lying at anchor inside the shoals, apparently laden with rice, etc. At half-past one A.M., on the fourteenth instant, I sent another armed vessel, with orders to cut these vessels out or destroy them. There not being enough wind all day to bring them out, they were destroyed after dark, and their flags, papers, and arms taken in the boat and brought off with two prisoners. The following are the names of the vessels destroyed, with their cargoes, which consisted of rice for the city of Charleston: sloop Edisto, one thousand six hundred bushels rice, sunk; schooner Wando, one thousand eight hundred bushels rice; schooner Elizabeth, one thousand eight hundred bushels rice, sunk; schooner Theodore Stoney, two thousand five hundred bushels rice. The schooner Theodore Stoney was a fine craft of fifty-four tons, but could not be got out, as there was a battery of three guns near her anchorage. She was consequently burned. Their respective crews were all foreigners and negroes, and, not having room enough in the boat to bring them off, they were set ashore, and allowed to retain their personal effects, except arms. In closing, I feel it my duty to mention the efficient manner in which my orders were carried out by Acting Master's Mates Henry Eason and J. Walter Mackie, and to call your attention to the same.

EDWARD CONROY,
Acting Vol. Lieut. Com.

Com. J. G. PARROTT.

Doc. 43.

GOVERNOR MOORE'S PROCLAMATION.

HEADQUARTERS LOUISIANA MILITIA, }
NEW-ORLEANS, February 14, 1862. }

THE President of the Confederate States having made a requisition upon me to "*furnish from the State of Louisiana five and a half regiments of troops for the war*," therefore I, Thomas O. Moore, Governor of the State of Louisiana, do hereby proclaim that volunteers will be received in accordance with the President's proclamation.

Volunteers will be received by companies, battalions or regiments.

Each company will be composed of one captain, one first lieutenant, two second lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals, and not less than sixty

four privates. Regiments must contain not less than ten companies, and battalions not less than four companies.

Commanding officers will report as soon as their respective commands are organized, to Adjutant-General M. Grivot, New-Orleans.

The troops will be mustered into service at convenient camps, and will then be clothed, supplied and armed by the confederate government. Each soldier will receive from the confederate government a bounty of fifty dollars when his regiment or company is mustered into its service, and will be allowed transportation by it from his home to the place of rendezvous.

It is earnestly desired that the troops now called for be *ready by or before the fifteenth of March*.

Relying upon the activity and patriotism of my fellow-citizens, I anticipate a response from them as prompt as the emergency demands.

THOMAS O. MOORE,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

Doc. 44.

GOVERNOR MAGOFFIN'S MESSAGE.

THE following special message was transmitted to the Legislature of Kentucky, on the fourteenth of February, 1862.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Better informed as you are in regard to the wishes of your constituents, in the particular localities from which you come, I have considered it to be my duty, under that provision of the constitution which requires of me, from time to time, to give information to the Legislature, and in compliance with the request of some valued friends of your honorable body, to make a few suggestions in regard to the condition of the State. A revolutionary provisional government has been formed in Southern Kentucky, within the line of the confederate armies, embracing nearly one third of the counties in the State. Within this boundary no revenue can be collected, and the laws are set at defiance. Its success must depend upon the triumph or defeat of the vast armies in the field. The law provides amply against such a rebellion, but I have no power to quell it. The constitution designed I should have, but I find myself without arms, without money, without men—without the means and the power to put it down. The Legislature have transferred all the resources of the State, to meet the emergency, into the hands of the Military Board and the Federal army. To them, then, will the people look for the suppression of the rebellion.

There is no disguising the fact that the people are suffering seriously in every quarter of the State for the want of means to meet their engagements. Trade is stopped in a great measure, and even what produce finds its way to market is sold at ruinous sacrifices

In regions over which the contending armies have passed, large amounts of property have been taken or destroyed, the country has been made desolate, and large numbers of the people who were contented, comfortable, and independent, are suffering for the necessities of life; their fences have been destroyed, their stock and provisions taken, so that many cannot make a crop this year; add to this, that many persons have been frightened or dragged from their homes and suffering families. The laws are silent, or cannot be executed. Universal gloom and distress pervade these regions. Families are divided and broken up, and each has its wrongs or its woes to relate. Starvation stares many in the face. In other and more highly favored districts, no property of any description can be sold at one third of its former value. The people are much in debt. They would gladly pay, if their property would bring anything like a reasonable price; but owing to the great reduction in the circulation of the banks—from thirteen to five millions of dollars within a year or two; owing to the enormous war-debt, which must be met by an increase of taxation, the destruction of property and of confidence, the withdrawal of the funds by capitalists, and the consequent fall in prices, the great indebtedness of our people, and the opening of the courts, bankruptcy and ruin stare them in the face unless they get relief. I am free to say I think they ought to have it, and I will cheerfully coöperate with you in the passage of such relief measures as may be consistent with the constitution.

To be just to the creditor and relieve the debtor, is the difficulty. It is a most perplexing question. As a general thing, the relief laws heretofore passed have proved disastrous to those whom they were intended to benefit. Especially have we a warning from the measures adopted in the old relief and anti-relief times in Kentucky; but the people cannot pay much more than their taxes now, much less their debts, without bankruptcy. I fear the sheriffs will resign if something is not done. I fear even resistance to the laws if the collection of debts is enforced by ruinous sacrifices of property at public sales. The relations between debtor and creditor have greatly changed since the contracts were entered into, by this horrible war. Much indebtedness has been incurred by the purchase of property here which has been sold in the South. Persons are trying to collect their debts there to meet engagements here. Heavy losses will be sustained. Heavy taxes must be met, and great sacrifices of property must be the result, unless something can be done for the sufferers.

What ought to be done—what can be done for this class consistent with reason, humanity, justice, and the constitution? It is the debtor class—the trading class, who incur all the risks of speculation; it is that class who, in a time of peace and prosperity, have been the life of trade; it is that enterprising class of our citizens who have constantly contributed by their industry and liberality to individual as well as to national

wealth; who have been caught in debt by the revolution, and need assistance. Shall their property, the hard earnings of years of toil, risk, and honest industry, be swept from them at half its value, and they, with their helpless families, turned out penniless upon the world? Are these men, who have carried forward the progress of the country in its rapid advancement to power, to receive protection, or are they to be sacrificed to the cupidity and avarice of another class who do not work—who consume, but produce nothing—who add nothing to the wealth, and little to the happiness of the country—who live by lending money at ten per cent a year, and gloat over the ill-gotten gains of two per cent per month, wrung from the earnings of honest industry? Shall the feast of the capitalist come, in exorbitant demands of interest submitted to and promised by the borrower, to save property from being sold at ruinous sacrifices? Shall the carnival of the miser come, who neither fights nor works, and who has hoarded up his usurious gains to take advantage of the distresses of the people at such a time as this? It is contrary to the spirit of our institutions for too large a portion of the property of the country to be owned by a few men. On the other hand, dishonest men are too apt to seize the opportunity afforded by relief-laws to defraud their creditors.

Numerous as are the difficulties that environ the subject, I had hoped that this question would have been answered previous to your last adjournment, in the passage of some constitutional relief measure, satisfactory to the people; but in this I was sadly disappointed; and had it not been that you were soon to meet again, and wishing to avoid the expense incurred in the call of another extra session of the Legislature, at a time when we should most rigidly economise, diminish our expenditures, and husband all our resources, much as I am opposed to relief laws under ordinary circumstances, in a time of peace, I would have thought myself justified in calling you back without delay to legislate upon this subject.

Whether a two thirds valuation law, applied to personal as to real estate, or a further suspension of the courts, or some other mode of relief, be the remedy, I forbear at this time to suggest, for the reason that a Treasury note bill is now pending before Congress, making paper money a legal tender for debts. Unconstitutional as I believe this bill to be, and much as I deprecate its passage, it is confidently believed by its friends that it will prove a sovereign panacea for our financial ills, and afford the debtor all the relief he needs, in the immediate advance in his property, from the excessive issues of a depreciated currency. In any event, I think it fair to conclude that the creditor is entitled to a lien upon all the property of his debtor, for the payment of his debt, and after that has been honestly surrendered, at such a time as this, he is entitled to a full discharge from the payment of the remainder. Every honest man will pay to the uttermost farthing, if he ever becomes able.

The Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, by an act approved July twenty-seventh, 1861, was directed by Congress, "out of any money in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to pay to the Governor of any State, or to his duly authorized agents, the costs, charges and expenses properly incurred by such State, for enrolling, subsisting, clothing, supplying, arming, equipping, paying and transporting its troops employed in aiding to suppress the present insurrection against the United States, to be settled upon proper vouchers, to be filed and passed upon by the proper accounting officers of the Treasury."

About the middle of last month I addressed a letter to the President of the Military Board, requesting him to furnish me with the amount expended by the Board for the above purpose, with the proper vouchers, with the view of laying them before the proper accounting officers of the Treasury, have them passed upon without delay, and demand for the State the sum she has expended, and is entitled to under the act from the Federal Government. In reply, I received a note, informing me the Board was not then ready to report, as the vouchers for some of the money expended had not then been obtained, and so soon as they were procured, a report would be made. No report having yet been received, I have been unable to apply for the money under this act. I deem it of the utmost importance to the interests of the State, that this matter should be attended to as speedily as possible, and have no doubt the Board is using its best efforts to procure the vouchers required. I notified the Secretary of the Treasury, in due time, that Kentucky had assumed her portion of the interest of the public debt incurred by the war, by inclosing a copy of the resolution passed by the Legislature. Paying the whole of it before the first day of July, fifteen per cent will be deducted. It may be well, therefore, to set off the claim of the Government for taxes, by so much of our liquidated claim against the Government, and thus allow the people longer time to meet it by taxation. The balance, I am informed, the banks are willing to receive in Government bonds.

I forbear, at present, to make any allusion to our Federal or foreign relations, in the hope that the horrid civil war, in which we are engaged, will soon be ended, and trusting that Divine Providence will enlighten us by his wisdom, direct us in the pathway of duty, and lead us in the right direction through the troubles which surround us.

B. MAGOFFIN.

Doc. 45.

OCCUPATION OF BOWLING GREEN, KY.

GEN. BUELL'S DESPATCH.

LOUISVILLE, February 15, 1862.

To Major-General McClellan:

Mitchell's division, by a forced march, reached the river at Bowling Green to-day, making a

bridge to cross. The enemy burned the bridge at one o'clock in the morning, and were evacuating the place when he arrived.

D. C. BUELL,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

GEN. BUELL'S GENERAL ORDER.

The following is a general order, issued by Gen. Buell to the troops of General Mitchell's division, after their advance upon Bowling Green:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 70.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, }
CAMP JOHN Q. ADAMS, }
BOWLING GREEN, February 19, 1862. }

SOLDIERS OF THE THIRD DIVISION: You have executed a march of forty miles in twenty-eight hours and a half. The fallen timber and other obstructions, opposed by the enemy to your movements, have been swept from your path. The fire of your artillery, and the bursting of your shells, announced your arrival. Surprised and ignorant of the force that had thus precipitated itself upon them, they fled in consternation.

In the night time, over a frozen, rocky, precipitous pathway, down rude steps for fifty feet, you have passed the advance-guard, cavalry and infantry, and before the dawn of day you have entered in triumph a position of extraordinary natural strength, and by your enemy proudly denominated the Gibraltar of Kentucky.

With your own hands, through deep mud, in drenching rains, and up rocky pathways, next to impassable, and across a foot-path of your own construction, built upon the ruins of the railway bridge, destroyed for their protection, by a retreating and panic-stricken foe, you have transported upon your own shoulders your baggage and camp equipage.

The General commanding the department, on receiving my report announcing these facts, requests me to make to the officers and soldiers under my command, the following communication:

"Soldiers, who by resolution and energy overcome great natural difficulties, have nothing to fear in battle, where their energy and prowess are taxed to a far less extent. Your command have exhibited the high qualities of resolution and energy, in a degree which leaves no limit to my confidence in their future movements.

"By order of

"Brig.-Gen. BUELL,
"Commanding Department of the Ohio."

Soldiers! I feel a perfect confidence that the high estimate placed upon your power, endurance, energy and heroism, is just. Your aim and mine has been to deserve the approbation of our commanding officer, and of our Government and our country.

I trust you feel precisely as does your Commanding General, that nothing is done, while anything remains to be done. By order of

Brig.-Gen. O. M. MITCHELL,
Commanding.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" NARRATIVE.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky., February 15.

Our victory is completed! We are now in possession of Bowling Green. Last night, at about nine o'clock, Col. Turchin's brigade, consisting of the Eighteenth Ohio, Col. Stanley, the Thirty-seventh Indiana, Major Hall Commanding, the Twenty-fourth Illinois, Col. Mihialotzs, the Nineteenth Illinois, Col. Turchin, together with sections of Loomis's, Edgarton's and Simonson's batteries, and three companies of Col. Kennett's cavalry, were formed in order, and marched rapidly to a ferry, a mile and a half below the town. A single boat was there, a kind of flat-boat, upon which about fifty infantry or a score of cavalry could pass at once. The river is about a hundred yards wide at this place, and the descent to the water on one side, and the ascent from it on the other, are both difficult, even when circumstances are favorable, but were particularly so last night, on account of the frozen and snowy ground. But the passage was commenced with the utmost expedition and secrecy, and prosecuted in the same manner until almost the entire force, except the artillery, had crossed. Before daylight they were ready to march upon the town, not knowing but what they might, at any moment, meet with the enemy in formidable numbers, and not much caring if they did.

The pontoon bridge upon which it was intended that the remainder of the division should cross, could not be finished in time, and orders were issued for all the other regiments to cross at the same place with Col. Turchin's brigade. Owing to the failure of this order to reach the headquarters of Gen. Dumont, under whose command the rest of the division had been placed, the troops did not commence marching to the ferry until six o'clock this morning. In the mean time, however, it had been ascertained that the enemy had entirely abandoned the town, and when Gen. Dumont's troops reached the ferry, it was thought unnecessary to have them cross over until the pontoon bridge should be completed.

When our forces reached the town, it presented a scene of desolation seldom witnessed. Almost all the inhabitants had gone away—the secessionists from the fear of the Union army, the Union people because they were frightened by Captain Loomis's shells. Those who remained, whether rebel or loyal, did the best, for neither class were molested, nor were their houses in any way intruded upon; but it was impossible to protect the hundreds of deserted tenements, and as many of them had been left in hot haste, and all the furniture and household goods remained in them, they were, doubtless, frequently visited and partially plundered. One house contained a large lot of sutler's stores, and of these the boys made free use, appropriating every article that they could lay their hands on. Tobacco, segars, candy, etc., will, for a few days, be found in abundance in some of the boys' quarters.

There is not as much of the town burnt as we supposed last night. The dépôt was fired, with the intention of destroying the locomotives and

other property contained therein, after it became evident that if removed at all, it would have to be done amid a storm of percussion-shells. Seven locomotives were burned in the dépôt, besides an immense quantity of all sorts of army material. Hundreds of gun-barrels and locks could be seen amongst the ruins, embracing the remains of almost every variety of "shooting-iron" which is used at present among civilized men. There were Mississippi rifles, Enfield rifles, rifled-muskets, smooth-bore muskets, breach-loading muskets, double and single-barreled shot-guns, and miscellaneous arms of every description. Bayonets, swords, hangers, bowie-knives, butcher-knives, and knives made of saws and files, were there in immense quantities, mingled with army stores, camp-kettles, tin pans, and everything which usually goes to make up the indestructible portion of the furniture of a camp.

I was mistaken in saying, yesterday, that the two locomotives which were on the railroad track at the time we commenced firing, both escaped. One of them was crippled so that it could not get off, and is now in our hands. The tender attached to it was loaded with wood, which was set on fire either by the rebels or by a shell from one of our cannon, and the burning of this did some damage, but the locomotive will doubtless be put in running order in a few days, if it is necessary. A large number of freight-cars and gravel-cars were taken, some of the former laden with gun-carriages and caissons. We also captured a brass six-pounder, a very pretty little piece, indeed. Somebody wishes me to say that there were two cannon amongst the spoils, but I am sorry that I cannot, as yet, feel justified in doing so. If I can ascertain to-morrow that such is the fact, I shall most gladly say so.

About five thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores fell into our hands. The quantity destroyed by the panic-stricken rebels can scarcely be estimated; but I saw a single pile of corn burning, which, judging from its size when I first found it, and from the fact that it had then been burning more than eighteen hours, must have contained at least ten thousand bushels. Two smaller piles were being consumed a short distance from the larger one. Besides corn, thousands of dollars' worth of wheat, flour, beef, bacon, potatoes, and beans, were given to the flames. It is indeed surprising that more of these things had not been removed before our arrival, as the design of the enemy to evacuate the place, was formed long since, and was actually begun as much as two weeks ago, by the withdrawal of artillery from some of the outworks.

Of course, all the buildings which contained these stores were also burned, together with a mill or two, and a few private residences—amongst which was the mansion of Hon. Warner Underwood, former member of Congress from the Bowling Green district, and brother of Judge Underwood, ex-United States Senator. The house of the Judge is upon the northern side of the river, and would, doubtless, have shared the same fate had not the vandals been suddenly and unex-

pectedly driven from their prey. It is hardly necessary to say that both the Judge and his brother have been unflinching Union men all their lives, and that neither the seductions of treason, nor the threats of traitors could shake their steadfast loyalty. Their devotion has cost them much, and what they have suffered has strikingly illustrated the proclamation to the people of Kentucky, which that arch-scoundrel, Simon Bolivar Buckner, issued last September: "I return amongst you, citizens of Kentucky, at the head of a force the advance of which is composed entirely of Kentuckians. We do not come to molest any citizen, whatever may be his political opinions." Falsehood seems to be a constituent element of the rebellion, as much as plunder and outrage.

The value of the rebel property destroyed at Bowling Green, in consequence of Gen. Mitchell's brilliant dash, has been variously estimated. When I put it at a half-million of dollars, I adopt the lowest estimate that I have heard. The provisions consumed were of the utmost importance to the rebel army, and it is difficult to see how they can afford to lose them at all. The injury to their cause could scarcely be greater, if they had had a thousand men slain in battle.

The retreat of the enemy's cavalry was not accomplished without some loss. A shell or two from Loomis's unerring ten-pounder Parrotts, burst among them before they got entirely out of range, killing and wounding at least a dozen of them. These were the celebrated Texan Rangers, who have spread such terror amongst the loyal, peaceable people of Southern Kentucky, but notwithstanding their braggadocio, swell, and swagger, notwithstanding their boasted invulnerability, have never yet dared to meet even a squad of our troops in fair fight. Indeed, I might say that they have not dared to meet us at all, either on fair terms or otherwise, and their exploits have been wholly confined to plundering and stealing from unarmed citizens, burning their dwellings and insulting and abusing their women and children. Nothing could have delighted us more than the fact that, in the run from Bowling Green, a dozen of the thieving rascals were made to bite the dust.

But the value of Gen. Mitchell's conquest is not to be estimated either by the number of the enemy killed and taken, or by the amount of property they lost. It is immediately almost equivalent to the *expulsion of the traitors from Kentucky*, and its moral effect in discouraging them, raising the hopes of loyal men in the South, and damaging the rebel cause in the eyes of the nations of Europe, will be incalculable.

I, for one, am proud to be, even in an humble capacity, a member of that division of the army which first occupied the Western Manassas of the enemy, Bowling Green.

Y. S.

PROVIDENCE "JOURNAL" ACCOUNT.

BOWLING GREEN, February 16.

The last few days have been days of excitement and trial. Last Tuesday, February 11th, Gen. Mitchell's division left their camp at Bacon Creek,

Kentucky, and marched to their camp called Camp Madison, one mile beyond Green River. The business of this division is transacted very secretly, and consequently thoroughly. We did not receive orders to start until about nine o'clock the preceding evening, and being required to strike tents at five, we had a busy night. The roads were in splendid order, except near the creek and Green River, where they were very bad. Though we marched but ten miles, we were all tired enough when night arrived, as we had lain idle so long. The next night our regiment went on picket. On returning, we found ourselves ordered to march at four the next morning. The bridge at Green River had been repaired, so that we could cross by rail or wagon. We were delayed there a long time, the crossing being a tedious operation.

Thursday morning, our division — infantry, cavalry, and artillery — left Camp Madison for Bowling Green, forty-two miles distant. We made twenty miles the first day, reaching a spot one and a half miles beyond Bell's Tavern on Glasgow Junction. The railroad appears to be a little injured. All the railroad buildings were destroyed. Some were smoking when we passed. The roads the first day were in splendid order, but much obstructed by trees, which were, however, speedily removed by two companies of mechanics and engineers, who swung their axes with a will, and we were never stopped over fifteen minutes by them. The ponds along the road were filled with dead horses and cattle, as long as any cattle were to be found to fill them. We rested at noon at Cave City, which was very nearly destroyed. On the second day, we started for Bowling Green. The next morning was cold, with about an inch and a half of snow; but we were up betimes and on our way, the Nineteenth Illinois ahead as usual, with her blue flag waving triumphantly. Our road was obstructed, and was filled with signs of the rapid retreat of Hindman's forces.

We pushed on vigorously, and made the miles rapidly disappear. Hearing repeatedly that the railroad bridge was destroyed, and that the confederates would now stand this side of the river, Col. Turchin ordered the cavalry and one battery ahead. The ranks opened to the right and left, and Capt. Loomis's battery dashed by in fine style, and reached Bowling Green about ten o'clock. We heard the cannon roar, and then we hurried on and reached the banks of the river opposite Bowling Green about two o'clock, I think, thus making the forty-two miles in about thirty-seven hours. After the firing commenced, we seized every team along the road, and had the boys' knapsacks drawn by horses the rest of the way, much to the relief of our tired shoulders. Gen. Turchin fired the first shell into the town, and immediately three regiments were seen scampering on to the cars, and putting off with what they had.

But though within a mile of Bowling Green, we were powerless to interfere, for there was Barren River, wide and unfordable, between us, and both bridges destroyed. The Texas Rangers soon began to fire all the public buildings, and we were powerless to prevent it. Some fifty of us got ready, under Capt. Scott, to cross in a little skiff by parties, and try to drive out the few who remained to perform this work, but the General would not allow it. We then pitched our tents, and prepared to wait until a bridge could be erected. When snugly tucked in our blankets, the assembly beat to arms, and after much scolding—for we were very tired and foot-sore—the brigade was in ranks. We expected to march to town, but were put on the back track some three miles. We left the main road, and soon came to the river, where we built fires and rested as well as possible. Here the repairs of an old wherry were completed, and we crossed the river, protected by artillery. There was a slight snow falling, and very uncomfortably cold it was. We had a tedious time crossing. The Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth, Hecker's Illinois, crossed first. We pushed on slowly to within a mile or two of the town, where we halted, waiting for the rest. But the boys, getting almost frozen, declared that they had rather be shot than frozen, and we then pushed on, seeing no enemy, but rather fearing a ruse, and that they would return upon us in large force. But no enemy appeared, and we were soon surrounding the fires, some of which had been burning for several days. All the public buildings, and several warehouses filled with pork, beef, coffee, etc., are destroyed. A pile of grain, thirty feet by twenty, was burning when we arrived. Four engines and several cars were also burnt. This was their depot, and the cars had been carrying away provisions for a week. Still, immense quantities were destroyed—boxes of guns, large numbers of Bowie-knives roughly fashioned of iron, and every conceivable kind of shooting apparatus, and all sorts of hardware for cooking and other uses, in immense quantities. I learn that we were not expected for a week, and we took them by surprise. Our artillery made such quick time, that they received their first news of our approach in the shape of a cannon-ball, which struck the building in which Hardee was, and caused him to make double-quick time out of town. We anticipated, for the first twenty-four hours, an attack from the confederate forces, as we had but only four regiments and some cavalry; but we have the town safe and fast now.

The citizens seem to be out of heart, and do nothing. No alarm was given at a fire last night, and you would not have known, in the back part of the town, that there was any fire. Bowling Green had a population of about two thousand five hundred. There are now about one thousand inhabitants.

PUGNACIOUS.

Doc. 46.

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

COMMODORE FOOTE'S REPORT.

U. S. FLAG-SHIP ST. LOUIS, NEAR FORT DONELSON, }
VIA PADUCAH, February 15, 1862. }

To the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I MADE an attack on Fort Donelson yesterday, at three o'clock P.M., with four iron-clad gunboats and two wooden ones, and after one hour and a quarter severe fighting, the latter part of the day within less than four hundred yards of the Fort, the wheel of this vessel and the tiller of the Louisville were shot away, rendering the two boats unmanageable. They then drifted down the river. The two remaining boats were also greatly damaged between wind and water. This vessel alone received fifty-nine shots, and the others about half that number each. There were fifty-four killed and wounded in this attack, which we have reason to suppose would, in fifteen minutes more, could the action have been continued, have resulted in the capture of the Fort bearing upon us, as the enemy was running from his batteries when the two gunboats helplessly drifted down the river from disabled steering apparatus, as the relieving tackles could not steer the vessels in the strong current. The fleeing enemy returned to the river battery guns, from which they had been driven, and again hotly poured fire upon us. The enemy must have brought over twenty guns to bear upon our gunboats from the water battery and the main fort on the hill, while we could only return the fire with twelve boat-guns from the four boats. One rifled-gun aboard the Carondelet burst during the action.

The officers and men in this hotly contested but unequal fight, behaved with the greatest gallantry and determination, all deploring the accident which rendered two of our gunboats helpless in the narrow river and swift current. On consultation with General Grant and my own officers—as my services here, until we can repair damages by bringing up a competent force from Cairo to attack the Fort, are much less required than they are at Cairo—I shall proceed to that place.

I have sent the Tyler to the Tennessee River to render the railroad bridge impassable.

A. H. FOOTE,

Flag-Officer Commanding Naval Force Western Division.

OFFICIAL DESPATCH FROM COMMODORE FOOTE.

CAIRO, ILL., February 17.

To Hon. G. Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

The Carondelet has just arrived from Fort Donelson, and brings information of the capture of that Fort by the land forces yesterday morning, with fifteen thousand prisoners. Johnston and Buckner are taken prisoners. Loss heavy on both sides. Floyd escaped with five thousand men during the night. I go up with the gunboats, and as soon as possible will proceed up to Clarksville. Eight mortar-boats are on their way, with which I hope to attack that place. My foot

is painful, but not dangerous. The army has behaved gloriously. I shall be able to take but two iron-clad gunboats with me, as the others are disabled. The trophies of war are immense, and the particulars will soon be given.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD, }
FORT DONELSON, February 16, 1862. }

Gen. G. W. Cullom, Chief of Staff Department of Missouri:

GENERAL: I am pleased to announce to you the unconditional surrender, this morning, of Fort Donelson, with twelve to fifteen thousand prisoners, at least forty pieces of artillery, and a large amount of stores, horses, mules, and other public property.

I left Fort Henry on the twelfth inst., with a force of about fifteen thousand men, divided into two divisions, under the command of Generals McClernand and Smith. Six regiments were sent around by water, the day before, convoyed by a gunboat, or rather started one day later than one of the gunboats, with instructions not to pass it.

The troops made the march in good order, the head of the column arriving within two miles of the Fort at twelve o'clock M. At this point the enemy's pickets were met and driven in.

The fortifications of the enemy were from this point gradually approached and surrounded, with occasional skirmishing on the line. The following day, owing to the non-arrival of the gunboats and reinforcements sent by water, no attack was made; but the investment was extended on the flanks of the enemy, and drawn closer to his works, with skirmishing all day. The evening of the thirteenth, the gunboats and reinforcements arrived. On the fourteenth a gallant attack was made by Flag-Officer Foote upon the enemy's works with his fleet. The engagement lasted probably one hour and a half, and bid fair to result favorably to the cause of the Union, when two unlucky shots disabled two of the armored gunboats, so that they were carried back by the current. The remaining two were very much disabled also, having received a number of heavy shots about the pilot-house and other parts of the vessels. After these mishaps, I concluded to make the investment of Fort Donelson as perfect as possible, and partially fortify and await repairs to the gunboats. This plan was frustrated, however, by the enemy making a most vigorous attack upon our right wing, commanded by Gen. J. A. McClernand, with a portion of the force under Gen. L. Wallace. The enemy were repelled after a closely contested battle of several hours, in which our loss was heavy. The officers, and particularly field officers, suffered out of proportion. I have not the means yet of determining our loss even approximately, but it cannot fall far short of one thousand two hundred killed, wounded and missing. Of the latter, I understand through Gen. Buckner, about two hundred and fifty were taken prisoners. I shall retain enough of the enemy

to exchange for them, as they were immediately shipped off and not left for recapture.

About the close of this action the ammunition in the cartridge-boxes gave out, which, with the loss of many of the field officers, produced great confusion in the ranks. Seeing that the enemy did not take advantage of this fact, I ordered a charge upon the left—enemy's right—with the division under Gen. C. F. Smith, which was most brilliantly executed, and gave to our arms full assurance of victory. The battle lasted until dark, giving us possession of part of their intrenchments. An attack was ordered upon their other flank, after the charge by Gen. Smith was commenced, by the divisions under Gen. McClelland and Wallace, which, notwithstanding the hours of exposure to a heavy fire in the fore part of the day, was gallantly made, and the enemy further repulsed. At the points thus gained, night having come on, all the troops encamped for the night, feeling that a complete victory would crown their labors at an early hour in the morning. This morning, at a very early hour, Gen. S. B. Buckner sent a message to our camp under a flag of truce, proposing an armistice, etc. A copy of the correspondence which ensued is herewith accompanied.

I cannot mention individuals who specially distinguished themselves, but leave that to division and brigade officers, whose reports will be forwarded as soon as received. To division commanders, however, Generals McClelland, Smith and Wallace, I must do the justice to say that each of them were with their commands in the midst of danger, and were always ready to execute all orders, no matter what the exposure to themselves.

At the hour the attack was made on General McClelland's command, I was absent, having received a note from Flag-Officer Foote, requesting me to go and see him, he being unable to call.

My personal staff—Col. J. D. Webster, Chief of Staff; Col. J. Riffin, Jr., volunteer Aid; Capt. J. A. Rawlins, A. A. General; Captains C. B. Lagow and W. S. Hillyer, Aids, and Lieut.-Col. V. B. McPherson, Chief Engineer—all are deserving of personal mention for their gallantry and services.

For full details, and reports and particulars, reference is made to the reports of the Engineer, Medical Director and commanders of brigades and divisions, to follow.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General.

Correspondence.

GEN. BUCKNER TO GEN. GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS FORT DONELSON, }
February 16, 1862.

SIR: In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces, the appointment of Commis-

sioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and post under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General C.S.A.

To Brigadier-Gen. GRANT,
Commanding U. S. Forces near Fort Donelson.

LETTER OF INSTRUCTION TO BEARER OF DES-PATCHES.

HEADQUARTERS FORT DONELSON, }
February 16, 1862.

Major Cashy will take or send by an officer to the nearest picket of the enemy, the accompanying communication to Gen. Grant, and request information of the point where future communication will reach him; also inform him that my headquarters will be, for the present, in Dover.

[Signed]

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General.

Have the white flag hoisted on Fort Donelson; not on the battery,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier-General.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD, }
CAMP NEAR DONELSON, Feb. 16.

To Gen. S. B. Buckner Confederate Army:

Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms, other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately upon your works. I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. Commanding.

GENERAL BUCKNER'S LETTER OF SURRENDER.

HEADQUARTERS DOVER, TENN., }
February 16, 1862.

To Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant, U.S.A.:

SIR: The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose. I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brig.-Gen. C.S.A.

GENERAL GRANT'S ORDER.

GENERAL ORDER No. 2.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST-TENN., }
FORT DONELSON, Feb. 17, 1862.

The General Commanding takes great pleasure in congratulating the troops of this command for the triumph over rebellion gained by their valor on the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth instant.

For four successive nights, without shelter during the most inclement weather known in this latitude, they faced an enemy in large force

in a position chosen by himself. Though strongly fortified by nature, all the additional safeguards suggested by science were added. Without a murmur this was borne, prepared at all times to receive an attack, and with continuous skirmishing by day, resulting ultimately in forcing the enemy to surrender without conditions.

The victory achieved is not only great in the effect it will have in breaking down rebellion, but has secured the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in any battle on this continent.

Fort Donelson will hereafter be marked in capitals on the map of our united country, and the men who fought the battle will live in the memory of a grateful people.

By order

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

REPORT OF COL. WEBSTER.

The preparations made by the enemy for the defence of this position were very extensive. A complete and accurate survey of the works and vicinity would require more means and time than can now be commanded.

The water batteries, (upper and lower,) which were intended to subserve the primary object of the position, the control of the river navigation, were well located for the purpose.

At the lower and principal one were mounted nine pieces—eight thirty-two-pounders and a ten-inch columbiad. At the upper, one gun of the extensive form and dimensions for a ten-inch columbiad, but bored as a thirty-two-pounder and rifled, and two thirty-two-pound carronades. Both these batteries are sunken or excavated in the hillside. In the lower, strong traverses are left between the guns to secure them against an enfilading fire. The elevation above the water, say thirty feet at the time of the gunboat attack, gave them a fine command of the river, and made the task of attacking them in front an arduous one. The range of the guns in arc was, however, quite limited.

The main fort was in the rear of these batteries, occupying a high range cloven by a deep gorge opening toward the south. The outworks consisted in the main of what have come to be called rifle-pits—shallow ditches, the earth from which is thrown to the point, affording them a shelter from the fire of the attack.

Along the front of this extensive line, the trees had been felled, and the brush cut and bent over breast high, making a wide *abattis* very difficult to pass through. The line run along a ridge, cut through by several ravines running toward the river. The hill-side rises by abrupt ascents to a height of perhaps seventy-five or eighty feet.

Our army approached the place with very little knowledge of its topography. Our first line of battle was formed on the twelfth instant, in some open fields opposite the enemy's centre. On the thirteenth we were established on a line of heights in general parallelism with the enemy's outworks, and extending a distance of over three miles.

Various elevations and spurs of the hills afforded position for our artillery, from which we annoyed the enemy, but which were not of such commanding character as to enable us to achieve decided results. The ranges were long and the thick woods prevented clear sight.

During the next two days our lines were gradually extended to the right and left, our skirmishers thrown out in front, keeping up an active and, as we since learn, an effective fire upon the enemy's outworks. On the thirteenth, a gallant charge was made against the enemy, and was probably only prevented from being successful by the fall of the colonel leading it, who was seriously wounded.

Up to the fifteenth our operations had been chiefly those of investment, but we had not gained a position from which our artillery could be advantageously used against the main fort. On the fifteenth the enemy, seeming to grow uncomfortable under the constricting process, came out of his intrenchments and attacked our right with great force and determination, achieving considerable success in the forenoon. This active movement necessitated active retaliation. On the left wing an attack was ordered on the outworks, and the right was reinforced and ordered to retake the ground lost in the morning. How well both orders were executed, need not be stated. On the right our former position was regained and passed, and on the left a successful assault gave us possession of a position within the enemy's lines, and opened the way to a still better one, which nightfall alone prevented us from occupying with our rifled artillery, which would readily have commanded the enemy's main works.

This repulse from the ground so hardly won in the forenoon, and probably still more our possession of a vantage gained within their lines, induced the enemy to capitulate on the morning of the sixteenth.

J. D. WEBSTER,
Chief of Staff.

REPORT OF GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION U. S. FORCES,
DISTRICT OF WEST-TENNESSEE,
FORT HENRY, February 20, 1862.

Capt. John A. Rawlins, Asst. Adjt.-Gen. U. S. Forces, District of West-Tennessee:

SIR: A report of the action of my division before Fort Donelson has been delayed from various causes. I submit it to the General as speedily as possible.

The Third division assigned to me, consisted of the Thirty-first Indiana, Lieut.-Col. Osborn commanding; Seventeenth Kentucky, Col. John H. McHenry; Forty-fourth Indiana, Col. Hugh B. Reed; and the Twenty-fifth Kentucky, Col. James M. Shackelford, all constituting the First brigade, Col. Charles Cruft commanding. Also the First Nebraska, Lieut.-Col. McCord; Seventy-sixth Ohio, Col. Woods; Fifty-eighth Ohio, Col. Steadman, constituting the Third brigade, Col. John M. Thayer commanding. A brigade numbered "Second" in the order, was not formed together, as an organization, before or after the

action. Three regiments, the Forty-sixth Illinois, Col. Davis; Fifty-seventh Illinois, Col. Baldwin; and the Fifty-eighth Illinois, Col. Lynch, believed to be a portion of the last-mentioned brigade, came up on Saturday during the action, and were attached to Col. Thayer's command.

The position of the Third division was in the centre of the line of attack, Gen. McClelland being on the right, and General Smith on the left. My orders, received from Gen. Grant, were to hold my position and prevent the enemy from escaping in that direction—in other words, to remain there and repel any sally from the Fort. Under the orders, I had no authority to take the offensive.

The line established for my command was on the cone of a high ridge, thickly wooded to the front and rear, and traversed by a road which made the way of communication from the right to the left of our army. The right of my division, when posted, was within good supporting distance from Gen. McClelland, and not more than five hundred yards from the enemy's outworks; indeed, my whole line was within easy cannon-shot from them.

The evening of the fourteenth (Friday) was quiet, broken at intervals by guns from the rebels. At night, pickets were sent to the front along the line, which was retired somewhat behind the ridge, to enable the men in safety to build fires for their bivouacs. They lay down as best they could on beds of ice and snow, strong cold wind making their condition still more disagreeable.

The morning of the fifteenth my division formed line early, called up by the sound of battle raging on the extreme right, supposed, at first, to be Gen. McClelland attacking. The firing was very heavy and continuous, being musketry and artillery mixed. About eight o'clock came a message from Gen. McClelland, asking assistance. It was hurried to headquarters, but Gen. Grant was, at that time, on board one of the gunboats, arranging, as was understood, an attack from the river-side. Before it was heard from, a second message reached me from Gen. McClelland, stating, substantially, that the enemy had turned his flank, and were endangering his whole command. Upon this, Col. Cruft was instantly ordered to move his brigade on to the right, and report to Gen. McClelland. Imperfectly directed by a guide, the Colonel's command was carried to the extreme right of the engaged lines, where it was attacked by a largely superior force, and, after the retreat or retirement of the division he was sent to support, for a time bore the brunt of the battle. After a varied struggle, charging and receiving charges, the enemy quit him, when he fell back in position nearer to support, his ranks in good order and unbroken, except where soldiers of other regiments plunged through them in hurried retreat. In this way, a portion of Col. Shackelford's regiment, (Twenty-fifth Kentucky,) and about twenty of the Thirty-first Indiana, with their commanding officers, became separated from their colors.

Soon fugitives from the battle came crowding up the hill, in rear of my own line, bringing unmistakable signs of disaster. Captain Rawlins was conversing with me at the time, when a mounted officer galloped down the road, shouting: "We are cut to pieces!" The effect was very perceptible. To prevent a panic among the regiments of my Third brigade, I ordered Colonel Thayer to move on by the right flank. He promptly obeyed. Going in advance of the movements myself, I met portions of regiments of Gen. McClelland's division coming back in excellent order, conducted by their brigade commanders, Cols. Wallace, Oglesby and McArthur, and all calling for more ammunition, want of which was the cause of their misfortune. Col. Wallace, whose coolness under the circumstances was astonishing, informed me that the enemy were following, and would shortly attack. The crisis was come; there was no time to await orders; my Third brigade had to be thrust between our retiring forces and the advancing foe. Accordingly I conducted Col. Thayer's command up the road where the ridge dips toward the rebel works; directed the Colonel to form a new line of battle at a right angle with the old one; sent for company A, Chicago light artillery, and despatched a messenger to inform Gen. Smith of the state of affairs, and ask him for assistance. The head of Col. Thayer's column filed right, double-quick. Lieut. Wood, commanding the artillery company sent for, galloped up with a portion of his battery, and posted his pieces so as to sweep approach by the road in front; a line of reserve was also formed at convenient distance in the rear of the first line, consisting of the Seventy-sixth Ohio, and Forty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Illinois.

The new front thus formed covered the retiring regiments, helpless from lack of ammunition, but which coolly halted not far off, some of them actually within reach of the enemy's musketry, to refill their cartridge-boxes. And, as formed, my new front consisted of Wood's battery across the road; on the right of the battery, the First Nebraska and Fifty-eighth Illinois; left of the battery, a detached company of the Thirty-second Illinois, Capt. Davison, and the Fifty-eighth Ohio, its left obliquely retired.

Scarcely had this formation been made when the enemy attacked, coming up the road, and through the shrubs and trees on both sides of it, and making the battery and the First Nebraska the principal points of attack. They met this storm, no man flinching, and their fire was terrible. To say they did well, is not enough—their conduct was splendid. They alone repelled the charge. Col. Cruft, as was afterward ascertained, from his position saw the enemy retire to their works pell-mell, and in confusion. Too much praise cannot be given Lieut. Wood and his company, and Lieut.-Col. McCord and his sturdy regiment. *That was the last sally from Fort Donelson.*

This assault on my position was unquestionably a bold attempt to follow up the success

gained by the enemy in their attack on our right. Fortunately, it was repelled. Time was thus obtained to look up Col. Cruft's brigade, which, after considerable trouble, was found in position to the right of my new line, whither it had fallen back. Riding down its front, I found the regiment in perfect order, having done their duty nobly, but with severe loss, and eager for another engagement. The deployment of a line of skirmishers, readily united them with Col. Thayer's brigade, and once more placed my command in readiness for orders.

About three o'clock Gen. Grant rode up the hill, and ordered an advance and attack on the enemy's left, while Gen. Smith attacked their right. At Gen. McClelland's request I undertook the proposed assault. Examining the ground forming the position to be assailed, (which was almost exactly the ground lost in the morning,) I quickly arranged my column of attack. At the head were placed the Eighth Missouri, Col. M. L. Smith, and the Eleventh Indiana, Colonel George McGinniss, the two regiments making a brigade, under Col. Smith. Col. Cruft's brigade completed the column. As a support, two Ohio regiments, under Col. Ross, were moved up and well advanced on the left flank of the assailing force, but held in reserve.

Well aware of the desperate character of the enterprise, I informed the regiments of it as they moved on, and they answered with cheers, and cries of "Forward! forward!" and I gave the word.

My directions as to the mode of attack were general: merely to form columns of regiments, march up the hill which was the point of assault, and deploy as occasion should require. Colonel Smith observed that form, attacking with the Eighth Missouri in front. Col. Cruft, however, formed line of battle at the foot of the hill, extending his regiment around to the right. And now began the most desperate, yet, in my opinion, the most skilfully executed performance of the battle.

It is at least three hundred steps from the base to the top of the hill. The ascent is much broken by out-cropping ledges of rock, and, for the most part, impeded by dense underbrush. Smith's place of attack was clear, but rough and stony. Cruft's was through the trees and brush. The enemy's lines were distinctly visible on the hill-side. Evidently they were ready.

Colonel Smith began the fight without waiting for the first brigade. A line of skirmishers from the Eighth Missouri sprang out and dashed up, taking intervals as they went, until they covered the head of the column. A lively fire opened on them from the rebel pickets, who retired, obstinately contesting the ground. In several instances, assailant and assailed sought cover behind the same tree. Four rebel prisoners were taken in this way, of whom two were killed by a shell from their own battery, while being taken to the rear.

Meantime, the regiments slowly followed the skirmishers. About quarter the way up, they

received the first volley from the hill-top, around which it ran, a long line of fire, disclosing somewhat of the strength of the enemy. Instantly, under orders of Col. Smith, both his regiments lay down. The skirmishers were the chief victims. George B. Swarthout, Captain of company H, Eighth Missouri, was killed gallantly fighting far in advance. Soon as the fury of the fire abated, both regiments rose and marched on; and in that way they at length closed upon the enemy, falling when the volleys grew hottest, dashing on when they slackened or ceased. Meanwhile, their own firing was constant and deadly. Meanwhile, also, Col. Cruft's line was marching up in support and to the right of Colonel Smith. The woods through which he moved seemed actually to crackle with musketry. Finally, the Eighth and Eleventh cleared the hill, driving the rebel regiments at least three quarters of a mile before them, and halting within one hundred and fifty yards of the entrenchments, behind which the enemy took refuge. This was about five o'clock, and concluded the day's fighting. In my opinion, it also brought forth the surrender.

While the fighting was in progress, an order reached me, through Colonel Webster, to retire my column, as a new plan of operations was in contemplation for the next day. If carried out, the order would have compelled me to give up the hill so hardly recaptured. Satisfied that the General did not know of our success when he issued the direction, I assumed the responsibility of disobeying it, and held the battle-ground that night.

Wearied as they were, few slept; for the night was bitter cold, and they had carried the lost field of the morning's action, thickly strewn with the dead and wounded of McClelland's regiments. The number of Illinoisans there found mournfully attested the desperation of their battle, and how firmly they had fought it. All night, and till far in the morning, my soldiers, generous as they were gallant, were engaged ministering to and removing their own wounded and the wounded of the first division, not forgetting those of the enemy.

Next morning, about daybreak, Lieut. Ware, my aid-de-camp, conducted Col. Thayer's brigade to the foot of the hill. Lieut. Wood's battery was ordered to the same point, my intention being to storm the entrenchments about breakfast-time. While making disposition for that purpose, a white flag made its appearance. The result was, that I rode to Gen. Buckner's quarters, sending Lieut. Ross, with Major Rogers, of the Third Mississippi (rebel) regiment, to inform General Grant that the place was surrendered, and my troops in possession of the town and all the works on the right.

In concluding, it gives me infinite pleasure to call attention to certain officers and men of my division.

If General McClelland has knowledge of the prompt assistance Colonel Cruft and his brigade carried his brave but suffering regiments in the terrible battle of Saturday morning, his notice of

their conduct will make it superfluous for me to praise it. In the afternoon's fight for the recapture of the hill, the Colonel led his tired column with unabated courage. Major Fred. Arn, Thirty-first Indiana; Col. James L. Shackelford, Twenty-fifth Kentucky; Col. Hugh B. Reed, Forty-fourth Indiana, and Colonel John McHenry, Seventeenth Kentucky, and their field and company officers, all won honor and lasting praise; nor can less be given to the valor and endurance of the men who composed their regiments.

To the promptness and courage of Col. Thayer, commanding the Third brigade, in the execution of my orders on the occasion, I attribute, in a large degree, the repulse of the enemy in their attack upon my position about half-past ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. There can be no question about the excellence of his conduct during that fierce trial. Lieut. Col. McCord and his First Nebraska regiment, and Lieut. P. P. Wood and his company A, Chicago light artillery, have already been spoken of in terms warmer than mere commendation.

I have reserved for the last the mention of that officer whose mention, I confess, gives me most pleasure—Colonel Morgan L. Smith. This officer led his old regiment, the Eighth Missouri, and the Eleventh Indiana, united as a brigade, under his command, in the charge that resulted in the recapture of our position on the right. Words cannot do justice to his courage and coolness. All through the conflict, I could see him ride to and fro, and could hear his voice clear as a bugle's, and as long as I heard it, I knew the regiments were safe and their victory sure. Promotion has been frequently promised him; if it does not come now, Missouri will fail to recognise and honor her bravest soldier.

To Major McDonald, commanding the Eighth Missouri, and to Col. McGinnis, Lieut. Col. W. J. H. Robinson, and Major J. C. Elston, of the Eleventh Indiana, and the officers and men of both those regiments, most honorable mention is due.

Captain Fred. Knefler, my Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieut. James R. Ross and Lieut. A. Ware, my aids-de-camp, rendered me prompt and efficient services in the field. Their courage and fidelity have earned my lasting gratitude. Nor am I less indebted to my orderlies, Thomas W. Simson and Bird Fletcher, of company I, Fourth United States cavalry, both of whom are brave, intelligent soldiers, worthy of promotion.

Of that portion of my division not mentioned as in action, I would say they were carefully saved for the proposed assault on Sunday. Had the surrender not taken place, they would have been placed foremost in the attack. When my position was attacked in the forenoon, they were under fire, and by their patient endurance and soldierly behavior, won my fullest confidence. The regiments alluded to were the Seventy-sixth, Sixty-eighth, and Fifty-eighth Ohio, and the Forty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Illinois.

Major T. W. Fry, surgeon attached to my

staff, who performed his duties in the most skillful manner, freely exposing himself, will, at the earliest moment, furnish a list of the casualties that happened to my division during the battle.

Sincerely hoping the General may prove as fortunate in every battle he may have occasion to fight, I beg leave to congratulate him on his success in this one, and subscribe myself,

Most respectfully,

His very obedient servant,

LEWIS WALLACE,
General Third Division.

The following is the congratulatory order of General Wallace:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,
DISTRICT OF WEST-TENNESSEE, February 28, 1862. }

Soldiers of the Third Division:

It was my good fortune to command you at the capture of Fort Donelson. Sickness has kept me from thanking you for the patience, endurance, courage, and discipline you showed on that occasion. The country, ringing with the glory of that victory, thanks you, and its thanks are indeed precious!

You were last to arrive before the Fort; but it will be long before your deeds are forgotten. When your gallant comrades of the First division, having fired their last cartridge, fell back upon your support, you did not fail them; you received them as their heroism deserved; you encircled them with your ranks, and drove back the foe that presumed to follow them.

And to you, and two gallant regiments from the Second division, is due the honor of the last fight—the evening battle of Saturday—the reconquest, by storm, of the bloody hill on the right—the finishing blow to a victory which has already purged Kentucky of treason, and restored Tennessee to the confederacy of our fathers. All honor to you.

LEW. WALLACE,
General Third Division.

REPORT OF COL. CHAS. CRUFT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
THIRD DIVISION, DEPARTMENT WEST-TENNESSEE,
FORT HENRY, February 18, 1862. }

To Capt. Fred. Knefler, Assistant Adjutant-General Third Division:

I have the honor to report to you the part taken in the reduction of Fort Donelson, and the fortifications near Dover, Tenn., on the fifteenth inst., by the First brigade of your division. The brigade was composed of the Thirty-first Indiana volunteers, Lieut.-Col. Osborn, temporarily commanding; Twenty-fifth Kentucky volunteers, Col. James M. Shackelford; eight companies of Forty-fourth Indiana volunteers, Col. Hugh B. Reed, and Seventeenth Kentucky volunteers, Col. John H. McHenry.

At half-past eight o'clock A.M., Gen. Wallace's order was received to put the brigade in rapid motion to the extreme right of our lines, for the purpose of reënforcing Gen. McClelland's division. It was speedily moved forward in a column of companies, the Twenty-fifth Kentucky in advance, followed by the Thirty-first Indiana, Seventeenth Kentucky and Forty-fourth Indiana.

An order to halt the column at a point indicated for the formation of the regiments in line, was not executed by the advance, owing to the pressing request of a messenger from one of the Illinois regiments, then to the right, to hurry forward, and engage the enemy. The guide sent with the head of the column, here shamefully abandoned it, not, however, until he had given Col. Shackelford an improper instruction. After passing Taylor's battery, in the direction of the enemy's entrenchments, and entering the woods just beyond, the head of the column became suddenly engaged with a superior force of the enemy, in front and to the right. This appeared to be a force that was endeavoring to out-flank the battery, and the line of infantry supporting it, and pass into the ravine behind. A well-directed fire was opened upon the Twenty-fifth Kentucky and Thirty-first Indiana, before they could form to assist it. The line of battle, however, was formed rapidly and steadily, under continued volleys of the enemy's musketry. The Seventeenth Kentucky and Forty-fourth Indiana were shortly brought up in good order, and entered the action. The enemy's fire upon the right continued to be very severe, and this assault was pressed up to within twenty feet of our lines. It continued for some minutes with much fury, and was being replied to with effect by our men. I was then at the left of the line. At this juncture it is reported to me, that two officers from other regiments then on the right, rode up, and without consulting the Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Kentucky, ordered his men forward, down the enemy's line. They pressed down under a heavy volley, and again opened their fire. While thus fighting, officers from the other regiments, then at the right, rode up, and ordered the Twenty-fifth to cease firing, and it accordingly did. Almost simultaneously with this, troops from the other brigade, at the right, retreated in confusion, and some of them passing obliquely against my line, broke through it, disconnecting a portion of the Twenty-fifth Kentucky, with Col. Shackelford and his associate field and staff-officers, and Lieut.-Col. Osborn, of the Thirty-first Indiana, with a few of the privates of his command. The brigade was now left without support, occupying the extreme right of the line of investment, and in advance of it half a mile. It was ordered to fall back in line, and occupy the slope of the hill, a few hundred yards in the rear of the points of attack. The movement was accomplished in good order. This brought the Forty-fourth Indiana in line on the left. A message was now received from one of the Illinois regiments, requesting that the left should not fire; this message was regarded, and the Forty-fourth Indiana commanded to reserve their fire, till ordered. In the mean time a heavy fire was poured into the regiment by the enemy. The line was here twice attacked, and the enemy each time repulsed. From this position an effective charge was made, forcing the enemy to retire for some distance. An attempt was now made to out-flank my line on the right. It was continually worked to our right, however, to resist

this. A company of the Thirty-first Indiana was detailed as skirmishers in the right, in the bushes beyond. The fight was still progressing. At this time the regiment to our left, supporting the battery, gave way, (from want of ammunition, as was said,) and a portion rushed into our rear, creating some confusion in the Forty-fourth Indiana, carrying with them some men of that regiment, and exposing it to the flanking fire of the enemy, who appeared at that point with a considerable force of both cavalry and infantry. It was ordered to return the fire, and soon repulsed the enemy. The whole brigade was now moved in line to the rear, in complete order, and occupied a better position on a commanding ridge in front of the enemy. An ineffectual advance was again made by the enemy, which was repulsed, and the firing ceased, except some skirmishing between a small detail of men sent to the front, and the enemy's sharpshooters. Here the enemy drew off, leaving us in possession of the ground, and commenced retreating to the right, pursuing the woods, at times in sight, to a ridge, across a large ravine, about a half-mile to our right, and establishing himself there in force. This threw him to the right and rear of us, and endangered the hospital buildings in our rear, to which our wounded had been conveyed. The firing had now ceased on all sides. It being impossible to communicate with General Wallace, or get despatches to him, and information being casually received that the main line had been established further back, it was deemed prudent to retire upon it. This was accordingly done, and the brigade was formed in column and marched to the high ground just north of the hospital buildings, with a view to protect them, to form part of the main line, and to watch the enemy on our right. Upon communicating with the General commanding division, the position was regarded by him as well taken, and the order given to hold it at all hazards. Here the men rested on their arms for some time, having been hotly engaged with the enemy, at intervals, for more than three hours. This concluded our engagement of the morning. The brigade remained in position on the extreme right, (a short distance from Colonel Thayer's brigade,) in view of the enemy, during the subsequent action, at the centre, holding him in check, and protecting the hospital. During the engagement at the centre, a volley was fired on the hospital by the enemy's sharpshooters, from the hills to the right, and but for the presence of the brigade, it would doubtless have been taken. In this position, valuable information was obtained as to the enemy's movements on the right. From this point despatches were sent, and here subsequently Gen. Wallace met me.

The ground on which the action occurred is a succession of hills and ravines, covered with a thick undergrowth of oak bushes. The deadened leaves of the oak shrubs were almost identical in color with the brown jean uniforms of the enemy, and rendered it almost impossible to distinguish their line, until a fire revealed its locality. This fact, together with the character of the ground,

gave the enemy great advantage and spread a feeling of uncertainty among the men as to the location of the attacking lines. It is impossible to say with accuracy what force of the enemy was encountered. From the best observations that could be made, it is believed that there were at least five regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, the whole under command of Col. Roger B. Hanson.

At about four P.M., an order was received from Gen. Wallace, to coöperate with Col. Smith's brigade (consisting of Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana,) in carrying the enemy's works, on the right, in front of Dover, by storm. The officers and men, though much fatigued from the action of the morning, and worn from loss of rest and lack of food, responded cheerfully to the order and wheeled into column. The enemy was in force on the hill, under cover of the wood, on both sides of the only road leading up into the direction of the works. It was necessary to cross an open space of several hundred feet, exposed to the enemy's fire, before the foot of the hill could be reached. The Eighth Missouri led the advance up the road, the Eleventh Indiana charged up the hill on the left; Forty-fourth Indiana followed up the road; five companies of the Thirty-first Indiana were ordered up the hill on the extreme left, and the remainder of this regiment with the residue of the brigade, were ordered to the right, to outflank the enemy and attack in rear. The assault was a complete success. All the regiments behaved handsomely. The whole of my brigade was actively engaged. In a sharp and desperate fight of a few minutes' duration, the hill was carried by storm, and the enemy, with tremendous cheers, driven up to and within his breast-works. The flank attack of the portion of my brigade up the hill, in a line at a right angle to the main advance, was gallantly conducted, and contributed, no doubt, largely to the rout of the enemy. Col. Dickey, of the Fourth Illinois cavalry, during the attack, at my request, dismounted four fifths of his troops, armed with Sharp's rifles, and led them up the hill in support of regiments engaged. This aid, however, was not required.

This action—a brilliant one in any view—was rendered more so from the fact that it was made in the face of a heavy fire of grape and shrapnel from a battery of the enemy, located across the ravine to the left of the road, in full command of the hill and the approaches to it. After pursuing the enemy to the open ground, in front of the fortifications—a distance of over half a mile—an order was received to fall back to the hill, where the attack was made, and there encamp, hold the position during the night, and prepare to storm the works early in the morning. The regiments slept on the hill-side, and were aroused early the following morning (sixteenth) and drawn up in column, ready to march to the assault, when intelligence of the surrender of the enemy was received. According to orders, I then marched the brigade through the enemy's works to Dover, and took possession of the town and the large

number of prisoners and amount of army stores which it contained,

As a whole, the officers and men of the various regiments of my command behaved well. They received the enemy's fire with coolness, and returned it with steadiness and effect. Orders were executed with commendable promptness and precision. In view of such general soldierly bearing, it is difficult to discriminate individual instances of valor. Many such fell under my immediate observation, and others are reported by commanders of regiments. These cases will form the subject of a subsequent report at an early day.

Copies of the reports of the commanders of the various regiments of the brigade are hereto appended, marked respectively [A,] [B,] [C,] [D,] to which your attention is specially directed.

The following is a summary of the casualties sustained by the brigade:

Regiments.	—KILLED.—		—WOUNDED.—		Missing.	Total.
	Officers.	Non-com. and privates.	Officers.	Non-com. and privates.		
25th Kentucky, ..	..	12	..	60	12	84
31st Indiana, ...	..	13	7	44	5	69
17th Kentucky, ..	..	4	..	33	3	40
44th Indiana, ...	..	7	1	33	2	43
..	..	36	8	170	22	236

A list of the name and rank of each person included in the foregoing statement is hereto appended, marked [E.]

The members of the brigade staff are entitled to commendation for their conduct during the day. They accompanied me through every danger, and were at all times ready to brave any personal hazard. Capt. W. H. Fairbanks, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, was constantly in the field, at times also acting as aid-de-camp. His conduct was creditable throughout. Lieut. Frank H. Bristow, Acting Aid-de-camp, discharged his duties in a courageous and satisfactory manner. He was fired upon frequently, and had several narrow escapes. Private Charles Edwin Terry—my Secretary—acted also as aid-de-camp during both actions, and exhibited a cool and determined bravery worthy of special notice.

I am, Captain, very respectfully yours, etc.,

CHARLES CRUFT,
Colonel Commanding.

[A.]

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIFTH KENTUCKY REG.,
CAMP CLOAK, NEAR FORT HENRY, February 18, 1862. }
Col. Cruft, Commanding First Brigade, Third
Division:

SIR: Below I give you a list of the killed, wounded, and missing in the Twenty-fifth regiment Kentucky volunteers, in the battle at Dover on the thirteenth instant:

Killed—one first lieutenant, two sergeants, three corporals, and six privates. Total killed, twelve.

Wounded—one captain, two lieutenants, four

sergeants, seven corporals, and forty-six privates. Total wounded, sixty.

Missing—twelve privates.

Aggregate killed, wounded, and missing—eighty-four.

Pursuant to your order on Saturday morning, the thirteenth instant, I proceeded with my regiment in the direction of Gen. McClernand's extreme right, following the guide you sent me. I passed Gen. McClernand at his headquarters, and he ordered me to go at double-quick. The guide continued with me, leading me within range of the enemy's guns, until we passed in the rear of one of our batteries on the hill, when the guide left me, directing me to proceed around the hill. I then proceeded in utter ignorance of the point at which I was needed, and the position of the enemy, until I came up in the rear of one of Gen. McClernand's regiments, when the Colonel came running down to me, and appealed to me to come to his rescue, stating that his men were about out of ammunition. I halted my regiment—formed them—and led them up in the face of a most galling fire. My officers and men marched upon it with the coolness and firmness of regulars, and opened a most deadly fire upon the enemy. After some time two officers came up, and, without consulting me, ordered my men to forward down the line. My men then moved down the line under a most deadly fire from the enemy, when I again opened fire upon them; and whilst my men were fighting as bravely and gallantly as men ever fought, some officers came up on my extreme right and ordered them to cease firing; that some of my men were firing upon them off to my right. About this time the line gave way upon the right of my regiment, moving through and breaking the line, when my command fell back, a number of the officers and men fighting as they retired. The regiment was subsequently re-formed and entered the action.

Respectfully yours,

J. M. SHACKELFORD,

Colonel Twenty-fifth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers.

[B.]

* FORT HENRY, February 18, 1862.

COLONEL: On the morning of the fifteenth instant, my regiment, numbering five hundred and ten men, preceded by the Twenty-fifth Kentucky and the Thirty-first Indiana, took up our march, leaving behind our blankets, knapsacks, and a few great-coats.

Hearing brisk firing on our right, we followed close upon the Thirty-first, and soon passed the right of the line of battle, when the enemy opened fire upon my right wing from behind clumps of bushes and trees, that entirely concealed them from our men. My regiment, with the exception of two companies on the left, were driven back from the line. I promptly rallied them on the next hill, and being joined by Cpts. Vaughn and Davidson's company, from whom we had become separated—the regiment was moved forward and supported the Forty-fourth

Indiana on our left, which had sustained a severe shock from the enemy. We soon met the enemy and drove them back from the position they occupied against us. The firing at this point was deadly and severe.

I am greatly indebted to Lieut.-Col. Stout and Major Cahoun, for their successful efforts in encouraging the men, and keeping them in their proper places in line of battle, under fire of the enemy. Their efforts were particularly successful at this point, but their services were faithful and unceasing during the whole day. Lieut.-Col. Stout's horse was severely wounded at this place.

About this time Col. Logan, of Illinois, rode up and informed me that his regiment had entered between me and the enemy, and the brigade was by your order withdrawn a short distance. Soon the enemy were discovered in force on our left, where they encountered our troops and had a terrible battle, in which some fifty of my regiment, (who had been separated at the first attack of the enemy,) were engaged under Adjutant Staling. This engagement was at the place where the regiment had encamped the night previous, and resulted most disastrously to our knapsacks and blankets, which had been left hanging upon the trees.

My regiment, with the Thirty-first and Forty-fourth Indiana, was withdrawn to the top of a neighboring hill, where we soon discovered the enemy in large force; we were ordered down, and I was instructed to throw my regiment out on the right with a view of attacking the enemy, who occupied a strong position on a hill among the trees where they could see us, and were at the same time entirely concealed from our view. I ordered a charge up the hill, which, although hotly contested, was successful. All of the officers and men behaved gallantly in this engagement. Capt. Barrett led the charge on the right, and he as well as his men, behaved nobly during the engagement. Cpts. Morton, Vaughn, and Davidson were in the thickest of the fight, cheering their men, who behaved as gallantly as troops under the same circumstances could possibly have done. You witnessed this conflict, however, and are probably better prepared to describe it than I am myself.

My regiment by your order bivouacked upon this hill, where we remained during the night and rose with the determination of renewing the attack, when we learned the enemy had surrendered.

Captain Beckham, Lieutenants Brown, Keith, Harrison, Myers, Briggs, Davis, and Bandy, deserve mention for their unceasing attention to their men during the whole day, and I feel proud I have received this positive evidence of their good qualities as officers. Lieutenants Taylor and Rogers, in command of a company, behaved gallantly during the day.

Below you have a list of casualties in my regiment:

Co. A, Captain Morton Commanding. Badly wounded—John Harl, James McDonald, Samuel

Graham. Slightly wounded—Henry Hunter, Lawson Matthews, Moreus D. Matthews, Rumsey Smith.

Co. B, Captain Smith Commanding. Killed—Austin Stinson, Ralph Morris, Burrel Ford. Wounded—Sylvester White, Wm. Burdell.

Co. C, Capt. Beckham Commanding. Killed—Sam. B. Ford. Badly wounded—Barney Brackett. Wounded slightly—W. J. Mahony Davidson, Willoughby.

Co. D, Lieut. Taylor Commanding. Wounded—Thos. Baine, Joseph W. Coleman, William Baize, Charles H. Hooker. Missing—Joseph Stewart.

Co. E, Capt. Gane Commanding. Wounded—John O. Patterson, Louis Morris.

Co. F, Capt. Bennett Commanding. Wounded—Sergeants T. A. Bennett, Geo. Bunger, private Virgil Bennett.

Co. H, Capt. Little Commanding. Wounded—Alex. Blandefor, John W. Cobb. Missing—Terrence Davidson, J. W. Landefer.

Co. I, Capt. Vaughn Commanding. Wounded—Sergeant J. Jennings, Lewis Condor, John Hicks, Robt. Wood, Jos. R. Payne, Oliver H. Walcott, Isaac Belger, and Wm. A. Sublett.

Co. K, Lieut. F. H. Little Commanding. Remus Whittinghill, badly wounded in the thigh; J. W. Howard, acting Lieut., slightly wounded, Respectfully submitted.

JOHN H. McHENRY, Jr.,

Colonel Seventeenth Kentucky Vol.

To Col. CRUFT,

Commanding First Brigade, Second Division.

[C.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-FIRST REG. IND. VOLS., }
FORT HENRY, TENN., Feb. 18, 1862. }

Col. Charles Cruft, Commanding First Brigade, Third Division:

SIR: In obedience to your order, the regiment left its camp near Fort Donelson on the morning of the fifteenth February, 1862, with an effective force of seven hundred and twenty-seven men. The order given to Lieut. Col. Osborn, was to follow the Twenty-fifth Kentucky regiment and form in line on the left, and await further orders. Before the regiment could reach the position which it was to occupy, it was exposed to a galling fire of musketry and artillery from the hill on our left, which was occupied by the enemy in strong force. The regiment was promptly formed in line of battle at the foot of the hill, and opened a cool and effective fire on the enemy, until it was broken by the troops which gave way on our right and front, and came rushing through our ranks near the centre. Our line was, however, promptly re-formed on the hill to the right and rear of our position. This movement was made necessary by the movements of the enemy, who had outflanked and driven back the Twenty-fifth Kentucky, formed in line at the foot of the hill occupied by your brigade in its new position. In the change of position a few men with Lieut. Col. Osborn became detached from the regiment, and were unable to rejoin it during the day. From this position a most effective fire was

poured into the enemy's ranks, which was interrupted by Col. Logan, who stated that we were firing into his brigade from our right. To ascertain the correctness of the statement, you ordered me to deploy the first company, Captain Smith, as skirmishers. He soon reported that it was the enemy in force which we had been firing upon, and that their line extended a considerable distance beyond our right. In accordance with your order, I then moved the line further to the right, the movement being executed with the greatest coolness and order. From this position the enemy's fire was replied to with such precision that they soon gave way. You then ordered two companies to be deployed forward as skirmishers. I ordered companies I and C to deploy in front of our line, which was promptly executed, and the woods and bushes were soon cleared of the enemy. At this time the report reaching us that the enemy were forming in a hollow leading to the hospital in our rear, you ordered me to move with the brigade to the hill immediately in rear of the hospital. No further attack being made, the regiment was kept in this position till about four o'clock P.M. At this time I was ordered to march the regiment into the ravine below the Fort on the extreme right of our lines, and support the Eleventh Indiana and Eighth Missouri regiments, which were ordered with us to assault the hills and drive the enemy from their works. I formed the regiment on the left of the Seventeenth Kentucky, and charged over the hills until we reached a ravine immediately below the enemy's batteries, where we were exposed to a terrible fire of grape, shrapnel, and shells. To avoid this, I moved the regiment by the right flank further up the ravine, when the enemy having retreated within their works, we were ordered back to the position from which we charged. I cannot speak too highly, Colonel, of the coolness and bravery of the men, and the gallant behavior of the officers who were with the regiment during the day,

Where all were so prompt in performing their duty as brave soldiers, it would be unjust to attempt to particularize. Although brought into action for the first time, under a terrible fire from an enemy concealed in a dense undergrowth of leafy oak bushes, they never for a moment lost coolness and presence of mind. They used their arms with the greatest deliberation, retaining their fire until they could procure a deliberate aim. In the afternoon engagement, they exhibited, if possible, even more daring, not flinching in the least from the storm of iron which raked the bushes and ploughed the ground around them. In conclusion, Colonel, permit me to congratulate you upon your escape from the terrible fire to which you exposed yourself continually, during both actions, without receiving any dangerous wounds; and also to thank you for giving your brigade and our regiment, an opportunity to assist so materially in the consummation of the great victory. I am, Colonel, your most obedient servant,

FRED. ARN,

Major Thirty-first Indiana Volunteers.

[D.]

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-FOURTH REGT. INDIANA VOLS., }
 FORT HENRY, February 18, 1861. }

*Col. Charles Cruft, Commanding First Brigade,
 Third Division:*

SIR: On the morning of Saturday, February fifteenth, the Forty-fourth regiment, Indiana volunteers, left their bivouac near the enemy's lines and marched to the attack on Fort Donelson. By order of Gen. McClelland we first took position near the battery, (which was afterward assaulted by the rebels.) In this position the enemy's shot passed over our heads. Shortly afterward we were ordered forward into line with our brigade, (First.) As we marched past the enemy's breastworks, we received a heavy fire, wounding some of our men. We took our position on the left wing of our brigade, in front of and within range of the enemy's guns; they were invisible to us, while we were exposed to their view. There was part of a regiment of Union troops (Col. Logan) on the slope of the hill between us and the enemy. Col. Logan came to our lines and requested we would not fire, as it would endanger his men. I gave the order to the men to withhold their fire. We remained exposed to the enemy's fire for fifteen or twenty minutes without being able to return it, or to determine whether our friends were still in danger of our guns. At this time, the enemy's fire partly subsiding, the regimental colors were ordered forward and were planted ten paces in front of our line of battle by First Lieut. Story, of company C. This failing to call forth a fire, Captain Bingham, of company H, advanced to a point ten or twelve paces in front of our line, and waved our colors in the air. This drew his fire, which was most heartily responded to by our men, and was followed up in rapid succession on both sides. Our men behaved most gallantly. In the early part of the action, Capt. Cuppy, of company E, was severely wounded while in advance of his men bravely cheering them on. By this time the regiment on our left having entirely changed their position, leaving our flank exposed, a movement was made by a well-mounted cavalry regiment and a body of infantry to turn our left wing. Capt. Murray, company B, was ordered to open fire upon them, and did so with terrible effect. Company E and company H were ordered to the support of company B, and poured in a well-directed fire, causing them to fall back in disorder. At this time, finding my regiment was left entirely alone and unsupported, the regiments on the left having withdrawn, and our brigade having changed position to the right, thus exposing both wings, of which the enemy were about to take advantage, the order was given to change position to the right, which was done by right flank, in good order, with the exception of a part of the left wing, which, from not having fully understood the order, became separated from the main body and some confusion ensued, but in a few minutes they rejoined us. Ours was the last regiment engaged with the enemy during the fight in the morning. Having joined our brigade,

we took position on an adjoining elevation and awaited orders. Major Stoughton, posted during the entire action in the most exposed position, deserves the highest praise for the cool courage and daring displayed. I would gladly specify very many instances of personal bravery displayed. Adj. Colgrove acted with coolness and bravery during the entire day. Too much credit cannot be bestowed on our men for their cool and determined courage, and especially during the trying time when exposed to the enemy's bullets without being permitted to return it, both officers and men in this our first engagement, but where almost all performed their part so well, it would require too lengthy a list to name them personally, whilst many justly deserving might be unintentionally omitted. The Forty-fourth Indiana does its duty. We lost in this engagement seven killed, thirty-four wounded and two missing. From our position on the hill where our column rested, we could see the battle-field of the morning, and the enemy again form his line of battle at about half-past three o'clock P.M. A renewed attack upon their lines was ordered by General Wallace. My regiment advanced to foot of hill occupied by enemy, formed in line of battle in face of a storm of bullets — finding ground in our front occupied by the Eighth Missouri regiment. I advanced my regiment one hundred yards, faced to the front, and charged up the hill at double-quick — our men loudly cheering — we advanced rapidly to summit of hill, firing at the enemy. The enemy soon retreated inside their entrenchments, closely followed by our troops. A fire was opened on us by their batteries, the shell falling near our lines. Whilst deliberating upon an attack upon their fortifications, we received an order from Gen. Grant to fall back to brow of hill, which was done. Here we bivouacked for the night.

The following morning (Sunday) we were ordered by you to march forward to attack the enemy's works. When just ready to march, the joyful intelligence was brought us that the enemy had surrendered, which was received with hearty cheers. Our column being in motion, we were the first to march into the town of Dover.

I am, Colonel, your very obedient servant,

HUGH B. REED,

Col. Commanding Forty-fourth Regt. Ind. Vols.

REPORT OF GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE.

HEADQUARTERS, SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
 UNITED STATES ADVANCE FORCES, }
 FORT DONELSON, TENN., February 17, 1862. }

*Major M. Brayman, Assistant Adjutant-General
 First Division:*

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade, from the time of leaving Fort Henry, on the eleventh inst., up to the sixteenth inst., when the Federal forces entered this fortification:

My brigade, as formed by order of Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding the District of Cairo, consisted of the Eleventh Illinois Infantry, Lieut.-Col. T. E. G. Ransom Commanding; the Twentieth Illinois Infantry, Col. C. C. Marsh Commanding;

the Forty-fifth Illinois infantry, Col. John E. Smith commanding; the Forty-eighth Illinois infantry, Col. I. N. Hayne commanding; the Fourth Illinois cavalry, Col. T. Lyle Dickey commanding; Capt. Ezra Taylor's Chicago light battery "B," (First Illinois artillery,) four six-pounder field-guns and two twelve-pounder howitzers; and Capt. E. McAllister's battery of three twenty-four-pounder howitzers, (First Illinois artillery;) the whole constituting the Second brigade of the First division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. John A. McClernand, and containing about three thousand four hundred effective men of all arms.

About noon of the eleventh inst., while in camp at Fort Henry, I received orders from Gen. McClernand to put the infantry and artillery of my brigade on the march, and move out three or four miles on the telegraph road toward this place. At four o'clock P.M. the forces designated marched out, and encamped on the road, four miles from Fort Henry. At sunrise on the next day, (the twelfth inst.,) I was joined by Col. Dickey's cavalry, and marched with my whole command by the telegraph road toward Fort Donelson, keeping up frequent communication with Col. Oglesby's First brigade, which was moving at the same time by the right road, Col. Dickey's cavalry reconnoitring the country as the column marched. Soon after noon I came within sight of the enemy's encampments on the opposite side of the creek, about a mile in advance. Having caused the road to be reconnoitred, and finding the creek impassable on account of back-water from the Cumberland, I moved to the right, up the creek, and effected a junction with Col. Oglesby's brigade in the low grounds west of Fort Donelson, when heavy wooded hills intervened between us and the enemy's position. Col. Dickey's cavalry was again thrown forward, and occupied the heights, and thoroughly scouted and reconnoitred the grounds in front. Col. Oglesby's brigade moved up the railroad to the south of Fort Donelson, while I threw my brigade by its front into the heights, dragging the artillery up the steep wooded hills. After further reconnoitring, the brigade advanced and occupied a ridge south of the centre of the enemy's fortifications, with its right resting on the left of Col. Oglesby's brigade. Some slight skirmishing occurred here, and after resting in this position for an hour or more, and further reconnoitring, in accordance with the orders of Gen. McClernand I moved the brigade by the right flank, following Col. Oglesby's brigade across the valley towards the left of the enemy's position. By this time it was dark, and Col. Oglesby's brigade being involved in ground which had not been reconnoitred, and which was very hilly, and covered with a dense growth of underbrush, I was ordered by the General commanding the division to return to the position on the west of the valley, which I did, moving by the left flank, when my brigade rested for the night. At daylight on the morning of the thirteenth, the enemy opened fire with his artillery from the inside redoubt. Soon afterwards, by order of Gen. McClernand, I marched the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth regiments,

and Taylor's battery, to the right across the valley, leaving McAllister's battery, supported by the Forty-eighth Illinois infantry, on the ridge west of the valley, and ordered Col. Dickey's cavalry to move in rear, with detachments thrown toward the right, to reconnoitre the Cumberland and Dover. Reaching the high grounds east of the valley, Taylor's battery was put in position on the road leading up to Dover, where the left of the enemy's lines rested behind earthworks—intrenchments strengthened by strong *abattis* in front. The whole force continued to move steadily to the right, Col. Oglesby's brigade heading the artillery of his brigade and Taylor's battery on the road, while the infantry was in rear of and near to the road. Along this road the artillery advanced, taking successive positions to the right, and keeping up a constant cannonade on the enemy's works on the right and in the middle redoubt across the valley. The open space afforded a fine opportunity for artillery practice at a long range, and the fire of Taylor's, Schwartz's and Dresser's guns, warmly returned by those of the enemy in the middle redoubt and the works on the left, presented a rare example of the use of that arm of the service.

About noon I was ordered by Gen. McClernand to detach the Forty-eighth regiment, (Colonel Hayne,) to operate with the Seventeenth Illinois, (Maj. Smith commanding,) and the Forty-ninth Illinois, (Col. Morrison,) of the Third brigade, in making an assault on the enemy's middle redoubt, on the hill west of the valley, supported by the fire of McAllister's guns.

This force was under the command of Col. Hayne, as senior Colonel. They formed in line and advanced in fine order across the intervening ravines, and mounted the steep heights upon which these works are situated, in the most gallant manner, and under a heavy fire of musketry from the enemy, posted in the lines of the earthwork. They advanced up the hill, delivering their fire with coolness and precision. The line not being long enough to envelop the works, by order of Gen. McClernand, I detached the Forty-fifth Illinois (Col. Smith) to their support on the right. This regiment advanced in beautiful order down the slope, across the valley, and up the opposite steep, with skirmishers deployed in front, and were soon warmly engaged. These operations had given the enemy time to reënforce their position with strong bodies of infantry from his reserves in the rear, and field artillery, which opened a destructive fire on the advancing line. The roll of musketry showed the enemy in powerful force behind his earthwork; notwithstanding, our forces charged gallantly up the heights to the very foot of the works, which were rendered impassable by the sharp, strong points of brushwood in which it was built. All the regiments engaged in this daring attempt suffered more or less from the enemy's fire. In the mean time the enemy began to show in strength in his intrenchments in front of Col. Oglesby's brigade. Schwartz's battery was advanced along the road to within three hundred yards of the works, but being without can-

ister range, they were withdrawn by Gen. McClelland's order, and directed Capt. Taylor to throw forward two sections of his battery to that position. The position being beyond the reach of my lines, the infantry support was to be furnished from Col. Oglesby's brigade, which was immediately in the rear. These sections took their positions under most galling fire of rifles and musketry from the enemy's lines. The ground was covered with brush, and some time was required to put the army in position, and during this time the enemy's fire was very galling, and Taylor's men suffered somewhat from its effects. As soon as his position was gained, however, the rapid and well-directed fire of the sections soon silenced the enemy. The coolness and daring of the officers and men of these sections, directed by Capt. Taylor in person, are worthy of high praise.

The Forty-eighth, Forty-fifth, Forty-ninth and Seventeenth regiments having been ordered to retire from the hill where they had so gallantly assaulted the enemy's works, the Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth resumed their position in my line, and Col. Morrison, commanding the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth, having been wounded in this assault, these regiments were temporarily attached to my brigade, and acted under my orders during the subsequent operations, until noon of the fifteenth.

The night of the thirteenth was one of great suffering and hardships to the whole command. We lay within point-blank musket and rifle range of the enemy's breastworks; and at dark a storm of rain, soon turning to snow and accompanied by severe blasts, beat upon the unprotected ranks. The pickets of the enemy were out in strong force, and a constant firing between his pickets and our own was kept up during the night. The spirits of the men, animated and encouraged by the conduct of their officers, never flagged, notwithstanding they were without tents or fire, and were exposed to the storm and assailed by the enemy's shot.

During the night it was evident that the enemy were receiving large reinforcements, and when morning broke on the fourteenth, it showed that they had been busy during the night in erecting new works in commanding positions, and mounting them with guns. McAllister's battery was ordered from the other side of the valley, and put into position on the road. During this day my brigade occupied a position a little in the rear of the road, and under cover of the hill; the right resting on the left of Col. Oglesby's line, and being within three or four hundred yards of the salient angle of the enemy's works on his left. We lay in this position most of the day, the order of the regiments from right to left being as follows: Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-eighth, Forty-fifth, Forty-ninth, and Seventeenth. Taylor's battery was posted at the intervals between the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth. McAllister's guns were distributed along the point; Dickey's cavalry were in the rear and on the right, to observe the enemy and guard the flank.

Under instructions from General McClelland, to commence the construction of a small earthwork on the road to cover three or four guns, Mr. Frecellion, of the Forty-ninth, had charge of the work, which was completed during the night, and two of McAllister's guns and a ten-pound rifled gun of the First Mississippi artillery, were placed on it the next morning. During the whole of the fourteenth a rambling and irregular fire of sharpshooters was kept up, varied by occasional discharges of artillery. The enemy's shells and round shot fell at times thickly within the lines, but the casualties were few.

At daybreak on the morning of the fifteenth, the enemy threw a heavy force of infantry and cavalry, supported by field artillery and his batteries within the work, out of his intrenchments, and commenced a vigorous assault upon the right of the whole line.

The attack was commenced and continued with great spirit, and gradually drove back our extreme right. About seven o'clock A.M., the Eleventh and Twentieth Illinois, on my right, became engaged with a heavy force of the enemy's infantry. They charged up the hill and gained the road in front of my position, but the moment the rebel flag appeared above the hill, a storm of shot from the Eleventh and Twentieth drove them back in confusion. Again a new and fresh line of infantry appeared, and I ordered the whole line, except the Seventeenth and the left wing of the Forty-ninth, to advance and occupy the hill. The Forty-ninth advanced boldly and in order to the brow of the hill, where they were exposed, uncovered, not only to the fire of the enemy's infantry, but to a raking of the enemy's batteries of artillery across the valley. They opened their fire, supported by Taylor's battery and two of McAllister's guns, (one having been disabled by a shot from the enemy's cannon,) and for some time the conflict was strong and fierce. But at length the strong masses of the enemy's infantry gave way before the steady, well-directed, and continued fire of the right of my line. They fell back, however, only to give place to another line of fresh troops, who advanced to the support, and who were also compelled by the steady, unflinching valor of our men, to give way.

In the mean time there were indications that the enemy were gaining some advantage on the right of the whole line. Reinforcements, consisting of Kentucky and Indiana troops, had been sent forward past my position to support the right, but notwithstanding this, it became evident to me from the sounds coming from the direction of the enemy's shot, which began to rake my line from the rear of my right, that the right of the line was giving way. My orders being peremptory to hold that position of the line occupied by my brigade to the last extremity, I sent one of my aids to Gen. McClelland with information of the state of affairs, and to express my fears that my right flank would be completely turned, unless reinforcements should be speedily sent to that quarter. Finding that

no reinforcements were within reach, and Gen. McClernand having left me to my discretion if I found my position untenable, and seeing that the enemy steadily advanced on my right flank, and was speedily gaining my rear, many of the corps having exhausted their ammunition, I gave orders to move the whole brigade to the rear up the road, with a view of forming a new line of battle. Before this order was given, all our troops on the right of my brigade had fallen back, except the Thirty-first Illinois, Col. John A. Logan, who occupied the left of Col. Oglesby's brigade. Immediately adjoining the Thirty-first, and on the right of my line, was the Eleventh Illinois, Lieut.-Col. T. E. G. Ransom commanding. When the order to retire was given, it failed to reach Lieut.-Col. Ransom, who, with the Eleventh regiment, was gallantly supporting the Thirty-first against a fierce onslaught on their right. Rapidly as the gaps were opened in the ranks of the enemy, they were as promptly closed to the right, and the shortway point alone showed the destructiveness of that fire. Soon the Thirty-first, their ammunition having failed, retired, and the Eleventh took their place, changing front to the rear under a most galling fire with all the coolness and precision of veterans.

In the mean time the order to retire was being executed in good order by the other regiments of the brigade. The character of the ground rendered it impossible for me to see the whole line at once. When the Eleventh changed their front, they were exposed to a fire in front and on both flanks, and the enemy's cavalry charging upon their flank, they were thrown into some confusion and retired, but steadily and in comparatively good order. After falling back some half a mile, I halted the brigade, and as rapidly as possible procured a supply of ammunition, and formed a second line of battle. At this point Col. Ross, of the Nineteenth Illinois, arrived on the field and took command of the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth regiments, and we were reinforced by some troops of Gen. Lew. Wallace's division, and with their aid, and with the assistance of Taylor's battery and some pieces of Dresser's and Willard's batteries, the advance of the enemy was checked, and he was driven within his intrenchments, leaving a large number of his dead and wounded on the field.

At night my brigade was withdrawn to a hill between the valleys, so as to be within easy supporting distance of either wing, where I rested until morning. With the morning of the sixteenth came the news that the enemy had surrendered. The whole brigade was instantly formed, and marched down the valley into the centre of the enemy's works, where we hoisted the Union flag upon the inner intrenchment of the field, and fired a Federal salute from Taylor's battery. Dickey's cavalry were so disposed as to cover all the approaches, and prevent the escape of prisoners, and rendered very effective service in securing and bringing in prisoners during the day.

Would that my task could end here with the record of the endurance, bravery and heroism of

our troops, crowned as it was with such signal success. The loss of my brigade has been heavy, as the annexed list of killed, wounded, and missing, will show. The right of my line was more heavily engaged on the fifteenth than any other portion, though all were under heavy fire for hours. The Eleventh regiment was posted on the right of my line, and suffered more than any other regiment, having sixty killed on the field. The Twentieth regiment, which stood next to the Eleventh, was the next heaviest sufferer, having eighteen killed on the field. The Forty-eighth, Forty-fifth, Forty-ninth, and Seventeenth, each suffered a considerable loss on the fifteenth, in addition to the loss in the operation of the thirteenth. Lieut.-Col. Wm. Erwin, of the Twentieth regiment, while nobly animating his men, and adding new laurels to those he so nobly won at Buena Vista, was struck down by cannon-shot from the enemy's battery. Lieut.-Col. Thos. H. Smith, Forty-eighth Illinois, had distinguished himself in the gallant attack of the thirteenth, he being in command of his regiment on that occasion, Col. Hayne, as senior Colonel, being in command of the whole force detached on that service. Early in the engagement of the fifteenth, Lieut.-Col. Smith, while leading his men up the hill to meet the enemy, received a mortal wound, of which he died in about one hour. Lieut.-Col. Ransom, commanding the Eleventh Illinois, was struck in the shoulder by a Minie ball. Merely calling Major Nevins to the command, until his wound could be temporarily dressed, he resumed the command, and remained with his regiment throughout the day. Lieut.-Col. J. A. Maltby, of the Forty-fifth regiment, while encouraging and animating his men, was shot through the thigh, and severely though I trust not fatally wounded.

I cannot find words in which fittingly to express the depth of obligation and gratitude I bear to the officers commanding corps, for the prompt, fearless and cool manner in which my commands were carried out in every instance, (except one, and that resulted from the stupidity of one orderly.) My orders were perfectly understood, and carried into effect with promptness and perfect order. I have already spoken of the part borne by the Eleventh Illinois, under Lieut.-Col. Ransom. Both he and Major Nevins are deserving of the attention of the department. Col. C. C. Marsh, of the Twentieth Illinois, exhibited the utmost courage, coolness and self-possession on the field, encouraging his men with all the order of parade. Major Richards, of the Twentieth, also acted with great bravery. Col. Hayne and Major Sanford, of the Forty-eighth, Col. John E. Smith and Major M. Smith, of the Forty-fifth, Lieut.-Col. Pease, of the Forty-ninth, and Capt. Bush, commanding the Seventeenth Illinois, all distinguished themselves by their bravery, and contributed by their example to the attainment of the brilliant result. The conduct of Capt. Ezra Taylor, commanding Eighth battery B, during the whole series of engagements, was such as to distinguish him as a daring yet cool and sagacious officer, pushing his guns into positions that were swept by the enemy's shot. He

in person directed the posting of his sections, and in very many instances himself sighted the guns. Such conduct found its natural reflection in the perfect order and bravery that characterized his entire command. His battery of six pieces fired one thousand seven hundred rounds of fixed ammunition during the engagement, being an average of two hundred and eighty-four rounds to the gun. McAllister's guns did good service. They were three twenty-four-pounder howitzers, without caissons, and with a limited supply of ammunition, and without a full complement of men. One of them lost a wheel, shot away on the thirteenth, but supplied from their limber. On the fifteenth, the trail of another howitzer was broken, and it was rendered useless. They fired all their ammunition, about fifty rounds to the piece. The cavalry of the brigade (Fourth Illinois, Col. Dickey) did excellent service in reconnoitring and in holding the enemy in check on the right. Lieut.-Col. McCollough, Major Wallace, Capt. Rockwood and Capt. Townsend are worthy of particular mention for services rendered. The field-music and bands of the several regiments and corps rendered very effective service in taking care of the wounded, especially in the Eleventh and Twentieth regiments. The band of the Eleventh lost their instruments.

The surgeons and hospital assistants of the entire command performed their painful and important duties in a manner highly creditable. To Surgeon Goodbrake, Acting Brigade-Surgeon, I feel under especial obligation. Surgeons Kelton of the Forty-fifth; Young, of the Eleventh; Assistant-Surgeons Kent, of the Eleventh; Luce of the Fourth cavalry, and Young, of the Forty-eighth Illinois, also rendered valuable assistance. I also wish to return thanks to Surgeon Edgar, of the Thirty-second Illinois, for attentions to the wounded of my command. Chaplains Pearsons, of the Eleventh, and Button, of the Twentieth, were indefatigable in their attentions to the wounded, and in collecting and burying the dead.

I wish also to call the attention of the General commanding the division to the conduct and bearing of my Staff-Lieutenant, Israel P. Rumsey, of Taylor's battery, Aid-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieut. George J. Davis, Eleventh Illinois, Quartermaster and Commissary, also Aid-de-Camp. Active, intelligent, ardent, and brave, they were ever ready to render any aid in their power, riding to every part of the field amid the hottest of the fire, and by their daring and coolness contributed much towards the success of the day. Artificer Geo. E. Church, Taylor's battery, who acted as one of my orderlies, is worthy of commendation for bravery and self-possession on the field.

Many instances of individual daring occurred that are worthy of mention, but where all acted their part so nobly, comparisons seem invidious. I cannot forbear citing two instances to which my attention has been called by the commanders of regiments. Corporal Smith, of company E, Seventeenth Illinois, distinguished himself by great personal bravery in skirmishing with the enemy.

Corporal Armstrong, of company H, Eleventh Illinois, when the color-sergeant of the regiment was shot down, and the colors fell, rushed to the spot and seizing the flag, bore it from the field amid a storm of balls. The flag itself was riddled with shot.

In order to a due appreciation of the courage, endurance, and fortitude of the men by whom this victory has been won, it must be borne in mind that they marched from Fort Henry without transportation, or tents, or rations, except what they carried, and that they were exposed for three days and nights without tents, and almost without fires, being so near the enemy's lines as to render fires imprudent; that the weather was extremely severe—two nights they were thus exposed accompanied with driving snow-storms and severe cold; that during the whole three days, they were under fire, and compelled to bivouac in line of battle, with their arms in their hands. Added to this, most of them had never seen a battle, and but few had ever heard a hostile shot. Under all the circumstances, it is certainly a great matter of congratulation that so long and fierce a conflict, against an intrenched enemy, fighting on a position well known to him and unknown to us, and so greatly superior in artillery, has resulted so gloriously for our arms.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. H. L. WALLACE,

Col. Commanding Second Brigade, First Division.

NUMBER OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Eleventh regiment,	68	183	79	330
Twentieth regiment,	18	109	6	133
Forty-eighth regiment,	8	31	3	42
Forty-fifth regiment,	2	20	..	22
Seventeenth regiment,	13	62	6	81
Forty-ninth regiment,	13	46	9	68
Taylor's battery,	1	8	..	9
McAllister's battery,	..	2	..	2
Aggregate,	123	461	103	687

REPORT OF COLONEL LAUMAN.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION UNITED STATES ARMY,
FORT DONELSON, February 18, 1862. }

GENERAL: I have the honor to report the following movements of the Fourth brigade, Second division.

We left Fort Henry on the morning of the twelfth instant, arriving near Fort Donelson the same evening. Immediately on our arrival, I received your order to move the Seventh Iowa infantry to the front to support a battery of Major Cavender's twenty-pounder rifled Parrott guns, which were placed in a position to command a portion of the rebel works. I obtained permission from you to associate the regiment of Birge's sharpshooters in the movement, and placed the two regiments in position where they remained during the night.

In accordance with order, on the morning of Thursday, the thirteenth instant, I moved the left wing of my brigade, consisting of the Fourteenth Iowa, Colonel Shaw, and Twenty-fifth Indiana, Colonel Veatch, from their encampment toward the enemy, who were entrenched about a mile distant therefrom.

The advance was made steadily, and in as good order as the nature of the ground would admit of, until we reached the ravine at the base of the hill on which were the enemy's fortifications. Here we halted until the line could be formed, when the Fifteenth Indiana, under Col. Veatch, moved steadily up the hill toward the intrenchments, under a most galling fire of musketry and grape, until their onward progress was obstructed by the fallen timber and brushwood. Having, however, succeeded in obtaining an advantageous position, they held it unflinchingly for more than two hours, and until ordered to fall back out of the range of the enemy's fire. The loss of this regiment in killed and wounded was very severe. The Fourteenth Iowa advanced at the same time, and took position on the right and across a ravine, and did good execution. Whilst these two regiments were taking the above positions, the Seventh Iowa infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Parrott, came up in fine style and took position in the centre, between the Twenty-fifth Indiana and the Fourteenth Iowa.

The First regiment of sharpshooters, Western division, Lieutenant-Colonel B. S. Compton, were posted on the hill to the extreme right, except a detachment of about sixty, who were deployed as skirmishers, and rendered most effective service in that capacity, and proving by their deadly aim that they are a most valuable arm of the service. We held this position until night, when we fell back to the position occupied in the morning. On the following day, we remained in camp skirmishing with the rebels during the day and night.

On Saturday, the fifteenth instant, at about two o'clock, I received your order to advance with my whole brigade, and assault the heights on the left of the position attacked on the previous Thursday. The brigade was promptly in motion, in the following order:

The Second Iowa, Col. Tuttle, led the advance, followed by the Fifty-second Indiana, (temporarily attached to my brigade,) who were ordered to support them. This regiment was followed closely by the Twenty-fifth Indiana, the Seventh Iowa, and the Fourteenth Iowa. The sharpshooters were previously deployed as skirmishers on our extreme right and left. Colonel Tuttle led the left wing of his regiment in line of battle up the hill, supported by the right wing advancing at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards in the rear. So soon as he came within range of the enemy's fire, he led his men forward, without firing a gun, up to and charged into the rebel works, driving the enemy before him, and planting his colors on their fortifications. He was closely followed by the other regiments in the order of advance above named. The enemy were closely pursued, and driven behind their inner

works. Night coming on, we held the position we had gained, and remained under arms until morning, intending at the dawn of day to recommence the attack. In this engagement the Second Iowa suffered terribly. Captains Slaymaker and Cloutman fell just as they entered the enemy's fortifications. Cloutman was instantly killed, and Slaymaker died gallantly shouting to his men to go forward and consummate the work.

In the morning, as day dawned, we were attracted to the inner fortifications by the sound of a bugle, and saw the rebels displaying a white flag. I instantly despatched Lieutenant-Colonel Parrott to ascertain the intent of it, who reported that an officer wished to see me. I repaired to the spot, and received from him offers of capitulation, which I at once forwarded to you. The result is well known.

It would afford me much pleasure to particularize the various instances of personal bravery displayed on the occasion by officers under my command; but when all behaved so well, it would be invidious to particularize. But I cannot refrain from mentioning, in this connection, the bravery of Colonel Tuttle, Lieutenant-Colonel Baker, and Major Chipman, (who received a severe wound in the thigh,) of the Iowa Second; Colonel Veatch and Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, of the Indiana Twenty-fifth, and Colonel Shaw, of the Iowa Fourteenth; also Lieutenant-Colonel Parrott and Major Rice, who led the Iowa Seventh, and to whom I return my warmest acknowledgments for the gallant manner in which they led their regiment in the engagement on the thirteenth and fifteenth instant. They did all that men possibly could do, and well sustained the reputation of the Iowa Seventh.

For the kindness, attention, and skill manifested by the surgeons and assistant-surgeons toward the unfortunate wounded for so many consecutive hours, I return my most sincere thanks.

The total loss in killed and wounded is as follows:

Second regiment Iowa infantry volunteers, killed, 41; wounded, 157; total, 198.

Twenty-fifth regiment Indiana volunteers, killed, 14; wounded, 101; total, 115.

Seventh regiment Iowa infantry volunteers, killed, 2; wounded, 37; total, 39.

Fourteenth regiment Iowa infantry volunteers, killed, 3; wounded, 23; total, 26.

Birge's sharpshooters, killed, 1; wounded, 3; total, 4.

Recapitulation.—Killed, 61; wounded, 321; missing, 1; total, 383.

I herewith append the reports of the colonels of regiments attached to my brigade, to which I invite your particular attention. With sentiments of high regard,

I remain respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. LAUMAN,

Colonel Commanding Fourth Brigade, Second Division.

To Brigadier-General C. F. SMITH,

Commanding Second Division.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED OF THE SECOND IOWA
INFANTRY IN THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON ON
FEBRUARY THE 13TH, 14TH, AND 15TH, 1862.

Company A.—*Killed*, Private Richard Highram.

Wounded, Lieut. — Fisdale, slightly; Corporal Oli Ramsey, severely; Privates L. Farr, severely; James M. Patterson, severely; D. W. Underhill, slightly; Douglass Allendorf, slightly; George D. Lawler, severely; Robert Hull, severely; James Haskell, slightly; James Kerr, slightly; Samuel Evans, severely; Corporals Henry A. Serbendict, slightly; J. J. Goodwin, slightly; W. W. K. Harper, slightly; Thomas A. Stevenson, severely; Privates John Toucher, severely; John Kipple, slightly.

Company B.—*Killed*, Color-Corporal S. G. Paye; Private J. Guthrie.

Wounded, Lieut. J. G. Huntingdon, in right shoulder; Privates J. B. Scott, thigh; G. W. Scott, head; A. W. Scott, leg; G. Rosenberg, shoulder; A. Drucker, shoulder and arm; George Parkinson, mouth; Corporal A. H. Clark, leg; Privates J. H. Tracey, leg; A. Seimsmith, thigh; S. Todd, shoulder; O. E. Dyke, shoulder; S. H. Spencer, leg; J. Bertichi, arm; J. Wilson, slightly; George Minney, slightly; John McCrelus, slightly; W. H. Nicholls, slightly; J. H. Howe, slightly; H. H. Post, slightly; E. M. Manning, severely; John Linden, slightly; Corporal A. H. Barnes, slightly; Privates Thomas Morrow, slightly; James Buckeratter, slightly; William Moller, slightly; Corporal R. M. Lyth, slightly.

Company C.—*Killed*, Capt. J. C. Slaymaker; Privates G. H. Howill, C. H. Lenhart, J. Myers, Ed. Peterson.

Wounded, First Lieut. W. F. Holmes, leg broken; Second Lieut. Alfred Bing, slightly; First Sergeant G. F. Hall, slightly; Second Sergeant A. C. McGill, slightly; Color-Sergeant A. B. Doolittle, severely; Corporals W. M. Campbell, slightly; W. P. Wade, slightly; Privates J. C. Mice, slightly; J. G. Greenwauldt, severely; G. A. Smith, slightly; Ed. Cockran, slightly; F. W. Casper, slightly; W. H. Ralston, severely; W. H. Megill, severely; James Hunter, severely; Charles Flurry, slightly; Wm. McLain, slightly; A. J. Pass, slightly; J. W. Morrison, severely; G. A. Bell, slightly; W. C. Hecker, slightly; A. F. Gore, slightly; Fred. Herbert, slightly; William Drummond, slightly.

Company D.—*Killed*, Sergeant Nathan W. Doty; Private G. Weeks.

Wounded, First Lieut. E. F. Ensign, severely; Second Lieut. G. L. Godfrey, slightly; Corporal Wm. Reagan, severely; Privates W. A. Brenton, severely; Casper S. Brady, severely; John W. Coombs, severely; Peter Dresser, slightly; J. H. Hodyn, slightly; Henry Lawrence, slightly; Andrew Slater, leg; Thomas Ward, arm; J. G. Williams, arm; David Yant, arm; William Cady, slightly; P. G. Noel, slightly; J. Cooper, slightly; J. Gordionier, slightly.

Company E.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Sergeant Amos Wymer, slightly;

Color-Corporal John Robinson; Privates G. W. Morehouse, slightly; M. Page, severely; R. Coop, slightly; Sam. Daugherty, slightly; Robert Sloan, slightly; Robert Ready, slightly.

Company F.—*Killed*, Second Lieut. William C. Harper; Sergeant G. W. Morse; Privates W. S. Crooks, F. G. Mets, G. B. Shuver, W. W. Vinson, John Vandorn.

Wounded, Corporals Samuel Hoofman, groin; James Sprague, neck; Privates F. M. Armstrong, groin; Alonzo Bradford, thigh; Chas. S. Coger, arm; J. H. Duffield, shoulder and neck; H. D. Duffield, slightly; James Carr, slightly; Ed. Goddard, arm; H. C. Hawk, thigh; John S. Marriott, shoulder and arm; John Morrow, slightly; Geo. Smith, slightly; Andrew Shrives, head; F. B. Wilson, head and hip; William W. Walker, slightly.

Company G.—*Killed*, Sergeant John Dunn; Privates J. M. Duckworth, A. J. Patterson, A. G. Niduy, J. A. Rhodes, William A. Drake.

Wounded, First Lieut. J. B. Weaver, slightly; First Sergeant P. L. Stoner, severely; Corporals A. G. Johnson, severely; John Jones, severely; J. A. DeSmith, slightly; H. D. St. John, slightly; Privates J. W. Pyrrh, severely; Samuel Fouts, severely; George West, severely; J. W. Patterson, severely; J. H. Stevens, severely; Hiram Sloan, severely; Elijah Kinuck, severely; John W. Hurless, slightly; H. H. Jones, slightly; Thomas Colliver, slightly; William Buchanan, slightly; C. McMichals, slightly; Ephraim Farrington, slightly; John D. Scott, slightly; Elisha Wallace, slightly; Leander Jeffreys, slightly; Sergeant J. W. Scott, slightly; Corporal Peter J. Sharp, slightly.

Company H.—*Killed*, Corporal Samuel H. Mealey.

Wounded, Color-Corporal Henry Effner, severely; Privates Andrew Eaton, severely; Sebastian Scoffmir, severely; George B. Farley, slightly; Wesley Compton, slightly; Wm. A. Fodford.

Company I.—*Killed*, First Sergeant W. L. Journey; Private Edward Banks.

Wounded, Color-Corporal Henry Cluncher, severely; Privates Thomas Paine, severely; Jas. H. Danner, severely; D. McKean, severely; R. Parsons, severely; F. Ruport, severely; Jerome Foley, severely; Corporal William Ganger, slightly; Privates H. A. Smiley, slightly; W. T. Harrison, slightly; Gottliff Shendel, slightly, George Cook, slightly.

Company K.—*Killed*, Capt. C. C. Cloutman; Corporal James Berkley; Privates James Blake, William Kirkpatrick, John Hampton, W. H. H. Whitney; brass band, S. H. Phillips.

Wounded, Privates E. G. Vaughn, severely; David Cook, severely; James West, arm broken; Corporal S. S. Sheever, leg broke; Sergeant B. H. Hammitt, severely; Privates A. S. Thompson, severely; Thomas Gallagher, slightly; W. H. Goodall, slightly; T. D. Holmes, slightly; David Sergeant, slightly; Sergeant T. M. Cook, slightly.

Recapitulation.—Killed, forty-one; wounded, one hundred and fifty-seven—total, one hundred and ninety-eight.

The above is a copy of the report made to the Medical Director by W. R. Marsh, Surgeon Second Iowa infantry.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED OF THE SEVENTH IOWA INFANTRY, IN THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON ON FEBRUARY 13TH, 14TH, AND 15TH, 1862.

Company A.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Private Charles Goonoe, slightly.

Company B.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Privates Jefferson P. Bailey, back and arm, slightly; W. E. Newnan, leg, severely; John C. Walling, left hand, slightly; John Brown, right hand, slightly; D. C. Andrews, leg, slightly.

Company C.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Lieut. Wm. Moore, left eye shot out; Sergeant W. H. Burkey, right knee, slightly; Corporal D. S. Sharp, left leg, flesh wound; Privates W. S. Else, right shoulder, slightly; F. M. Hoover, left eye, slightly; J. Holmie, leg, flesh wound; T. J. Seary, right arm, flesh wound; Wm. H. Valandigham, fingers, left hand, slightly; H. Roberts, breast, very slightly.

Company D.—*Killed*, Private M. C. Stewart.

Wounded, Privates John Bray, head, slightly; N. M. Redding, hand, slightly; Lieut. J. M. Sample, groin, slightly.

Company E.—*Killed*, Private Michael Wright.

Wounded, First Sergeant Hugh C. Allen, thigh, musket-ball, flesh-wound.

Company F.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Privates Harmon Husker, leg, slightly; Patrick Devoniux, back, slightly; Eli Searl, foot, slightly; Warren Kingsley, cheek, severely.

Company G.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Corporal Columbus Dillon, slightly, by a shell; Privates Wm. Kearns, slightly, by a shell; Eli Sweet and J. B. Graham, slightly, by musket-ball.

Company H.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Sergeant J. S. Montgomery, left cheek, slightly; Sergeant R. N. Graham, thigh, slightly; Privates William Vanatta, head, very slightly; John A. Vanatta, heel, slightly; Theophilus Ferree, hip, slightly; Joseph Carr, back, slightly.

Company I.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, First Sergeant F. A. Irwin, severely, musket-ball.

Company K.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Privates A. N. Stafford, thigh, slightly; Joseph Storts, slightly; F. Dutton, slightly.

Recapitulation—*Killed*, two privates.

Wounded, Two lieutenants, five sergeants, two corporals, and twenty-eight privates.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT IOWA INFANTRY, AT THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY 13TH, 14TH, AND 15TH, 1862.

REGIMENTAL STAFF.

Killed, Sergt.-Major S. H. Smith, shot through the head.

Company D.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Second Lieut. Wm. Gordon, slight

wound on the hip from piece of shell. Privates Augustus Morti, slight wound on the hand; Stephen Joy, slight wound in the knee; Watson Long, slight wound in side.

Company F.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Sergeant Eli Coddington, left arm badly shattered and amputated; Privates Edward Edgar, hand, slight; James Coughnour.

Company G.—*Killed*, Private Thomas Snelling.

Wounded, Privates Jas. Fox, shoulder, slight; Charles Ford, spent ball in stomach, slight; First Lieut. George Pemberton, spent ball in breast, slight.

Company H.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Sergeant Jacob L. Wright, shot through the hand, slight; Privates Benj. L. Gowing, in foot, slight; Erhardt Burke, in wrist, slight; David Patterson, spent ball in ankle, slight; Burtis M. Gurd, wrist, slightly; Mather Neely, in head, recovering rapidly; George Harris, leg; Daniel B. Widell, shoulder; Lewis C. Clothier, hand, slight.

Company I.—*Killed*, Color-Corporal Willard Hall, shot in the head.

Wounded, Privates Henry C. Boyer, shot in cheek, slight; Grannison Reeder, in side by piece of shell.

Company K.—*Killed*, none.

Wounded, Privates Wm. Lentz, grape-shot in back of head, mortally; Hopkins Smith, spent ball in shoulder, slight.

Recapitulation—*Killed*, staff one, corporals one, privates one.

Wounded, Lieutenants one, sergeants two, privates nineteen.

REPORT OF COL. JOHN M. THAYER.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
THIRD DIVISION OF THE ARMY, DEPARTMENT OF WEST-TENNESSEE,
FORT HENRY, February 18, 1862.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor herewith to submit a report of the part taken in the battle of Fort Donelson by the brigade under my command, composed of the First Nebraska, Lieut.-Col. McCord; the Seventy-sixth Ohio, Col. Woods; the Fifty-eighth Ohio, and the Sixty-eighth Ohio, Col. Steadman. There were also attached to my brigade, during the action, the Forty-sixth Illinois, Col. Davis; the Fifty-seventh Illinois, Col. Baldwin; and the Fifty-eighth Illinois, Col. Lynch.

At three o'clock, on the afternoon of Friday, the fourteenth, I moved the brigade forward, under orders from Gen. Wallace, commanding the Third division, of which this brigade constitutes a part, from the small settlement in the valley, some two miles south of the fortifications, to take up a position on the left of Cruft's brigade, which had gone on in the direction of McClernand's division. After passing up a mile, the line of battle was formed in the road, fronting the valley, leading to the western redoubt. No enemy appearing in that direction, we bivouacked for the night on the side of the road, the troops lying on the ground with their arms in their hands. At daylight the next morning the line was again formed. At about ten o'clock I received orders from Gen. Wal-

lace, in person, to move forward with my command to the support of Gen. McClelland, who had been engaged with the enemy in the morning. Passing along the central road leading to the breastworks, half a mile, I met and passed the column of Gen. McClelland retreating. Moving my men at double-quick, we were soon between the forces of Gen. McClelland and the enemy, who was rapidly approaching. On arriving at a small opening in the timber, I filed in to the right, crossing the ravine and ascending the hill, placed Col. Lynch's Fifty-eighth regiment on the right slope of the hill. The Chicago battery, Lieut. Wood, taking position, by direction of the General, in the road, the Nebraska regiment, Lieut.-Col. McCord, was placed immediately on the right of the battery, on the line of the Fifty-eighth Illinois. A detached company of the Thirty-second Illinois, company A, Capt. Davidson, occupied the position next to the battery on the left. The Fifty-eighth Ohio were in position on the left of this company. The line of battle was thus formed across the road, at right angles with it. The Seventy-sixth Ohio was placed some fifty yards in the rear of the First Nebraska, and directed to lie upon the ground, as a reserve. The Forty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Illinois were also held in reserve on the road, in the rear, ready and anxious for the fight. Col. Steadman's Sixty-eighth Ohio were stationed on a road on the left, leading to the Fort. In this position we had not long to wait for the enemy, who soon approached with a battery supported by a large body of infantry. Lieut. Wood immediately commenced an effective fire with his battery, which was instantly returned by the enemy. The extreme left of the First Nebraska, resting on the battery, under orders previously given, at once opened a well-directed fire, which rapidly extended along the line to its right. This regiment continued an almost incessant discharge of musketry for three quarters of an hour, the battery continuing its firing at the same time, when the enemy were completely repulsed and fled. Nothing but the thick underbrush prevented a charge with the bayonet. The enemy made an effort three times to push forward through our lines, but were as often driven back.

Col. Cruft's brigade was engaged on my right in the direction of the river with the enemy's forces, who were endeavoring to outflank his right. The enemy approaching the centre of our lines where my brigade was posted, evidently shows that it was his intention to open his way through and unite with the forces that should outflank Col. Cruft; but in both these attempts he was overcome and forced to retreat.

I have since learned from the enemy that his force in the engagement which I have described, in addition to his battery, was three regiments of infantry and a squadron of horse, which were repulsed by one regiment of our infantry, the First Nebraska, and the Chicago battery. The enemy also admit a large number of killed and wounded in this action. The Nebraska regiment had but three killed and seven wounded. The enemy poured volley after volley upon us, but fortunate-

ly aimed too high to do much execution. The Nebraska regiment being the only one engaged at this time, I was with it during the action, and am pleased to be able to say that every officer and soldier behaved very gallantly throughout. I cannot omit to speak, in high terms, of the soldierly bearing and efficient conduct of Lieut.-Col. McCord and Major Livingston, during the engagement.

Col. Wood and his regiment were also exposed to the full fire of the enemy, and their position was rendered the more trying as I had directed them not to fire until ordered forward for that purpose, if the emergency should arise, which, however, was not necessary.

In the afternoon, Col. Lynch was sent forward with his regiment, to the assistance of our forces who were engaged on the right, where Gen. Wallace, with a part of his division, had encountered the enemy, and who drove them back within their intrenchments, recovering the ground lost in the morning. Col. Davis moved forward and took position on the road in front. The other regiments of the brigade remained in the positions occupied by them during the engagement, and camped there that night. The next morning at daylight, (Sunday,) on receiving orders from Gen. Wallace, I moved my command over to the road on the right, and passed down the road to the base of the hill, leading to the fortifications, where the line was formed in connection with our other forces, with the intention of storming the works; but before this could be attempted, the enemy surrendered.

Not having received reports from the different regiments under my command during the battle, I am not able to submit a detailed report of its casualties.

I must acknowledge the efficient services, in the prompt execution of orders, of S. A. Strickland, my A. A. A. General; my aids-de-camp, Capt. Allen Blacker and Lieut. Chas. E. Provost.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN M. THAYER.

Colonel First Nebraska, Commanding Third Brigade, Third Division, Department of West-Tennessee.

To Capt. Fred. KNEFLER,

A.A.A. General, Third Division.

COLONEL HAYNE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-EIGHTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, }
FORT DONELSON, February 17, 1862. }

Brig.-Gen. John A. McClelland, Commanding First Division Illinois Volunteers:

SIR: On the morning of the thirteenth of February inst., I became temporarily detached from the brigade under W. H. L. Wallace, having, about the time the brigade was ready to move from their camp-grounds of the preceding night, received orders to remain where the regiment had encamped, for the purpose of supporting a battery which had been planted immediately in front of the centre of the Forty-eighth Illinois volunteers, under my command. In obedience to this order, I remained with the battery, whilst the remainder of the brigade moved to the eastward. During the time I was thus detached, your or-

ders were communicated to me, by which I was directed to form my regiment upon the left of the Seventeenth Illinois volunteers, this last regiment being then formed on the left of the Forty-ninth regiment, and both being to my right about five hundred yards. I at once ordered the Forty-eighth regiment to be formed at the point indicated, and as soon as it was done, I proceeded to the extreme right of the whole line, for the purpose of conferring with Col. Morrison, before then in command of the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth regiments.

I there met Col. Morrison with Capt. Stewart, your aid, and was for the first time there informed that it was your orders for three regiments (Seventeenth, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth) to storm a redoubt of the enemy's to our front, and not far removed from us. Col. Morrison at once expressed his willingness to yield command of the columns to me, and with some reluctance, not having any orders from you on this point, I assumed command of the same; and under the direction and guidance of Capt. Stewart, your aid, had them formed into line of battle in the Dover road, fronting toward the redoubt, distant less than a quarter of a mile from us. The order of position of said regiments was not changed by me, and this placed Col. Morrison and the Forty-ninth on the right, the Seventeenth under Major Smith, (Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel being absent,) in the centre, and the Forty-eighth, (my own,) Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, now deceased, on the left.

Immediately on the formation of the line of battle, I directed each regimental commander to deploy skirmishers along the front of the whole line of their respective regiments, and to throw them forward from eighty to one hundred yards in advance of the main column. This being done, the commandants of regiments were further directed to communicate with me at or about the centre of the brigade, (centre of Seventeenth regiment,) in case of necessity, and to control their movements upon the right and left wings by the centre. Whereupon I at once ordered the whole line forward toward the enemy's redoubts situated upon the opposite hills.

The entire line advanced in good order and with alacrity, until the redoubts of the enemy were approached to within a short distance, when from the rifle-pits and earthen breastworks, which greatly protected them, the enemy opened a brisk and galling fire upon us. At the same time the enemy's batteries, situated so as to be concealed, and not before known to bear upon us, were opened, and a well-directed fire of shell and canister poured upon our ranks; notwithstanding which *our lines continued to advance until almost up to the redoubts of the enemy.* In the mean time information which I regarded as reliable reached me, that the enemy was in force behind his works, and well protected by six guns planted immediately to their rear, and also by cannon situated to their west and north. As quickly as possible I proceeded to ascertain the truth, and became satisfied of the fact. *The entire line*

had then been held under a brisk, galling fire for nearly an hour. Colonel Morrison, Commanding the Forty-ninth, had by this time been wounded when leading his men upon the redoubts, and was carried from the field. Other posts of the line had suffered considerably, and learning that the redoubt could not be taken without great destruction and loss of life, I at length reluctantly gave the order to retire down the hill a short distance and await your orders. This was done by the entire line in good order, and without confusion, and was greatly to my gratification, and sanctioned by yourself when reported by me to you.

In this action I am happy to be able to bear testimony to the good conduct of the officers and men under my command. All of them under my own observation labored with the utmost daring and gallantry, challenging my admiration by their heroism, and meriting from their General the highest confidence.

ISHAM N. HAYNE,
Colonel Forty-eighth Regiment Illinois Vols.

REPORT OF COL. MORGAN L. SMITH.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH BRIGADE,
FORT HEIMAN, KY., February 18, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to report that on the fifteenth instant, in obedience to your order, I stormed the hill on which the enemy were posted, with my brigade, consisting of the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana regiments, and retook and held the ground lost by some of our forces in the morning. I was gallantly supported by Col. Cruft's brigade. The hill was occupied by the First and Third Mississippi infantry, First regiment Texas infantry, Eighth regiment of Kentucky infantry, and a battalion of Forest cavalry, (Texas.) The hill was covered at intervals with forest and dense underbrush. I deployed company B, Eighth Missouri, Lieut. Otis commanding, as skirmishers to advance rapidly and draw their fire and ascertain their position. I afterwards deployed company G, Capt. Grier, company H, Capt. Swarthout, company E, Capt. Kirby, and company A, Capt. Johnson, with intervals of two paces, so that every advantage could be taken of trees for cover; in two instances their skirmishers and ours were occupying each side of the same tree for cover. It was here that the gallant Capt. Swarthout fell. In his efforts to keep his men under cover, he forgot himself, and received two rifle-bullets, either of which would have killed him instantly. After about an hour's hard fighting, during which time we were advancing slowly, the enemy gave way. We pursued them for about a mile to within one hundred and fifty yards of their intrenchments—so closely that some of their arms were thrown away and five prisoners were taken, three by company A, and two by company B, Eighth Missouri.

I then posted the grand guard between the battle-ground of the morning and their intrenchments, with orders not to let them put any grand guard between their intrenchments and us, and had details from the Eleventh Indiana and Eighth

Missouri carrying the wounded from the battleground of the morning to the rear nearly all night. The wounded thus carried off were principally from the Eighth, Eleventh, and Twentieth Illinois regiments. The small loss my brigade sustained was owing to the admirable manner in which all orders were executed, and the perfect confidence which existed between the officers and men, the officers all vying with each other in accomplishing their object with the least possible loss of their brave men.

The gallant Eleventh Indiana would have gladly been in the lead, but kindly yielded to their brothers—the Eighth Missouri, with the understanding that it opens the ball on the next occasion, for which it is patiently waiting.

Suffice it to say, that it was in line with the five companies of the Eighth Missouri, not deployed on the hill exactly at the right time.

Annexed please find report of killed, wounded, and missing, also reports of Major McDonald and Col. McGinnis of their regiments.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant.

MORGAN L. SMITH,

Colonel Eighth Mo. Vols., Commanding Fifth Brigade.

To Capt. FRED KNEFLER,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Third Division,
Fort Henry, Tennessee.

KILLED.

Eighth Missouri—one officer and eight privates.
Eleventh Indiana—four privates.

WOUNDED.

Eighth Missouri—one officer and thirty-five privates. Eleventh Indiana—twenty privates.

REPORT OF COL. G. F. MCGINNIS.

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH REGT. INDIANA VOLS., }
FORT HEIMAN, KY., February 19, 1862. }

Col. Morgan L. Smith, Commanding Fifth Brigade, Gen. C. F. Smith's Division:

SIR: I beg leave to make the following report of the operations of the Eleventh Indiana, under my command, in the battle at Fort Donelson, on the afternoon of the fifteenth inst.

At about one o'clock the order was given to prepare for action. Our regiment was immediately formed in line of battle, under a heavy fire from the enemy, and advanced in good order to sustain the Eighth Missouri, which, being on the right, was the first engaged.

As the enemy occupied a very advantageous position, on a hill covered with thick undergrowth, which almost hid them from our view, I directed Capt. N. R. Ruckle, of company E, to deploy his company as skirmishers, so as to cover our whole line; advance as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, and find out the position of the enemy; and nobly was the duty performed.

After a few well-directed rounds from our men, the enemy began to retire, and the Eleventh, gallantly supported by the Eighth Missouri, advanced rapidly, driving the enemy before them, and soon occupied a position in advance of that from which a portion of our forces had been com-

pelled to retire in the morning, and within five hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments. We held that position, under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, until ordered to fall back and take position for the night. The night was one of the coldest of the season, but being within eight hundred yards of the enemy's guns, we were not, of course, permitted to build fires, although greatly needed. All, however, submitted willingly and cheerfully, and without a word of complaint, expecting to meet the enemy again in the morning.

On the morning of the sixteenth we were again formed in line of battle, and advanced to within four hundred yards of the enemy's line, expecting every moment to be attacked, when we heard the glorious news that Fort Donelson had surrendered.

I cannot close this report without sincerely thanking every company officer engaged in the action, for the gallant manner in which they performed their duties; and especially, First Lieutenants John P. Megrew, of company B, and John L. Hanna, of company F, who being the only commissioned officers with the respective companies, controlled them to my entire satisfaction. Lieut.-Col. Robinson, Major Elston, and Adjutant Macauley, behaved with great gallantry—always at the post of greatest danger, encouraging all and cheering on to the conflict. To them I am much indebted for valuable assistance. Second Lieut. Henry McMullen, of company C, while gallantly performing his duty, was disabled during the early part of the engagement, and was compelled to retire from the field.

Surgeon Thompson and Assistant Surgeon Brown are deserving of especial mention, for their unremitting attentions to the wounded and dying, not only of our command, but of all those who came under their observation. They labored incessantly for twenty-four hours, attending to all that were brought to their notice, thereby setting an example that it would have been well for other surgeons, that could be mentioned, to have imitated.

Accompanying this, you will find a report of the killed and wounded in my command.

Respectfully,

GEORGE T. MCGINNIS,

Colonel Eleventh Indiana.

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH REGIMENT INDIANA, }
FORT HEIMAN, KY., February 19, 1862. }

Col. M. L. Smith, Commanding Fifth Brigade:

SIR: In accordance with orders from your headquarters, I respectfully submit the following complete list of the killed and wounded of the Eleventh regiment Indiana volunteers in the battle of the fifteenth inst.

KILLED.

In Co. A, (Capt. Geo. Butler,) private Joseph H. Reeder.

In Co. F, (Lieut. John L. Hanna commanding.) Corporal John E. Holland, private Andrew Head.

In Co. H, (Capt. Joseph H. Livsey,) private John W. W. Parks.

WOUNDED.

Co. A.

- 1, Corporal Charles F. Hall, severely.
- 2, Private Joseph B. McClain, dangerously.
- 3, Private Henry C. Duly, slightly.
- 4, Private Benjamin W. Roberts, slightly.
- 5, Private Charles Burman, Jr., slightly.

Co. B.

- 6, Corporal Elisha Eudaly, slightly.
- 7, Private Delany R. Shipley, slightly.
- 8, Private Washington Hunter, slightly.

Co. C.

- 9, Capt. Jesse E. Hamill, slightly.
- 10, Second Lieut. Henry McMullen, slightly.
- 11, Sergt. Isaac Temple, severely.
- 12, Private Frank Brown, severely.
- 13, Private Baily Johnson, slightly.
- 14, Private Orlando Bridewell, slightly.
- 15, Private Jefferson Jewell, slightly.

Co. D.

- 16, Private Francis M. Young, slightly.
- 17, Private Ephraim Kester, slightly.

Co. E.

- 18, Private John Delong, slightly.
- 19, George W. Eyestone, slightly.
- 20, Oscar F. Whitney, slightly.

Co. F.

- 21, Corporal George W. Lowley, severely.
- 22, Private Iredell R. Allgood, slightly.
- 23, Private David C. Baker, slightly.

Co. G.

- 24, Corporal James Martin, slightly.
- 25, Private Simson Leslie, slightly.
- 26, Private John C. Adkins, slightly.
- 27, Private Jordan E. Rich, slightly.

Co. H.

- 28, Private Henry Coleman, slightly.

Co. I.

- 29, Private John Patrick, slightly.
- Total—four killed, twenty-nine wounded.

Respectfully, G. F. MCGINNIS,

Col. Eleventh Regt. Indiana.

DAN. MACAULEY,
Adjutant.

COLONEL WOOD'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS TWELFTH IOWA REGIMENT, }
FORT DONELSON, February 18, 1862. }

Thomas J. Neushon, A. A. General:

SIR: In obedience to General Order No. 2, Headquarters Second Division Army in the Field, Brigadier-General Smith Commanding, I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of the Twelfth Iowa infantry volunteers in the recent attack on Fort Donelson, Tennessee.

On Wednesday, the twelfth instant, the regiment, being a part of Colonel J. Cook's brigade, Second division, marched from Fort Henry to the neighborhood of Fort Donelson, and formed line of battle to the left of the Dover road, and slept on their arms, ready for instant action. Thursday morning, at half-past eight o'clock, we marched down to and up the Dover road about half a mile,

when we marched to the left and formed line of battle. Deploying our flanking companies as skirmishers, we marched forward down a long slope that lay in front, the grape, shot, and shell flying thickly around us all the time. Our skirmishers advanced to the top of the hill that lay in front; the battalion halted at two thirds of the distance to the top of the hill, where it was protected from the enemy's fire by the ridge in front. It was but a few minutes after our skirmishers reached the top of the hill or ridge in front, that private Edward C. Buckner, of company A, was shot dead, a ball taking effect in the eye. No further damage occurred to our regiment that day, though the enemy kept up a constant fire. The following night was very stormy, and as we were ordered not to make fire, the regiment suffered from the wet and cold.

Early on Friday morning, skirmishing again began between our men and the enemy, which was kept up all day. Two of our men were struck during the day with spent balls, but not disabled. At nightfall eight companies retired, built fires, but passed an unpleasant night. Companies D and F remained as a guard over the ground we had occupied through the day.

Saturday, until noon, a random firing was kept up with the enemy. During this and the preceding days, we were nobly supported by the coolness, bravery, and efficiency of a portion of Birge's sharpshooters, who coöperated with us. Our right flank was protected by the Fiftieth Illinois, Colonel Bane commanding. Our left was unsupported, except by our own skirmishers and the sharpshooters. At about two o'clock P.M., our regiment, the Fiftieth Illinois, and the sharpshooters were ordered to make a feint attack, and draw the enemy's fire. The men went cheerfully to the work assigned them, and kept up a warm fire on the enemy, whilst Col. Lauman's brigade, on our left, advanced and got possession of part of the enemy's outworks, and hoisted the American flag thereon. We were ordered to their support. Moving rapidly by the left flank, we charged over the down timber which the enemy had fallen for their protection, whilst a galling fire of musketry and grape poured in among us, wounding some eight or ten of our men. On reaching the breastworks, some confusion occurred by the retreat of a portion of Colonel Lauman's brigade, who, having expended all their ammunition, were compelled to fall back. Order was immediately restored, and we opened a warm fire on the enemy, who poured a sharp fire of grape upon us from their battery on our right, and of musketry on our front. We fought the enemy for two hours, advancing on them into a ravine inside their breastworks. At length we were withdrawn outside the breastworks, having, during this time, one man killed and twenty-seven wounded.

During all this time, Lieutenant-Colonel Coulter behaved with the utmost coolness and bravery, performing duties regardless of the danger to which he was exposed. Major Brodtbeck and Sergeant-Major Morring aided much in rallying the men. When we began to march to support

Colonel Lauman, companies A and G were out skirmishing. I despatched Adjutant Duncan to bring them up, which was splendidly done, and he performed all other duties required promptly and effectively. Surgeon Parker was on duty at the hospital; Assistant-Surgeon Finley performed faithful service in attending to the wounded; Quartermaster Dorr was performing his duty in forwarding supplies—his energy and efficiency cannot be too highly praised; the color-bearer, Sergeant Grannis, showed much coolness amid the sharp fire of the enemy; and, without particularizing, every commissioned officer of the regiment performed his duties with bravery and without flinching. The same may be said of the non-commissioned officers and privates, with but few exceptions.

The following is a list of the killed and wounded:

Lieut.-Col. J. P. Coulter, wounded in the thigh slightly.

Company A.—*Killed*, E. C. Buckner. *Wounded*, F. B. Reed, left hand, not severe.

Company B.—*Killed*, J. J. Stillman. *Wounded*, Joseph Starts, left arm amputated; Henry Fry, head, severe, will probably recover; Sergt. J. P. Jackson, thigh, not severe; Jesse Thayer, left fore-finger shot off; Edwin Wood, slight; Westley Bort, slight.

Company C.—*Wounded*, First Lieut. D. B. Henderson, under chin, doing well; W. B. Warner, right thigh, severe, not dangerous; W. W. Quivy, near right ear, slight.

Company D.—*Wounded*, Sergt. C. W. Calder, right thigh, severe; John Rowin, left thumb shot off.

Company E.—*Wounded*, Charles Switzer, left cheek, slight; Seth J. Crowherst, right wrist, slight; Ethan A. King, right arm, slight, and right leg severe.

Company F.—*Wounded*, R. C. Palmer, head, not severe; Geo. Kent, same; James M. Taylor, right shoulder, slight; Wm. Kirchner, injured by dirt thrown from breast-works by a cannon-ball, slightly.

Company G.—*Wounded*, Christ Christopheson, struck by a spent ball, not severe.

Company H.—*Wounded*, A. J. Price, right thigh, not severe; J. B. Flaniken, same.

Company I.—*Wounded*, Theoph. Eaton, thumb shot off; Patrick McManus, not severe; Thomas Wilson, thigh shattered.

Company K.—*Wounded*, Corporal William Mathews, thigh, slight; John H. Johnson, hand, slight.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant.

J. J. Woods,

Colonel Twelfth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL BAUSENWEIN'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-EIGHTH REG. O. V. I.,
FORT DONELSON, February 18.

C. P. Buckingham, Adjutant-General of Ohio:

DEAR SIR: The Fifty-eighth Ohio regiment was the first regiment on the enemy's battery; the flags presented by the ladies of Columbus the first planted on the battery; the band the

first playing our *national* air, "The Star-Spangled Banner." We took upward of two thousand prisoners, ten cannon, one twelve-pound howitzer, (the day previous, Saturday,) and one thousand boxes of ammunition. We were seven hours in the fire, guarding our advance batteries, lost but two men, seven wounded, among them two officers, when at the same moment the rebels lost heavy. In our front we found nine of them within one hundred yards of our right column, dead and dying. They now report freely that the fire from our regiment was the most disastrous, and proved too strong for them to secure all the dead and wounded, and consequently the nine were left on the field. We found hundreds piled in near the Fort, where we made our last attack. Our regiment was ordered to squat when the enemy made their charge, and a little ravine made our protection, the fire of our enemy literally covering our troops with brush and tree-tops, generally aiming too high. The commander here has granted to us, for this valuable service, and because our troops made the last decisive charge, has allowed us four cannon, for which we need an artillery camp, which I hope you will aid us in obtaining. I desire to do good service; am confident I have used my every energy, to aid in the great victory, and trust to have your regard when I have no other person's. I desire to remain in this country, and hope ardently that this war may soon close, and the American citizens live in peace and harmony, connected in one general interest, united in one cause, to sustain liberty. I have found in Columbus many good friends, who have aided me in the purpose for which I came here—to sustain liberty. I shall never forget those. I feel under particular obligations to you. Lieut.-Col. Kemper, the bearer of these lines, was by my side during all the attacks, never flinching, ever ready to carry out my orders with promptitude and despatch. He can verbally give you every information which may be of interest to you. I have some four thousand muskets, revolvers, bowie-knives, etc., now under guard, and thousands of tents, provisions of enormous bulk, in fact, everything of war implements. Hundreds of horses and mules. Our company officers walk no more; they are supplied with secesh saddles, horses, and mules, and happiness beams from their eyes and lips. So good by, and my best regards to Gov. Tod, and others who remember me.

BAUSENWEIN,

Col. Fifty-eighth Regiment, O. V. Infantry.

REPORT OF BRIG.-GEN. CULLUM.

CAIRO, February 17, 1862.

To Major-General McClellan:

The Union flags floats over Fort Donelson. The Carondelet, Capt. Walke, brings the glorious intelligence.

The Fort surrendered at nine o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning. Gens. Johnston (A. Sidney) and Buckner, and fifteen thousand prisoners, and a large amount of material of war are the trophies of the victory. Loss heavy on both sides.

Floyd, the thief, stole away during the night previous, with five thousand men, and is denounced by the rebels as a traitor. I am happy to inform you, that Flag-Officer Foote, though suffering with his foot, with the noble characteristic of our navy, notwithstanding his disability, will take up immediately two gunboats, and with the eight mortar-boats, which he will overtake, will make an immediate attack on Clarksville, if the state of the weather will permit. We are now firing a national salute from Fort Cairo, General Grant's late post, in honor of the glorious achievement.

[Signed] GEO. W. CULLUM,
Brig.-Gen. Vols. and U.S.A.,
and Chief of Staff and Engineers.

GENERAL McCLEARNAND'S FIELD-ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, }
FORT DONELSON, February 18, 1862. }

FIELD-ORDER NO. 145.

Officers and Men of the First Division of the Advance Forces:

You have continually led the way in the Valley of the Lower Mississippi, the Tennessee and the Cumberland. You have carried the flag of the Union further South than any other land forces, marching from the interior toward the seaboard.

Being the first division to enter Fort Henry, you also pursued the enemy for miles, capturing from him, in his flight, six field-pieces, many of his standards and flags, a number of prisoners, and a great quantity of military stores.

Following the enemy to this place, you were the first to encounter him outside of his intrenchments, and drive him within them.

Pursuing your advantage, the next day, being on the right, you advanced upon his lines, in the face of his works and batteries, and for the time silenced them.

The next day, skirmishing all along his left, you daringly charged upon his redoubts, under a deadly fire of grape and canister, and were only prevented from taking them by natural obstacles, and the accumulated masses which were hurried forward to defend them.

The next day you extended your right in the face of newly-erected batteries, quite to the Cumberland, thus investing his works for nearly two miles.

The next day, after standing under arms for two days and nights, amid driving storms of snow and rain, and pinched by hunger, the enemy advanced in force to open the way to his escape. By his own confession, formed in a column of ten successive regiments, he concentrated his attack upon a single point. You repulsed him repeatedly, from seven o'clock to eleven o'clock A.M., often driving back his formidable odds.

Thus, after three days' fighting, when your ammunition was exhausted, you fell back until it came up, and re-formed a second line in his face.

Supported by fresh troops, under the lead of a brave and able officer, the enemy was again driven back, and by a combined advance from all sides, was finally defeated. His unconditional

surrender the next day, consummated the victory.

Undiverted by any other attack, for near four hours from any other part of our lines, the enemy was left to concentrate his attack with superior numbers upon yours. Thus, while you were engaged for a longer time than any other of our forces, you were subjected to much greater loss.

The battle-field testifies to your valor and constancy. Even the magnanimity of the enemy accords to you an unsurpassed heroism, and an enviable and brilliant share in the hardest-fought battle and most decisive victory ever fought and won on the American continent.

Your trophies speak for themselves; they consist of many thousand prisoners, forty pieces of cannon, and extensive magazines of all kinds of ordnance, quartermaster's and commissary stores.

The death-knell of rebellion is sounded, an army has been annihilated, and the way to Nashville and Memphis is opened. This momentous fact should, as it will, encourage you to persevere in the path of glory. It must alleviate your distress for your brave comrades, who have fallen or been wounded. It will mitigate the grief of bereaved wives and mourning parents and kindred. It will be your claim to a place in the affections of your countrymen, and upon a blazoned page of history.

By order of Brig.-Gen. McCLEARNAND,
Commanding.

A. SCHWARTZ,
Captain and Acting Chief of Staff.

GEN. HALLECK TO GEN. HUNTER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI, }
St. Louis, February 19. }

Major-General D. Hunter, commanding Department of Kansas, at Fort Leavenworth:

To you, more than any other man out of this department, are we indebted for our success at Fort Donelson.

In my strait for troops to reënforce Gen. Grant, I applied to you. You responded nobly, placing your forces at my disposition.

This enabled us to win the victory.

Receive my most heartfelt thanks.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

SECESSION REPORTS.

JEFF. DAVIS'S MESSAGE ACCOMPANYING THE REPORTS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, March 11, 1862.

To the Speaker of the House of Representatives:

I transmit herewith copies of such official reports as have been received at the War Department of the defence and fall of Fort Donelson.

They will be found incomplete and unsatisfactory. Instructions have been given to furnish further information upon the several points not made intelligible by the reports. It is not stated that reënforcements were at any time asked for; nor is it demonstrated to have been impossible to have saved the army by evacuating the position; nor is it known by what means it was found practicable to withdraw a part of the garrison, leaving the remainder to surrender; nor upon what authority or principles of action the senior Gen-

erals abandoned responsibility by transferring the command to a junior officer.

In a former communication to Congress, I presented the propriety of a suspension of judgment in relation to the disaster at Fort Donelson, until official reports could be received. I regret that the information now furnished is so defective. In the mean time, hopeful that satisfactory explanation may be made, I have directed, upon the exhibition of the case as presented by the two senior Generals, that they should be relieved from command, to await further orders whenever a reliable judgment can be rendered on the merits of the case.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

REPORT OF JOHN B. FLOYD.

CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, February 27, 1862.

General A. S. Johnston:

SIR: Your order of the twelfth of this month, transmitted to me by telegraph from Bowling Green to Cumberland City, reached me the same evening. It directed me to repair at once, with what force I could command, to the support of the garrison at Fort Donelson. I immediately prepared for my departure, and effected it in time to reach Fort Donelson the next morning, thirteenth, before daylight. Measures had been already taken by Brig.-General Pillow, then in command, to render our resistance to the attack of the enemy as effective as possible. He had, with activity and industry, pushed forward the defensive works toward completion. These defences consisted in an earth-work in Fort Donelson, in which were mounted guns of different calibre, to the number of thirteen; a field-work, intended for the infantry supports, and constructed immediately behind the battery and upon the summit of the hill in rear. Sweeping away from this field-work eastward, to the extent of nearly two miles in the windings, was a line of intrenchments, defended on the outside at some points with *abattis*. These intrenchments were occupied by the troops already there, and by the addition of those which came upon the field with me. The position of the "Fort," which was established by the Tennessee authorities, was by no means commanding, nor was the least military significance attached to the position. The intrenchments, afterwards hastily made in many places, were injudiciously constructed, because of the distance they were placed from the brow of the hill, subjecting the men to a heavy fire from the enemy's sharpshooters opposite, as they advanced to or retired from the intrenchments. Soon after my arrival, the intrenchments were fully occupied from one end to the other; and just as the sun rose, the cannonade from one of the enemy's gunboats announced the opening of the conflict, which was destined to continue for three days and nights. In a very short time the fire became general along our whole lines, and the enemy, who had already planted batteries at several points around the whole circuit of our intrenchments, as shown by a diagram herewith sent, opened a general and active fire from all arms upon our trenches, which continued until darkness put an end to

the conflict. They charged with uncommon spirit at several points along on the line, but most particularly at a point undefended by intrenchments, down a hollow which separated the right wing, under Brigadier-General Buckner, from the right of the centre, commanded by Col. Himan. This charge was prosecuted with uncommon vigor, but was met with a determined spirit of resistance—a cool, deliberate courage—both by the troops of Brigadier-General Buckner and Col. Himan, which drove the enemy, discomfited and cut to pieces, back upon the position he had assumed in the morning. Too high praise cannot be bestowed upon the battery of Captain Porter for their participation in the rout of the enemy in this assault. My position was immediately in front of the point of attack, and I was thus enabled to witness more distinctly the incidents of it.

The enemy continued their fire upon different parts of our intrenchments throughout the night, which deprived our men of every opportunity of sleep. We lay that night upon our arms in the trenches. We confidently expected, at the dawn of day, a more vigorous attack than ever; but in this we were entirely mistaken. The day advanced, and no preparation seemed to be making for a general onset. But an extremely annoying fire was kept up from the enemy's sharpshooters throughout the whole length of the intrenchments, from their long-range rifles. Whilst this mode of attack was not attended with any considerable loss, it, nevertheless, confined the men to their trenches and prevented their taking their usual rest. So stood the affairs of the field until three o'clock P.M., when the fleet of gunboats, in full force, advanced upon the Fort and opened fire. They advanced in the shape of a crescent, and kept up a constant and incessant fire for one hour and a half, which was replied to with uncommon spirit and vigor by the Fort. Once the boats reached a point within a few hundred yards of the Fort, at which time it was that three of their boats sustained serious injuries from our batteries, and were compelled to fall back. The line was broken, and the enemy discomfited on the water, giving up the fight entirely, which he never afterwards renewed. I was satisfied, from the incidents of the last two days, that the enemy did not intend again to give us battle in our trenches. They had been fairly repulsed, with very heavy slaughter, upon every effort to storm our position, and it was fair to infer that they would not again renew the unavailing attempt at our dislodgment, when certain means to effect the same end without loss, were perfectly at their command. We were aware of the fact that extremely heavy reinforcements had been continually arriving, day and night, for three days and nights, and I had no doubt, whatever, that their whole available force on the Western waters could, and would, be concentrated here, if it was deemed necessary to reduce our position. I had already seen the impossibility of holding out for any length of time with our inadequate number and indefensible position. There was no place within our intrench-

ments but could be reached by the enemy's artillery, from their boats or their batteries. It was but fair to infer that, while they kept up a sufficient fire upon our intrenchments to keep our men from sleep and prevent repose, their object was merely to give time to pass a column above us on the river, both on the right and the left banks, and thus to cut off all our communications, and to prevent the possibility of egress. I thus saw clearly that but one course was left by which a rational hope could be entertained of saving the garrison, or a part of it. That was to dislodge the enemy from his position on our left, and thus to pass our people into the open country, lying southward toward Nashville. I called for a consultation of the officers of divisions and brigades, to take place after dark, when this plan was laid before them, approved and adopted, and at which it was determined to move from the trenches at an early hour on the next morning, and attack the enemy in his position. It was agreed that the attack should commence upon our extreme left, and this duty was assigned Brig.-Gen. Pillow, assisted by Brig.-Gen. Johnson, having also under his command commanders of brigades, Col. Baldwin, commanding Mississippi and Tennessee troops, and Col. Wharton and Col. McCansland, commanding Virginians. To Brig.-General Buckner, was assigned the duty of making the attack from near the centre of our lines upon the enemy's forces upon the Wynn's Ferry road. The attack on the left was delayed longer than I expected, and consequently the enemy was found in position when our troops advanced. The attack, however, on our part, was extremely spirited, and although the resistance of the enemy was obstinate, and their numbers far exceeded ours, our people succeeded in driving them discomfited and terribly cut to pieces from the entire left. The Kentucky troops, under Brig.-Gen. Buckner, advanced from their position behind the intrenchments upon the Wynn's Ferry road, but not until the enemy had been driven in a great measure from the position he occupied in the morning.

I had ordered, on the night before, the two regiments stationed in Fort Donelson to occupy the trenches vacated by Brig.-Gen. Buckner's forces, which, together with the men whom he detached to assist in this purpose, I thought sufficient to hold them.

My intention was to hold, with Brig.-General Buckner's command, the Wynn's Ferry road, and thus to prevent the enemy, during the night, from occupying the position on our left, which he occupied in the morning. I gave him orders upon the field to that effect. Leaving him in position, I started for the right of our command, to see that all was secure there—my intention being, if things could be held in the condition they then were, to move the whole army, if possible, to the open country lying southward beyond the Randolph Forges. During my absence, and from some misapprehension, I presume, of the previous order given, Brig.-Gen. Pillow ordered Brig.-Gen. Buckner to leave his position on the Wynn's Ferry road, and to resume his place in his trenches

on the right. This movement was nearly executed before I was aware of it. As the enemy was pressing upon the trenches, I deemed that the execution of this last order was all that was left to be done. The enemy, in fact, succeeded in occupying an angle of the trenches on the extreme right of Brig.-Gen. Buckner's command; and as the fresh forces of the enemy had begun already to move toward our left, to occupy the position they held in the morning, and as we had no force adequate to oppose their progress, we had to submit to the mortification of seeing the ground which we had won by such a severe conflict in the morning, reoccupied by the enemy before midnight. The enemy had been landing reinforcements throughout the day. His numbers had been augmented to eighty-three regiments.

Our troops were completely exhausted by four days and nights of continued conflict. To renew it with any hope of successful result was obviously vain, and such I understood to be the unanimous opinion of all the officers present at the council called to consider what was best to be done. I thought, and so announced, that a desperate onset upon the right of the enemy's forces, on the ground where we had attacked them in the morning, might result in the extrication of a considerable proportion of the command from the position we were in, and this opinion I understood to be concurred in by all who were present. But it was likewise agreed, with the same unanimity, that it would result in the slaughter of nearly all who did not succeed in effecting their escape. The question then arose, whether in point of humanity and a sound military policy, a course should be adopted from which the probabilities were, that the larger portion of the command would be cut to pieces in an unavailing fight against overwhelming numbers. I understood the general sentiment to be averse to the proposition. I felt that in this contingency, whilst it might be questioned whether I should, as Commander of the army, lead it to certain destruction in an unavailing fight, yet I had a right individually to determine that I would not survive a surrender there. To satisfy both propositions, I agreed to hand over the command to Brig.-Gen. Buckner, through Brig.-Gen. Pillow, and to make an effort for my own extrication by any and every means that might present themselves to me.

I therefore directed Col. Forrest, a daring and determined officer, at the head of an efficient regiment of cavalry, to be present for the purpose of accompanying me in what I supposed would be an effort to pass through the enemy's lines. I announced the fact upon turning the command over to Brig.-Gen. Buckner, that I would bring away with me, by any means I could, my own particular brigade, the propriety of which was acquiesced in on all hands. This, by various modes, I succeeded in accomplishing to a great extent, and would have brought off my whole command, in one way or another, if I had had the assistance of the field officers, who were absent from several of the regiments. The com-

mand was turned over to Brig.-Gen. Buckner, who at once opened negotiations with the enemy, which resulted in the surrender of the place. Thus ended the conflict running through four days and four nights; a large portion of which time it was maintained with the greatest fierceness and obstinacy, in which we, with a force not exceeding thirteen thousand, (a large portion of whom were illy armed,) succeeded in resisting and driving back with discomfiture an army of more than thirty thousand men. I have no means of accurately estimating the loss of the enemy. From what I saw upon the battle-field, from what I witnessed throughout the whole period of the conflict, from what I was able to learn from sources of information deemed by me worthy of credit, I have no doubt that the enemy's loss in killed and wounded reached a number beyond *five thousand*. Our own losses were extremely heavy, but for want of exact returns I am unable to state precise numbers. I think they will not be far from one thousand five hundred killed and wounded. Nothing could exceed the coolness and determined spirit of resistance which animated the men in this long and ferocious conflict; nothing could exceed the determined courage which characterized them throughout this terrible struggle, and nothing could be more admirable than the steadiness which they exhibited, until nature itself was exhausted, in what they knew to be a desperate fight against a foe very many times their superior in numbers. I cannot particularize instances of heroic daring performed by both officers and men, but must content myself for the present by saying, in my judgment, they all deserve well of the country.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN B. FLOYD,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Official: JOHN WITHERS, A. A. Gen.

A. & I. G. O., March 10, 1862.

GENERAL PILLOW'S REPORT.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, February 18, 1862.

Captain Clarence Derrick, A. A. General:

On the eighteenth instant, General A. S. Johnston ordered me to proceed to Fort Donelson and take command at that post. On the nineteenth instant, I arrived at that place. In detailing the operations of the forces under my command at Fort Donelson, it is proper to state the condition of that work and of the forces constituting its garrison. When I arrived, I found the work on the river battery unfinished, and entirely too weak to resist the force of heavy artillery. I found a ten-inch columbiad and a thirty-two-pounder rifled gun that had not been mounted. Deep gloom was hanging over the command, and the troops were greatly depressed and demoralized by the circumstances attending the surrender of Fort Henry, and the manner of retiring from that place. My first attention was given to the necessity of strengthening this work and mounting the two heavy guns, and to the construction of defensive works to protect the rear of the river-

battery. I imparted to the work all the energy which it was possible to do, working day and night with the whole command. The battery was without a competent number of artillerymen, and those that were there were not well instructed in the use of their guns. To provide for this want, I placed the artillery companies under active course of instruction in the use of their guns. I detailed Captain Ross, with his company of artillerymen, to the command of one of the river-batteries. These heavy guns being mounted, and provision made for working them, and a proper supply of ammunition having been procured by my order from Nashville, I felt myself prepared to test the effect of the fire of the heavy metal against the enemy's gunboats, though the work was much in need of more heavy pieces.

The armament of the batteries consisted of eight thirty-two-pounders, three thirty-two-pound carronades, one eight-inch columbiad, and one rifled gun of thirty-two pound calibre. The selection of the site for the work was an unfortunate one. While its command of the river was favorable, the site was commanded by the hills above and below on the river, and by a continuous range of hills all around the works to its rear.

A field-work of very contracted dimensions had been constructed for the garrison to protect the battery; but this field-work was commanded by the hills already referred to, and lay open to a fire of artillery from every direction except from the hills below. To guard against the effect of fire of artillery from these heights, a line of defence-work, consisting of rifle-pits and *abattis* for infantry, detached on our right, but continuous on our left, with defences for our light artillery, were laid off by Major Gilmer—engineer of General A. S. Johnston's staff, but on duty with me at the post—around the rear of the battery, and on the heights from which artillery could reach our battery and inner field-work, enveloping the inner work and the town of Dover, where our principal supplies of quartermaster and commissary stores were on deposit.

These works, pushed with the utmost possible energy, were not quite completed, nor my troops all in position, though nearly so, when Brigadier-General Floyd, my senior officer, reached that station. The works were laid off with judgment and skill, by Major Gilmer; were well executed, and designed for the defence of the rear of the works; the only objection being to the length of the line, which, however, from the surroundings, was unavoidable. The length of the line, and the inadequacy of the force for its defence, was a source of embarrassment throughout the struggle which subsequently ensued in the defence of the position.

I had placed Brigadier-General Buckner in command of the right wing, and Brigadier-General Johnson in command of the left. By extraordinary efforts, we had barely got the works in a defensible condition, when the enemy made an advance in force around and against the entire line of our outer works.

The first assault was commenced by the enemy's artillery against the entire line of our left wing, which was promptly responded to by Capt. Green's battery of field-artillery. After several hours of firing between the artillery of the two armies, the enemy's infantry advanced to the conflict all along the line, which was kept up and increased in volume from one end of the line to the other for several hours, when at last the enemy made a vigorous assault against the right of our left wing — the position assaulted being a height commanded by Col. Heiman, and defended by his brigade, consisting of the Tenth Tennessee, under command of Lieut.-Col. McGavock, Col. Voorhies', (Tenn.,) Col. Hughes', (Ala.,) and Col. Head's (Tenn.) regiments of Tennessee Volunteers, and Capt. Maney's field-battery.

This assault was vigorously made, and the position as vigorously defended, and resulted in the repulse of the enemy here and everywhere around the line. The result of the day's work pretty well tested the strength of our defensive lines, and established, beyond question, the gallantry of our entire command, all of which defended well their portion of the line. The loss sustained by our forces in this engagement was not large, our men being mostly under shelter of their rifle-pits; but we, nevertheless, had quite a number killed and wounded, but owing to the continued fighting which followed it was impossible to get any official report of the casualties of the day. On the same day our battery on the river was engaged with one of the enemy's gunboats, which occasioned quite a lively cannonading for more than an hour, in which the gallant Capt. Dixon, of the engineer corps, was killed instantly at the battery. This officer had been on duty some months at the post, and had shown great energy and professional skill; and by his gallant bearing on that day, while directing the operations of the day, under my orders, had justly earned for himself high distinction. His death was a serious loss to the service, and was a source of no little embarrassment in our after operations.

On the twelfth we had quiet, but we saw the smoke of a large number of gunboats and steamboats at a short distance below. We also received reliable information of the arrival of a large number of new troops, greatly increasing the strength of the enemy's forces, already said to be from twenty thousand to thirty thousand.

On the thirteenth these reinforcements were seen advancing to their position in the line of investment, and while this was being done, six of the enemy's iron-cased gunboats were seen advancing up the river, five of which were abreast and in line of battle, and the sixth some distance to the rear. When the gunboats arrived within a mile and a half of the battery, they opened fire on the batteries. My orders to the officers, Capt. Shuster and Staukvoitch, who commanded the lower battery, of eight guns, and Capt. Ross the upper battery, of four guns, were to hold their fire until the enemy's gunboats should come within point-blank range of their guns. This they did, though the ordeal of holding their

fire while the enemy's shot and shell fell thick around their position was a severe restraint upon their patriotic impulses. But, nevertheless, our batteries made no response till their gunboats got within range of their guns. Our entire line of batteries then opened fire. The guns of both parties were well served. The enemy constantly advanced, delivering direct fire against our batteries from his line of five gunboats; while the sixth boat, moving up in the rear, kept the air filled with shells, which fell thick and close all around the position of our batteries.

The fight continued, the enemy steadily advancing slowly up the river, and the shot and shell from fifteen heavy rifled guns, tearing our parapets and plunging deep into the earth around and over our batteries for nearly two hours, and until his boats had reached within the distance of one hundred and fifty yards of our batteries. Having come in such close conflict, I could distinctly see the effects of our shot upon his iron-cased boats. We had given two or three well-directed shots from our heavy guns to one of his boats, when she instantly shrunk back and drifted helpless below the line. Several shot struck another boat, tearing her iron case and making her timbers crack, and splintering them as by a stroke of lightning, when two fell back. Then a third received several shocks, making her metal ring and timbers crack, when the whole line gave way and fell back from our fire until they passed out of range.

Thus ended the first severe and close conflict of our heavy guns and the enemy's gunboats, testing their strength and the power of heavy guns to resist them. The shot from our thirty-two-pound guns produced but little effect; they struck and rebounded, apparently doing but little damage; but I am satisfied, from close observation, that the timbers of the framework did not and could not withstand the shock from the ten-inch columbiads or thirty-two-pound rifled guns. These gunboats never renewed the attack. I learn from citizens living on the river below that one of the injured boats was sunk, and that others had to be towed back to Cairo. This information may or may not be true, but it is certain that all of the boats were repulsed and driven back, after a most vigorous and determined attack, and that two of the boats were badly damaged, and that a third was more or less injured.

It is difficult to estimate the gallant bearing and heroic conduct of the officers and men of our batteries, who so well and persistently fought our guns until the enemy's determined advance brought his boats and guns into such close and desperate conflict. When all did their duty so well, it is almost impossible to discriminate. The Captains already named, and their Lieutenants, (whose names, for want of official reports, I cannot give,) all deserve the highest commendation.

Lieut. G. S. Martin (whose company is now at Columbus, Ky., but was ordered to that post by Major-Gen. Polk) commanded one of the guns, particularly attracted my attention by his energy, and the judgment with which he fought his gun.

The wadding having given out, he pulled off his coat and rammed it down as wadding, and thus kept up the fire until the enemy were finally repulsed.

On the evening of this day we received information of the arrival of additional reinforcements of the enemy, of infantry, cavalry, and light artillery, by steamboat, all of which were disembarked a short distance below our position.

On the fourteenth inst., the enemy was busy throwing his forces at every arm around us, extending his line of investment around our position, and completely enveloping us. On the evening of this day, we ascertained that the enemy had received additional reinforcements by steamboat. We were now surrounded by immense force, said by persons to amount to fifty-two regiments, and every road and possible avenue of departure were cut off, with the certainty that our sources of supply by the river would soon be cut off by the enemy's batteries placed upon the river above us.

At a meeting of the general officers, called by Gen. Floyd, it was unanimously determined to give the enemy battle next day at daylight, so as to cut open a route of exit for our troops to the interior of the country, and thus to save our army. We had knowledge that the principal portion of the enemy's forces were massed in encampment in front of our extreme left, commanding the two roads leading into the interior, one of which we must take in leaving our position. We knew that he had massed in encampment another large force on the Union Ferry road, opposite the centre of our left wing. His fresh arrival of troops which encamped on the bank of the river, two and a half miles below us, from which latter encampment a stream of fresh troops was continually pouring around us on his line of investment, and thus strengthening his general encampment on the extreme right. At each of his encampments and on each road he had a position, a battery of field-artillery and twenty-four pound iron guns on siege-carriages. Between these encampments on the roads was a thick undergrowth of brush and black-jack, making it impossible to advance or manoeuvre any considerable body of troops.

The plan of attack agreed upon, and directed by Gen. Floyd to be executed, was, that with the main body of the force of our left wing I should attack the right wing of the enemy, occupying and resting upon the heights reaching to the bank of the river, accompanied by Col. Forest's brigade of cavalry; that Brig.-Gen. Buckner with the forces under his command, and defending the right of our line, should strike the enemy's encampment and force on the Wynn's Ferry road; that the force under Col. Heiman should hold his position, and that each command should leave in the trenches troops to hold the trenches.

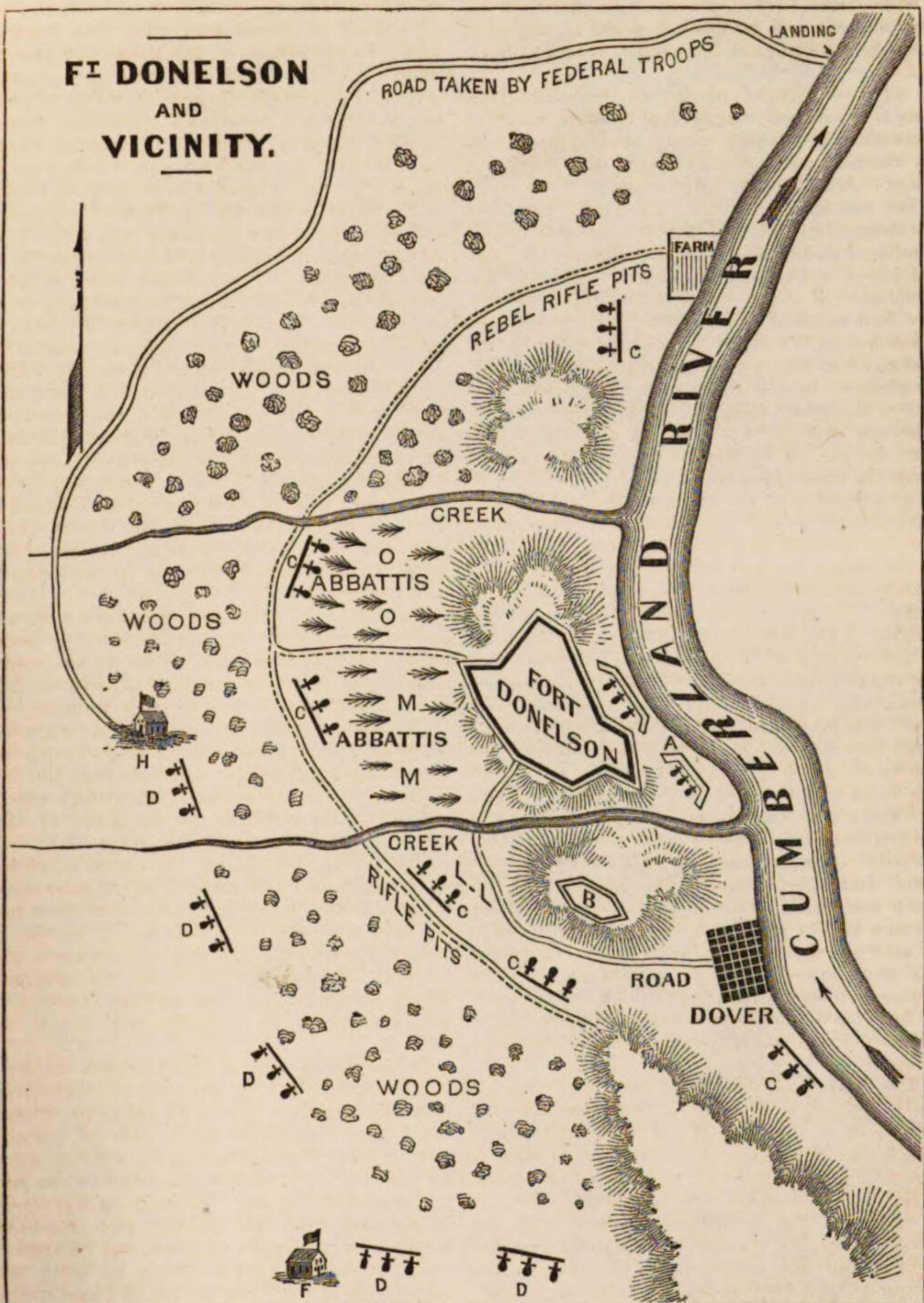
In this order of battle it was easy to be seen that, if the attack was successful, and the enemy routed, that his retreat would be along his line of investment toward the Wynn's Ferry road, and thence toward his reserve at the gunboats below.

In other words, my success would roll the enemy's force in retreat over upon Gen. Buckner, when, by his attack in the flank and rear, we could cut up the enemy and put him completely to rout. Accordingly, dispositions were made to attack the enemy at five o'clock A.M. on the fifteenth. I moved out of my position to engage the enemy. In less than one half-hour our forces were engaged. He was prepared to meet me in advance of his encampment, and he did meet me before I had assumed a line of battle, and while I was moving against him without any formation for the engagement. I was much embarrassed in getting the command in position properly to engage the foe. Having extricated myself from the position, and fairly engaged him, we fought him for nearly two hours before I made any decided advance upon him. He contested the field most stubbornly. The loss of both armies was heavy at this portion of the field—the enemy's particularly, as I discovered by riding over the field, after the fight, with Gen. Floyd. The enemy having been forced to yield this portion of the field, retired slowly around toward the Wynn's Ferry road, Buckner's point of attack. He did not retreat, but fell back fighting us, contesting every inch of ground.

The fight was hotly and stubbornly contested on both sides, and consumed the day till twelve o'clock to drive him back as far as the centre, where Gen. Buckner's command was to flank him. I was anxiously expecting to hear Gen. Buckner's command open fire in his rear, which not taking place, I was apprehensive of some misapprehension of orders, and came from the field of battle within the works to learn what was the matter. I there found the command of Gen. Buckner massed behind the ridge within the works, taking shelter from the enemy's artillery on the Wynn's Ferry road, it having been forced to retire from the battery, as I learned from him. My force was still slowly advancing, driving the enemy toward the battery. I directed Gen. Buckner immediately to move his command round to the rear of the battery, turning its left, keeping in the hollow, and attack and carry it.

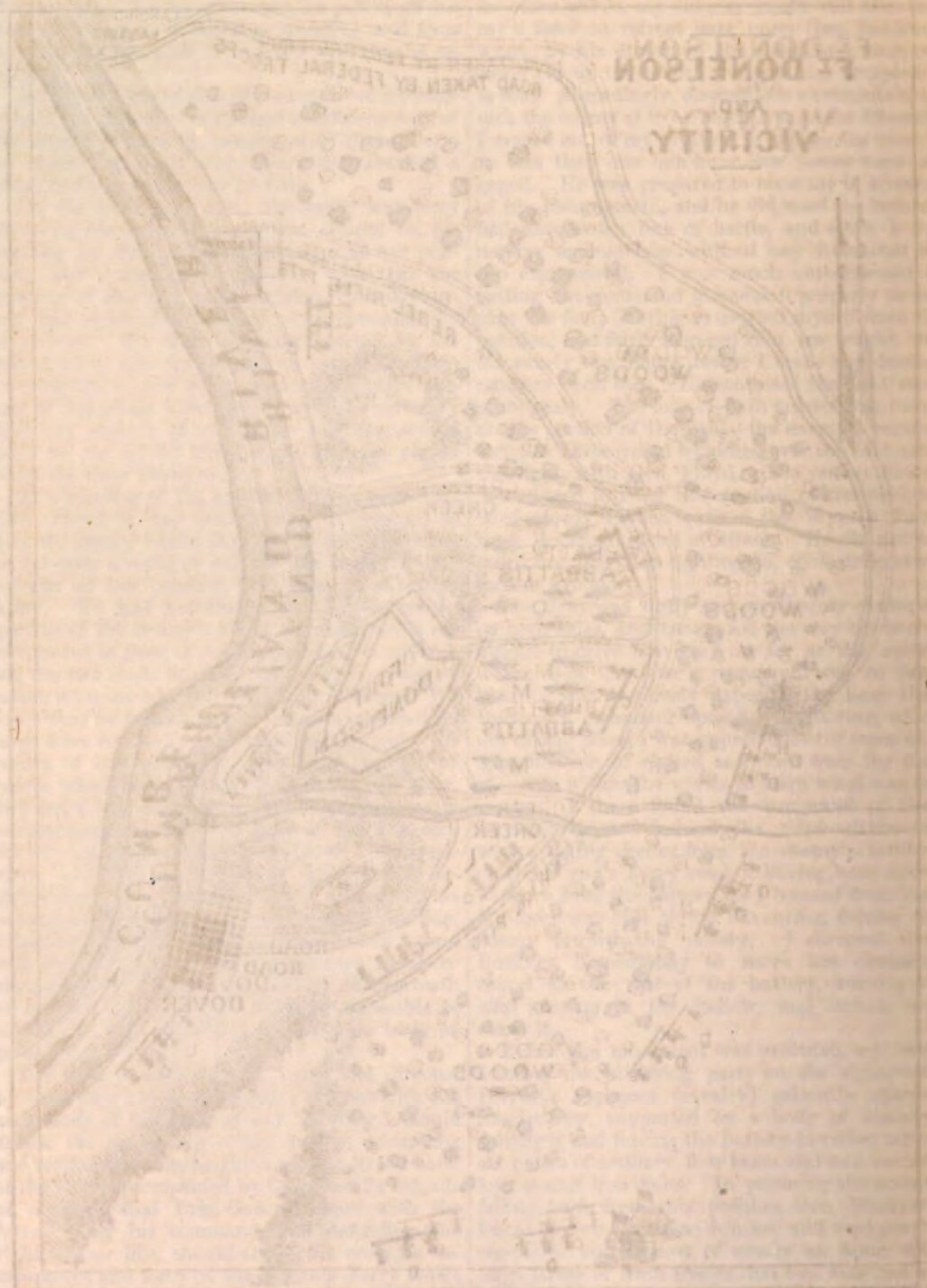
Before the movement was executed, my force, forming the attacking party on the right, with Forrest's regiment (cavalry) gallantly charged the battery, supported by a body of infantry, driving it and forcing the battery to retire, taking six pieces of artillery, four brass and two twenty-four pound iron guns. In pursuing the enemy, falling back from this position, Gen. Buckner's forces became united with mine, and engaged the enemy in hot contest of nearly an hour, with large forces of fresh troops that had now met us. This position of the enemy being carried by our joint forces, I called off further pursuit after seven and a half hours of continuous and bloody conflict. After the troops were called off, orders were immediately given to the different commands to form and retire to their original positions in the intrenchments.

The operations of the day had forced the entire



A—Rebel Water Batteries.
 B—Rebel Breastworks.
 C—Rebel Batteries.
 D—Federal Batteries.
 F—Gen. McLernand's headquarters.
 H—Gen. Grant's do.

K—Rebel Batteries.
 G—Gen. Floyd's Brigade.
 L—Gen. Davidson's Brigade.
 M—Gen. Johnston's do.
 O—Gen. Buckner's do.



1. The map shows the river, the fort, and the surrounding area. The river is labeled "THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER" and "ROAD TAKEN BY FEDERAL TROOPS". The fort is labeled "FORT DONELSON". The surrounding area is labeled "VICINITY" and "WOODS". The map also shows a "RAILROAD" and a "ROAD".

2. The map shows the river, the fort, and the surrounding area. The river is labeled "THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER" and "ROAD TAKEN BY FEDERAL TROOPS". The fort is labeled "FORT DONELSON". The surrounding area is labeled "VICINITY" and "WOODS". The map also shows a "RAILROAD" and a "ROAD".

command of the enemy around to our right wing, and in front of Gen. Buckner's position in the intrenchments, and when his command reached his position, he found the enemy rapidly advancing to take possession of this portion of his work. He had a stubborn conflict, lasting one and a half hours, to regain it, and the enemy actually got possession of the extreme right of his position, and he held it so firmly that he could not dislodge him. The position thus gained by the enemy was a most commanding one, being immediately on the rear of our river-battery and field-work for its protection. From it he could readily turn the intrenched work occupied by Gen. Buckner, and attack him in reverse, or advance under cover of an intervening ridge directly upon our battery and field-work. While he held this position, it was manifest we could not hold the main work or battery. Such was the condition of the armies at nightfall, after nine hours of severe conflict, on the fifteenth instant, in which our loss was severe, and leaving not less than five thousand of the enemy dead and wounded on the field. We left on the field nearly all his wounded, because we could not remove them. We left his dead unburied, because we could not bury them.

Such conflict and courage has perhaps never before occurred upon this continent. We took about three hundred prisoners and large numbers of arms. We had fought this battle to open the way for our army and relieve us from investment, which would necessarily reduce us and the position by famine. We had occupied the whole day to accomplish our object, and before we could prepare to leave after taking in the wounded and the dead, the enemy had thrown around us again in the night an immense force of fresh troops, and reoccupied his original position in the line of investment, thus again cutting off our retreat.

We had only about twelve thousand troops, all told. Of these a large proportion we lost in the three battles. The command had been in the trenches night and day for five days, exposed to the snow, sleet, mud, and ice-water, without shelter and without adequate covering, and without sleep.

In this condition the general officers held a consultation to determine what we should do. Gen. Buckner gave it as his decided opinion that he could not hold his position one half hour against an assault of the enemy, and said the enemy would attack him next morning at daylight. The proposition was then made by the undersigned to again fight our way through the enemy's line, and cut our way out. Gen. Buckner said his command was so worn out and cut to pieces and demoralized that he could not make another fight; that it would cost the command three quarters of its present number to cut its way through, and it was wrong to sacrifice three quarters of a command to save a quarter; that no officer had a right to cause such a sacrifice. Gen. Floyd and Maj. Gilmer I understood to concur in this opinion.

I then expressed the opinion that we could hold out another day, and in that time we could

get steamboats and set the command over the river, and probably save a large portion of it. To this Gen. Buckner replied that the enemy would certainly attack him at daylight, and that he could not hold his position half an hour.

The alternative of these propositions was a surrender of their position and command. Gen. Floyd said that he would neither surrender the command, nor would he surrender himself a prisoner. I had taken the same position. Gen. Buckner said he was satisfied nothing else could be done, and that, therefore, he would surrender if placed in command. Gen. Floyd said he would turn over the command to him if he could be allowed to withdraw his command. To this Gen. Buckner consented. Thereupon General Floyd turned the command over to me. I passed it instantly to Gen. Buckner, saying I would neither surrender the command nor myself a prisoner. I directed Col. Forrest to cut his way out. Under these circumstances Gen. Buckner accepted the command, and sent a flag of truce to the enemy for an armistice of six hours to negotiate for terms of capitulation. Before this flag and communication were delivered, I retired from the garrison.

Before closing my report of the operations of the army of Donelson, I must, in justice to the officers and forces under my immediate command, say that harder fighting or more gallant conduct in officers and men, I have never witnessed. In the absence of official reports of brigade and regimental commanders, (of which I am deprived by the circumstances detailed in this report,) I may not be able to do justice to the different corps. I will say, however, that the forces under my immediate command bore themselves most gallantly throughout the long and bloody conflict.

I speak with special commendation of the brigades commanded by Cols. Baldwin, Wharton, McCausland, Simonton, and Drake, and Capts. Maney and Green, who fought their guns under the constant and annoying fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters, and the concentrated fire from his field-batteries, from which both commands suffered severely. Capt. Maney himself was wounded, and had several lieutenants and many of his company killed and wounded; so did Captains Porter and Graves. If I should hereafter receive the reports of regimental and brigade commanders, giving me detailed information of the conduct and bearing of officers and men, I will make a supplemental report. The absence of official reports deprives me of the means of giving lists of the killed and wounded of the different commands; I am satisfied that in such a series of conflicts, our loss was heavy. I know the enemy's was from passing over the battle-field with Gen. Floyd in the evening immediately after the battle. His loss in killed and wounded was terrible, exceeding anything I have ever seen on a battle-field. Our force on the field did not exceed ten thousand men, while, from what I saw of the enemy's force, and from information derived from prisoners, we are sure he had from thirty thousand to forty thousand on the field. I must ac-

knowledge my obligations to Major Gilmer, engineer, for the especial and valuable services rendered me in laying off the works, and the energy displayed by him in superintending their construction, and for his counsel and advice.

I likewise acknowledge my obligations to Col. John C. Burch, my aid-de-camp, to Capt. Gus. A. Henry, Major Field, Lieut. Nicholson, Lieut. Chas. F. Martin, and Col. Brandon, my volunteer aid-de-camp; to Major Hays, my Assistant Commissary; Major Jones, my Assistant Quartermaster, for the prompt manner in which they executed my orders under trying circumstances throughout the long and continued conflicts; and to Major Gilmer, who accompanied me throughout the entire day. Also, to Capt. Parker of my staff, whom I assigned to the command of Capt. Ross's field-battery, with new recruits as gunners, and who fought and served them well.

Col. Brandon was severely wounded early in the action. Col. Baldwin's command constituted the front of the attacking force, sustained immediately by Col. Wharton. These two brigades deserve especial commendation for the manner in which they sustained the first shock of battle, and under circumstances of great embarrassment threw themselves into position and followed up the conflict throughout the day.

Being mostly with the two brigades, I can speak from personal knowledge of their gallant bearing. I must also acknowledge my obligations to Brig.-Gen. Johnson, who assisted me in command of the forces with which I attacked the enemy, and who bore himself gallantly throughout the conflict, but having received no official reports from him, I cannot give detailed operations of his command. I have pleasure in being able to say that Col. Forrest passed safely through the enemy's line of investment, and trust it will yet win other honors in defence of our rights and the just cause of our country.

GID. J. PILLOW,
Brig.-Gen. C. S. A.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

IN CAMP NEAR FORT DONELSON, }
SATURDAY, Feb. 15, 1862. }

It was determined by Gen. Grant to make the attack upon Fort Donelson from two directions—by land from the direction of Fort Henry, and by water up the Cumberland, assisted by an adequate column of troops on the banks. Tuesday night, the Fifty-seventh Illinois, Col. Baldwin, arrived at Fort Henry, on the steamer Minnehaha.

Gen. Grant directed Col. Baldwin to return immediately down the river, stop all transports with troops, proceed down the Tennessee and up the Cumberland, keeping in the rear of gunboats, which would be found ready to start at Paducah on his arrival. The order also added that he should reach the vicinity of Fort Donelson Wednesday afternoon, disembark his troops, and be ready, in conjunction with the column from Fort Henry and the gunboats, to make an

attack upon Fort Donelson Thursday morning. The plan seemed easy of accomplishment, so far as keeping "on time" is concerned, but in this respect quite a failure ensued.

Cooks were immediately set at work to provide the three days' rations ordered, and this took until midnight to accomplish. The Minnehaha then started out and reached Paducah about daylight, stopping and turning back on the way some eight or ten transports, loaded with troops.

Upon reaching Paducah, we found that only a portion of the gunboat fleet had arrived, and this necessitated another delay. Toward night, however, the stragglers came slowly creeping up the river, and soon after the whole fleet started, and by ten o'clock we had reached Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland River. The scene here was magnificent beyond description—the night was as warm as an evening in August in our more northern latitudes, a full moon looked down from an unclouded sky, and glanced off from bayonets, plumes, and sword-hilts without number. At intervals long jets of fleecy smoke burst out along the parapets of the two forts on the height overlooking the town, and the boom of the welcome went reverberating over the hills, till from the long distances in Kentucky it came back like a whisper. In turn the bands on the boats charmed the ear with most eloquent music, which, added to the effect of scores of gaily dressed ladies promenading the upper decks, gave the scene more the character of some vast drawing-room gathering—so much like was it, that no one would have been surprised had the whole crowd suddenly resolved into eddies of whirling waltzes or the swift changeful currents of quadrille or gallopade.

It was midnight before the fleet again got under way, and from that time our progress against the rapid sweep of the Cumberland was of the slowest possible description. On the morning of Thursday, by about nine o'clock, we made Eddyville—a small town on the east bank of the river, and distant only about forty-five miles from Smithland. If one may judge from the demonstrations of those who stood on the shore watching our passage, a more loyal town than Eddyville exists nowhere beneath the sun. The women waved handkerchiefs of all colors, or in lieu of that an apron or bonnet; the men swung their hats and vociferated alternately "Hurrah for the Union!" and "Hurrah for Lincoln!" until hoarse beyond utterance; even the dogs of Eddyville were loyal, and barked and wagged their tails in patriotic joy at the national inundation. There was only one case, however, that bore the marks of sincerity. An old man, whose head was white as a snow-drift, stood on the shore leaning heavily on his cane and watching with seeming apathy the passage of the boats, whose full appearance his faded eyes probably failed to catch. Just as the Minnehaha passed opposite him the magnificent band of the Fifty-seventh struck up "Yankee Doodle." Its strains seemed to awaken stirring memories in the old

man's mind—off went his hat, and with a vim that sent his hair flying around his head like a snow-bank lifted by the wind, he gave three hearty cheers for the Union—the Union in which himself, his children, and his grandchildren had been born, reared, and protected.

Eddyville is a nice little town, and probably is quite as good as that ancient scriptural city which numbered at least one righteous man among its inhabitants. It is probably some time since the high bluffs which environ it have had their echoes busy translating the patriotic airs of "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle," and much good, I hope, may the exercise do those for whose benefit it was intended.

It was close upon midnight when the fleet reached the point below the Fort, where the disembarking was to take place; and then a savage wind was driving hail, sleet and snow directly in our teeth, as the work of landing the troops was commenced. A more disagreeable job never was undertaken and finished; the storm had cleared off, leaving the ground frozen hard and covered to the depth of an inch with snow.

The column which thus reached here, by way of the Cumberland, numbered not far from ten thousand men, who were conveyed in fourteen transport steamers; the column which came from Fort Henry, across the country, under Gen. Grant in person, was composed, in round numbers, of twenty thousand men, and included infantry, some fifteen or seventeen batteries of artillery, and from twelve to fifteen hundred horsemen. Before proceeding further in the history of affairs, I will write of the movements of this force.

The land forces left Fort Henry at ten o'clock Wednesday morning. The route lay along the Dover road, and as there had been no rain for the last few days, and the weather was mild and cheerful, the progress was comparatively rapid. In some four hours after starting, the head of the column had entered the ravines to the rear, and taken up a position within about two miles of Fort Donelson. This position was not taken till after frequent and short delays, the surroundings were carefully examined, and their entire freedom from masked batteries and other favorite secession man-traps fully ascertained.

The rest of the day was spent in bringing the remaining part of the forces into position, which was done by extending both up and down a line parallel with the river, and then bending in the extreme right and left, thus enclosing the Fort in a semi-circular line, and completely surrounding it. This was not done without much trouble. The enemy's pickets and sharpshooters seemed endless in number, and had to be driven from every ravine and hill-top, at an expense of much blood-letting. No very serious damage resulted, however, to our forces, and by night they had driven the rebels completely within the line of their fortifications, and had sharpened their appetites for a more serious brush on the day following.

Thursday morning dawned beautifully, and seemed to smile upon the efforts of the National

troops. The men cheerfully accepted the omen, and determined to make the most of the weather and their rifles during the day—a determination which was fully carried out ere night, and which gave many a poor fellow a leaden passport for ferriage over the dark river.

Among the operations projected, was one to force a reconnoissance close up to the Fort, and thus early settle the character of the neighboring ground with a view to the more important operations of the future. The ground around the Fort is a rolling upland, covered with heavy timber and dense undergrowth, and broken for miles around into ravines, bordered by precipitous bluffs, whose sides, steep and rocky, almost forbid the passage of even a goat. The Fort itself is situated upon a high bluff, which slants with an easy descent to a point at the water's edge on the north, and is probably not less than one hundred feet above the level of the water. To the rear the bluff has been to some extent levelled for the distance of a mile. On this artificial table-land stands the Fort, whose lines of fortifications and rifle-pits cover the entire levelled space. Bordering this fortified portion is a ravine of no great depth, across which, and forming its outer boundary, is a timbered ridge, or rather a series of ridges, for it is divided at intervals by ravines which flow in all directions like streams emptying into a river.

Moving toward this ridge about ten A.M. Thursday, was a body of National troops, composed in all of about five regiments of infantry and some three or four batteries of artillery. The National troops were met, at a distance of a thousand yards or so, by a heavy force of the enemy, and a sharp engagement ensued, which, however, was confined mainly to artillery practice and "bushwhacking" on both sides. The enemy gradually gave ground, and in an hour had taken refuge within their works, and our troops were in possession of the series of hills which lies adjacent to the ravine next to the outer line of fortifications. The distance from these ridges to the nearest defences of the rebels was not more than three hundred yards, and being covered with timber, while they are slightly higher than the works, they afforded a capital position for our sharpshooters, of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

Among the rest who disposed themselves along these ridges were Birge's celebrated regiment of riflemen, and from that time forward, a secession head above the parapet, for ever so brief a period, was sure to go down with a hole bored through it about the size of one that might be made with a three-quarter auger. This regiment did most effectual service. Each member is dressed in gray, with a gray felt cap, whose top is rigged "fore-and-aft" with squirrel-tails dyed black. Their weapon is a heavy rifle, carrying a conical ball, with an effective range of about one thousand yards. On this occasion, as indeed upon every other since, they fought pretty much in the places and after the manner that happened best to suit individual fancies. Lying flat behind a stump, one would watch with finger on trigger for rebel game with all the excitement of a hunter waylaying deer at

a "salt-lick." Woe to rebel caput that was lifted ever so quickly above the parapet for a glance at Yankee operations. Fifty eyes instantly sighted it, and fifty fingers drew trigger on it, and thereafter it was seen no more. Writhing over on his back, the sharpshooter would reload and then twist back, in all the operation not exposing so much as the tip of his elbow to the enemy.

About eleven o'clock three regiments—the Fourth Illinois on the left, the Forty-ninth on the right, and the Eighteenth in the centre—under command of Col. Morrison, started on double-quick down the declivity with a view of storming the outer breastwork. As they reached the bottom of the bluff Col. Morrison received a ball in his hip, and fell from his horse. Seeing their leader fall, and nobody appearing to take his place, the regiments wavered, and finally fell back, gaining the top of the hill in good order, but with considerable loss.

Again, in the course of the day, the Twenty-fifth Indiana made a break for a breastwork in front of them, but were met by a force of the enemy triple their own, and were, after fighting desperately for nearly an hour, forced to retire.

These were the main efforts of the land forces during the day, aside from the bushwhacking—this was kept up as long as the light would permit a man to sight a barrel. Once during the night the enemy sallied out in force, and made a determined attempt to capture Taylor's Chicago battery, but were driven back with a heavy loss as their only recompense. The whole day was of the busiest and most exciting description. There was not a single instant from ten o'clock until night that the woods were not filled with the sharp crack of small arms, the heavy roar of artillery, and the swift, whistling rush of the rebel grape-shot as it scoured incessantly through the timber—a perfect tempest of iron hail.

Our total loss through the day was believed at the time to reach about thirty killed and one hundred and seventy wounded. This large number of casualties resulted, to a great extent, from the imprudence of the men themselves. They were so anxious to fight that they hesitated at no exposure to obtain a shot at the enemy. A large number of the wounds were caused by falling limbs, which were wrenched off by the fiery showers of grape sent from the rebel batteries.

During the time that the land forces were engaged, the iron-clad gunboat Carondelet, went up and singly engaged the rebel batteries. She fired one hundred and two shots, and received no great damage in all the tremendous fire to which she was exposed, save in the case of a single shot. This, a monster mass of iron, weighing at least one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, entered one of her forward ports and wounding eight men in its passage, dashed with terrific force against the breastwork of coal-bags in front of the boilers, and there was stopped. Soon after this she retired from the unequal contest, having covered herself with glory for having so long singly withstood the enormous force of the rebels' entire water-batteries.

Thus ended the operations of Thursday. The results, although accompanied by a comparatively heavy loss on our side, were in the main satisfactory. The courage and eagerness of our troops were tested, the range and bearing of the enemy's guns obtained, and a thorough examination made of all the grounds adjacent to the Fort.

Friday, the work of disembarking the troops and stores brought by the transports was commenced. By noon the forces had all landed, and were on their way to join the main body.

The only event of importance that occurred during the day, was a heavy engagement between the gunboats and the Fort. About two P.M. the Fort threw a few shells at the transports, but, however, failed in reaching them by about half a mile. Soon after the whole fleet of seven gunboats moved up—the four iron boats in advance and ahead, the three wooden boats at a discreet distance in the rear. At about a mile the iron boats opened from their bow-guns, and were replied to promptly by the Fort.

I secured a position about half-way between the boats and Fort, a little out of the line of fire, and there for two hours had the pleasure of listening to a concert of the most gigantic order. At first the roar from Fort and boats was unbroken for a single instant, so rapid was the firing, while the air high overhead seemed filled with a million of hissings, as the heavy storm of shells tore furiously ahead on their mission of destruction. In about half an hour, the fire from the Fort began to slacken, and shortly after was continued from only three guns—the rest apparently having been silenced by our fire. At this time the boats were within some four hundred yards, and were on the point of using grape-shot, when a shot disabled the steering apparatus of the Louisville, by carrying off the top of the wheelhouse, and knocking the wheel itself into fragments. There was a tiller aft, and this was instantly taken possession of by the pilot—but he had scarcely reached it, ere the rudder was carried away by a shot from the Tyler. Of course the boat became instantly unmanageable, and swung around, receiving a shot in the woodwork towards the stern, which, I believe, wounded several seamen. Under these circumstances, it was thought best to retire, and accordingly the whole fleet fell back to the position it had occupied in the morning. The most serious damage sustained during the action was from one of those monster one hundred and twenty-eight-pound shots, which passed through a bow-port of the Louisville and dismounted the second gun on the starboard quarter, killing three men and wounding six others. A captain of one of the guns was cut completely in two, and spattered his brains over Capt. Dove, who stood by him, and otherwise so mangled him that scarcely a resemblance to humanity remained. The same boat also received a shot near the water-line, which, while it did not penetrate the hull, started the timbers so as to set her leaking badly. During the night, however, all damage was repaired, and this morning she is as ready for active service as

ever. The total loss on the Louisville was six killed and eight or ten wounded. One of the other gunboats had some of her woodwork shot shot away, but was not materially damaged.

The iron boats in action were:

Louisville, Capt. B. M. Dove.

St. Louis, Lieut.-Com. Paulding.

Carondelet, Lieut.-Com. Kelte.

Mound City, Lieut.-Com. ———.

The other three boats were the wooden ones—Tyler, Lexington, and Conestoga.

There is a boat about to leave for Cairo, and I have concluded to mail this without awaiting the result of the final assault. Affairs look encouraging—the Fort is completely invested, and will probably be stormed either this afternoon or tomorrow morning.

The rebels have a flag flying from the Fort which is thought to be a black one.

FORT DONELSON, TENN., Monday, Feb. 17, 1862.

My last letter closed with the doings of our troops up to Friday night, and at that point in the progress of the siege I will resume the history of events.

Friday night was one of the severest description. The men being without tents, and in many cases without fire, suffered intensely. Hundreds were frost-bitten, and from facts related to me since the surrender by some of the rebels, I have no doubt but that many of our wounded men, who fell in the fight of Friday, and were unable to walk in, were actually frozen to death. This circumstance is a terrible one, and inexpressibly shocking, but there was no help for it. During the various conflicts of Friday, the scene was constantly changed from point to point, and not again visited by our troops. Men would fall at these places, and being unable to get away, were obliged to stay where they fell. In some cases, a few of our wounded were cared for by the rebels, although they were without fire, and could give them but little valuable assistance.

Saturday morning opened cold and lowering, as if in sympathy with the bloody drama which its first gray beams inaugurated. All the day the tide of battle raged along the ground which had hitherto divided the hostile forces, and swallowed in its bloody depths more brave lives than were lost in all the days before.

On the extreme right of the National line was Gen. McClelland's division, composed of three brigades, as follows:

FIRST BRIGADE—COL. OGLESBY COMMANDING.

Eighth Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Rhoades.

Eighteenth Illinois, Col. Lawler.

Twenty-ninth Illinois, Col. Reardon.

Thirtieth Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Dennis.

Thirty-first Illinois, Col. John A. Logan.

Swartz and Dresser's batteries.

Stewart's, Dollin's, O'Harnett's, and Carmichael's cavalry.

SECOND BRIGADE—COL. W. H. L. WALLACE.

Eleventh Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Hart.

Twentieth Illinois, Col. Marsh.

Forty-fifth Illinois, Col. Smith.

Forty-eighth Illinois, Col. Harney.

Twenty-fifth Kentucky, Col. Shackelford.

Taylor's and McAllister's batteries.

Seventh Illinois cavalry, Capt. Kellogg.

Fourth Illinois cavalry, Col. Dickey.

THE THIRD BRIGADE,

as made up, is commanded by Gen. Payne, who, however, was not present. It has only two regiments:

Eighth Wisconsin, Col. Murphy.

Forty-ninth Illinois, Col. W. R. Morrison.

These three brigades occupied the entire ground from the centre of the National line to its extreme right. The balance of the line from the centre to the extreme left, was held by the second division under Gen. C. F. Smith.

Early on the morning of Friday—almost before it was fairly light—the enemy poured forth in a mass of not less than three thousand men, and hurled themselves with tremendous force against the Forty-fifth and Twelfth Illinois regiments, that were nearly on the extreme right. Accompanying them were twelve batteries of artillery. The Forty-fifth and Twelfth sustained the shock manfully for a short time, and then withdrew. The Eighteenth and Ninth Illinois soon after came to their support, and for a short time held the enemy in check. Soon after, the Thirtieth, Thirty-first, and Eleventh Illinois regiments, the Eighth Missouri, Fifty-eighth Ohio, and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, and Willard's battery were added to the National force, and the fight became of terrific proportions. McAllister's battery took position on an eminence, and for four hours their heavy twenty-four-pounders were not silent for a single instant. During all this time they were exposed to a heavy fire from the rebels, who had erected batteries so as to command McAllister's position from three points—two directly in front, and one on his right. Taylor's battery stood a little to the rear of the other, and somewhat to the left—the other National batteries were distributed at various points along the line, as the nature of the ground would permit—all kept the air incessantly filled with their music, and with showers of grape and shell.

This is but an outline of the position of the National forces, for there can be strictly no correct sketch given, as at no time during the fight were the regiments stationary. Now they pushed forward, again fell back, withdrew, and were replaced by others. The fight itself was prolonged and desperate. Now it rolled over a hill, anon poured along a ravine, always in the woods, and always marking its track in characters of blood. The conflict was not conducted according to any particular military plan—men stationed themselves behind trees, logs, rocks, anything that would afford shelter, and blazed away whenever a hostile head appeared.

The Twenty-fifth Kentucky regiment was on the extreme right, and was attacked by a swarm of the enemy with such vigor that they broke and fled in disorder. At another part of the

National line the attack was conducted by such overwhelming numbers that the line was broken through, and the battle seemed well-nigh likely to become a total rout on the part of the National forces. It was at this last gap broken through the National line that McAllister's battery was stationed, and where for a time it fell in the hands of the rebels. The battery had only one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition, and at about ten o'clock these were all fired away—not a single shot was left. Capt. McAllister in vain endeavored to obtain a supply from the rear; a shot from the enemy passed through three of his horses; another tore off the trail from one of the guns; a third smashed the wheel of a second gun. Just at this time, a heavy force of the enemy obtained a cover near him, and opened fire at about two hundred yards with musketry. Hitching six horses to the only undamaged gun, he endeavored to haul it off, but the weight was so great, and the road in such a muddy condition, that it was found impossible to get along with it, and after dragging it a half-mile, it became mired, and he was reluctantly obliged to leave it. The horses were driven off, dragging the limbers and empty caissons, and the guns were left to their fate. In the course of the day a tremendous charge on the part of our troops reoccupied the lost ground, closed up the gap and recovered the pieces. They were found where they were left, their great weight—being twenty-four-pound siege-guns—probably preventing the enemy from taking them away.

The fight raged from daylight until nearly noon without a moment's cessation, and resulted in the enemy's being driven back to his intrenchments. The battle-ground extended over a space some two miles in length, every inch of which was the witness of a savage conflict. The rebels fought with the most determined bravery, and seemed bent upon breaking through the right wing at any cost. They poured against our lines a perfect flood, and it was only by a bravery that equalled their own, and a resolute determination to conquer that outlasted their efforts, that our gallant soldiers were at length enabled to stay the fierce tide, and finally to hurl it back to its former boundaries. Our men determined that they *would* win, and win they did, with a gallantry that entitles every man to the name of hero.

The whole of the fight was of the most terrific character. Without a single moment's cessation the rebels poured into our forces perfect torrents of canister, shell, and round-shot, while their thousands of riflemen hurled in a destructive fire from every bush, tree, log, or obstruction of any kind that afforded shelter. The roar of the battle was like that of a heavy tornado, as it sweeps through some forest on its mission of destruction. Small arms kept up an incessant cracking, mingling with which came up occasionally the roar of company or division firing, while over all came every moment or two the resonant thunders of the batteries.

Never fought men better than did ours on this bloody day. They clung to a position till driven

from it by the direst necessity, and in many individual cases, men refused to retreat, but stuck to their tree or bush till the enemy's force rolled about them and swallowed them up. Many in this way were taken prisoners, while others found a speedier, bloodier end to their daring. The victory was a costly one. Some of the regiments were cut completely to pieces, others were reduced to a size that scarcely left them a respectable company, while all suffered more or less severely. Lieut.-Col. Quinn, of the Twentieth Illinois, while gallantly urging on his men in the hottest of the fight, was struck by a grapeshot that cut his heart completely out. The mortality among officers was terrible. Major Post, of the Eighth Illinois, Capt. Rigby, acting Major of the Thirty-first Illinois, Lieut.-Col. White, of the same regiment, Lieut.-Col. Smith, of the Forty-eighth; Capt. Craig, company A, and Lieut. Skeats, company F, all of the Eighteenth; Capt. Wilson, company F, Eighth, Capt. Swartout, company H, Eighth Missouri; Capt. Shaw, company B, Lieut. Vore, company E, and Lieut. Boyce, all of the Eleventh Illinois; Adjt. Kirkpatrick, of the Thirtieth, Capt. Mendel, of the Seventh, Capt. Broeck, of the Forty-ninth Illinois; Lieut. Mauser, of the Eighteenth Illinois; Adjt. Chipman and Capt. Slaymaker, of the Second Iowa, were among those who met their death on this bloody battlefield.

Our entire loss is not yet known, but will reach a figure not much short of six hundred, killed and wounded. The number of men wounded is beyond all precedent, but in an unusually large number of cases, they are not of a serious nature. The enemy used, generally, the "buck and ball" cartridge; that is, a cartridge with one ball and three buckshot. Almost everybody got a scratch from one of the latter; one could scarcely go anywhere where the air was not filled with them.

Affairs had scarcely quieted down, on the right wing, ere the ball was opened in Gen. Smith's division on the left. The Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa, and the Eleventh and Twenty-fifth Indiana regiments had a sharp engagement, with a very brilliant success. In front of them was the outer breast-work of the enemy, and this it was determined to storm. About three o'clock a heavy body of men was thrown forward as skirmishers, between whom and the rebels there ensued an exchange of compliments of a very exciting nature. Finally, after fighting an hour or so, with no great damage to either party, the Iowa Second rushed forward, charged the breast-work on a run, and with a tremendous cheer swarmed over the top and carried it with the bayonet. They were soon after supported by the rest of the column, and the rebels were driven into their next line by a savage fire of musketry that swept them down by scores.

The whole operation was exceedingly brilliant, and reflects high credit upon Gen. Smith, who personally superintended the operation, exposed himself precisely as if he had been a private soldier, and was among the first to mount the breast-work. The whole thing was accomplished

in the face of immense odds, and with a comparatively small loss—the number of killed and wounded would not probably exceed sixty or seventy men.

Soon after the taking of this work, batteries were brought up, a rebel gun was silenced that had persistently, but with no effect, been playing all the afternoon on the National lines, and preparations were completed for a renewal of hostilities, in the morning, upon the next line of breast-works.

Thus ended the bloodiest day of all in the history of the siege of Fort Donelson. No day has ever before seen in this war a conflict more determined, or an endurance more unyielding. There was at no time a doubt as to the result, or a heart that quailed as it entered the lines, where the bullets fell like a hailstorm. Even the sight of the savage wounds, or the still more sickening one of the ghastly faces of the dead, seemed to have no effect upon our men. It did not unnerve or unman them. They fought on just as tranquilly as though the hideous angel of death had been a thousand leagues away. When a man was wounded, his comrades would help him to the rear, and then return instantly to their position, and resume their fighting as if nothing had happened. Of cases of individual daring there were a multitude, some of which I hope to present in another letter.

All the regiments fought gallantly, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions. The Kentucky regiment which retreated has but lately been recruited; the men are undisciplined, and lack that confidence in themselves and each other which is obtained by military training. The Forty-fifth Illinois is also accused of having made a rather precipitate and unwarranted retreat, but probably they have sufficient reasons to satisfy themselves at least, and possibly the public.

The next morning, Sunday, Gen. Buckner, commander of the Fort, to the great astonishment of everybody sent out a request for a cessation of hostilities until noon, that some arrangement might be agreed upon for a surrender of the position. Gen. Grant required an unconditional surrender, and this, after some grumbling on the part of the rebel commander, was agreed to. Soon after the Stars and Stripes were floating from the parapet of the Fort, and swung gracefully a little later from the cupola of the courthouse in the little town of Dover.

APPEARANCE OF FORT DONELSON.

The first thing that strikes one upon entering Fort Donelson, is its immense strength. Fort Henry was thought to be almost a Gibraltar, but its strength is weakness when compared to that of Donelson. Along Dover, the Cumberland River runs nearly north. A half-mile or so below it makes a short bend to the west for some hundred yards or so, and then turns again, and pursues its natural course due north. Right in this bend on the left bank of the river, and commanding it to the north, are two water-batteries,

side by side, and nearly down to the water's edge.

The main battery has nine guns, all looking straight down the river. The left-hand gun is a ten-inch columbiad—the rest are thirty-two-pounders. The other battery has three guns—the middle one a formidable rifled sixty-four-pound columbiad—the others, sixty-four-pound howitzers. All these guns are protected by breast-works of immense thickness, the tops of which are composed of coffee-sacks filled with earth. Back of these batteries the shore rises with a pretty steep ascent till it forms a hill, whose top is nearly or quite one hundred feet above the water. On the top of this hill is Fort Donelson, an irregular work, which encloses about one hundred acres. The only guns in the Fort are four light siege-guns, a twelve-pound howitzer, two twenty-four-pound guns, and one sixty-four-pound howitzer. West of the Fort, in the direction of the place occupied by Gen. Grant, and south towards Gen. McClellan's position, the country is a succession of hills. For several hundred yards around the Fort the timber has all been cut down so as to afford a fair sweep for the confederate guns. Surrounding the whole Fort and town, and distant from the former about a mile, is a trench for riflemen, which runs completely around from the river-bank above Dover almost to a point near the river some distance below the water-batteries. Directly west of the Fort, and within the rifle-pit, are formidable abattis, which would render an advance from that direction almost an impossibility.

Soon after entering the Fort, we found that Gen. Pillow had been in command, but, in company with Gen. Floyd, had that morning made a precipitate retreat up the Cumberland upon a rebel transport. Accompanying Floyd was his brigade, consisting of the Fifty-first and Fifty-seventh regiments Virginia infantry; all the rest of the garrison, some twelve thousand men, remained, and were captured. The number of guns captured was about one hundred and forty-six—all of which were batteries of light artillery, except the heavy guns mounted in the Fort and water-batteries. There were also from ten to fifteen thousand stand of small arms, the larger part of which are shot-guns, rifles, and flint-lock muskets.

The regiments which surrendered were as follows:

Col. Gants' battalion, Ninth Tennessee cavalry, eight hundred men.

Forrest's brigade, Louisiana cavalry, one thousand one hundred men.

Forty-ninth Tennessee infantry, Col. Bailey.

Thirtieth Tennessee, Col. J. M. Head.

Fifty-third Tennessee, Col. Vorhees.

Fiftieth Tennessee, Col. Abernethy.

Tenth Tennessee, Col. Hieman.

First battalion, Col. Colms.

Fifty-first Tennessee, Col. Suggs.

Fourteenth Mississippi, Col. —.

Fourth Mississippi, Col. Drake.

Third Mississippi, Col. —.

Twentieth Mississippi, Col. ——.
 Twentieth Kentucky, Col. ——.
 Third Tennessee, Col. Brown.
 One Alabama regiment, Col. Hughes.
 Second Kentucky, Col. ——.

There were in addition to this force a large number of field-batteries, and three companies that worked the water-batteries, commanded respectively by Captains Ross, Beaumont and Graham.

The troops were mainly in citizens' clothes, their only military insignia being black stripes on their pants. Many of the officers had the regular gray uniform, while others wore the army blue; the only difference from the United States style being in the great profusion of gold lace.

In conversation with many of the officers and men, I learn that a majority of the Tennessee regiments enlisted for twelve months, and since they have been in service, have not received a cent of pay, but have been obliged to defray their own expenses from the beginning. Their hatred of Pillow and Floyd is bitter, as it is thought that these worthies deserted them in a most cowardly manner. The feeling was so strong against Floyd, that several of the confederate soldiers fired at him as he was leaving, and it is asserted by many that he was killed. Floyd some time since proved himself a thief, and now has shown himself, in addition, a coward.

Last evening and to-day, the troops are being embarked on the transports and sent down the river. What disposition will be made of them, I do not know.

The loss of the rebels is not exactly known, but is undoubtedly severe. Every house in Dover was filled with dead and wounded; and from this and other circumstances it is probably not far from the truth to estimate their loss as fully equal to ours, and quite probably greater. The rebels, during the three days, succeeded in capturing quite a large number of National soldiers, in all, probably, from sixty to one hundred. When Floyd and Pillow left, they took all the prisoners with them, and they are now probably caged at Nashville.

MISSOURI "DEMOCRAT" NARRATIVE.

FORT DONELSON, Monday, February 17.

Wednesday was quietly consumed in moving from Fort Henry, and getting into position before the rebels, a mile and a half from the Cumberland and the Fort against which we were moving. It was a most glorious day. The atmosphere was cool and invigorating, yet with a bright sun and genial breeze wafted up from the South, it seemed more like a day in May than one still in the winter solstice. Its effect upon our troops was excellent. Enthusiastic and eager to meet the enemy any time, they left their camps, which many of them were destined never again to see, with a cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, which would lead ignorant spectators to suppose that some gala-day entertainment was at hand.

Most of Gen. McClelland's division had crossed the slough of despond, which encircles Fort Henry, the afternoon before. Gen. Smith's divi-

sion began their transit across the river at a seasonable hour, and by nine o'clock the entire army, about eighteen thousand strong, were on the move to the eastward. The character of the movement of the army from Fort Henry will probably be best understood by the following orders of the night previous:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF CAIRO, }
 FORT HENRY, TENN., Feb. 11, 1862. }

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS, No. 12.

The troops designated in General Field Orders, No. 9, will move to-morrow, as speedily as possible, in the following order:

One brigade of the first division will move by the Telegraph road directly upon Fort Donelson, halting for further orders at a distance of two miles from the Fort. The other brigades of the first division will move by the Dover Ridge road, and halt at the same distance from the Fort, and throw out troops so as to form a continuous line between the two wings.

The two brigades of the second division now at Fort Henry will follow as rapidly as practicable, by the Dover road, and will be followed by the troops from Fort Heiman, as fast as they can be ferried across the river.

One brigade of the second division should be thrown into Dover to cut off all retreat by the river, if found practicable to do so.

The force of the enemy being so variously reported, it is impossible to give exact details of attack, but the necessary orders will be given on the field.

By order of Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant Commanding.
 JOSHUA RAWLINS, A. A. G.

The army being well started, Gen. Grant and staff left their headquarters on the steamer Uncle Sam, about ten o'clock, and followed rapidly after a division which had taken the ridge or more southerly route. The roads, after once getting beyond the low grounds in the immediate vicinity of the Fort, were admirable. The sandy soil had soon absorbed the great amount of rain which had fallen a few evenings previously, and which had so retarded the advance of our army on Fort Henry—and now fairly on the high land, infantry, artillery, and cavalry moved forward without delay.

The route for the most part led along the high land of the ridges, through a densely wooded country, with signs of a human habitation, or even of cultivation, but rarely visible. I might here state that all of the section between Forts Henry and Donelson is of this character—a mere succession of hills and valleys, thickly wooded with oak and "second growth," and with here and there a cluster of pine groves, whose evergreens contrasted prettily with the barren vegetation surrounding. The ridges vary from one hundred to three hundred feet in height. Through most of the valleys are pure streams of water, which, as they approach the Tennessee and Cumberland, to which they are tributaries, gradually assume, on account of the back-water from them, the magnitude of large streams, which in no

small degree annoyed our generals in their manœuvring of their commands.

We pressed on amid the moving columns which lined the road without any incident worthy of special note, until about one o'clock, when, emerging from the woods into a little cleared valley, we found Gen. McClelland and staff. Several regiments were drawn up in line of battle order on our right, and through the valley and up the ridge, in front and to the north-east of us, we could see the gleaming of the bayonets of Oglesby's brigade, our advance.

Receiving information that the enemy had been seen on the ridge in front of us, Gen. Grant immediately ordered the hills to be occupied by our forces, moving in line of battle order. It was finely executed—the men pushing forward with even front through the brush, over brooks and fences, until the desired point had been reached.

In the mean time, while this order was being carried out, sharp musketry firing was heard up the hill over which the road led, and occupied by Gen. Oglesby's brigade. It was but brief, however, and upon going forward it was ascertained that a small advance force of the enemy had been met by the Eighth Illinois, under Lieut.-Col. Frank Rhodes, and, after a slight skirmish, driven back with a loss of a few killed and wounded on their side, and four wounded of the Eighth, who were now being promptly attended to by the surgeons.

The Eighth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois were drawn up on the road in line of battle, and in the front Capt. Swartz had got a couple of his guns in position, ready for any emergency. Gen. Grant here gave orders for a still further advance to the next ridge to the north and left of us, and then returned to the further advance of the brigades behind. Retrograding to the open field, Gen. Smith was met, who stated that his division was close behind, and would soon be up to support any advance which might be made.

After considerable scouring of the woods to the north, it was discovered that what rebels were to be seen were on the road to the front of us. Our advance soon after discovered their encampment on a barren hillside, directly in front of us, and on the main road leading to the Cumberland. A further movement on the part of Gen. Oglesby's division discovered more forces posted on a high ridge leading west of this encampment, and as our regiments swept around from their respective positions on the road to the right and left, and gradually coming round with a face to the north, there we were face to face with the enemy. This, however, was not discovered instantly. The encampment of the enemy very naturally was the chief point of attraction, and toward it, having got his troops in proper position, Gen. Grant first directed his attention.

But few troops were visible about it, and at first it was difficult to ascertain where the rebel forces had been distributed. One of the twelve-pound rifled James's cannon, of Dupee's battery, was ordered to stir them up a little, but although he threw a shell with such accuracy, not a re-

sponse could be got, and were it not for indications of a large force posted on the ridge to the west of the camp, it would have seemed their chivalry had repeated their Fort Henry achievement, and had decamped on our approach. Thus were matters at half-past three o'clock P.M., when Oglesby's brigade, which occupied the road on the hill, were ordered to advance. They filed down the hill, anticipating an immediate opening of the fight, with a determination and confidence most inspiring. Some were still smoking their pipes with easy nonchalance, while all went forward with a spirit and will which well foreshadowed the gallant deeds subsequently performed by them. The Eighteenth, Eighth, and Thirtieth, reaching the bottom of the hill, filed out into an open field to the left, and formed in line of battle. Other regiments went on the ridge still farther to the west.

It was not until these movements had all been executed that it was at last discovered that we were now directly in the face of a large body of the enemy. Then it was ascertained that we were at the rear of the Fort outside their redoubt and breastworks, extending on either side on the summits of the ridges to the right and left of us. By this time the day was nearly at an end. Our heavier artillery was not yet in position, and the General concluded that it was advisable to make no assault on them that night. So, giving orders for placing the artillery in proper position, and providing against their retreat, he quietly waited the approaching dawn.

The night was most supremely beautiful, and will probably long be remembered by those who survived the terrible scenes subsequently enacted amid the wilds of the hills surrounding. Our troops, just now arrived in face of the enemy and in range of their batteries, lay on their arms with cheerful anticipations of the morrow. The evening air was still, mild, and genial, and the bright moon shone forth equally beautiful over friend and foe.

Were it not for the camp-fires dimly visible here and there, to the rear of either force, and the occasional crack of the rifle of some daring sharpshooter who had crept up under the intrenchments to get a shot at some heedless enemy, there was little to denote to a stranger, who might have accidentally wandered to some of the neighboring ridges, that amid the hills and valleys surrounding, were fifty thousand or sixty thousand men, only waiting for the coming dawn to begin what was destined to prove the bloodiest and most terrible conflict ever witnessed on this continent.

Thursday opened as clear and serene as the day before it. Upon the first coming of the dawn our skirmishers had descended into the valley, and our artillery, posted on the hills, had opened an experimental fire, which being occasionally returned by the enemy, gave us some information in regard to the position of their batteries. The night before we were in possession of but little information in regard to the character of their fortifications, and although it was generally supposed we were in front of some rather formidable

works, I do not think even our generals were prepared for the disclosures which the operations of the morning had made known to them. Instead of an outer work, to temporarily impede our approach, it was soon ascertained that we were directly in front of the rear of the fortification of the Fort itself. These works beginning on the Cumberland, at the southerly side of Dover, and the main fort, ran around on the top of the high ridges before us to the head of the back-water on the north, here and there with bastion-works of a formidable character, and at all points with formidable batteries sweeping the more available approaches. These ridges vary from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in height, and are covered with the most dense timber and undergrowth, concealing, in a great measure, the character of the enemy's defences; the few balls which they were induced to occasionally favor us with, afforded, for the most part, our only clue as to the calibre of their guns.

During the night previous, Gen. Oglesby, in advancing along the ridge running toward the river above the Fort, and which formed our right wing, suddenly came upon a battery sweeping the road upon which he was advancing. The enemy, either not aware at the time of the vicinity of the force, or wishing it to advance still further, refrained from opening, and the General managed to withdraw his men without suffering anything worse than a bad scare. If the battery had given them the contents of their guns, the fire must have decimated the entire brigade. Some few guns were discharged by our men in the confusion of the moment, and the horse of a certain chaplain became frightened and began a flight which bid fair to land the non-combatant plump over the batteries. A few agonizing "Whoas," and still more emphatic pulls, however, checked the rebellious tendencies of the beast, and the parson, I noticed, eschewed horses ever after.

This morning, Gen. O.'s brigade forced the enemy from this position, and subsequently from another, and advanced the right wing still farther toward the river. A subsequent movement completed the lines of circumvallation nearly to the river itself, and gave us a position rendering the arrival of any more reinforcements from Nashville hardly probable.

The operations of the day partook largely of the character of a series of reconnoissances. The artillery posted on the hill would send a ball across the valley on an enquiring errand, and in reply would get a solid ball or shell, which, lodging in close proximity to our artillerists, would be hunted up and examined, and inferences drawn as to the character of the batteries pitted against them. This practice resulted in no casualties on our side of importance, and revealed a good deal of information in regard to the position of their redoubts. The severest casualty of the morning was in the Seventh Illinois. In advancing down a road on a ridge connecting the two hills on which the opposing forces were drawn up, a battery of three guns, from the hill above, opened suddenly with grape and canister. Fortun-

ately the battery had been discovered a moment before, and the men had to a great extent availed themselves of the protection of the neighboring trees, before the storm of iron hail was fairly among them. Your correspondent, who was advancing with the rest, has a very friendly recollection of a huge oak, but for whose protecting shelter the readers of the *Democrat* would probably have suffered the small loss of this imperfect narrative of subsequent scenes. Capt. Menkle, and many a brave fellow of the Seventh, dropped to the ground beneath this fire; but the regiment bravely advanced, scattered the skirmishers of the enemy lying in the valley, and maintained the position they were sent to occupy.

In the mean time Birge's sharpshooters were doing good execution both to the right and left of this position. In squads of skirmishers they crawled up the ravines of the ridge on which the batteries and the rifle-pits of the enemy were located, and lying concealed behind stumps and logs, wo to the unwary rebel who dared to show his head above the intrenchments. The continual crack of the Dimmick rifle could be heard from these ravines all day, and at last became a perfect terror to the enemy. Lying in this position these men, for half a day, completely silenced the battery which covered the road over which the Seventh had advanced in the morning. In vain attempt after attempt was made to man the guns, but hardly had the gunners grasped their swabs ere a score of bullets would drop them in their tracks. The enemy were not without their sharpshooters, too, who would in turn attempt a response, but so vigilant were the Birges, that but few of their bullets did much harm. I have heard of but eight or ten casualties in the entire regiment.

Thus passed Thursday morning, Gen. McClelland gradually closing in toward the river on the right, and Gen. Smith slowly and surely completing his line of circumvallation on the left.

In the afternoon, Gen. McClelland determined to make a formidable assault of a redoubt of the enemy, fronting about the centre of his right wing. The redoubt was about the only one which could be distinctly seen by us, owing to the timber and undergrowth. At this point the ground was for the most part void of large timber, the barren extending even beyond the road on the ridge over which our troops passed. The batteries of this redoubt had got a very perfect range here, and gave our troops considerable uneasiness, by blazing away at them whenever they passed over the brow of the hill. Three regiments were detailed for the work—the Forty-eighth, Seventeenth, and Forty-ninth Illinois. They advanced in line of battle order, the Forty-ninth, Col. Morrison, on the right, the Seventeenth, under command of Major Smith, (both Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel being absent,) in the centre, and the Forty-eighth, Col. Hainey, on the left. Col. Morrison, as senior Colonel, led the attack. The advance was a most beautiful one. With skirmishers advanced in front, the three regiments swept down the hill, over a knoll, down a ravine, and

up the high hill on which the redoubt was situated, some two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet in height, covered with brush and stumps, all the time receiving a galling fire of grape, shell and musketry, with a precision which would have done them credit on the parade-ground. The breastworks were nearly reached, when Col. Morrison, who was gallantly leading on his men, was struck by a musket-ball. The captain of the company on his right also fell, and the Fortyninth fell into some confusion; but unappalled, the Seventeenth still gallantly pressed forward, and penetrated even to the very foot of the works. But it was not in the power of man to scale the abattis before them. Brush piled upon brush, with sharp points fronting them everywhere, met them wherever they turned; and so, after a few interchanges of musketry with the swarming regiments which had been concentrated here, the order for retiring was given. It was done in good order, by filing off to the left and obliquing into the woods below; but many a gallant soldier was left behind underneath the intrenchments they had vainly sought to mount. They were not, however, destined to die unavenged. Scarcely had our retiring columns got out of range, ere Taylor's Chicago battery opened on the swarming rebel masses, with shell and shrapnel with fearful effect. Every gun was aimed by the Captain himself, and every one of them did honor to his marksmanship.

About the same time that these stirring scenes were being enacted on our right wing, the enemy made a formidable sortie on our left. The Twenty-fifth Indiana, one of the regiments of General Smith's division, having at one time during the course of the day got into an exposed position, the enemy promptly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them, and made a most formidable sortie from their intrenchments. Although taken at a disadvantage, the Twenty-fifth met the advancing forces bravely, and although suffering severely, with the aid of other regiments, which promptly proceeded to their assistance, drove them back to their hiding places. The lesson seemed to be most salutary. No farther sorties were made in this direction.

During the day much uneasiness was felt as to the whereabouts of the gunboat fleet. It was, therefore, with no little gratification that information was at last received, about noon on Thursday, that the *avant courier* of the fleet, the Carondelet, Lieut. Walke, had arrived below the Fort. In the afternoon the report of her guns was received with cheer upon cheer by the troops encircling the beleaguered Fort.

Lieut. Walke's operations this afternoon, although partaking more of the nature of a reconnaissance, were considered by the rebel officers, as I have since ascertained, as one of the most formidable attacks they had to encounter. Hidden behind a jutting promontory of the riverbank, the Carondelet itself secure from the heavier shots of the columbiads of the Fort, hurled shell upon shell into the water-batteries of the fortifications. The commander of these batteries

has recently informed me that the fire of the Carondelet did more actual damage to his guns than the heavy bombardment following the succeeding day.

The night of Thursday will long be remembered by the troops surrounding Donelson. The weather, which for the two previous days had been so mild and genial, toward the close of the afternoon became chilly and lowering. About six o'clock a heavy rain set in. During the warmth of the day before, when momentarily expecting to meet the enemy, whole regiments had cast aside their overcoats and blankets, and without tents, and, in the great majority of cases, occupying positions rendering a fire a sure mark for the enemy's batteries, with nothing to eat but cold rations, their condition was deplorable indeed.

To add to their discomfort, when thoroughly saturated with rain, a pelting snow-storm set in, continuing all night. As can be imagined, with an enemy in front, continually annoying and annoyed, but little sleep was indulged in. The only demonstration of importance on the part of the rebels, during the night, was a formidable attempt on the right wing to obtain Taylor's battery. The Twentieth Indiana, lying in the woods below it, however, after a brisk skirmish in the midnight darkness, sent the intruders back to their fortifications again.

The weather of Friday was in striking contrast to that of the morning previous. The ground was covered with snow to the depth of a couple of inches, and a breeze that would have done honor to the Arctic regions, swept across the desolate ridge upon which our army was lying. The inhabitants of the country roundabout averred that they had rarely experienced so severe a day. Still was our force on the outer edge of the formidable works, that, wander where one might, he was sure to find rising up before him. The entrance to these works was still to be gained—the location even of the door was still to be found.

I must admit, that riding along our lines on Friday again, and witnessing the formidable field-works of the enemy, (between five and six miles in extent,) which reared themselves everywhere to the front of us, I feared that the task of reducing them would be at the best a matter of considerable time. But, cold and hungry, and with garments stiff with frost, the soldiers were still hopeful and firm. I did not find a single discouraged man, or one, if he were so, who would admit it. The universal sentiment was, as bluff Col. Oglesby expressed it, "We came here to take that fort, and *we will take it*," and it is this self-same spirit of dogged determination, and steady, long-enduring courage, peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon of the North, that at last outwore the perhaps more impetuous bravery of the opposing force.

Nothing of special note transpired along the lines on Friday; the sharpshooters, notwithstanding the cold, ensconced themselves in their old positions on the hillsides, and were as great a terror as ever to the gunners of the batteries above them. Cavender, Taylor, Woods, (of Mc-

Allister's battery,) Dresser, and Swartz would occasionally exchange a valentine, as they were playfully called, but there were no such bloody affairs as had characterized the operations of the day previous. The batteries, too, had got the range of one another's positions so accurately, that I imagine both parties had preferred, in absence of any positive orders to the contrary, to linger beside the camp-fire just out of range of the other's guns, than to indulge in idle badinage.

The long-expected gunboat fleet, together with the reinforcements, had, however, come to hand, and it was expected that the latter could be brought up, so as to join with the other forces in a general assault in the rear, while the gunboats attacked in front. The distance from the river to the left of our right wing was, however, so great that but few regiments arrived even before dark. Gen. Grant's judgment, therefore, much against his will, led him to adjourn the assault until he had all his available force in proper position.

The bombardment of the gunboat fleet began about half-past two, and continued two hours. Four of the iron-clad and two of the wooden boats participated in the fight, which was of a fearful nature. Expecting the assault on the rear of the Fort, I was not present to witness the naval attack, and shall not attempt, therefore, to give any detailed account of it. It is, however, described by the officers engaged in it as altogether exceeding in fierceness the bombardment of Fort Henry. At all events, the effect upon the boats was much more severe, and subsequent investigations have led me to believe that the injury inflicted on the rebels was not so great either as at the fortification. This latter is, probably, owing to the fact that the twelve guns of the Fort commanding the river were at a considerable elevation, and it therefore was much more difficult for the naval gunners to get their exact range, or, once obtained, to keep it, while the boats were steadily advancing.

The rebel officers commanding the river batteries also assure me that the practice of our gunners in the excitement of the bombardment was much inferior to that displayed in the reconnoissance—when matters were conducted with more deliberation. But be this as it may, it was gallantly conducted, and gallantly fought, and earned for Flag-Officer Foote and his gallant corps of officers additional laurels. It was not until four of his boats, under the terrific force of the enemy's shots, were fairly at the mercy of the current, that the signal for retirement was given, and that it was reluctantly ordered, and still more reluctantly obeyed, who can doubt? In the way of a test of the resisting powers of the iron-clad boats, the affair was, however, a great triumph. Although under a perfect shower of iron pellets, from the mammoth one hundred and twenty-eight-pound to the rifled thirty-two-pound shot, and each boat hit from twenty to fifty times, the mortality was comparatively slight. It is probable, too, that the boats might undergo a score of as severe ordeals without being incapacitated to the

extent they were. The balls which demolished pilot-houses and cut rudder-chains can only be regarded as chance shots, which in a dozen or more contests would never happen to fall in the particular place which in this instance proved so disastrous.

Saturday, which was destined to witness the grand denouement of the tragedies which had a scene about Donelson, was cold, damp, and cheerless. Our troops, however, had but little time to cogitate upon the weather, or any other subject, ere they were called upon to attend to more serious matters. The enemy, during the night, had transferred several of their batteries to portions of their works within a few hundred feet of which our extreme right wing was resting. Upon the first coming of dawn these batteries suddenly opened on the Ninth, Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first regiments, comprising Oglesby's brigade, and who had the advance. Simultaneously with the opening of the batteries, a force of about twelve thousand infantry and a regiment of cavalry was hurled against the brigade with a vigor which, made against less steady and well-disciplined troops, must surely have resulted in their entire demolition.

Sudden and unexpected as was the sally on the part of the enemy, it did not find the gallant Illinoisians unprepared to meet them. The attack was made in columns of regiments which poured in upon the little band from no less than three different directions. Every regiment of the brigade found itself opposed to three, and in many cases to no less than four different regiments. Undismayed, however, by the greatly superior force of the enemy, and unsupported by adequate artillery, the brigade not only held their own, but upon two occasions actually drove the rebels fairly into their intrenchments, but only to be pressed back again into their former position, until at last, having expended every round of their ammunition, they were obliged to retire and give way to the advancing regiments of Colonel W. H. L. Wallace's brigade of the Eleventh, Twentieth, Seventeenth, Forty-fifth, Forty-eighth Illinois, and Forty-ninth Indiana regiments.

Here again was the battle continued with redoubled vigor, now one side and now another giving way. Our troops fought with the coolness of veterans and the desperation of devils. I would not diminish the gallantry of our own troops by saying that the enemy did not fight bravely and well. They did both. An exact statement of the varying fortunes of the field for the three or four hours following the first attack, it is impossible at present to definitely present. Suffice it to say, our troops *fought*, and not only fought, and fought courageously, but fought coolly and scientifically. In the thickest of the fight, where officers had to remove the dead bodies of their men out of the way of the backward wheels, regiments coolly performed manœuvres which Scott in his *Tactics* pronounces impossible to be made on the battle-field.

The battle, for the most part, was fought in a forest with a thick undergrowth beneath, and regiments acted mostly on the principle of hitting a head wherever it could be found. Swarming on all sides of them, they were not at a loss to find them. One regiment was only driven from before them when another sprung up to take its place, and there is hardly a regiment of the force engaged but was opposed to triple its numbers. Thus went the tide of battle for five hours—now gaining a little, but upon the whole obliged to retire. Officers and men dropped upon all sides. Field-officers were borne killed and wounded from the field, and their next in command coolly took their place and continued the fight. Lieut.-Col. White, of the Thirty-first, Lieut.-Col. Smith, of the Forty-eighth, Lieut.-Col. Irvin, of the Twentieth, and Major Post, of the Eighth Illinois, and scores of company officers were all killed, gallantly leading on their men.

Cols. Logan, Lawler, and Ransom were wounded, but yet firm in their determination never to yield.

And still with unyielding courage the gallant Illinoisians and Indianians would not acknowledge themselves vanquished. When the last cartridge had been expended, and orders were given to retire, for other regiments to take their place, soldiers, grim with smoke and powder, would angrily inquire for what, and beg to be allowed to use the bayonet. But it was not in the power of mortal men, occupying the position ours did, and exposed to such a raking artillery fire as the enemy subjected them to, to maintain their ground against the overwhelming force which the rebels continued to push against them.

Oglesby's, W. H. L. Wallace's, and McArthur's brigades were successively obliged to retire; a portion of Swartz's and McAllister's batteries had been lost and gained, and lost again; and it was not until the advancing enemy had reached Craft's brigade, and Taylor's and Willard's batteries could be brought into action, that we were able to stem the tide. These two batteries outdid themselves. Grape, canister and shrapnel, and an uninterrupted musketry fire from the First Nebraska, Forty-eighth and Fifty-eighth Ohio, proved too much for the so far victorious foe, and they at last were obliged to retire.

By this time it was noon. Gen. Grant had just returned from the landing, where he had a conference with Commodore Foote. That officer had informed the General that it was impossible for him to put his gunboats in a condition to make another attack, for several days at least. Notwithstanding this, upon being informed of the severe repulse our troops had met with in the morning, he saw that some immediate action on our part was necessary to retrieve the day.

He immediately gave order to his generals of divisions to prepare for an immediate and general attack along the entire lines. The regiments which had suffered most severely in the morning were withdrawn. Gen. Lew. Wallace was given a division composed of two regiments of his own

brigade, (the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana,) and several other regiments whose loss in the action of the morning had been but slight, and was given the job of clearing the ground we had lost in the morning, while Gen. Smith, commanding the left, received orders to storm the works under which his division was lying.

Gen. Smith is, emphatically, a fighting man, and as may be imagined, the events of the morning had tended to decrease in no measure his pugnacity. When he received his long-desired orders for an assault of the enemy's works, his eyes glistened with a fire which, could it have been seen by his maligners, would have left them in no doubt as to his private feelings in regard to the present contest. All the arrangements were complete by three o'clock, and his column was put in motion soon after. The force under his command was as follows:

Col. Cook's brigade—Seventh Illinois, Fiftieth Illinois, Twelfth Iowa, Thirteenth Missouri, Fifty-second Indiana.

Col. Lauman's brigade—Second Iowa, Seventh Iowa, Fourteenth Iowa, Twenty-fifth Indiana, Fifty-sixth Indiana.

Under cover of Capt. Stone's Missouri battery, this force began the assault. It was a formidable undertaking, which, under a less brave and skilful commander than Gen. Smith, might have proved a disastrous failure.

The hills at this point are among the most precipitous of those upon which the enemy were posted. Selecting the Second and Seventh Iowa, and the Fifty-second Indiana for the storming party, Gen. Smith deflected the main portion of his division to the right, and having succeeded in engaging the attention of the enemy at this point, himself headed the storming party and advanced upon the works from his extreme left. It was a most magnificent sight. Unappalled by the perfect storm of bullets which rained about him, the General on horseback, and with his hat on the point of his sword, preceded his troops, and inspired them with a *furor* there was no withstanding.

Steadily, with unbroken line, the gallant Hawk-eyes and Indianians advanced. The enemy's grape and canister came ploughing through their ranks, but not a shot was fired in return. Closing up the ranks as one after another of the brave fellows dropped to the earth, and animated by the fearless example of their undaunted leader, they pressed steadily on. The works gained, one tremendous volley was poured into the astonished enemy, and, with fixed bayonets, a charge was made into their ranks which there was no withstanding. They fled in confusion over the hills, and at last we had penetrated the rebel Sebastopol, and the misfortunes of the morning were retrieved. Capt. Stone's battery, which, in the mean time, had been doing tremendous execution in the rebel ranks, was promptly advanced to the position gained, and instantly, supported by the remainder of his division, the point was secured against any force the enemy could bring to bear against it.

In the mean time, Gen. Lew. Wallace had completed his preparations for an attack on the enemy occupying the position he had wrested from us in the morning, some two miles and a half to the right. Just as his column was being put in motion, a messenger arrived with the joyful tidings that Smith was inside of the intrenchments.

With a cheer that resounded far and near, the irresistible Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana, which occupied the front, advanced on the double-quick into the encounter they had so long been seeking. These two regiments, from their superiority in drill and fighting capacities, have been considered a "crack corps," and most nobly did they uphold to the letter their enviable reputation.

They did not tarry long to bother with powder and ball, but with a shout of itself terrific enough to appal their foes, gave them the cold steel with a will which will long be remembered. Shell and round shot, grape and canister were hurled at them in vain. Still onward they pressed, and regiment after regiment fled before them. Valiantly supported by the First Nebraska, Thirteenth Missouri, and other regiments of Colonel Thayer's and Crafts' brigades, a steady advance was made, until by dusk the ground which had been so hotly contested in the morning, was ours again, and once more the rebels were forced to seek the protecting shadow of the earthworks.

The effect of these successes upon the army was electrical—six hours before, with gunboats disabled, and the enemy in possession of a portion of our ground, the position of affairs was gloomy, indeed. But now all was changed. Elated with victory, and the knowledge that at last they had obtained a foothold in the enemy's fortification, and savage at the thought of the privations they had encountered, and at being so long balked in the possession of their prey, officers and men alike clamored for an immediate assault that night.

Gen. Grant, however, mindful of the risks attending such an operation, even with troops exhibiting such veteran characteristics as those under his command had displayed, wisely postponed the final *coup de main* till the coming of the morrow's light.

What the morrow brought forth, and how the rebels, worn out and dispirited by the protracted beleaguering, concluded to give up their stronghold and lay down their arms, is already well known. The more detailed particulars of the surrender of Fort Donelson, and its cordon of field-works, the departing mail allows me no time to speak of.

G. W. B.

SECESSION NARRATIVES.

"Personne," the correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, writes from Augusta, Ga., under date of February twenty-first, as follows:

It has been my good fortune to enjoy an interview with Lieut. F. H. Duquecron, one of the officers engaged in the recent battle of Fort Donelson, who has arrived here disabled by a wound

in the leg, received during that terrible contest. From one fragmentary conversation I have woven the following interesting narrative of events preceding, but not including, the surrender of the confederate army. Though incomplete, the fact that it is the first connected account yet given to the public, of the scenes which have so stirred the Southern heart for the last ten days, and that the participant was a Charlestonian by birth, must render the history peculiarly welcome to every reader of the *Courier*.

Lieut. Duquecron is an officer of the Fourteenth Mississippi regiment, Col. Baldwin, and his statement, therefore, embraces only the incidents which came under his observation, with reference to his regiment.

Previous to the month of February, the Mississippians had been stationed at Bowling Green. Affairs at Forts Henry and Donelson, however, being in a precarious condition, and the certainty of a Federal advance having been ascertained, the regiment was ordered to the latter point, to support the troops already concentrated around the Fort. Here they arrived on Sunday morning, the ninth of February, and landed at a little place called Dover, about a mile and a half from our stronghold, on the river. It was reported then that the enemy were in sight, and a line of battle was immediately formed, in anticipation of an attack. The day passed away, however, without any other demonstration than an occasional encounter between the pickets. Monday went by in the same way. Tuesday, a regiment or battalion of cavalry, (I could not learn which,) called the "Forrest Rangers," under command of Col. Forrest, of Mississippi, was sent out as a scouting party, met the enemy in considerable force, and engaged them in a severe skirmish, but with what loss is not known. On Monday night the Federal camp-fires were plainly discernible; large bodies of troops could be seen in motion, and scouts reported the enemy to be concentrating in great numbers, and extending their lines in front.

I may briefly interrupt the narrative here to say that Fort Donelson is located on the bank of the Cumberland River, but of the character or strength of the work my informant knows nothing beyond the fact that it was under the command of Gen. Pillow. The surrounding country is a succession of hills, sometimes heavily timbered, but for the most part covered with thick undergrowth and small woods. This had been cut down by both armies, to allow full scope for the play of their artillery, and, whether so intended or not, subsequently seriously obstructed the movements of the troops. In front of the Fort, at a distance of half a mile, more or less, the confederates had thrown up a long line of intrenchments, the Federals being likewise protected behind defences of a similar character.

Wednesday morning found both armies prepared for serious work. At daylight our artillery opened a heavy fire, and from this time until nightfall, the cannon from the Fort, and the rifles of the sharpshooters, played incessantly between the yet *couchant* armies. For either party

on the outposts, it was certain death for a man to show his head. A picked regiment from Illinois, nine hundred strong, acting as skirmishers and sharpshooters, fired with deadly aim at every living object exposed, while the keen eyes that flashed along the rifle-barrels of Tennessee and Kentucky, allowed no Federal invader to escape the well-directed bullets which flew from them. Still the casualties were few.

Whether the gunboats commenced their attack upon the Fort this day, my informant does not know, but his impression is, that they did.

Thursday witnessed a repetition of the events of Wednesday, varied perhaps with the exchange of a few volleys from the infantry behind the intrenchments. The shot and shell of the Federals made sad rents in our ranks, and in return they received a compound interest of destruction. Great numbers were killed and wounded, the latter, on our side, being sent to the little town of Dover mentioned above, from whence they were removed to other and safer localities.

Friday was another warm day, the enemy's assaults being fierce and more vigorous than before. The cannonading was terrible; the rain of shot and shell incessant. The air was filled with flying missiles, and the rattle of musketry now sounded ominously along the entire line, not continuous, but at intervals, as occasion made necessary. The gunboats, said to be seven in number, again opened fire, and, in the language of the narrator, "blazed away as if they would tear everything loose." During the day a desperate charge was made by two Illinois regiments upon the Second Kentucky and the Tenth Tennessee, but with equal desperation they were met by the brave confederates, who poured volley after volley into their ranks, and drove them back to their intrenchments with almost sickening slaughter. This seemingly satisfied the enemy of the impracticability of making a breach anywhere in our lines, and for that day at least no other attempt of the kind was made.

Saturday, however, was a glorious day; glorious for the indomitable daring and perseverance displayed by our troops, and glorious in its results.

There was our little army of eighteen thousand, composed of the men of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Texas, Mississippi and Alabama, confronted by an army of at least fifty thousand of the best fighting stock of the North and West, well drilled, well armed, well fed, and well officered. What a spectacle must have been presented when that mere handful, as it were, stood face to face with an enemy three times their number, and yet faltered not in the determination to "do or die" for the cause in which they were enlisted. How great, too, must have been their moral as well as physical heroism when the order to "charge" ran through their lines, and they dashed into legions, whose ample proportions seemed capable of overwhelming and crushing them out of existence.

Our troops were under the command of Floyd, Buckner, B. R. Johnson and Pillow. Aligned

behind their entrenchments, three o'clock on the morning of Saturday found them resting on their arms, awaiting the decisive movements which were to determine the fate of the day. The snow lay upon the ground to the depth of three inches—soon to be the pall of the bridegroom death to many a brave fellow—and a cold, blinding sleet came slanting down like a shower of lances. At early dawn the firing commenced, as usual, with the artillery. Fortress and battery responded to each other with fearful vindictiveness, and every man felt from that hour that the time had arrived when the mettle of the respective antagonists was to be put to a final test. Time progressed. It became a military emergency that the right wing of the Federals should be turned. They were thirty-five thousand strong, and posted on the surrounding hills, under Gen. Grant. This movement took place in the morning. Artillery, cavalry and infantry, under command of Gens. Pillow, Floyd, and Buckner, in battle array, passed out of the intrenchments, and the struggle commenced. The onset was terrible. Our left wing, numbering not more than eight or ten thousand, fought as if they were irresistible, and the Federals everywhere gave back before their impetuous advance. Charges were made upon the enemy's intrenchments at various points, and in every instance they were driven in confusion from the works. Four of the Federal batteries, several hundred stand of arms, and three hundred prisoners, were captured. The latter are still in our possession, and by this time are probably in a confederate prison.

The charge which resulted thus successfully took place between twelve and one o'clock in the day, the principal regiments engaged in it being Floyd's brigade and several from Mississippi and Tennessee.

It was in one of these charges that Lieut. Duquesne received his wound, and from that time he is consequently unable to state anything of "his own personal knowledge." From others he afterwards learned that later in the day—towards evening—the Federals receiving, according to their own account, a reinforcement of nearly thirty thousand men, made an attack upon our right wing, and were again repulsed with tremendous slaughter, both of our own and their troops. Subsequently, while lying in a temporary hospital, he was informed that as the enemy were hourly increasing in numbers, the probability was that the Fort would have to be abandoned or surrendered.

Of the circumstance of the surrender on Sunday morning he knows nothing beyond the fact that the enemy's army completely surrounded our own in the shape of a crescent, whose either end rested on Cumberland River, to the right and left of Fort Donelson. Through this line a part of our troops may have cut their way to Nashville or elsewhere, but his impression is, that a considerable number of those who made their escape did so by means of boats with which they crossed the Cumberland from Dover and other points in the rear of our position.

During Saturday no attack was made by the gunboats, several of them having been seriously crippled and Commander Foote being wounded.

During the entire engagements of the three days, Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner behaved with a gallantry which excited the admiring cheers of their entire command. They were constantly among the brave men who were falling by scores, encouraging them by their eloquence and example. As the Fourteenth Mississippi advanced to make a charge, Gen. Floyd rode up, and, raising himself in his stirrups, his words were: "Be steady, boys, and aim low." Col. Baldwin, commanding the regiment, was detached for the time being, and acted as a Brigadier-General in another part of the field, his place being supplied by Major Doss, of the Choctaw Agency.

Lieut. D. says that the enemy fought nobly. Those who were taken prisoners were from Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana.

As in other engagements during the war, it was found necessary to adopt some mark by which friend could be recognised from foe, and that adopted was a white band on the arm. The flag carried for the same purpose, had a blue ground with a white globe in the centre. This and the confederate flag were always borne together.

The appearance of the field, and the hospitals during and after the fight, is represented to have been horrible. On the first, the dead lay on every side. Wherever the eye rested, there was a gory corpse. They could be counted not by scores but by hundreds. Subsequent reports bring us intelligence that at least four thousand of the Federals and fifteen hundred confederates were killed and wounded.

The latter were carried to Nashville as rapidly as steamboats from Dover could convey them; no less than four boat-loads starting at nearly the same time. The attention paid to their wants, however, was excellent. There were plenty, both of physicians and refreshments.

I have endeavored to learn the names of some of the killed and wounded, but the following is the fullest list I can yet make out:

KILLED.

Lieut.-Col. Clough, of Texas; Lieut.-Col. Robb, of Clarksville; Capt. May, of Memphis; Capt. Porter, of Nashville.

FOURTEENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

Judge Rogers, Monroe County, Mississippi; Sergeant John Clark, R. M. Bell, J. Q. Wall, George James.

WOUNDED.

Major Hewitt, Second Kentucky regiment, (since reported dead;) Capt. Many, of Nashville; Capt. Crigier, Fourteenth Mississippi; Capt. Gholson, Fourteenth Mississippi; Lieut. Duquecron, Fourteenth Mississippi.

Company C, to which the latter gentleman belonged, had seventeen killed and wounded.

Col. Baldwin, of the same regiment, had his horse shot under him.

We had four light field-batteries in the fight,

namely, those of Captains Porter, Graves, Jackson, (a Virginia battery,) and another, name unknown.

It is the opinion of Lieut. D. that ten thousand troops were not taken prisoners. First, the character of the men does not admit of the supposition; and second, the avenues of escape were such that thousands must have got away, though in a disorganized condition. Some of them could have crossed the Cumberland, and others have stolen through the Federal lines. It was the general belief at Nashville, that fully five thousand of Gen. Floyd's division were safe. What became of the cavalry, of which there were several splendid regiments, is not known; but throughout the day they fought nobly, and are reported to have done great execution in several charges.

The opinion prevalent in the army of the West is, that if the troops retired from Bowling Green could have concentrated at Donelson, or a reinforcement of ten thousand fresh men been added to the exhausted army at noon on Saturday, despite the fact that seventy-five or eighty thousand Federals were opposed to us, we should have put them to utter rout. It is much easier, however, to criticise a battle after it is over than before—especially if one has not been there.

Lieut. Duquecron left Fort Donelson on Saturday night on a steamboat in company with the prisoners, and arrived at Nashville Monday morning about eight o'clock. At that time the city was in a ferment, and apparently all the enemy had to do was to step down and ask permission to come in to have the request granted. He intimates that a strong Union feeling exists there, and in proof of the statement quotes the assertion of Gen. McClernand, that he was daily in receipt of information from the city concerning the strength and disposition of our forces. During the panic which followed the battle, the streets were thronged with people in the greatest state of excitement. The government stores were thrown open to the poor, or anybody who chose to avail themselves of the privilege of taking away all they could carry.

Barrels of meat and barrels of flour were also thrown into the river, while enough soldiers and idle men were in the city to have made a long and not ineffective stand against any force brought against it. The armory at Nashville has been moved to Atlanta, together with much valuable machinery. When Lieut. D. arrived in the city, he was told that it had been surrendered at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and from this false statement probably originated the absurd reports that have since gone the length and breadth of the Southern Confederacy.

Certain it is that, up to Wednesday night, Nashville had not fallen into the hands of the enemy, though it was likely to do so in a few hours, Gen. Johnston having indicated his inability to defend the place effectively.

Our army has fallen back upon Murfreesboro', upon the line of the Chattanooga and Nashville Railroad, thirty miles from the latter city, where it is supposed another stand will be made.

So much for the battle of Fort Donelson, and the much-vexed question—"Has Nashville fallen?"

Incomplete as the above account necessarily is, from the limited opportunity afforded the narrator for seeing the general movements upon an extended battle-field, it will not be devoid of interest, and may possibly shed fresh light upon the sad reverse we have experienced.

RICHMOND "DISPATCH" ACCOUNT.

AUGUSTA, GA., Feb. 22, 1862.

I have just obtained the following particulars of the fight at Fort Donelson from an eye-witness and participant, which will doubtless be welcome to the readers of the *Dispatch* as the first news from a Southern source.

Fort Donelson is on the Cumberland River, two miles from the town of Dover. The surrounding country is a succession of hills, heavily timbered in places, but for the most part covered with small trees and brushwood. This had been levelled to allow the play of artillery, but, as was subsequently found, seriously interfered with the movements of the troops. In front of the Fort, at a distance of half a mile or thereabouts, were our lines of intrenchments, and beyond, still further, the lines of the enemy.

Our troops numbered about eighteen thousand, and were under the command of Gens. Floyd, Pillow, Buckner, and Bushrod R. Johnson. Most of the regiments were from Tennessee and Mississippi, but Virginia, Alabama, Texas, and Arkansas also contributed their quota, and swelled the dimensions of the army to the number I have named. Active hostilities commenced as early as Tuesday morning, but were confined to the outposts and pickets. A battalion of Mississippi cavalry, under command of Col. Forrest, that day encountered a strong skirmishing party of Unionists, but finally succeeded in repulsing them with considerable loss. At night the fires of the Union camps were plainly visible, and at dusk long lines of troops could be discerned moving into position.

On Wednesday morning our artillery opened fire upon the enemy, and both armies prepared for serious work; but nothing in the shape of infantry encounters interrupted the cannonading, which continued during the day.

Thursday witnessed a repetition of the events of Wednesday. There was some fighting between the infantry and sharpshooters of both armies that were engaged in picking off those who exposed themselves to this species of certain death. The gunboats on this day came up the river and opened a vigorous fire on Fort Donelson; but after a severe exchanging of shots for several hours, fell back disabled.

Friday the cannonading was more terrible than at any time during the week. Again the gunboats renewed their attack, and again they were compelled to retire, this time thoroughly *hors du combat*. The infantry also engaged, and the blaze of musketry was visible along our entire lines. During the fight a desperate charge was made by two Illinois regiments upon the Second Kentucky

and Tenth Tennessee, but they were met almost hand to hand, and sent back howling to their intrenchments, leaving a frightful proportion of their number dead and mangled upon the field. The day closed without any practical advantage to either party. We held our own and the enemy maintained their position. The loss was less than one hundred on our side, principally from shell, and that of the Unionists severe.

Saturday was the rubicon of Fort Donelson. The enemy had received strong reinforcements during the week, and now they numbered, according to their own estimates, fifty thousand men. Snow lay on the ground to the depth of three inches, and a cold, blinding sleet poured incessantly in the faces of our soldiers. Still, with all these odds, they faltered not. Early in the day the order came from headquarters to make a vigorous attack on the right flank of the Union army, which, thirty-five thousand strong, was posted on the opposite hills, under command of Gen. Grant. Not more than ten thousand of our men engaged in this movement, but such was the impetuosity of their advance that the enemy fled in confusion from their intrenchments.

Charge after charge was made by our regiments, and the ground was covered with the slain. Three hundred prisoners, including several officers belonging to an Illinois regiment, four batteries, and three thousand five hundred stand of arms, were captured. The former are now in a confederate prison. The two latter may have been retaken, but this is not yet known. Everywhere in the earlier part of the day, our flag was victorious.

The Union commander, finding that his right had been turned, and that the day would be lost but for some decisive effort, concentrated his troops in the afternoon on our right, and making a sudden plunge, after a long and desperate struggle, redeemed the morning's loss by capturing a portion of our intrenchments. The dead lay piled up in heaps, their gore trickling in red lines along the snow in every direction. Still our troops fought on, contesting inch by inch the ground they were compelled to vacate. At nightfall the firing ceased, and at twelve o'clock Pillow telegraphed to Nashville: "The day is ours; we have repulsed the enemy with great loss to them, and with considerable loss to ourselves. We want reinforcements." Reinforcements were not forthcoming, however, and Sunday morning found the Union army strengthened by thirty thousand fresh men, encompassing the place and completely surrounding our forces. The fight was renewed at five o'clock A.M.; but it being useless to contend against such odds, the Fort and army capitulated to the enemy on their own terms.

Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner fought like heroes. They were everywhere, animating their men, constantly under fire, and encouraging them by their example and presence. As the regiments moved on to the charge, Floyd would rise in his stirrups and shout: "Be steady, boys, and aim low—fear not, the day will be ours."

The total number of our killed and wounded is

estimated at from two thousand five hundred to three thousand. That of the Unionists at from four to six thousand.

We had four field-batteries and several regiments of cavalry, all of which have doubtless fallen into the hands of the enemy. The former were commanded by Capts. Porter, Graves, and Jackson, of Virginia, and —.

To distinguish friend from foe, our men had a white band tied around the arm, and in the regiments there was carried by the side of the confederate flag a banner of blue with a white globe in the centre.

As rapidly as possible the wounded were removed to the town of Dover, above alluded to, and from thence by steamers to Nashville. The care bestowed upon them was excellent, there being an abundance of both physicians and refreshments.

The enemy are represented to have fought nobly, far better than the Northern soldiers have ever fought before; but most, if not all, of them were from the West, sturdy farmers and backwoodsmen, and, like ourselves, accustomed to the use of arms. The safety of Floyd and Pillow, with a portion of their command, is beyond doubt. Buckner is also supposed to have escaped, as a despatch is said to have been received by his wife, in Atlanta, Ga., within in the past four days, stating that he was well. Albert Sidney Johnston was not in the fight.

Had reinforcements been sent forward, so that eight or ten thousand fresh men could have stood the brunt of the battle on Saturday afternoon instead of our jaded soldiers, Fort Donelson would not have fallen; but the lack of this effective strength enabled the enemy to completely hem our little army in, and extend their lines in crescent shape from river-bank to river-bank around us.

The news of the surrender reached Nashville, Tenn., by telegraph, on Sunday morning about church-time, while many of the citizens were on their way to the accustomed places of worship. Instantly, of course, every other consideration gave place to the thought of personal safety. Every means of transportation at hand was employed to remove furniture and valuables; the depots were thronged with men, women, and children, anxious to leave the city; train after train was put in motion; government stores were thrown open to all who chose to carry them away, and negroes, Irish laborers, and even genteel-looking persons, could be seen "toting" off their pile of hog, clothing, or other property belonging to the army, though, by order of the military authorities, much of this was recovered on the ensuing day. In a single word, the city was crazy with a panic. Gov. Harris is said to have rode through the streets, at the top of his speed, on horseback, crying out that the papers in the capital must be removed; and, subsequently, with the Legislature, which had at once assembled, left the city in a special train for Memphis. Still there were some in the city who manifested a determination to make a stand and apply the torch to every house

before it should be surrendered. This state of affairs lasted, without much modification, until Monday evening, when the excitement began to subside. All the rolling stock of the railroads converging in Nashville was brought into requisition, and the machinery in the armory, guns, and much valuable provisions, etc., were removed. Seven trains, loaded with women and children inside, and crowded with frightened men on the top, left the city in one day.

As soon as it was supposed that the enemy were advancing—in fact, early on Sunday morning—a meeting of prominent citizens was held, and a committee of gentlemen, consisting of Ex-Gov. E. S. Brown, the Hon. Andrew Ewing, and the Hon. Edwin Ewing, decided that the surrender should be made only on condition that private persons and property should be respected; but these terms had not, at the latest advices, been submitted to the Union commander. Gen. Johnston informed the citizens that he should be compelled to evacuate the place on account of his inability to defend it with the force at his command, and Gen. Pillow subsequently made a speech to the public, in which he informed them that the army would fall back and endeavor to retrieve their losses from another point.

On Sunday, the army evacuating Bowling Green passed through Nashville, *en route* for Murfreesboro, or some other locality in that vicinity—a heterogeneous mixture of artillery, cavalry, infantry, ambulances, wagons, and negroes, all worn down with their long forced march of eighty miles.

The city is said to have been very unsound, and McClernand himself confessed that he was in daily receipt of information concerning the movements of our troops. Phosphorous and other inflammable compounds have since been found concealed ready for use, and it is also stated that a batch of Union flags were discovered; but whether or not these were the remains of some former celebration is unknown.

By this time there is little doubt that the Unionists are in possession of the city, but from positive intelligence received here it is certain that it was not occupied on Wednesday last.

Meanwhile, the government officers and citizens have been active in removing the most valuable articles that could be transported, and the Yankees have undoubtedly found a very considerable share of the booty they expected.

I forgot to add, in its proper place above, that the names of our killed and wounded are not yet known, but from several sources I have made the following brief list:

Killed.—Lieut.-Col. Clough, Texas; Lieut.-Col. Robb, Clarksville, Tenn.; Capt. May, Memphis; Capt. Porter, Nashville.

Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment. — Judge Rogers, Monroe Co., Miss.; Sergt. Jno. Clark, Sergt. John Montgomery, R. M. Bell, J. G. Watt, George James.

Wounded.—Major Hewitt, Second Kentucky regiment, (since reported dead;) Capt. Many,

Nashville; Capt. Crigier, Fourteenth Mississippi; Capt. Gholson, Fourteenth Mississippi; Lieut. Duquecron, Fourteenth Mississippi.

In company C, of the last-named regiment, seventeen were killed and wounded. Col. Baldwin of the same had his horse shot under him, and during the day acted as a Brigadier-General.

Such is a history of the battle of Fort Donelson, already memorable as the fiercest on record of the Southern confederacy, and an attempt at a description of affairs in and around Nashville. It is necessarily meagre, because one pair of eyes in a wounded body could not see all that transpired upon an extensive battle-field; and perhaps it is worse than meagre, because your correspondent has not had time, before the closing of the mail, to dress the facts in that garb which might possibly enhance the interest of the narration.

THE FALL OF FORT DONELSON.

After three days of the most desperate fighting ever witnessed on this continent, (so declares a veteran regular officer,) the most desperate fighting against the most tremendous odds, in which day after day the multitudinous host of invaders was driven back past their own camp, our glorious Spartan band from sheer exhaustion has been borne down by a new avalanche of reinforcements piled upon the already enormous weight against which they have hitherto struggled with complete success, and has suffered one of those misfortunes which are common to war, but which entail no dishonor on our cause, and which will only animate to the most stern and undying resistance every true Southern heart. If these bloody barbarians, whose hands are now soaked to the elbows in the life-blood of men defending their own homes and firesides, dream that they are now one inch nearer the subjugation of the South than when they started on their infernal mission, they prove themselves to be fools and madmen as well as savages and murderers. They have taught us a lesson, we admit; they have admonished us to be more wary and circumspect, to husband with greater care our limited resources, and not to underrate our enemy. But they have also placed between them and us a gulf that can never be crossed by their arts and arms, and a universal determination to die, if die we must, for our country, but never permit her to be subjugated by the most malignant, the most murderous, the meanest of mankind, whose name is at this very moment such a by-word of scorn and reproach throughout Europe, for their combined cruelty and cowardice, that their own ambassadors cannot stand the storm of the world's contempt, and are all anxious to fly back to the United States. Their success at Fort Donelson, gained only by vast superiority of numbers, will only have the effect of converting the whole population of the South—men, women, and children—into an immense army, who will resist them at every step, and everywhere “welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves.” The glorious valor of our

troops at Fort Donelson is not dimmed in the slightest degree by their inability to hold their ground against overwhelming odds; but, on the contrary, shines through the black clouds of disaster with a radiance which will kindle the whole South into a blaze, and surround their own names with a halo of imperishable renown.

CONFEDERATE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT FORT DONELSON.—The *Nashville Patriot* gives the following as a corrected copy of its list of rebel losses at Fort Donelson:

Regt.	Colonel,	Acting Com.	No. Eng.	Kill.	Wo'd.
48th Tenn.	Voorhies,....	—	280	0	1
42d do.	Quarles,....	—	498	0	11
58d do.	Abernethy,..	—	280	6	12
49th do.	Bailey,.....	—	300	4	13
30th do.	Head,.....	—	654	11	30
18th do.	Palmer,.....	—	615	4	40
10th do.	Helman,.....	—	750	1	5
26th do.	Lillards,.....	—	400	11	85
41st do.	Farquaharson	—	450	2	6
32d do.	Cooke,.....	—	558	3	35
3d do.	Brown,.....	—	650	12	75
51st do.	Clark,.....	—	80	0	0
50th do.	Sugg,.....	—	650	2	4
2d Ky.	Danson,.....	—	618	13	57
8th do.	Burnett,.....	Lt.-Col. Lyon,	300	19	60
7th Texas.	Gregg,.....	—	300	20	30
15th Ark.	Gee,.....	—	270	7	17
27th Ala.	Hughes,.....	—	216	0	1
1st Miss.	Simonton,....	Lt.-Col. Hamilton	280	17	76
3d do.	Davidson,...	Lt.-Col. Wells,	500	5	19
4th do.	Drake,.....	—	585	8	38
14th do.	Baldwin,.....	Major Doss,.....	475	17	84
20th do.	Russell,.....	Major Brown,.....	562	19	59
26th do.	Reynolds,....	Lt.-Col. Boon,....	484	12	71
50th Va.	—	Major Thornburgh,	400	8	68
51st do.	Wharton,....	—	275	5	45
56th do.	Stewart,.....	—	350	0	0
36th do.	McCauslin, ..	—	250	loss not known, but severe.	
Tenn. Battalion.	Major Colms,....	—	270	0	0
do. do.	Major Gowan,....	—	60	3	3
do. do.	Cavalry. Gantt,....	—	227	0	1
do. do.	do. Capt. Milton,....	—	15	0	0
do. do.	do. Forest,.....	—	600	8	15
Artillery,.....	Murray's,.....	—	80	0	2
do.	Porter,.....	—	113	0	9
do.	Graves,.....	—	50	0	4
do.	Maney,.....	—	100	5	9
do.	Jackson,.....	—	84	0	0
do.	Guy,.....	—	58	0	0
do.	Ross,.....	—	166	2	2
do.	Green,.....	—	76	0	1
Total,.....			13,829	231	1,007

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THE DEFEAT OF QUANTRIL.

MISSOURI “DEMOCRAT” ACCOUNT.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., February 23.

THE event which has above all others marked the day, and communicated a joyousness to the Union men of this vicinity—second only to that felt upon the capture of Fort Donelson—was the discomfiture and rout of Quantril and Parker, with seventy-five men, by two companies of the Second Ohio Cavalry under Lieut. Nettleton. The facts are as follows:

Learning that Parker, with a company of sixty men from Waverly, Mo., and Quantril, with fifteen men, were at Independence, engaged in their usual amusements of plundering, bragging, etc., Major Purington of the Second Ohio Cavalry, sent out the above-mentioned force to capture them.

Starting at three o'clock in the morning, Lieut. Nettleton reached and surrounded Independence by daylight; but after a thorough search, it was found that those marauders had again eluded us. The command left Independence for this place about eight A.M., this morning, but stopped about half a mile from town to feed their horses. In the mean time, a man by the name of Smiley, a member of the State militia, and one of the Ohio boys, had remained behind, and were about starting to overtake the command, when they were suddenly surrounded by a party of Quantril's men, who had just arrived in town. The Ohio soldier escaped, but Smiley was captured. In a few minutes more, in came Quantril, and Parker with seventy-five men, who disarmed him and deliberately shot him with his own pistol.

By this time the Ohio troops were informed of the state of things, and came dashing into town before the astonished rebels, who supposed them to be half-way to Kansas City, were aware of their approach. Quantril and Parker precipitately fled, leaving their men to follow as best they could. They were overtaken, however, in the public square, where a brief skirmish ensued in which two of the rebels were killed and one Ohio soldier. A second attempt to escape was made, and a second time they were overtaken; this time just east of the Court-House. In this skirmish two more of the rebels were killed and five prisoners taken, with a quantity of arms, etc., most of which were still loaded, not having been discharged.

After a brief fight through the town, among the dwellings, behind the fences, etc., the enemy all scattered and were lost in the fog.

The result of the whole affair was the death of the rebel gang, including (as the prisoners say) Parker himself. If this is the case, the affair has been a great benefit to the community, as this Parker has been the terror of all isolated Union families in this region of country.

Lieut. Nettleton deserves much credit for the manner in which the affair was conducted, and the boys "went in" with a relish which shows that their title of "Wade and Hutchins cavalry," is not out of compliment to their men alone, but because they combine the pluck and fierceness of old Ben Wade with the activity of Hutchins.

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THE "CONFEDERATE" CONGRESS.

MEETING OF THE FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1862.—The Senate convened at noon. The Vice-President elect of the Confederate States, the Hon. A. H. Stephens, in the chair.

The Vice-President, under the authority of the Constitution, formally opened the session of the Senate. He called the attention of Senators to the published acts passed by the Provisional Congress, and caused the temporary clerk to read the

last clause of the permanent Constitution; also, the act of the Provisional Congress putting in operation the permanent government of the Confederate States, and the act supplemental to the same.

The roll being called, the following Senators answered to their names:

Arkansas—Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Johnson.

Florida—Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Baker.

Georgia—Mr. Hill.

Kentucky—Mr. Simms.

Louisiana—Mr. Sparrow.

Mississippi—Mr. Brown.

Missouri—Mr. Clark and Mr. Peyton.

North-Carolina—Mr. Davis and Mr. Dortch.

South-Carolina—Mr. Barnwell and Mr. Orr.

Tennessee—Mr. Haynes and Mr. Henry.

Texas—Mr. Oldham.

Virginia—Mr. Hunter and Mr. Preston.

Nineteen Senators being present, (a quorum,) the oath to support the Constitution was then administered—the Senators taking the oath in parties of four at a time.

The Vice-President announced that the first business before the Senate was the election of a President of the Senate *pro tempore*.

Mr. Davis, of North-Carolina, moved that the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, be unanimously chosen President of the Senate *pro tempore*. Carried.

The election of a Secretary of the Senate being in order, the following nominations were made:

Mr. Sparrow, of Louisiana, nominated Richard Charles Downs, of Louisiana.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri, nominated Andrew H. Dawson, of Alabama.

Mr. Oldham, of Texas, nominated J. Johnson Hooper, of Alabama.

Mr. Preston, of Virginia, nominated Jno. L. Eubank, of Virginia.

Mr. Barnwell, of South-Carolina, nominated Jas. H. Nash, of South-Carolina.

The first ballot resulted as follows: Dawson, 6; Nash, 4; Hooper, 4; Eubank, 2; Downs, 2; Montague, 1. No candidate having a majority.

Four additional ballots were had without an election.

The following was the result of the sixth and last ballot, in detail:

For Mr. Nash—Messrs. Barnwell, Baker, Brown, Clark, Haynes, Henry, Hill, Hunter, Orr, Preston, and Simms—11.

For Mr. Hooper—Messrs. Davis, Maxwell, Mitchell, Oldham, Peyton, and Sparrow—6.

For Mr. Dawson—Messrs. Johnson and Dortch—2.

James H. Nash, of South-Carolina, having a majority of the votes cast, was declared the Secretary of the Senate, and came forward and was duly qualified.

On motion of Mr. Orr, the Senate proceeded to the election of a Doorkeeper.

Two ballots were had, the last resulting in the election of Mr. James Page, of North-Carolina.

During the balloting Mr. Wigfall, the Senator

from Texas, appeared in his seat and subsequently took the oath.

On motion of Mr. Orr, the daily hour for the meeting of the Senate was fixed at twelve o'clock M.

The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

At twelve o'clock precisely, the House was called to order by the Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, the presiding officer of the late Provisional Congress, who stated that it was made his duty by an act of the Provisional Congress to preside over the Permanent Congress until its organization. An earnest and impressive prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Duncan of the M. E. Church.

The call of the roll of the members was then commenced, and at its conclusion the presiding officer announced that a quorum was present, after which he proceeded to administer the following oath, which was done by calling up the delegations from the several States of the Confederacy:

"You and each of you do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the confederate States: So help you, God."

This was the most deeply impressive part of the whole ceremony. As the delegation from each State gathered around the desk of the Speaker, a solemn stillness pervaded the entire hall, and the whole crowd, members and spectators, seemed to feel the responsibility which rests upon this new and as yet untried body.

Each delegation having thus reverently qualified to assume the high and honorable responsibility of supporting the Constitution of the new government, Mr. Cobb announced that the next duty devolving upon them was the election of a Speaker to preside over their future deliberations.

The nomination of candidates for Speaker being in order, Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, offered a resolution declaring the Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, of Virginia, the choice of the House for Speaker. The resolution of Mr. Foote was adopted with but one or two dissenting voices, and Mr. Bocock was duly declared the Speaker-elect of the first Congress under the permanent government of the confederate States.

On motion of Mr. Boyce, of South-Carolina, a committee of two was appointed to conduct him to the chair.

The presiding officer appointed Messrs. Boyce, of South-Carolina, and Foote, of Tennessee.

After assuming the chair, the new Speaker delivered the following patriotic address, which was listened to with marked attention, and was received, at its conclusion, with warm applause:

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: I return to you my sincere thanks for the honor you have done me in selecting me to preside over your deliberations during this, the first Congress under our permanent Constitution. And I desire to say that it will be my one great aim, in dis-

charging the duties of this office, so to conduct myself, as to show to you, and to the world, that your confidence has not been altogether misapplied. I may be permitted to say that I have a firm determination, so far as I may be able, to maintain the dignity and preserve the decorum of this body; to administer its rules with firmness and courtesy, and to conduct its business with strict impartiality. If such a determination, united with a sincere desire to see our legislation take such shape as will best tend to secure the independence, maintain the honor, and advance the welfare of this entire Confederacy—if this could command success, I am sure I might expect to succeed. But other qualifications are requisite, about which it is not for me to promise. If in anything I may fall short, I trust that the same kind partiality, which has called me to this position, will throw the mantle of charity over my defects, and will give me in every time of trial that kind coöperation and generous support which my deficiencies may require. The unanimity with which you have made this election, is a happy augury of the spirit with which your proceedings will be governed. This is no time for resentments—no time for jealousies or heart-burnings. Influenced by a great common purpose, sharing together the same rich hope, and united by a common destiny, let us hush every murmur of discontent, and banish every feeling of personal grief. Here let us know no man, save as a co-laborer in the same great cause, sustaining those whom circumstances may designate to go forward; seeking nothing for the sake merely of personal gratification, but willing rather to yield everything for the public good; "in honor preferring one another." That some of you, influenced by momentary impulse, should grow restive under the enforcements of those rules which you may make for your own government, would be a matter neither of surprise nor of complaint. But he will prove himself either a weak or a bad man who, on reflection, fails to call back his wayward spirit, and subject it to necessary restraint. Submission to constituted authority is the primary necessity in all communities, and self-control is the chief lesson of individual life. In the light of passing events, we can measure the height and the depth of the excellence intended to be conveyed, when it is said: "Better is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city." The gaze of the world is fixed upon us. Nations look on, curious to see how this new system of government will move off, and what manner of men have been chosen to guide its earliest movements. It is indeed a new system; for, though coinciding in many particulars with that under which we lived so long, it yet differs from it in many essential particulars. When the Constitution of 1787 was put in operation, the war of the Revolution had been successfully closed. Peace prevailed throughout our whole land, and hallowed all its borders. The industrial operations of the country, long held back, now bounded forward and expanded with all the vigor and rankness of tropical vegetation beneath the influ-

ence of a midsummer sun. The trial which that Constitution had to encounter, in its earliest as well as in more matured existence, was simply one engendered by a conflict of those interests. The question was, whether it could give protection to all these interests, without becoming the partisan of one and the oppressor of the other; or, in fact, whether it has the sustaining power to preserve its integrity against the influence of interest, wielded by ambition. We have seen the result. The case with our Constitution is very different. It is put in operation in time of war, and its first movements are disturbed by the shock of battle. Its trial is one created by the urgencies of this contest. The question to be decided is, whether, without injury to its own integrity, it can supply the machinery, and afford the means requisite to conduct this war to that successful conclusion, which the people, in their heart of hearts, have resolved on, and which, I trust, has been decreed in that higher court from whose decisions there is no appeal. The solution of this question is in the bosom of the future. But our system can never perish out like that to which I have alluded. When ambition and interest seized upon that, and destroyed its integrity, they were not allowed to appropriate the rule altogether to themselves. Fanaticism came forward, and demanded to be received as a participant of power with them, and it claimed not in vain. Beneath the sway of this unholy triumvirate, justice was forgotten, intolerance was established, private morals were ruined, and public virtue perished. All feeling of constitutional restraint passed away, and all sense of the obligation of an oath was forever lost. The whole machinery of government degenerated into the absolute rule of a numerical majority. Already the weaker section was marked out for destruction by the stronger, and then came disruption and overthrow. Since then, tyranny the most absolute, and perjury the most vile, have destroyed the last vestige of soundness in the whole system. Our new system is designed to avoid the errors of the old. Certainly it is founded in a different system of political philosophy, and is sustained by a peculiar and more conservative state of society. It has elements of strength and long life. But at the threshold lies the question I have already stated. Can it legitimately afford the means to carry the war to a successful conclusion? If not, it must perish, but a successful result must be achieved. But it must be destroyed not by the hand of violence, or by the taint of perjury. It must go out peacefully, and in pursuance of its own provisions. Better submit to momentary inconvenience than to injure representative honor, or violate public faith. In the whole book of expedients there is no place for falsehood and perjury. Let us, on the contrary, assiduously cultivate the feeling of respect for constitutional limitation, and a sacred reverence for the sanction of an oath. Seeing, therefore, gentlemen of the House of Representatives, that we are custodians of the nation's life, and the guardians of the Constitution's integrity, what

manner of men should we be? How cool, how considerate, how earnest, how inflexible, how true! Having no prospect in the future, save through the success of our cause, how regardless should we be of all selfish views, and plans of personal advancement! Selected by the people to take care of the state in this time of difficulty and of trial, how we ought to dedicate ourselves in heart, mind, soul, and energy to the public service! Neither history has recorded, nor song depicted, nor fable shadowed forth, higher instances of self-devotion than ought to be shown in the conduct of this Congress. It is not allowed us to pursue a course of obscure mediocrity. We inaugurate a government, we conduct a revolution. We must live, live forever, in the memory of men, either for praise or for blame. If we prove equal to the crisis in which we are placed, we maintain imperishable honor. But if, on the contrary, we show ourselves incompetent to the discharge of our duty, we shall sink beneath the contempt of mankind. Truly, our position is one of great import. Our gallant army now holds, as it deserves, the first place in the thoughts and affections of our people. But of scarcely less importance in the estimation of all, is the legislative authority which initiates the true civil policy of the Confederacy, and which sustains and upholds that army itself. And when the latter shall have accomplished its holy mission, by driving the invader from the soil which he desecrates and pollutes; and when the hearts of a grateful and free people, more generous than a Roman senate, shall for this service decree to it one life-long ovation, if true to ourselves, and competent to their duty, this Congress will be united in the triumphal honors. And if this Constitution be desired to go forward, as we hope and believe it will, to a distant future, gaining new strength from trial, winning new triumphs from time, giving protection and peace to successive generations of happy and enlightened people, as the gray-haired sires and venerated patriarchs of ages now remote, shall seek to inspire the courage, and fire the hearts of the ingenuous youth of their day, by recommitting the heroic deeds of the army which achieved our independence, let the lesson be extended and enlarged by enabling them to tell also of the self-sacrifice, patriotism, and enlarged statesmanship of the Congress which inaugurated the permanent Constitution of this Southern Confederacy. Again, I thank you.

When the Speaker had concluded his remarks, Mr. Curry, of Alabama, moved that the House proceed to the election of a Clerk, and put in nomination Mr. Emmett Dixon, of Georgia.

Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, nominated Mr. M. W. Cluskey, of Tennessee, and supported the nomination earnestly.

Mr. Lyons, of Virginia, nominated Mr. James McDonald, of Virginia, and earnestly supported the nomination. He spoke of Mr. McD.'s position as one of the editors of an influential journal in this city—a journal which, he said, had taken an early and decided stand in defence of our rights, and which had zealously labored for the

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maintenance of constitutional liberty. He hoped it would be the pleasure of the House to elect Mr. McDonald, which would be an evidence on the part of the House, in its organization, to disregard former political opinions in the selection of its officers.

A member from Missouri nominated Mr. Thos. B. Johnson, of that State, and sustained his nomination by an appropriate and touching allusion to the sacrifices made by her citizens, and the sufferings she had endured to release herself from the oppressive thralldom of the Abolition Government. Mr. Johnson was a gentleman of eminent qualifications, and the State of Missouri would accept as a high compliment his selection as the Clerk of the first Congress under the new government. The Clerk then proceeded to call the roll, with the following result: First vote—Dixon, thirty-six; Clusky, twenty-eight; Johnson, twenty-one; McDonald, seven. Mr. Lyons withdrew the name of Mr. McDonald, and the House proceeded to a second vote, as follows: Dixon, forty-one; Cluskey, twenty-seven; Johnson, nineteen. There being no election, a third and final vote was had, which decided the contest in favor of Mr. Dixon. Third vote—Dixon, forty-four; Cluskey, twenty-six; Johnson, seventeen.

Mr. Dixon having received a majority of the votes cast, was duly declared elected Clerk of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Russell, of Virginia, moved that the House proceed to the election of a Doorkeeper, and the choice fell upon Mr. R. H. Wynn, of Alabama.

"CONFEDERATE" CONGRESS.

The following is a list of the members of the first Congress of the permanent government of the confederate States.

Those marked with an asterisk (*) are members of the provisional Congress.

SENATE.	
ALABAMA.	MISSISSIPPI.
C. C. Clay, Jr.	James Phelan.
William L. Yancey,	A. G. Brown,
ARKANSAS.	MISSOURI.
Robert W. Johnson,*	J. B. Clarke,
C. B. Mitchell.	R. L. E. Payton.
FLORIDA.	NORTH-CAROLINA.
James M. Baker,	George Davis,*
A. E. Maxwell.	William T. Dortch.
GEORGIA.	SOUTH-CAROLINA.
Robert Toombs,*	R. W. Barnwell,*
B. H. Hill.*	James L. Orr.*
KENTUCKY.	TENNESSEE.
H. C. Burnett,	G. A. Henry,
William E. Sims.	L. C. Haynes.
LOUISIANA.	TEXAS.
Edward Sparrow,	Lewis T. Wigfall,
T. J. Sommers.	W. S. Oldham.*
VIRGINIA.	
R. M. T. Hunter,	
William B. Preston.	

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ALABAMA.	NORTH-CAROLINA.
Dist.	Dist.
1. T. J. Foster,	1. W. N. H. Smith,*
2. W. R. Smith,	2. R. R. Bridgers,
3. J. P. Rawls,	3. O. R. Keenan,
4. J. L. M. Curry,*	4. T. D. McDowell,
5. F. S. Lyon,	5. A. H. Herington,
6. W. P. Chilton,*	6. J. R. McLean,
7. D. Clopton,	7. — Ashe,
8. J. L. Pugh,	8. William Lander,
9. E. S. Dargan.	9. B. S. Gaither,
ARKANSAS.	10. A. T. Davidson.*
1. G. A. Garland,	SOUTH-CAROLINA.
2. James M. Patterson,	1. John McQueen,
(Incomplete.)	2. W. P. Miles,*
FLORIDA.	3. L. M. Ayer,
1. James B. Dawkins,	4. M. L. Bonham,
2. R. A. Hilton.	5. James Farrow,
GEORGIA.	6. W. W. Boyce.*
1. Julian Hartridge,	TENNESSEE.
2. Chas. S. Munnerlyn,	1. J. B. Heiskill,
3. Hines Holt,	2. W. G. Swann,
4. A. H. Kenan,*	3. — Tibbs,
5. D. W. Lewis,	4. J. B. Gardenshire,
6. W. W. Clark,	5. H. S. Foote,
7. R. P. Trippe,	6. Meredith P. Gentry,
8. L. J. Gatrell,	7. G. W. Jones,
9. Hardy Strickland,	8. — Menses,
10. A. R. Wright.	9. J. D. C. Atkins *
KENTUCKY.	10. J. V. Wright,
(Not yet elected.)	11. D. M. Currin.*
LOUISIANA.	TEXAS.
1. C. J. Villere,	1. J. A. Wilcox,
2. Charles M. Canrad,*	2. C. C. Herbert,
3. Duncan F. Kedner,*	3. P. W. Gray,
4. L. J. Dupre,	4. F. B. Sexton,
5. J. L. Lewis,	5. M. D. Grapham,
6. J. Perkins, Jr.*	6. B. H. E. P. Person.
MISSISSIPPI.	VIRGINIA.
1. J. W. Clapp,	1. M. R. H. Garnett,
2. Reuben Davis,	2. J. B. Chambliss,
3. Israel Welch,	3. J. Tyler,
4. H. C. Chambers,	4. R. A. Pryor,*
5. O. R. Singleton,	5. T. S. Bocock,*
6. E. Barksdale,	6. J. Goode, Jr.,
7. John J. McRae.	7. J. P. Holcombe,
MISSOURI.	8. D. C. De Jarnette,
1. W. M. Cook,	9. William Smith,
2. T. C. Harris,	10. A. R. Boteler,
3. C. W. Bell,	11. J. B. Baldwin,
4. A. H. Condon,	12. W. R. Staples,*
5. G. G. West,	13. Walter Preston,*
6. L. W. Freeman,	14. A. G. Jenkins,
7. — Hyer.	15. Robert Johnson,*
	16. C. W. Russell.
	—Brandon (Miss.) Republican.

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PROCLAMATION OF THE UNION COMMANDERS.

ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., February 18, 1862.
 THE mission of our joint expedition is not to invade any of your rights, but to assert the au-

thority of the United States, and to close with you the desolating war brought upon your State by comparatively a few bad men in your midst.

Influenced infinitely more by the worst passions of human nature than by any show of elevated reason, they are still urging you astray to gratify their unholy purpose.

They impose upon your credulity by telling you of wicked and even diabolical intentions on our part—of our desire to destroy your freedom, demolish your property, liberate your slaves, injure your women, and such like enormities—all of which, we assure you, is not only ridiculous, but utterly and wilfully false.

We are Christians as well as yourselves, and we profess to know full well, and to feel profoundly the sacred obligations of that character.

No apprehension need be entertained that the demands of humanity or justice will be disregarded.

We shall inflict no injury, unless forced to do so by your own acts, and upon this you may confidently rely.

Those men are your worst enemies. They, in truth, have drawn you into your present condition, and are the real disturbers of your peace and the happiness of your firesides.

We invite you in the name of the Constitution, and in that of virtuous loyalty and civilisation, to separate yourselves at once from their malign influence, to return to your allegiance, and not compel us to resort further to the force under our control.

The Government asks only that its authority may be recognised, and, we repeat, in no manner or way does it desire to interfere with your laws constitutionally established, your institutions of any kind whatever, your property of any sort, your usages in any respect.

L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH,

Flag-Officer Commanding North-Atlantic Blockading Squad'n.

A. E. BURNSIDE,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding Department of North-Carolina.

Doc. 50.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF GEORGIA.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: In a few days the provisional government of the confederate States will live only in history. With it we shall deliver up the trust we have endeavored to use for your benefit to those more directly selected by yourselves. The public record of our acts is familiar to you, and requires no further explanation at our hands. Of those matters which policy has required to be secret it would be improper now to speak. This address therefore will have no personal reference. We are well assured that there exists no necessity for us to arouse your patriotism nor to inspire your confidence. We rejoice with you in the unanimity of our State, in its resolutions and its hopes. And we are proud with you that Georgia has been "illustrated," and we doubt not will be illustrated again by her sons in our holy struggle. The

first campaign is over; each party rests in place, while the winter's snow declares an armistice from on high. The results in the field are familiar to you, and we will not recount them. To some important facts we call your attention:

First. The moderation of our own government and the fanatical madness of our enemies have dispersed all differences of opinion among our people, and united them forever in the war of independence. In a few Border States a waning opposition is giving way before the stern logic of daily developing facts. The world's history does not give a parallel instance of a revolution based upon such unanimity among the people.

Second. Our enemy has exhibited an energy, a perseverance, and an amount of resources which we had hardly expected, and a disregard of constitution and laws which we can hardly credit. The result of both, however, is that power which is the characteristic element of despotism, and renders it as formidable to its enemies as it is destructive to its subjects.

Third. An immense army has been organized for our destruction, which is being disciplined to the unthinking stolidity of regulars. With the exclusive possession of the seas, our enemy is enabled to throw upon the shores of every State the nucleus of an army. And the threat is made, and doubtless the attempt will follow in early spring, to crush us with a giant's grasp by a simultaneous movement along our entire borders.

Fourth. With whatever alacrity our people may rush to arms, and with whatever energy our government may use its resources, we cannot expect to cope with our enemy either in numbers, equipments, or munitions of war. To provide against these odds we must look to desperate courage, unflinching daring, and universal self-sacrifice.

Fifth. The prospect of foreign interference is at least a remote one, and should not be relied on. If it comes, let it be only auxiliary to our own preparations for freedom. To our God and ourselves alone we should look.

These are stern facts; perhaps some of them are unpalatable. But we are deceived in you if you would have us to conceal them in order to deceive you. The only question for us and for you is, as a nation and individually, what have we to do? We answer:

First. As a nation we should be united, forbearing to one another, frowning upon all factionous opposition and censorious criticisms, and giving a trustful and generous confidence to those selected as our leaders in the camp and the council-chamber.

Second. We should excite every nerve, and strain every muscle of the body politic, to maintain our financial and military healthfulness, and, by rapid aggressive action, make our enemies feel, at their own firesides, the horrors of a war brought on by themselves.

The most important matter for you, however, is your individual duty. What can you do?

The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of

Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart. He comes a robber and a murderer. How shall you meet him? With the sword at the threshold! With death for him or for yourself! But more than this—let every woman have a torch, every child a fire-brand—let the loved homes of youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate. Let blackness and ruin mark your departing steps if depart you must, and let a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome the vandals. Let every city be levelled by the flames, and every village be lost in ashes. Let your faithful slaves share your fortune and your crust. Trust wife and children to the sure refuge and protection of God—preferring even for these loved ones the charnel-house as a home than loathsome vassalage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world. This may be your terrible choice, and determine at once without dissent, as honor and patriotism and duty to God require.

Fellow-Citizens: Lull not yourselves into a fatal security. Be prepared for every contingency. This is our only hope for a sure and honorable peace. If our enemy was to-day convinced that the feast herein indicated would welcome him in every quarter of this confederacy, we know his base character well enough to feel assured he would never come. Let, then, the smoke of your homes, fired by women's hands, tell the approaching foe that over sword and bayonet they will rush only to fire and ruin.

We have faith in God and faith in you. He is blind to every indication of Providence who has not seen an Almighty hand controlling the events of the past year. The wind, the wave, the cloud, the mist, the sunshine, and the storm, have all ministered to our necessities, and frequently succored us in our distresses. We deem it unnecessary to recount the numerous instances which have called forth our gratitude. We would join you in thanksgiving and praise. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Nor would we condemn your confident look to our armies, when they can meet with a foe not too greatly their superior in numbers. The year past tells a story of heroism and success of which our nation will never be ashamed. These considerations, however, should only stimulate us to greater deeds and nobler efforts. An occasional reverse we must expect—such as has depressed us within the last few days. This is only temporary.

We have no fears of the result—the final issue. You and we may have to sacrifice our lives and fortunes in the holy cause, but our honor will be saved untarnished, and our children's children will rise up to call us "blessed."

HOWELL COBB,
R. TOOMBS,
M. J. CRAWFORD,
THOMAS R. R. COBB.

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GOV. HARRIS'S GENERAL ORDERS.

ISSUED FEBRUARY 19, 1862.

To the Commanders of the Militia:

1. The State of Tennessee has been invaded by an enemy that threatens the destruction of the rights and liberties of her people—to meet and repel which you are required to call at once to the field the whole effective force under your command that is or can be armed, which you will immediately organize and march to the rendezvous hereafter designated.

2. You will make vigilant efforts to secure for the troops under your command every available weapon of defence that can be had.

3. The militia in the First division, from the counties above and adjoining Knox County, will rendezvous at the city of Knoxville. The militia from the counties in this division south of Knoxville will rendezvous at Chattanooga. The militia of the Second and Third divisions will rendezvous at General A. S. Johnston's headquarters. The militia in the Fourth division, from the counties of Henry, Weakley, Gibson, Carroll, Benton, Decatur, Hardin, McNairy, Hardeman and Madison, will rendezvous at Henderson Station, and those from the other counties of this division will rendezvous at Memphis.

4. The general officers will make immediate arrangements for the transportation to and the supply and subsistence of their commands at said rendezvous. All receipts and orders given by them for such purpose will be evidence of indebtedness upon the part of the State. They will, by proper orders, consolidate squads into companies.

5. Thorough and efficient drill and discipline of the forces must be enforced by all commanders.

6. Regular and constant reports must be made by officers commanding divisions, posts and detachments to the Commander-in-Chief.

7. R. C. Foster, of the county of Davidson, is appointed Acting Major-General for the Second division of the Tennessee militia.

8. Edwin H. Ewing, of the county of Rutherford, is appointed Acting Major-General for the Third division of the Tennessee militia.

9. Lucius J. Polk, of the county of Maury, is appointed Acting Brigadier-General for the Twenty-fourth brigade of Tennessee militia.

10. As rapidly as it can be done after proper arrangements are made, as ordered herein, the forces hereby called out will be removed to their respective rendezvous.

The Commander-in-Chief relies upon your activity and promptness in the execution of this order. It is your attention to duty that will make efficient soldiers of your commands. By command of

ISHAM G. HARRIS.

W. C. WHITTHORNE,
Adjutant-General.

PROCLAMATION—TO THE PEOPLE OF TENNESSEE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, February 19, 1862.

The fall of Fort Donelson, so bravely and so gloriously defended, and accomplished only by vastly superior numbers, opened the approaches to your State, which is now to become the grand theatre wherein a brave people will show to the world, by their heroism and suffering, that they are worthy to be, what they have solemnly declared themselves to be, *freemen*.

Tennesseeans, the soil of your State is polluted with the footstep of the invader. Your brethren of the advance guard have fallen—nobly yielding life in the endeavor to secure for you and your children the priceless inheritance of freedom. The tyrant and the usurper marches his hosts upon your homes. They come flushed with temporary success and confident in their numbers, yet relying upon your tame submission. The hour is full of trial and danger, yet it is such, in the providence of God, as will test our manhood and our spirit. Let us, as one man, rally to meet the responsibilities thus cast upon us to repel the invader and maintain the assertion of our independence.

As Governor of your State, and Commander-in-Chief of its army, I call upon every able-bodied man of the State, without regard to age, to enlist in its service. I command him who can obtain a weapon, to march with our armies. I ask him who can repair or forge an arm, to make it ready at once for the soldier. I call upon every citizen to open his purse and his storehouses of provisions to the brave defenders of our soil. I bid the old and the young, wherever they may be, to stand as pickets to our struggling armies.

To our soldiers, the gallant volunteers who are already enlisted in the defence of our cause, I appeal. Your discipline, your skill, and your courage, constitute the hope, the pride, and the reliance of your State. Amid the thickening perils that now environ us, undismayed and undaunted, re-volunteer, and from the ashes of our reverses the fire of faith in the liberty for which we strive will be rekindled. You have done well and nobly, but the work is not yet accomplished. The enemy still flaunts his banner in your face; his foot is upon your native soil; the echo of his drum is heard in your mountains and valleys; hideous desolation will soon mark his felon track, unless he is repelled. To you who are armed, and have looked death in the face, who have been tried and are the "Old Guard," the State appeals to uphold her standard. Encircle that standard with your valor and your heroism, and abide the fortunes of war so long as an enemy of your State shall dare confront you. The enemy relies upon your forfeiture to reënlist, and makes sure of an easy victory in your want of endurance. Disappoint him!

To those who have not enlisted for the war, I appeal. Go, cheer your brethren already there. Your native land now calls upon you; you have only waited until you were needed. The confederate government calls upon me to raise thirty-two regiments. You will be armed. Come,

then, it is for your independence, your homes, your wives, and your children, Tennesseeans, you are to fight. Who will, who can, remain idly at home? Will you stand still and let others pour out their blood for your safety? Patriotism and manhood would alike cry out against you.

Let not a day pass until you are enrolled. Let the volunteer in the field reënlist. Let him who can, volunteer for the war. Let those of whom imperative obligations demand a shorter term of service, muster as militia-men.

Tennesseeans! you have a name in history; you have a traditional renown; shall these be forfeited in the day of your country's trial? Shall the black banner of subjugation wave in triumph over your altars and your homes? Shall there breathe between you and your God an earthly master, before whom your proud spirit shall quail, and your knees be made to tremble? By the memory of our glorious dead—by the sacred names of our wives and children—by our own faith and our own manhood, no! Forbid it, sons of Tennessee; forbid it, men of the plains and of the mountains. I invoke you now to follow me; I am of the army of Tennessee, determined upon the field to stake the honor and the name of that army of which you have made me commander-in-chief. It is there that I will meet with you whatever may threaten or imperil the fair fame of either. In view of the exposed condition of your capital, and by authority of a resolution adopted by the General Assembly, I have called the members of the Legislature together at this city.

It was a duty I conceived I owed you to remove, whilst it could be done in perfect safety, the archives of the State. This is not a fit occasion to inquire how your capital became so exposed. A series of reverses, not looked for, made the way to Nashville comparatively easy in the enemy. Temporarily and until our armies have made a stand, the officers of state will be located in Memphis.

Leaving the officers of state to the immediate discharge of their duties, I repair to the field, and again invoke you to follow me to the battle wherein the fortunes of all are to be lost or won. Orders to the militia will be issued with this proclamation, designating the rendezvous, and giving such other directions as may be necessary and proper. I am pleased to accompany this proclamation with the assurance that active aid and heavy support will be given you by the confederate government. ISHAM G. HARRIS.

Doc. 52.

THE CAPTURE OF CLARKSVILLE.

THE following is the official announcement by Commodore Foote of the capture of Clarksville, in Tennessee:

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., February 20, 1862.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

We have possession of Clarksville. The citi-

zens being alarmed, two thirds of them have fled, and, having expressed my views and intentions to the Mayor and Hon. Cave Johnson, at their request I have issued a proclamation assuring all peaceably disposed persons that they may with safety resume their business avocations, requiring only the military stores and equipments to be given up, and holding the authorities responsible that this shall be done without reservation.

I left Fort Donelson yesterday with the Cone-stoga, Lieut. Commanding Phelps, and the Cairo, Lieut. Commanding Bryant, on an armed reconnaissance, bringing with me Col. Webster of the Engineer Corps, and chief of Gen. Grant's staff, who, with Lieut. Commanding Phelps, took possession of the principal fort and hoisted the Union flag at Clarksville.

A Union sentiment manifested itself as we came up the river.

The rebels have retreated to Nashville, having set fire, against the remonstrances of the citizens, to the splendid railroad-bridge across the Cumberland River.

I return to Fort Donelson to-day for another gunboat and six or eight mortar-boats, with which I propose to proceed up the Cumberland.

The rebels all have a terror of the gunboats. One of them, a short distance above Fort Donelson, had previously fired an iron rolling-mill belonging to Hon. John Bell, which had been used by the rebels.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer, Commanding Naval Forces,
Western Waters.

Doc. 53.

FIGHT AT OCCOQUAN, VA.

NEW-YORK "HERALD" ACCOUNT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER STEPPING STONES, }
OCCOQUAN BAY, POTOMAC RIVER, Feb. 20, 1862. }

QUITE a brisk little action has just taken place in Occoquan Bay, between the Stepping Stones and a rebel field-battery of five guns.

This morning we ran alongside the Yankee, now the flag-ship, when a rifled twelve-pounder, belonging to that vessel, was put on board of us. The gun, which, while on board the Yankee, had been mounted on a slide, was placed on a field-carriage, in view of our high bulwarks. Lieut. Commanding Eastman came on board, with the gig's crew, to take temporary command. We then cast off, towing the launch Decatur, with a full crew from the Yankee, commanded by Master's Mate Lawrence, a young gentleman that Capt. Eastman generally intrusts with special duties, such as that of to-day.

It was evident that something was up, and it soon became certain that Occoquan Bay was to be reconnoitred. We ran up three or four miles, when the launch was cast loose, and proceeded toward the shore to search some houses near the beach. We threw in one shell from the rifle, under cover of which the landing was effected. The Stepping Stones then stood toward a schooner, lower down the creek. On our way, a four-

horse wagon was seen making its way along, a little above the beach. We lay to for a short time, when the launch again came alongside, and was made fast astern. The officers and crew had found nothing suspicious in the houses. We then stood for Freestone Point, the launch having been again sent on shore on the way down for another domiciliary visitation, but nothing illegal was found. Sufficient time had now elapsed for the rebels to bring their forces down, when Capt. Eastman once more gave orders to move up the bay. All hands were at quarters and every preparation made for a fight, when, on arriving abreast of the schooner, a little above Freestone Point, several men were seen moving about a little way from the beach. Fire was immediately opened from our rifle, and seconded by our smooth-bore twelve-pounder, which was within range, as we were only five hundred yards from the shore. The shells went right into the sand. Capt. Eastman then ordered the launch to open fire, which was done. Several shells had been thrown in when the enemy opened fire on us. His shots, at first, fell very short, but some of them, which ricocheted, came near enough. At length, when we had got the proper range, one of our shells burst right in the midst of the enemy, and must have done some execution. This was followed by successive shots which exploded in the right place. The enemy's fire now waxed fast and furious. Hardly a second intervened between each gun, and the smoke curled away in white wreaths to leeward. The smoke of their guns and the flashes of flame were intermingled with those from our exploded shells. We had now moved off to such a distance that the smooth-bore of the launch and our own were of no further use, and had to cease firing; but still the shells from the rifle were thrown with wonderful precision, those from the enemy falling short and skipping along the water. At length the enemy opened fire from a gun of much larger calibre than the rest, sending a shot which whizzed over our quarter-deck, right over the heads of the men working the rifle. Capt. Eastman had a narrow escape. Another shot went over the hurricane-deck, between the smoke-stack and the walking-beam; another passed close to the corner of the pilot-house; a fourth swept over the quarter-deck, in about the same direction as the first, while another struck the American ensign, passing through the second white stripe from the top, and close to the Union. One of the enemy's shells struck the water, about twenty yards from us, and exploded, throwing upward a tongue of flame, succeeded by smoke. With one solitary serviceable gun, at that range we were no match for the enemy with his five, but still the unequal contest was kept up with great spirit on our part, till the exhaustion of our ammunition compelled us to retire.

The last shot we fired was at the distance of two miles from the enemy, but he continued to blaze away at us, till we were long beyond his superior weight of metal. We used percussion-shells, not one of which, save the last, failed to

reach the shore—and when it is remembered that we were in motion, with a rather rough sea on the whole time, the accuracy with which the shells exploded in the midst of the enemy was almost marvellous. Capt. Eastman sighted the gun himself several times, and every one of his shots told. The number of shells fired by us was between twenty and thirty, while the rebels must have thrown much over a hundred. We were not struck, and none of our men were hit, while there is every reason to believe that several of the enemy were killed, or, at least, wounded. As a reconnoissance, the affair was eminently successful. It is almost unnecessary to say that officers and men behaved with the accustomed bravery of American sailors.

Capt. Grumley, of the Stepping Stones, is sick, but he left his bed and was present, though not actively engaged, throughout the whole affair.

Doc. 54.

DESTRUCTION OF WINTON, N. C.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following account of this affair:

UNITED STATES STEAMER DELAWARE, {
OFF WINTON, N. C., Feb. 21, 1862. }

On the morning of the nineteenth inst., the flotilla, under the command of Com. S. C. Rowan, set out from Edenton for a reconnoissance of the Chowan River as far as Winton, and the Roanoke River as far as Plymouth. The first detachment, under Com. Rowan, consisted of the Delaware, his flag-ship, and the Perry, having on board a company of the Hawkins Zouaves; the second detachment, under command of Lieut. A. Murray, comprised the remainder of the flotilla. The greater portion of the day was spent in admiring the picturesque scenery which is to be found on the banks of the Chowan. Here and there were deserted houses, and small boats drawn up upon the shore by their timid owners, who had left them upon our approach. Solitary contrabands at intervals might have been seen waving their hats with perfect delight, with the belief, apparently, that "Massa Bobolition" had come to free them. Not a single white man, however, was to be seen until within twenty miles of Winton, when a party of fifteen horsemen, apparently reconnoitring, was discovered on a hill some distance inland. As our mission was one of peace, we did not disturb them, more especially as we learned at Elizabeth City that five hundred Union men at Winton had raised the Stars and Stripes and desired protection, which we were about taking them. (Of the warm reception the five hundred Union men gave us I'll make mention hereafter.) Toward evening the weather became quite misty, the banks of the river assuming rather a suspicious character, being, in fact, natural embankments, affording excellent protection and concealment, either to infantry or artillery. The river at this point is not over one hundred yards wide, affording hardly room enough

to turn in. When about opposite to the landing-place at Winton, Col. Hawkins, who was upon the lookout at our maintop, sung out that he saw armed men—as near as he could judge, an entire regiment—drawn up in line on the hill, covered by the trees and houses. He descended from his perch in a manner far from leisurely, and had hardly reached the deck before a volley of musket-balls and buckshot greeted us. For the space of fifteen minutes we were the recipients of a perfect shower of balls, no less than two hundred and fifty piercing different parts of our fortunate little craft. I say fortunate, for not a man, wonderful to relate, was injured in any way, although there were some narrow escapes. Mr. Gabaudan, our signal-officer, who was on deck at the time, had the sleeve of his coat nearly torn off by a charge of buckshot, and many of our officers and men escaped as narrowly. The banks of the river being quite high, we were at the time unable to bring our large guns to bear with effect upon them, but after ascending the river, passing through their terrific storm of lead, we at last got into range, and fired with terrible effect our shell amongst them. When we returned and anchored some eight miles below the village, we afterward learned that they had compelled an aged negro woman to show herself upon the banks of the river, evidently for the purpose of decoying us to land, when we would have been, for a certainty, cut to pieces. But, thank God, their mean and cowardly device failed.

The following morning, at nine o'clock, the flotilla got under weigh, our commander being determined to teach them a lesson and administer a warmer reception than they greeted us with the day before. When nearly abreast of the landing, the United States steamer Perry opened the ball by throwing a nine-inch shell into the town, followed by the balance of the flotilla. Signal was at this time made to land troops from the Hunchback and other vessels containing the Hawkins Zouaves, which was successfully accomplished, and they, together with our two boat-howitzers, under the command of Acting Master Hammond, (promoted for his bravery at Roanoke Island,) took possession of the town of Winton, situated some half a mile back from the landing. The village was found to be entirely deserted, even by the five hundred Union men, of whom we saw no trace, unless they were the ones who had given us so warm a reception on the evening previous. No doubt the person who reported these Union men was a rank secessionist and spy. About this time we came to anchor, and Lieut. Commanding Quackenbush and Acting Assistant Paymaster F. R. Curtis went on shore for the purpose of reconnoitring, and while there took possession of a rebel sloop lying at the wharf, from which place they ascended the banks and entered the village, where they found the Zouaves in full possession, with our two howitzers guarding the forks of the road, ready at a moment's warning to cover the soldiers. After setting fire to the town, (with the sole exception of the church,) and witnessing the total destruction of the same, they

returned on board, and the flotilla weighed anchor for Roanoke Island, where we arrived in safety.

Doc. 55.

BATTLE OF FORT CRAIG, N. M.

FOUGHT FEBRUARY 21, 1862.

IN our issue of the twenty-second ult., we mentioned that the Texans had probably commenced a retreat South on the nineteenth, and that it was supposed they would not make battle in the vicinity of Fort Craig. This, however, has proved to be a mistake. Instead of making a general retreat, they only retired down the river six miles to a ford by which they could conveniently cross their forces to the east bank.

The crossing was effected on the nineteenth, and at an early hour of the twentieth they were observed to be marching up the east bank toward the Fort, but sufficiently distant from it to be outside of the range of the largest guns on the intrenchments. The distance which was observed by them apparently threw them among the sand-hills through which the scouts had informed Col. Canby it was impossible for them to pass with their batteries, trains, etc. A closer inspection of the ground brought about the conviction that the scouts were much mistaken, and that the route which had been chosen by the Texans was practicable, and that unless they were intercepted they would gain the water above the Fort, obtain the advantage of position, and at the same time cut off communication from above. On the afternoon of the nineteenth, Col. Canby had ordered the Fifth, Seventh, and Tenth infantry under Capt. Selden and Wingate, and Cols. Carson's and Pino's regiments of volunteers to cross the river and occupy a position on an elevation opposite the Fort, which it was thought the enemy would attempt to obtain from which to shell the Fort. These forces remained on the east side of the river all night.

In the afternoon of the twentieth, the cavalry under Major Duncan, and Capt. McRae's battery were ordered across, and after some unavoidable delays, were brought into position on the Pedregal between the river and the enemy, and the volunteers were then ordered up to assume line of battle. At that time the Texans opened a heavy cannonade upon the battery and cavalry, under which the volunteers were attempted to be placed in order of battle, but which occasioned confusion in Col. Pino's regiment, and rendered it impossible to restore them to order, although Major Donaldson, Col. Pino, and other officers, did all it was in the power of men to do to quiet them. Col. Kit Carson's regiment observed good order during the cannonade. The whole force was so well protected by the elevations which intervened between it and the enemy, that the firing was harmless, no loss of life having been occasioned by it, and but one wounded slightly, by a splinter from a ball which struck a rock and broke.

In consequence of the unmanageable condition

of Col. Pino's regiment, Col. Canby ordered a countermarch to the Fort, and all safely returned before night.

The Texans had now been from water a whole day, and their animals were suffering extremely from thirst. So exhausted had they become, that it was found necessary for some time to double teams in order to draw the wagons up the hills; finally they broke down completely, and toward night the wagons could not be moved. During the night and next morning our scouts captured over two hundred of the animals which broken away from the inefficient guard which had been placed over them, and were wandering in search of water. One wagon-master was taken prisoner during the morning of the twenty-first, who gave the above information in reference to the bad condition of the teams.

The loss of so many horses and mules made it necessary for the enemy to abandon a large number of their wagons in the morning, a large proportion of which was burned by our scouts. Some of the wagons contained provisions, but the wagons themselves, as we understand, were more loss to the Texans than the provisions and teams. Had the sequel been different from what it proved to be in the engagement on the twenty-first, a retreat on the part of the enemy would have been impossible, because of the absence of transportation. Without entering into the minutiae, the above is a general statement of the incidents of the nineteenth and twentieth, and which has its chief interest when taken in connection with what was to follow.

About eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-first, Col. Canby ordered Col. Roberts with his cavalry, Col. Valdez's cavalry, Col. Carson's volunteers, and the Fifth, Seventh, and Tenth infantry, and Capt. McRae's and Lieut. Hall's batteries, to proceed up the west bank of the Rio Grande and prevent the Texans from reaching the water at the only point the river was accessible by the sloping bank. This position was about seven miles north of the Fort, and when Col. Roberts's command reached it, he found the enemy had anticipated his march and had gained the water first. Col. Roberts immediately opened the batteries upon them, at which they retreated with a loss of twenty-five or thirty killed and one cannon. The gun was dismounted by Capt. McRae, and was spiked and rendered useless before it was abandoned. When the enemy retired Col. Roberts's force crossed the river and took position on the east bank, where the fighting was kept up with varied success until Capt. McRae's battery was charged and taken.

After one, Col. Canby came on the field with his guard and staff, followed by Col. Pino's regiment of volunteers, and assumed command in person. Up to this hour the fighting had been done principally with the batteries; Capt. McRae with his battery occupying a position on the extreme left, and Lieut. Hall with two twenty-four pounders toward the right of the line. On the left flank there was a thick wood which skirted to within one hundred and fifty yards of the posi-

tion held by Capt. McRae's battery. In this wood numerous bodies of the enemy had been seen collecting for the space of an hour or an hour and a half, rather outside the range of the guns. The object of this not being known, and it being impossible to discover it from scouts, Col. Canby resolved to dislodge them from the shelter, and ordered the battery to be brought up to the edge of the wood for that purpose. Capt. McRae's battery, thus stationed, was to be supported by two companies of regulars and two companies of volunteers, which were arranged in a horizontal position to the left and behind the battery. Lieut. Hall's guns were to be supported by the cavalry and Col. Carson's regiment.

These arrangements having been completed, it was designed by Col. Canby to make an advance movement toward the enemy. Suddenly an exceedingly brisk rattle of musketry and other small arms was heard toward the right of the field; so loud and unexpected was it, that it attracted the general attention to that quarter, no one being able to comprehend why an occurrence of that character should take place there, and at that time. The object, however, was soon discovered to be a ruse on the part of the Texans to divert attention from the movements they were putting on foot for the batteries. About that time they began the charges, and such charges as they made are without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern warfare. The one against Lieut. Hall's battery was made by cavalry, and was successfully repulsed in the midst of great carnage. But the one upon Capt. McRae's cannot be described with language. The enemy advanced steadily on foot, armed principally with Colt's six-shooters. The iron hail through which they passed cut through their ranks, making in them frightful vacancies, but it had no other effect.

Volley after volley did the faithful and brave McRae discharge upon the advancing column, until it seemed that demons themselves could not withstand the effects of the death-messengers they sent forth. On, on, rolled the enemy in death's face, as it was belched from the cannon's mouth, until they had sent to their last long homes every one that manned the guns except one or two. They gone, the battery fell easily into the hands of the Texans, who had dared all to obtain it. We say that when the gunners were gone the battery fell into the hands of the enemy, because the support which was intended for it entirely failed. The regulars and volunteers to which we have referred, as having been detailed for that duty, could not be made to comply with it. In their flat position they remained until it was no longer safe, and then made a precipitate retreat for the river, into which they plunged, in spite of the urgent remonstrances and orders of Col. Canby and others, like so many scared cattle would have done. Capt. Lord's dragoons, too, failed to charge the enemy when commanded. We are told they were equally obstinate against command or entreaty from Major Donaldson; and no effort to rescue the battery from the peril into which they saw it falling was made.

Bravery and cowardice are seldom placed in such striking contrast as they were during this charge. With their dead companions in arms in heaps around them, and over which they had to climb to serve their pieces, the gallant McRae and his men stood at the post of duty and performed acts of heroism worthy Sparta's best days, until none of them were left to do more, while those who should have come to their rescue ingloriously fled, and many of them fell dead, pierced with balls of the enemy, received in the back.

When the battery was lost, the fate of the day was sealed in favor of the enemy, and our forces retired to Fort Craig in good order, always excepting the companies above referred to.

Col. Canby had in the engagement about one thousand five hundred men, consisting of regulars and volunteers. The force of the enemy under Col. Steele was from one thousand five hundred to two thousand. Our loss was, according to the best information, fifty or sixty killed, and about one hundred and forty wounded. The loss of the enemy is variously estimated at from one hundred to five hundred killed and wounded. The latter is, of course, based entirely upon surmise, and the correct number will not be known to us. We have heard nothing in regard to prisoners taken, except that Capt. Rossel, of the regulars, was taken by the Texans. His horse swamped while crossing the river, and he thus fell into their hands.

Throughout the engagement, Col. Canby acted with the greatest coolness and bravery, and was often seen in positions of the most imminent danger, encouraging the men to the performance of their duties, and giving necessary commands. At no time did he avoid the exposure of his person to the bullets of the enemy, when his presence among them was necessary. In all the trying scenes he proved himself a true soldier, and by his acts showed his devotion to the cause in which he is engaged.

Col. Roberts and Maj. Donaldson, too, have a good report to make for themselves. The deliberation and courage with which they conducted themselves on the field was generally observed and greatly admired.

The efficiency with which Major Duncan and Col. Carson supported Lieut. Hall's battery in the charge which was made upon it, attest the value of the services rendered by them. Lieut. Hall receives high commendation from those who witnessed his management of his battery, as do also those who assisted him.

Capt. McRae having passed from this stage of action, his name having been recorded among those of the world's heroes, and his memory enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, we will not here attempt to add even a spark to the lustre of a fame early won and to be worn throughout time. His lieutenants, Michler and Bell, stood by the brave captain until all was lost beyond redemption.

The former was killed—the latter escaped with a very slight wound.

Lieutenants Anderson and Nicodemus are said

to have acted with great gallantry. The former had his horse shot under him by a cannon-ball, but fortunately escaped without personal injury.

There may be some officers who were engaged in the action, the omission of whose names here would be an act of injustice, and if such should be the case, it arises from the fact that they have not been reported to us, and not from any design on our part.

Santa Fe Gazette.

Doc. 56.

GOV. CLARK'S PROCLAMATION.

NORTH-CAROLINIANS! Our country needs your aid for its protection and defence against an invading foe. The President of the confederate States has made a requisition upon our State to complete her quota of troops in the field. Our own borders are invaded by the enemy in force, now threatening to an advance to deprive us of liberty, property, and all that we hold dear, as a self-governing and free people. We must resist him at all hazards and by every means in our power. He wages a war for our subjugation—a war forced upon us in wrong and prosecuted without right, and in a spirit of vengeful wickedness without a parallel in the history of warfare among civilized nations.

As you value your rights of self-government and all the blessings of freedom—the hallowed endearments of home and fireside, of family and kindred—I call upon you to rally to their defence, and to sustain the noble and sacred cause in which we are engaged. North-Carolina has always proved true, constant and brave, in the hour of trial and of danger. Never let it be said, that in the future she has failed to maintain her high renown. If we are threatened now more than heretofore, and upon our own soil, let our exertions be equal to every demand on our patriotism, honor and glory. No temporary reverses dampened the ardor of your ancestors, even though the enemy marched in columns through the State. The fires of liberty still burned brightly in their breasts.

They were moved to new energy and resisted by gallant deeds, with abiding hope and unflinching courage and perseverance, bravely contending with enemies at home as well as the foreign foe, until, after a struggle of seven long years, our independence was achieved and acknowledged. Let us imitate their glorious example. The enemy is redoubling his efforts and straining every nerve to overrun our country and subjugate us to his domination—his avarice and ambition. Already it is proposed in their Congress to establish a territorial government in a portion of our State. Now is the time to prove our zeal and animate by example. I call upon the brave and patriotic men of our State to volunteer, from the mountains to the sea.

You are wanted both to fill up our quota in the confederate army and for the special defence of the State. I rely, with entire confidence, for a prompt and cheerful response to this call upon your patriotism and valor. Tender yourselves in

companies and squads, under officers of your own selection. You will be at once accepted and organized into regiments under the laws that are or may be made, and which it is my duty to execute. The Adjutant-General will issue the necessary orders for this purpose.

Fellow-citizens! Your first allegiance is due to North-Carolina. Rally to her banners. Let every man do his duty and our country will be safe.

Given under my hand and seal of the State, at Raleigh, this twenty-second day of February, 1862. [SEAL] HENRY T. CLARK.

Doc. 57.

INSCRIPTIONS UPON FLAGS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS No. 19.

It is ordered that there shall be inscribed upon the colors or guidons of all regiments and batteries in the service of the United States, the names of the battles in which they have borne a meritorious part. The names will also be placed on the Army Register at the head of the list of the officers of each regiment.

It is expected that troops so distinguished will regard their colors as representing the honor of their corps—to be lost only with their lives; and that those not yet entitled to such a distinction will not rest satisfied until they have won it by their discipline and courage.

The General Commanding the army will, under the instructions of this Department, take the necessary steps to carry out this order.

By command of Major-Gen. McCLELLAN.

L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

Doc. 58.

INAUGURATION OF JEFF. DAVIS.

AT RICHMOND, VA. FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

PROGRAMME.

I. Col. Charles Dimmock to be Chief-Marshal, assisted by four aids.

II. The Senate and House of Representatives will meet in their respective halls at half-past eleven o'clock A.M., and then, with their respective officers, repair to the hall of the House of Delegates of Virginia, which has been kindly tendered by the House of Delegates.

III. The President and Vice-President-elect will be conducted to the hall by the Joint Committee of Arrangements at a quarter to twelve o'clock, and be received by the assembly standing.

IV. The President of the Senate will occupy the seat on the right of the President-elect; the Vice-President-elect that on the left of the President, and the Speaker of the House that on the left of the Vice-President.

V. Invitations are extended to the following persons and bodies, to wit: Members of the Cabinet, who will be seated on the right and left of the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House; the Governor of Virginia and his staff, the Governors of any other of the confederate States who may be in Richmond, and Ex-Gov. Lowe, of Maryland; the Senate and House of Delegates of Virginia, with their respective officers; the Judges of the Supreme Court of Virginia, and of the Supreme Court of any other of the confederate States who may be in Richmond; the Judge of the confederate District Court at Richmond, and any other Judge of a confederate Court who may be in Richmond; the members of the late Provisional Congress, the officers of the Army and Navy of the confederate States who may be in Richmond; the Mayor and corporate authorities of the city of Richmond; the reverend clergy and Masonic and other benevolent societies, and the members of the Press.

VI. At half-past twelve o'clock the procession will move from the hall by the eastern door of the capitol to the statue of Washington, on the public square, by such route as the Chief-Marshal may direct, in the following order, to wit:

1. The Chief-Marshal.
2. The Band.
3. Six members of the Committee of Arrangements, including their respective Chairmen.
4. The President-elect, attended by the President of the Senate.
5. The Vice-President-elect, attended by the Speaker of the House of Representatives.
6. The members of the Cabinet.
7. The officiating clergyman and the Judge of the confederate Court at Richmond.
8. The Senate of the confederate States, with its officers, in column of fours.
9. The House of Representatives, with its officers, in column of fours.
10. The Governors of Virginia and other States, and staff.
11. The members of the Senate and House of Delegates of Virginia and their officers.
12. The Judges of the Supreme Court of Virginia and other States, who may be in the city of Richmond.
13. The officers of the army and navy.
14. The reverend clergy.
15. The Mayor and corporate authorities of the city of Richmond.
16. The Masons and other benevolent societies.
17. Members of the press.
18. Citizens generally.

Seats will be provided by the Chief-Marshal for the Governors of States, the Judges, and, as far as practicable, for the other guests.

The invited guests are requested to present themselves at the door of the Hall in the order above indicated.

At the statue of Washington the President-elect, the Vice-President-elect, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Repre-

sentatives, the officiating clergyman, confederate Judge, Governors of States, Judges of the Supreme Courts of States, the Chief-Marshal and his aids, and six of the Committee of Arrangements, will take position on the platform. Prayer will then be offered by the Right Rev. Bishop Johns.

The Inaugural Address will then be delivered, [given below,] after which the oath will be administered to the President by the confederate Judge, in Richmond, the Hon. J. D. Halyburton, and the result will be announced by the President of the Senate.

The oath will then be administered to the Vice-President by the President of the Senate, who will also announce the result.

The several legislative bodies will then return to their respective halls, and the President and Vice-President will then be escorted to their respective homes by the Committee of Arrangements.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: On this the birthday of the man most identified with the establishment of American Independence, and beneath the monument erected to commemorate his heroic virtues and those of his compatriots, we have assembled to usher into existence the permanent government of the confederate States. Through this instrumentality, under the favor of Divine Providence, we hope to perpetuate the principles of our Revolutionary fathers. The day, the memory and the purpose seem fitly associated.

It is with mingled feelings of humility and pride that I appear to take, in the presence of the people and before high heaven, the oath prescribed as a qualification for the exalted station to which the unanimous voice of the people has called me. Deeply sensible of all that is implied by this manifestation of the people's confidence, I am yet more profoundly impressed by the vast responsibility of the office, and humbly feel my own unworthiness.

In return for their kindness I can only offer assurances of the gratitude with which it is received, and can but pledge a zealous devotion of every faculty to the service of these who have chosen me as their Chief Magistrate.

When a long course of class legislation, directed not to the general welfare, but to the aggrandizement of the Northern section of the Union, culminated in a warfare on the domestic institutions of the Southern States—when the dogmas of a sectional party, substituted for the provisions of the constitutional compact, threatened to destroy the sovereign rights of the States, six of those States, withdrawing from the Union, confederated together to exercise the right and perform the duty of instituting a government which would better secure the liberties for the preservation of which that Union was established.

Whatever of hope some may have entertained that a returning sense of justice would remove the danger with which our rights were threatened, and render it possible to preserve the Union

of the Constitution, must have been dispelled by the malignity and barbarity of the Northern States in the prosecution of the existing war. The confidence of the most hopeful among us must have been destroyed by the disregard they have recently exhibited for all the time-honored bulwarks of civil and religious liberty. Bastiles filled with prisoners, arrested without civil process or indictment duly found; the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended by Executive mandate; a State Legislature controlled by the imprisonment of members whose avowed principles suggested to the Federal Executive that there might be another added to the list of seceded States; elections held under threats of a military power; civil officers, peaceful citizens and gentle women incarcerated for opinion's sake, proclaimed the incapacity of our late associates to administer a government as free, liberal and humane as that established for our common use.

For proof of the sincerity of our purpose to maintain our ancient institutions, we may point to the constitution of the Confederacy and the laws enacted under it, as well as to the fact that through all the necessities of an unequal struggle there has been no act on our part to impair personal liberty or the freedom of speech, of thought or of the press. The courts have been open, the judicial functions fully executed, and every right of the peaceful citizen maintained as securely as if a war of invasion had not disturbed the land.

The people of the States now confederated became convinced that the Government of the United States had fallen into the hands of a sectional majority, who would pervert that most sacred of all trusts to the destruction of the rights which it was pledged to protect. They believed that to remain longer in the Union would subject them to a continuance of a disparaging discrimination, submission to which would be inconsistent with their welfare, and intolerable to a proud people. They therefore determined to sever its bonds and establish a new confederacy for themselves.

The experiment instituted by our Revolutionary fathers, of a voluntary union of sovereign States for purposes specified in a solemn compact, had been perverted by those who, feeling power and forgetting right, were determined to respect no law but their own will. The Government had ceased to answer the ends for which it was ordained and established. To save ourselves from a revolution which, in its silent but rapid progress, was about to place us under the despotism of numbers, and to preserve in spirit, as well as in form, a system of government we believed to be peculiarly fitted to our condition, and full of promise for mankind, we determined to make a new association, composed of States homogeneous in interest, in policy and in feeling.

True to our traditions of peace and our love of justice, we sent commissioners to the United States to propose a fair and amicable settlement of all questions of public debt or property which might be in dispute. But the Government at Washington, denying our right to self-govern-

ment, refused even to listen to any proposals for a peaceful separation. Nothing was then left to us but to prepare for war.

The first year in our history has been the most eventful in the annals of this continent. A new government has been established, and its machinery put in operation over an area exceeding seven hundred thousand square miles. The great principles upon which we have been willing to hazard everything that is dear to man have made conquests for us which could never have been achieved by the sword. Our Confederacy has grown from six to thirteen States; and Maryland, already united to us by hallowed memories and material interests, will, I believe, when able to speak with unstified voice, connect her destiny with the South. Our people have rallied with unexampled unanimity to the support of the great principles of constitutional government, with firm resolve to perpetuate by arms the rights which they could not peacefully secure. A million of men, it is estimated, are now standing in hostile array, and waging war along a frontier of thousands of miles. Battles have been fought, sieges have been conducted, and although the contest is not ended, and the tide for the moment is against us, the final result in our favor is not doubtful.

The period is near at hand when our foes must sink under the immense load of debt which they have incurred, a debt which in their effort to subjugate us has already attained such fearful dimensions as will subject them to burthens which must continue to oppress them for generations to come.

We, too, have had our trials and difficulties. That we are to escape them in future is not to be hoped. It was to be expected when we entered upon this war that it would expose our people to sacrifices and cost them much, both of money and blood. But we knew the value of the object for which we struggled, and understood the nature of the war in which we were engaged. Nothing could be so bad as failure, and any sacrifice would be cheap as the price of success in such a contest.

But the picture has its lights as well as its shadows. This great strife has awakened in the people the highest emotions and qualities of the human soul. It is cultivating feelings of patriotism, virtue and courage. Instances of self sacrifice and of generous devotion to the noble cause for which we are contending, are rife throughout the land. Never has a people evinced a more determined spirit than that now animating men, women and children, in every part of our country. Upon the first call, the men fly to arms; and wives and mothers send their husbands and sons to battle, without a murmur of regret.

It was, perhaps, in the ordination of Providence, that we were to be taught the value of our liberties by the price which we pay for them.

The recollections of this great contest, with all its common traditions of glory, of sacrifice and of blood, will be the bond of harmony and endur-

ing affection amongst the people; producing unity in policy, fraternity in sentiment, and joint effort in war.

Nor have the material sacrifices of the past year been made without some corresponding benefits. If the acquiescence of foreign nations in a pretended blockade has deprived us of our commerce with them, it is fast making us a self-supporting and an independent people. The blockade, if effectual and permanent, could only serve to divert our industry from the production of articles for export, and employ it in supplying commodities for domestic use.

It is a satisfaction that we have maintained the war by our unaided exertions. We have neither asked nor received assistance from any quarter. Yet the interest involved is not wholly our own. The world at large is concerned in opening our markets to its commerce. When the independence of the confederate States is recognised by the nations of the earth, and we are free to follow our interests and inclinations by cultivating foreign trade, the Southern States will offer to manufacturing nations the most favorable markets which ever invited their commerce. Cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, provisions, timber and naval stores, will furnish attractive exchanges. Nor would the constancy of these supplies be likely to be disturbed by war. Our confederate strength will be too great to tempt aggression; and never was there a people whose interests and principles committed them so fully to a peaceful policy as those of the confederate States. By the character of their productions they are too deeply interested in foreign commerce waronly to disturb it. War of conquest they cannot wage, because the constitution of their confederacy admits of no coerced association. Civil war there cannot be between States held together by their volition only. The rule of voluntary association, which cannot fail to be conservative, by securing just and impartial government at home, does not diminish the security of the obligations by which the confederate States may be bound to foreign nations. In proof of this it is to be remembered that, at the first moment of asserting their right of secession, these States proposed a settlement on the basis of a common liability for the obligations of the General Government.

Fellow-citizens, after the struggles of ages had consecrated the right of the Englishman to constitutional representative government, our colonial ancestors were forced to vindicate that birth-right by an appeal to arms. Success crowned their efforts, and they provided for their posterity a peaceful remedy against future aggression.

The tyranny of an unbridled majority, the most odious and least responsible form of despotism, has denied us both the right and remedy. Therefore we are in arms to renew such sacrifices as our fathers made to the holy cause of constitutional liberty. At the darkest hour of our struggle the provisional gives place to the permanent government. After a series of successes and victories, which covered our arms with glory, we have recently met with serious disasters. But in

the heart of a people resolved to be free, these disasters tend but to stimulate to increased resistance.

To show ourselves worthy of the inheritance bequeathed to us by the patriots of the Revolution, we must emulate that heroic devotion which made reverse to them but the crucible in which their patriotism was refined.

With confidence in the wisdom and virtue of those who will share with me the responsibility, and aid me in the conduct of public affairs; securely relying on the patriotism and courage of the people, of which the present war has furnished so many examples, I deeply feel the weight of the responsibilities I now, with unaffected diffidence, am about to assume; and, fully realizing the inequality of human power to guide and to sustain, my hope is reverently fixed on Him whose favor is ever vouchsafed to the cause which is just. With humble gratitude and adoration, acknowledging the Providence which has so visibly protected the Confederacy during its brief but eventful career, to Thee, O God! I trustingly commit myself, and prayerfully invoke thy blessing on my country and its cause.

Doc. 59.

MESSAGE OF GOV. HARRIS.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, MEMPHIS, February 20, 1862.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: Under your joint resolution, adopted the tenth of February, inst., providing "That the Governor and heads of Executive Departments may at any time during the present war, by proclamation of the Governor, temporarily change the seat of government, remove the papers and records in the Executive Departments, and the Governor, by proclamation, shall convene the Legislature, when he deems it necessary, at the place determined upon as the temporary seat of government," and the report of a Legislative Committee from the House, which called upon me upon the sixteenth inst., to inform me that the Legislature was ready to meet at such a time and place as I might designate, I deemed it my duty to remove the records of the government to and convene the Legislature at this city, for the following reasons: The disaster to our arms at Fishing Creek had turned the right flank of our army, and left the country from Cumberland Gap to Nashville exposed to the advance of the Union army.

The fall of Fort Henry had given the enemy the free navigation of the Tennessee River, through which channel he had reached the southern boundary of Tennessee, and the fall of Fort Donelson left the Cumberland River open to his gunboats and transports, enabling him to penetrate the heart of the State, and reach its capital at any time within a few hours, when he should see proper to move upon it.

Immediately upon hearing of the fall of Fort Donelson, I called upon Gen. Johnston and rendered to him all the resources of the State which could be made available, with my full coöperation

in any and all measures of defence for our State and capital. Gen. Johnston informed me that, under the circumstances which surrounded him, with the small force then under his command, he regarded it as his duty to the army he commanded and the government he represented, to fall back with his army south of Nashville, making no defence of the city, and that he would do so immediately upon the arrival of the army from Bowling Green. The necessity for this retrograde movement, I am certain, was deeply regretted by Gen. Johnston. None could have deplored it more seriously than myself.

You have for months past witnessed the constant and earnest efforts which I have made to raise troops, collect arms, and prepare them for the defence of our long line of frontier, but it is evident that the country has not been sufficiently aroused to a full sense of the dangers with which it was menaced. While it is true that Tennessee has sent large numbers of her sons to the field who are performing their duty nobly, and her people have shown a high degree of energy in developing all the resources of the State, which could aid the government in this struggle, it is equally true that there is scarcely a locality within our limits which could not have done, and which cannot now do, more. Many weeks before this crisis in our affairs, Gen. Johnston sent a highly accomplished and able engineer, Major Gilmer, to Nashville, to construct fortifications for the defence of the city. Laborers were needed for their construction. I joined Major Gilmer in an earnest appeal to the people to send in their laborers for the purpose, offering full and fair compensation. This appeal was so feebly responded to that I advised Gen. Johnston to impress the necessary labor; but owing to the difficulty in obtaining the laborers, the works were not completed—indeed, some of them but little more than commenced—when Fort Donelson fell.

Under the act of May sixth, 1861, I raised, organized, and equipped a large volunteer force, but under the Military League and the act of the General Assembly, it was made my duty to transfer that army, with all of our munitions, to the government of the confederate States, which I did on the thirty-first day of July, 1861.

Since that time I have had no authority to raise or means of subsisting a State army, being only authorized to raise, organize, and put into the field such troops as were demanded of the State by the government of the confederate States, that government having control of the defences of the State, as well as our munitions and means of defence.

Since the passage of the act of May, 1861, I have organized and put into the field for the confederate service, fifty-nine regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, eleven cavalry battalions, and over twenty independent companies, mostly artillery. The confederate government has armed about fifteen thousand of these troops, but to arm the remainder of this large force, I have had to draw heavily upon the sporting-guns of our citizens.

Having bent every energy to fill the requisitions made upon me by the confederate States for troops, when Fort Donelson fell there was not a single organized and armed company in the State, subject to my command, the only force under my control being an undisciplined, unarmed militia, which, under our inefficient and sadly defective militia system, I have had no power to discipline, drill and prepare for service in the field. Under these circumstances, when the confederate army fell back from the capital, leaving it exposed to the assault of a large army of the enemy, it would have been worse than folly in me to have attempted its defence.

There was no alternative left but for the officers of the government to remove the public records to a place of greater security, or allow themselves and those records to fall into the hands of the Union army, resulting in the subversion of the State government and the establishment of a military despotism or a provisional government, under Federal authority, over the people of the State. I could not doubt or hesitate as to my duty under such circumstances.

Having assembled here, at a time when a part of our territory is overrun, and other portions seriously threatened by the invader, the one great duty which devolves upon us is the immediate adoption of such measures as will concentrate every possible energy and all the resources of the State in a determined effort to drive back the invader, redeem every inch of our soil, and maintain the independence of our State.

By a majority approximating unanimity, we have voted ourselves a free and independent people. Shall we falter now in maintaining that declaration at any cost or at any sacrifice? The alternative presented to us is the maintenance of our independence, however long or bloody the struggle, or subjugation, dishonor, or political slavery. I trust there are very few Tennesseans "who can long debate which of the two to choose."

The apprehensions which I expressed, and the dangers of which I warned you, in my special message of the first instant, have been fully realized by the country, and the necessity for prompt, energetic, and decided action is even more imperative now than at that time.

I now respectfully repeat to you the recommendation of that message, and earnestly urge that you so amend our militia system as will not only enable the Executive to fill promptly all requisitions made by the confederate government upon Tennessee for her just proportion of troops, but also give full power to discipline and prepare for efficient service in the field the whole military strength of the State, classifying the militia so that the burdens of our defence will fall upon the young and vigorous, who are best able to bear them. I also recommend that you authorize the organization of a part of the militia into cavalry and artillery corps, as well as infantry, and in all instances where it is deemed proper to call out the militia, authorize the reception of volunteers in lieu of the militia, so far as they may present

themselves; and for the present defence of the State, I recommend the passage of a bill authorizing the raising, arming, and equipping of a provisional army of volunteers, appropriating ample means for this purpose.

Believing that at least one fourth of the present militia strength of the State can be armed by collecting all the sporting-guns in the country, I have ordered that proportion to be placed in camp immediately. Appropriations to equip, pay, subsist, and clothe this force while engaged in the public defence will be necessary.

While there is much to regret in the past, there is much to hope in the future. Our fathers in the first revolution experienced more serious reverses and many darker hours than any we have known, yet they did not falter until their independence was achieved. Tennessee holds her fate in her own hands; a fixed and unalterable resolve, a bold, firm and united effort to maintain our independence at any and all hazards, gives us the means of repelling the invader at once. The confederate government is sending her legions to our aid, our sister States of the South are rallying their gallant sons to the rescue.

Let Tennessee remember that the invader is on her soil; that the independence and freedom of her people from tyranny and oppression are involved in this struggle, and, putting forth her whole strength, act as becomes the high character which the gallantry of her sons has won for her on other fields.

Respectfully,
ISHAM G. HARRIS.

Doc. 60.

CAPTURE OF FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

GEN. HALLECK'S DESPATCH.

Major-Gen. McClellan:

GEN. CURTIS has taken possession of Fayetteville, Arkansas, capturing a number of prisoners, stores, baggage, etc.

The enemy burnt part of the town before leaving. They have crossed Boston Mountains in great confusion. We are now in possession of all their strongholds.

Forty-two officers and men of the Fifth Missouri cavalry were poisoned at Mud Town by eating poisoned food which the rebels left behind them. The gallant Capt. Dolfert died, and Lieut.-Col. Van Deutzh and Capt. Schman have suffered much, but are now recovering. The indignation of our soldiers is very great, but they have been restrained from retaliation upon the prisoners of war.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 61.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI,
St. Louis, February 23, 1862.

THE Major-General commanding this Department desires to impress upon all officers the importance of preserving good order and discipline

among their troops. As the armies of the West advance into Tennessee and the Southern States, let us show to our fellow-citizens of these States that we come merely to crush out the rebellion, and restore to them the peace and benefits of the Constitution and the Union, of which they have been deprived by selfish and unprincipled leaders.

They have been told that we came to oppress and plunder. By our acts we will undeceive. We will prove to them that we come to restore, not to violate the Constitution and the laws. In restoring to them the glorious flag of the Union, we will assure them that they shall enjoy under its folds the same protection of life and property as in former days. Soldiers, let no excess on your part tarnish the glory of our arms. The orders heretofore issued from this department, in regard to pillaging, marauding, and the destruction of private property and stealing, and the concealment of slaves, must be strictly enforced.

It does not belong to the military to decide upon the relation of master and slave. Such questions must be settled by the civil courts. No fugitive slaves will, therefore, be admitted within our lines or camps, except when specially ordered by the General commanding. Women and children, merchants, farmers, mechanics, and all persons not in arms, are regarded as non-combatants, and are not to be molested either in their person or property. If, however, they assist and aid the enemy, they become belligerents, and will be treated as such. As they violate the laws of war, they will be made to suffer the penalties of such violation.

Military stores and public property of the enemy must be surrendered, and an attempt to conceal such property by fraudulent transfer or otherwise, will be punished, but no private property will be touched unless by order of the General commanding. Wherever it becomes necessary, forced contributions for supplies and subsistence for our troops will be made. Such levies will be made as light as possible, and be so distributed as to produce no distress among the people. All property so taken must be receipted for fully, and accounted for as heretofore directed.

These orders will be read at the head of every regiment, and all officers are commanded to strictly enforce them.

By command of Major-Gen. HALLECK.

N. H. McLEAN, A. G.

Doc. 62.

EXPEDITION TO BEAR BLUFF, S. C.

LIEUT. COM. RHIND'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER CRUSADER, }
NORTH-EDISTO, March 3, 1862. }

SIR: On the twenty-third instant I received information that the enemy were building a battery at Bear Bluff, opposite White Point. On the night of the twenty-fourth, accompanied by Lieut. Prentiss, I went up in our dingey, with three men, and landed without being discovered by the guard. Lieut. Prentiss and I went up and found the battery in an unfinished state, and looking about us

discovered the magazine, found two of the picket-guard asleep in it, got one musket out from beside them without awakening them, returned to the boat and brought up two of the men to secure them. In doing so, I regret to say one of them was shot through the head, and instantly killed—the pistol in my hand going off accidentally in the struggle. We carried both to the boat, and escaped without discovery.

The picket-guard at the battery that night consisted of fifteen infantry and two mounted men, in command of a lieutenant, so the surviving prisoner states. We buried the other properly the next day near the camp of the Forty-seventh regiment. His name is Jos. A. Wilson, company C, Moore's battalion, stationed at Church Flats. The other, now on board this vessel, is William M. Evins, from Raebun County, Ga., of the same company. According to his account there are two regiments at Church Flats, sending pickets out regularly to Rockville, Bear Bluff, and other points on the east side of the river, their men ill-fed, not paid or clothed, and badly treated.

Wilson was from Pickens District, S. C. The musket we have taken from them is of the Enfield pattern, has the Tower mark, date 1861. Both cartridge-boxes contained Ely's London stamped cartridges. . . .

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
A. C. RHIND,
Lieutenant Commanding.
Flag-Officer DU PONT,
Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Doc. 63.

OCCUPATION OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF LIEUT. BRYANT.

NASHVILLE, February 25, 1862.

Flag-Officer A. H. Foote, Commanding Flotilla Western Waters:

SIR: Uncertain that my letter of the twenty-third instant reached you, I repeat that I departed from Clarksville for this point by the request of Brig.-Gen. Smith, commanding at Clarksville, and arrived here this morning, preceded by seven steamboats conveying an army commanded by Brig.-Gen. Nelson.

The troops landed without opposition. The banks of the river are free from hostile forces. The railroad and suspension bridges here are all destroyed.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
A. C. BRYANT,
Lieutenant Commanding.

GENERAL BUELL'S ORDER.

The following is the order of Gen. Buell to his soldiers when that officer entered Nashville:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 13.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
NASHVILLE, TENN., February 26, 1862. }

The General Commanding congratulates his troops that it has been their privilege to restore the national banner to the capital of Tennessee.

He believes that thousands of hearts in every part of the State will swell with joy to see that honored flag reinstated in a position from which it was removed in the excitement and folly of an evil hour; that the voice of her own people will soon proclaim its welcome, and that their manhood and patriotism will protect and perpetuate it.

The General does not deem it necessary, though the occasion is a fit one, to remind his troops of the rule of conduct they have hitherto observed and are still to pursue. We are in arms not for the purpose of invading the rights of our fellow-countrymen anywhere, but to maintain the integrity of the Union and protect the Constitution under which its people have been prosperous and happy. We cannot therefore look with indifference on any conduct which is designed to give aid and comfort to those who are endeavoring to defeat those objects; but the action to be taken in such cases rests with certain authorized persons, and is not to be assumed by individual officers and soldiers. Peaceable citizens are not to be molested in their personal property. All wrongs to either are to be promptly corrected, and the offenders brought to punishment. To this end all persons are desired to make complaint to the immediate commander of officers or soldiers so offending, and if justice be not done promptly, then to the next commander, and so on until the wrong is redressed. If the necessities of the public service should require the use of private property to public purposes, fair compensation is to be allowed. No such appropriation of private property is to be made, except by the authority of the highest commander present; and any other officer or soldier who shall presume to exercise such privilege shall be brought to trial. Soldiers are forbidden to enter the residences or grounds of citizens on any plea without authority.

No arrests are to be made without the authority of the Commanding General, except in case of actual offence against the authority of the Government; and in all such cases the fact and circumstances will immediately be reported in writing to headquarters through the intermediate commanders.

The General reminds his officers that the most frequent depredations are those which are committed by the worthless characters who straggle from the ranks on the plea of being unable to march; and where the inability really exists, it will be found in most instances that the soldier has overloaded himself with useless and unauthorized articles. The orders already published on this subject must be enforced.

The condition and behavior of a corps are sure indications of the efficiency and fitness of its officers. If any regiment shall be found to disregard that propriety of conduct, which belongs to soldiers as well as citizens, they must not expect to occupy the posts of honor, but may rest assured that they will be placed in position, where they cannot bring shame on their comrades and the cause they are engaged in. The Government supplies

with liberality all the wants of the soldier. The occasional deprivations in hardships, incident to rapid marching, must be borne with patience and fortitude. Any officer who neglects to provide properly for his troops, and separates himself from them to seek his own comfort, will be held to a rigid accountability.

By command of Gen. BUELL.
JAMES B. FRY, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.
Official, J. M. WRIGHT, A. A. G.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Thursday, February 27, 1862.

Tuesday, the gunboat Conestoga was ordered to proceed from Cairo to this place, for the purpose of conveying orders to such of the gunboat fleet, as might be up the Cumberland River. The substance of the order was, I suppose, that all the boats which could be spared, should, together with the mortar-boats, report immediately at Cairo, with a view to operations down the Mississippi River.

The Conestoga, by the way, is one of the three wooden boats, and apart from her active participation in several fights, including the gallant struggles at Forts Henry and Donelson, has been engaged in active operations ever since last June. There is not a resident on the banks of any of the rivers within two hundred miles of Cairo, to whom the appearance of the Conestoga is not as familiar as the trim of his own whiskers, or the features of his helpmate. One day she might be seen moored near some house far up the Cumberland, while her suave commander, Capt. Phelps, explained to some wondering native the object and scope of the present rebellion; the next day she would probably pitch a shell into the works at Fort Henry, or carefully cruise along the shore, in search of, or exchanging broadsides with, some masked battery; twenty-four hours after she would be cruising around Columbus, or possibly conveying transports, laden with troops, on some of the thousand and one expeditions that characterized for so long a period the operations at Cairo, during the summer and fall of 1861.

The swiftest boat on the river, she has always been used for an express as well as gunboat, and thus, in one capacity or the other, has had scarcely an hour's leisure since she was first set afloat. There is not a house between Cairo and Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, but what claims a friendly interest in the Conestoga. She never passes any of them without hats, sun-bonnets, pocket-handkerchiefs, hurrahs, and "How are you's?" being brought into requisition to show their recognition and joyfulness. Until this last trip, the Conestoga has been lucky beyond all precedent. During all her fights she has never lost a man, and was never struck but once, and then by a charge of grape, which did no further damage than to literally perforate her smoke-stack, and slightly wound a setter belonging to some of the crew.

At Lucas Bend, last September, she silenced a battery of twelve pieces that suddenly opened upon her from the shore; at Henry and Donel-

son the iron shower fell all around her; time and again has she been opened upon by batteries which the rebels had stationed on the river-bank for her special benefit; scores of times have rebel riflemen poured a heavy fire upon her as she steamed by some well-timbered bluff; but in no case has she met with a single loss, or had a splinter raised by hostile bullets, save with the single exception above referred to. Even that was not serious, as the dog was long since convalescent, and can now "set" a bird, or wag a tail with any dog in Christendom.

If the Conestoga be not peculiarly entitled to the term lucky, there is no luck extant. The following are the names of the officers: Captain, S. L. Phelps; First Master, John F. Duke; Second Master, Chas. P. Noble; Third Master, Benjamin Sebastian; Fourth Master, H. Cutter; Master's Mate, James Kearney; Surgeon, W. H. Wilson; Purser, Alfred Phelps; Pilots, A. M. Jordan, Wm. M. Attenborough; Gunner, Henry Hamilton; First Engineer, Thos. Cook; Second Engineer, Alexander Magee; Third Engineer, Michael Norton; Fourth Engineer, James O'Neil. I may add, that the officers, without exception, are gentlemen in the complete sense of the word, and possess, in addition to this qualification, a thorough knowledge of their duties. The efficacy of Capt. Phelps is so well known, that special reference to it would be superfluous. Suffice it that an abler or more gallant officer never trod a plank.

Fort Donelson, as we passed it, seemed more formidable than ever; its peculiar characteristics are such that, like a master-piece in painting, or an extended view of some grand mountain scenery, it cannot be appreciated at one view, but becomes huger and more formidable in proportion as one examines it. Why such a position was ever surrendered to less than one hundred thousand, and before it had been besieged six months, is a mystery of the most impenetrable character. With ten thousand Yankees behind the works, and an ample supply of food and munitions, all the rebels this side of Hades cannot take the Fort within the next decade. There was one pleasing difference between the Fort as we saw it this time, and on the Thursday which preceded its capture; the Stars and Stripes were floating gaily from the loftiest bastion of the works; companies in blue were manœuvring about the grounds; brass bands enlivened the air with everything but "Dixie;" clean white tents, and fine-looking soldiers covered the surroundings of Dover, and, in short, everything appeared as though determination, enterprise and go-ahead-activeness had got possession of the place.

All the way up to Clarksville we found evidences of loyalty among the scattered residences along the banks of the river. Beyond this, however, there seemed to be a decided change. The people were just as plenty, and expressed just as much curiosity to see us, but instead of waving hats and handkerchiefs, they stared at us in sullen silence. They seemed benumbed, stupified at the change, as though they hardly yet appreciated the fact that it was the Stars and Stripes,

instead of the stars and bars, that hung from our flagstaff.

Even the negroes, usually so demonstrative, stood like ebony statues of astonishment and stupidity, and gave their supposed deliverers never a cheer. One old fellow did indeed get up a little enthusiasm—he was, however, a long distance from any house, and only ventured to shake his battered hat from behind the protection of an oat-stack.

The only other case, in which a sign of welcome was vouchsafed, was that of a pretty Miss, of some seventeen or thereabouts, who leaned over the balcony of an aristocratic house below Nashville, and shook a delicate white *mouchoir* and her pretty curls at us as long as we remained in sight. Whether she did it from patriotism, for fun, or because her romantic nature was impressed with the quantities of gold-lace that so plentifully bedecked our gallant officers, is more than I can tell. Probably it was simply one of those impulses, to which “gushing” girlhood is liable, and hence cannot logically be construed as an evidence of public sentiment in that neighborhood.

It is more than probable that in a week or so, there will be a marked difference. They have so long been lied to, and deceived by the political, religious and editorial scoundrels of the South, that they dread our coming as they would the advent of a pestilence. The following is a specimen of the pabulum upon which the masses of the South are fed. It is taken from the *Nashville Banner of Peace*, published by the Reverend (Lying) W. E. Ward:

“We have felt too secure, we have been too blind to the consequences of Federal success. If they succeed, we shall see plunder, insult to old and young, male and female, murder of innocents, release of slaves, and causing them to drive and insult their masters and mistresses in the most most menial services, the land laid waste, houses burned, banks and private coffers robbed, cotton and every valuable taken away before our eyes, and a brutal, drunken soldiery turned loose upon us. Who wants to see this? If you do not believe, you will see it; look at Missouri.”

As soon as our troops have occupied the country for a few weeks, and by their action given the lie to such assertions as the above, the latent Union sentiment, in this portion of the State, will develop itself to an extent that will overwhelm the traitors beyond redemption. Another week will witness a change of the greatest magnitude.

The river-banks, and the country adjoining, from Donelson up to Nashville, are of a most charming character. The bluffs, on either side, are broken, now towering up three hundred feet, a square, solid wall of rock, again isolated conical peaks, whose tops are green with cedars; here and there sweeping back from the river, in an irregular semi-circle, leaving a rich bottom, in which nestles a comfortable farm-house, surrounded with orchards and springing fields of winter grain. The air was warm and delicious; birds chirped and twittered among the boughs,

which already are half concealed by the bursting buds and green young leaves of spring. Tennessee may, judging from the glimpses caught from the river, be well termed the “Garden State,” for never were there scenes better calculated to give pleasure to the lovers of the beautiful or the utilitarian, than those which spread away on either side of the Cumberland.

Six miles below Nashville we reached Fort Zollicoffer. It is located on the west bank of the river, some sixty feet above the water, and is mounted with eight guns—thirty-twos and sixty-fours. Although the guns are mounted, the Fort is unfinished, being nothing more as yet than a series of breastworks—one for each gun. Two additional guns have been thrown down the bank and lie close to the water's edge—one or two others are supposed to have been thrown in the river, while the balance are indifferently well spiked. The rebels who constructed the Fort evidently knew but little of the existence of the gunboats, or else they would have placed the pieces in quite a different position. The guns stand very nearly on a line parallel with the river, thus exposing them to our enfilading fire from the gunboats. The gallant Commodore Foote, with his fleet, would have swept the whole battery out of existence in half an hour; but they were evidently intended to operate against transports carrying troops, in which case they would have answered admirably.

Soon after passing Fort Zollicoffer the magnificent state house, situated upon the highest hill of Nashville, came into view, with the glorious old flag waving proudly from a staff upon the roof. A little further, and the lofty piers of the ruined bridges become visible—a few minutes later, and the Conestoga was fast at the wharf at the foot of one of the main streets of Nashville.

The telegraph has long ere this made your readers familiar with the main outlines of the occupancy of Nashville, but at the risk of repetition I will give a summary of the events.

Up to Sunday morning, the sixteenth inst., the day upon which Fort Donelson surrendered, the impression was prevalent in Nashville that the “Yankees” were being “cleaned out” in the usual wholesale slaughter, buncombe style, customary in the cases of the gallant sons of chivalry. Saturday a despatch was published as follows:

“ENEMY RETREATING!—GLORIOUS RESULT!!—OUR BOYS FOLLOWING AND PEPPERING THEIR REAR!!—A COMPLETE VICTORY.”

Gen. Pillow also sent up a despatch:

“ON THE HONOR OF A SOLDIER THE DAY IS OURS!!”

Pillow, however, failed in his prognostication. His “honor,” apparently, is not worth speaking of. The only “despatch” that he can pride himself on is the despatch with which he, in company with the valiant Floyd, got himself out of Dover, danger, and the range of Yankee bullets.

The despatch of the other sanguine individual is also liable to objection, both on account of its lack of truthfulness and its inelegant allusions. Instead of pickling the Nationals, the rebels

became the recipients of the condiment above named, both in front and "rear," which, in addition, being thoroughly punched in by the bayonets of the veteran Smith's division, they were glad to get out of their pickle by a surrender.

Cave Johnson was also seized with the prevailing hopefulness and the despatch-mania, and from the safe distance of Clarksville, cheered the rejoicing spirits of Nashville as follows:

"The fighting on yesterday was mainly between two gunboats and the Fort. Boats greatly damaged and retired. Three out of seven in this river are believed to be disabled. Firing kept up all day on our lines without loss on our side. We hear firing again this morning. They have had large reinforcements. Their whole force supposed to be near one hundred thousand. Our officers feel confident of success, and our troops equally so, and cannot be conquered. A Virginia regiment, McCaustin, took one of their batteries night before last without any loss on our side. Reports of the capture of Russellville and Elkton not believed. Their whole loss, it is thought, exceeds one thousand.

"CAVE JOHNSON."

Of course the virtuous and Christianly traitors of Nashville were highly delighted Sunday morning, to receive these encouraging assurances of the thrifty progress of rebellion. They were mingling this glad intelligence with their devotions—indulging in cheerful anticipations of the future of Dixie, while they gave vent to Old Hundred and other *Te Deums*, when suddenly the delicious union of religion and rebellion was strangled as mercilessly as one throttles a litter of blind puppies, by the advent of the gallant Floyd, who commanded the vanguard of the retreat from Donelson.

Old Hundred was dropped instant—devotion was silenced—and if the name of Him they had met to worship was again mentioned in the course of that memorable Sunday, it was generally with the addition of an emphatic "d—n."

Harris instantly convened his Legislature, but, finding no parliamentary remedy against the approach of Yankees with rifles and armored gunboats, they adjourned without calling for the nays, and took a special train for Memphis.

Before night, Johnston, with his retreating hordes from Bowling Green, entered the city and struck straight south for Dixie. This added to the general panic, and when a rumor became current that the dreaded gunboats had taken Clarksville and were advancing up the river, the excitement grew to be tremendous.

To save the trouble of writing, I take the remainder of the account from an extra of the *Republican Banner*, issued this morning:

"Such hurrying to and fro was never seen. Before nightfall hundreds of citizens with their families were making their way, as best they could, for the South, many of them having no idea why they were thus recklessly abandoning comfortable homes or where they were going. About night it was announced that the military

authorities would throw open the public stores to all who would take them.

"The excitement continued through Sunday night, constantly gaining strength, aided by the destruction of two gunboats at the wharf, which were in process of construction, two fine New-Orleans packets, the James Woods and James Johnson, having been taken for that purpose. The retreating army of Gen. Johnston continued its march, encamping by regiments at convenient points outside of the city.

"Monday morning the drama opened in the city intensely exciting. The public stores were distributed to some extent among the people, while the army and hospitals were making heavy requisitions, and pressing all vehicles and men that they could, to convey their supplies to their camps. At the same time considerable quantities were removed to the dépôts for transportation South. Evening came and no gunboats and no Federal army from Kentucky. Gen. Johnston left for the South, placing Gen. Floyd in command, assisted by Generals Pillow and Hardee. The apprehensions of the near approach of the enemy having been found groundless, it was determined by Gen. Floyd that the destruction of the stores was premature, and an order was sent to close the warehouses, and a force detailed to collect what had been given out. This was done as far as practicable; but on Tuesday the distribution commenced again, and continued with more or less restrictions, under the eye of the most judicious citizens, until Saturday morning. Tuesday night the wire bridge and railroad bridge across the Cumberland were destroyed in spite of the most earnest and persistent remonstrances of our leading citizens. The wire bridge cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and a large portion of the stock was owned by the lamented Gen. Zollicoffer, and was the chief reliance for the support of his orphaned daughters. The railroad bridge cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was one of the finest draw-bridges in the country.

"The scenes which were enacted during the following days up to Monday morning, the twenty-fourth, beggar description. The untiring energy of the Mayor and city authorities, who throughout this whole affair acted with a prudence, zeal and devotion to the city which cannot be too highly commended, was inadequate to keep down the selfish and unprincipled spirit of mammon, which run riot, grasping from the mouths and backs of suffering widows and orphans the poor pittance of meat and clothing which was left them as indemnity for months of toil with their needles, and the sacrifice of husbands, sons and brothers in defence of the Southern Confederacy. Through the efforts of the Mayor, however, a plan was adopted on Saturday by which most, if not all of these poor and unprotected creditors of the government were fully secured by quartermaster and commissary stores.

"Here was an entire week of panic and confusion, during which millions of dollars' worth of

property was lost to the Southern Confederacy, and wantonly destroyed, all of which might have been quietly and safely removed, had the panic-stricken leaders been able to maintain their equanimity in the face of a vague and unauthentic rumor that the enemy were near at hand. Comment upon such management is unnecessary in these columns—it can be heard loud and unsparing from every mouth in the land.”

Sunday morning a small advance of Gen. Buell's column arrived and took possession of Edgefield, a small town opposite Nashville. Nothing was done until Monday evening, when Gen. Buell arrived at Edgefield, and was immediately visited by a committee from Nashville, headed by Mayor Cheatham. The hour for a formal interview was fixed at eleven A.M. Tuesday, before which time Gen. Nelson arrived with his column on transports, accompanied by the gunboat St. Louis.

At the appointed hour the Mayor and some ten citizens waited on Gen. Buell and surrendered the city, receiving assurances that the liberty and property of all citizens would be sacredly respected.

The interview passed off pleasantly, and resulted in the issuing of the following proclamation by the Mayor:

PROCLAMATION.

The committee, representing the city authorities and the people, have discharged their duty by calling on Gen. Buell, at his headquarters in Edgefield, on yesterday. The interview was perfectly satisfactory to the committee, and there is every assurance of safety and protection to the people, both in their persons and in their property. I, therefore, respectfully request that business be resumed, and all our citizens, of every trade and profession, pursue their regular vocations.

The county elections will take place on the regular day, and all civil business be conducted as heretofore; and the Commanding General assures me that I can rely upon his aid in enforcing our police regulations. One branch of business is interdicted—the sale or giving away of intoxicating liquors. I shall not hesitate to invoke the aid of Gen. Buell in case the recent laws upon this subject are violated.

I most earnestly call upon the people of the surrounding country, who are inside of the Federal lines, to resume their commerce with the city, and bring in their market supplies, especially wood, butter, and eggs, assuring them that they will be fully protected and amply remunerated.

R. B. CHEATHAM,

February 26, 1862.

Mayor.

Of course, Floyd, Pillow and Co., long ere the National troops had possession, were long miles away from the vicinity of Nashville. No prisoners, save one, were captured, and no stores of any amount, as the latter were all taken possession of by the mob. There were a large number of guns in the city, but they were either spiked, thrown in the river, or placed on the bridges before they were fired. The two gunboats, allud-

ed to in the *Banner* extra, were also partially burned, and sunk close by the railroad bridge, but fortunately not in a position to interfere with navigation. Several fine steamers were captured, the rebels leaving in such a hurry that they had not time to burn them. Among them were the *Pink Varrble*, Gen. Anderson, G. W. Hillman, J. H. Baldwin, Charter, B. M. Runnion, W. V. Baird, and two others. About half of them are side-wheelers and first-class boats. The *Baldwin* was captured yesterday. She had been somewhere up the river, and not knowing the important changes which had occurred in Nashville during her absence, came unsuspectingly into the national net, and was taken.

I have spent a good deal of time to-day in conversing with the citizens, and found but little Union sentiment. Men asserted that they were not citizens of the United States—didn't want any protection from the Government, and in several cases even refused to sell any goods to the soldiers or officers. One man said he was a Union man, but never had dared say so for fear of being hung; another said the only two nights' sleep he had had in weeks were since the arrival of the National army. Another individual assured me, with a very haughty air, that there were no Union men in Nashville except among mechanics and laborers; no gentlemen, he said, were anything but secessionists, or rebels, if I liked the term any better.

The fact is, that the masses have been so lied to and misled about the purposes of the Government, that they listen with incredulity to the assertion that we do not come for the purpose of stealing their “niggers,” and other property. As soon as their minds are disabused of these and kindred lies, they will be prepared to return to their first love—the Union. They admit that our troops behave in a manner as entirely unexceptionable as it is unexpected. Hence it may be inferred that this belief will ripen, ere long, into a substantial loyalty.

At present an air of gloom hangs heavily over the whole city. The stores are closed almost without exception, and the inhabitants gather in sullen knots to talk over the new order of things. One thing they all agree upon; and that is, that the destruction of the suspension and railroad bridges was a most cowardly and wanton outrage upon the city. This wholesale destruction, when compared with the manner in which the National troops disabled, without destroying, the bridges on the Tennessee, invites a comparison between the two forces that must result favorably to the latter.

Gen. Grant and staff came up here to-day from Clarksville, and spent several hours in looking around the city. Among others whom they called upon was Mrs. Polk, the widow of James K. Polk, formerly President of the *whole* United States. The residence of the relict of the late President is a handsome brick mansion, on a fine street, and shows by her surroundings that she is a woman of taste. A large yard lies between the street and the house, which is filled with

clumps of the trim and elegant cedar, stately magnolias, all green as in summer, while here and there daffodils and other plants have pushed forth their leaves and flowers with all the richness and beauty of a Northern midsummer. In one corner, surrounded by emblematic evergreens, is a tasteful, costly tomb, beneath which sleeps the once powerful chief of a then united nation.

Mrs. Polk is a well-preserved lady of perhaps fifty years of age. She received her visitors courteously, but with a polished coldness that indicated sufficiently in which direction her sympathies ran—she was simply polite and ladylike; in no case patriotic. While she discreetly forebore to give utterance to any expression of sympathy for the South, she as rigidly avoided saying anything that might be construed into a wish for the success of the Government. She hoped, she said, that the tomb of her husband would protect her household from insult and her property from pillage; further than this she expected nothing from the United States, and desired nothing.

Soon after this her visitors left, satisfied that Ephraim was joined to his idols, and might as well be "let alone." As the widow is of more than ordinary intelligence, and owes the ample fortune which smooths the declivity of her old age to the Government, it is somewhat strange that she should be at once so blindly ignorant of the true character of the present war, and so ungrateful.

The ladies of Nashville—that is, the few of them who have not struck for the warmer and less Yankee-haunted portions of Dixie—are, of course, as full of treason as they are, in occasional cases, of loveliness. I have seen only two cases of women who are loyal, and both of these are among what might be called the "lower walks" of social life. One of these was a bare-armed, bare-headed female that issued from a shanty on the bluffs as we passed along the front of the city, and commenced waving her hands wildly up and down, at the same time *tetering* violently on her toes, like some devotee before the altar of an Aztec idol. She continued this demonstrative but original welcome, till a couple of other females issued from the same shanty and forcibly carried her in-doors. It may be suspected that her loyal recognition sprang rather from whisky than patriotism—a suspicion that my own mind is not altogether free from, as I have carefully reflected upon this singular and almost isolated case of Union feeling.

The other case was also that of an Irish lady, and seemed more the result of genuine loyalty than of stimulants. As Gen. Grant and staff were riding through the city, a woman rushed out from a house, and throwing up her hands in the style adopted by cruel parents when they say, "Bless you, my children," in fifteen-cent novels, exclaimed: "God bless ye, gintlemen! Success go wid ye! Arrah, git in there, ye thafe, and don't be boderin' the life out o' me!" The last remark, I may say, was accompanied by a

resounding slap, and was addressed to a dirty-faced gossoon that thrust his unkempt head beyond the doorway—and not, as may be surmised, to the Illinoisian hero. The youth set up one of those vigorous howls so peculiar to offended juvenility, and amid a chorus of slaps, blessings, and the roars of the suffering infant, the General turned a corner and disappeared.

A little further, and the party passed slowly by a costly carriage, out of one of whose windows was thrust the head of an elegantly-dressed lady. She was giving some directions to the liveried darkey that held the reins; but looking up as the party passed, she caught sight of the Federal uniforms. With a "baugh!" as if she had swallowed a toad, she spat toward the ground, and with a contemptuous and expressive grimace of disgust upon her features, drew in her head, and threw herself back in her carriage. Quite possibly such movements are the very height of Southern breeding—further North, in the land of Yankees and wooden clocks, a woman who would perpetrate an act of the kind, under similar circumstances, would be regarded—well, to use a convenient everyday expression, as "no better than she should be"—a somebody closely akin to, if not the identical scarlet feminine spoken of in Revelation.

Occasionally I met other specimens of Nashville ladies, who, in many cases, supposing me to be a soldier, from the possession of a blue overcoat, described upon meeting a wide semicircle of avoidance, swinging, as they did so, their rotund skirts with a contemptuous flirt far out, as if the very touch of a blue coat would be contamination. And then the angle at which the noses of the naughty darlings went up, and the extent to which their lips and eyes went down, were not the least interesting portion of these little by-plays, and assisted materially in showing the exquisite breeding of these amiable demoiselles.

A more cynical observer than myself would, perhaps, assert that all this flirting of dresses was mainly gotten up for the better display of pretty ankles, and that those to whom nature had not been kind in this respect, were among those who omitted from their performance, to give their rustling silks the outward sweep. Possibly this view may be true, but I will not be uncharitable enough to endorse it.

It is not probable that our soldiers will allow these evidences of disdain to affect them to any great extent. At present, there are but few ladies in town: hundreds have fled in horror from the approach of the ruthless Hessians of the North; others, unable to leave, have put triple bars before their doors and windows, and hide at once their fears and beauty behind these protections. In view of these facts, those who now wander through the streets are not formidable as to number, and they will, doubtless, soon become, to some extent, civilized.

The rebels had stores here in unlimited quantities, none of which they were able to take away. All, after several days of riot, which, in terror,

almost exceeded the three days in Paris, in 1848, were divided among, or rather seized by, the mob. There were, in addition to the food, several hundred barrels of whisky, the heads of which were knocked in, and the contents allowed to mingle with the waters of the Cumberland.

About one hundred of our prisoners, who were captured by the rebels at Donelson, were found at this place upon the arrival of our troops—all of them were either sick or wounded. That they were glad to once more find themselves among friends, will not be doubted.

It is not known precisely to what point the enemy is retiring, but it is generally believed that they are concentrating at Chattanooga, in this State. I doubt very much their making any more stands of any magnitude at any point where they can be reached by gunboats. "We can whip you even-handed," said a Fort Donelson prisoner to me, "on land, but d—n your gunboats!"

The water is very high in the Cumberland River; higher, in fact, than it has been in many years. This has favored the gunboats, and to their prestige we owe much in gaining Nashville so easily. Said a citizen an hour since: "I think the Old *Monster* has sent this high water on us; if it hadn't been for that, the gunboats couldn't have come up, and you wouldn't have got Nashville without a big fight!" Doubtless this is pretty much so. The ground around Nashville is broken and covered with timber, and could have been defended for weeks by a determined moderate-sized army.

No movements of great importance need be anticipated at this place within a short time. Gen. Smith's division has reached here from Clarksville, and has taken quarters in the suburbs of the city. Several skirmishes have taken place between our pickets and guerrilla parties of the enemy, but it is believed that no considerable force of the enemy is within fifty miles of Nashville.

GALWAY.

A REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE.

A gentleman who left Nashville shortly after the battle at Fort Donelson communicates to the *Mobile Tribune* an interesting account of the evacuation and surrender of the city, a portion of which we append:

"The fight at Fort Donelson, on the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of February, was of intense concern to us, and each day's work down there wound up with the statement that the fight would be renewed to-morrow. The fears that the fall of Fort Henry were calculated to inspire had been well-nigh dispelled by the way Fort Donelson was holding out. It was better located, and stronger in men and guns. Pillow, Floyd, and Buckner were there. Pillow had said, 'Let come what might, he never would surrender the place,' and Nashville felt that we could not afford to lose that battle. Saturday's work was glorious. Our citizens shouted over it. Many were saying: 'I never liked Pillow, but forgive him now—he is the man for the occasion.' A sober,

modest citizen, an Old Line Whig and Ex-Governor, was heard to say, Saturday afternoon, on being asked how the fight went on: 'First-rate; Pillow is giving them h—ll, and rubbing it in.'

"The despatches closed on Saturday as they had for three successive days before—'The ene are expecting large reinforcements,' but we slept soundly, and expected to have great news on the morrow. About nine o'clock Sunday morning I rode out into the country seven or eight miles, and leaving the turnpike, dined with a friend in one of the quiet and luxurious farmer-homes of Middle Tennessee. Returning leisurely, I struck the pike about four P.M., and as everybody I had met in the morning had asked me the latest news from the city, I asked the first man I met, 'Any news?'—prepared to hear only of victory.

"'News! What's the last you've heard?'

"'Last night's despatches.'

"'None since? The latest out, and plenty of it. Fort Donelson has fallen, and Nashville is surrendered! They say the white flag is waving now on the capitol, and the gunboats will be up before sundown.'

"I thought he was hoaxing me, but quickened my pace. The next morning confirmed it all and more. I saw there was literally a cloud of witnesses, pouring along the turnpike leading to Franklin. Convalescent soldiers, quitting the hospitals, were waddling along with their scanty baggage. Travellers, in groups and squads, had left the hotels, carrying carpet-bags and satchels, and saddle-bags in hand. The family of the owner of the omnibus line were rolling out in those vehicles. Double and one-horse carriages were full of living freight. On reaching the toll-gate, on the top of the hill overlooking Nashville, I strained my eyes to see the white flag on the capitol. The tall flag-staff was naked. There was no flag of any sort on it.

"Passing down Broad street by the Nashville and Decatur road, the first man I saw was Gov. Harris, about to leave on a special train, with the Legislature and archives of the State. The town was in commotion. Over the wire bridge that spans the Cumberland, Gen. Johnston's army were passing, taking the direction of the Murfreesboro turnpike. The train of wagons and soldiers reached out of sight, and did not get over that night. The sight of a withdrawing or retreating army is very disheartening.

"My residence is in Edgefield, a little village separated from Nashville by the Cumberland River. For several days Gen. Johnston's headquarters had been established on that side of the river, and near me. The lady with whom he and his staff took their meals is my neighbor and friend, and tells me that the General opened the news to her at table, in these words:

"'Madam, I take you to be a person of firmness, and trust your neighbors are. Don't be alarmed. Last night, my last despatch, up to twelve o'clock, was favorable, and I lay down expecting a great victory to-day; but this morning, at four o'clock, I was waked by a courier, with the news that our forces at Fort Donelson were

surrounded, and must surrender. They are not made of steel. Our soldiers have fought as bravely as ever soldiers did; but they cannot hold out day after day, against fresh forces and such odds. I cannot make men. Stay at home. Tell all your friends from me to stay at home. I cannot make a fight before Nashville, and, for the good of the city, shall retire. I know Gen. Buell well. He is a gentleman, and will not suffer any violence to peaceable citizens, or disturb private property.

"It might have been well if the General had issued a proclamation. He and staff crossed the bridge that night at eleven o'clock. Gen. Breckinridge followed, and your correspondent followed soon after.

"The question has often been asked: 'Why didn't the people of Nashville make a stand? What! give up their city without striking a blow?'

"The people were astonished and indignant at the way they were handed over to the enemy's mercy and occupation. But what could they do? When generals, and armed and drilled soldiers, give up and retire, what can unarmed and undisciplined citizens do before a foe advancing by land and water?

"'Throw brickbats at them,' said one. Indeed! that would be well enough, if the enemy would deal in the same missiles.

"The bones of Gen. Jackson, the defender of New-Orleans, must have turned in his grave, at the Hermitage, a few miles away, at such a surrender.

"A few months before, on urgent call, every man who had a rifle or double-barrel gun, had brought it forward and given it up for army service. Not fifty serviceable guns could our citizens have mustered. No, not even pikes, though they had just enrolled themselves and resolved to have them made, and if Gen. Johnston made a stand before the city, they were resolved to stand with him. Such of them as were not willing to be surrendered to the uncovenanted mercies of Lincolnism, with the prospect of having the oath tendered them or the bastile, followed the retiring army.

"After taking my family as far as Decatur, I returned to Nashville on Wednesday. The stores were closed and bolted; the streets deserted, save by a guard here and there, and a press-gang taking up every man they could find, and sending him to load government pork into barges, upon which it was being taken up the river, and put out of the enemy's way. Had a stand been made before the city, or even a feint of a stand, no doubt all the government stores could have been removed safely. As it is, vast amounts have been thrown away, wasted, given out, both from the quartermaster's and commissary's departments. At one time the doors were thrown open to whomsoever would, under the impression that they had better let the poor have these provisions than the enemy, who was expected instantly. A friend said he saw quantities of meat lying on the roadside, where persons, having

overloaded their carts, had thrown it out. Barrels of flour, sacks of coffee, tierces of lard and meat, were rolled into private houses and back-yards, with hundreds of boxes of candles, belts of cloth, etc. Afterwards this order was countermanded, as the enemy was not *exactly* at the door, and a guard placed over the stores, and an effort made to get them off by railroad and boat. Private carriages, hacks and carts, were stopped in the street and pressed into service, and some of my friends had to get their baggage to the station in wheel-barrows. Advantage was taken of the confusion and dismay of the hour for private injustice and irresponsible oppression. The selfishness developed in such a crisis is humiliating.

"The opinion prevails there that Nashville will be burnt, first or last—if not when we leave it, then when we drive the enemy out of it. For Tennesseans are resolved that the enemy shall not rest on their soil. Gen. Floyd and staff left Thursday morning, and it was understood that Capt. John H. Morgan, with his company, would retire slowly, as the enemy in force entered. The Louisiana cavalry, Col. Scott, were near Franklin, on their way to the vicinity of Nashville, where they will act as scouts and hold the enemy closely in bounds.

"As far out as Brentwood, Franklin and Columbia, some people are leaving their homes and sending off their slaves. Others, deeply-committed Southerners, stand and risk the consequences. They look for inconveniences and heavy losses, staying or going.

"In reply to the question often asked, whether any Union element has been developed by these events: There was always some of this element in Nashville, but in very inconsiderable proportion to the population. Let Unionists show their hands and heads now; it is hoped they will. We have friends enough left to watch them; and when the tide of war rolls back, the country will finally be purged of them, for they will have to leave with the Lincoln army.

"The great mass of Tennesseans, especially Middle and West, are sound to the core, and thoroughly aroused for the first time. They chafe under the humiliation and disgrace of the surrender of their capital. Those that can will move their families out of the reach of immediate harm, and return to face the foe on a hundred fields. The great battles of the war are to be fought in the West. This is but the beginning. The people realize now what is at stake, and they will measure out wealth and blood without stint."

Doc. 64.

THE REBEL RETREAT FROM SPRINGFIELD, MO.

GENERAL PRICE'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS M. S. G., CAMP ON COVE CREEK, }
ARKANSAS, February 25, 1862. }

To His Excellency C. F. Jackson, Governor of Missouri:

SIR: I have the honor to lay before you an ac-

count of the circumstances surrounding my command within the last two weeks, compelling me to evacuate Springfield and retreat beyond the State line into the territory of Arkansas, the intelligence of which has no doubt reached you.

About the latter part of December, I left my camp on Sac River, St. Clair County, fell back, and took up my quarters at Springfield, for the purpose of being within reach of supplies, protecting that portion of our State from both Home Guard depredations and Federal invasion, as well as to secure a most valuable point for military movements. At Springfield I received from Grand Glaze considerable supplies of clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and having built huts, our soldiers were as comfortable as circumstances would permit. I am pleased to say few complaints were either made or heard. Missouri having been admitted as an equal member of the confederate States, and having my command much augmented by recruits, I was enabled to raise and equip about four thousand men for the confederate service. A brigade of these, consisting of two regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and two light batteries of artillery, have been tendered to the confederate government.

About the latter part of January my scouts reported that the enemy were concentrating in force at Rolla, and shortly thereafter they occupied Lebanon. Believing that this movement could be for no other purpose than to attack me, and knowing that my command was inadequate for such successful resistance as the interests of my army and the cause demanded, I appealed to the commanders of the confederate troops in Arkansas, to come to my assistance. This, from correspondence, I was led confidently to expect, and relying upon it, I held my position to the last moment, and, as the sequel proved, almost too long, for on Wednesday, February twelfth, my pickets were driven in, and reported the enemy advancing upon me in force. No resource was now left me except retreat, without hazarding all with greatly unequal numbers upon the result of one engagement. This I deemed it unwise to do. I commenced retreating at once. I reached Cassville with loss unworthy of mention in any respect. Here the enemy in my rear commenced a series of attacks running through four days. Retreating and fighting all the way to the Cross Hollows in this State, I am rejoiced to say my command, under the most exhausting fatigue, all that time, with but little rest for either man or horse, and no sleep, sustained themselves, and came through, repulsing the enemy upon every occasion with great determination and gallantry. My loss does not exceed four to six killed, and some fifteen to eighteen wounded. That of the enemy we know to be ten times as great.

Col. Henry Little, commanding the First brigade, with Cols. B. A. Rives and J. Q. Burbridge, of the infantry, and Col. E. Gates, of the cavalry, covered this retreat from beyond Cassville, and acted as the rear-guard. The Colonel commanding deserves the highest praise for unceasing

watchfulness, and the good management of his entire command. I heartily commend him to your attention. All these officers merit, and should receive, the thanks of both government and people. To all the officers and men of my army I am under obligations. No men or officers were ever more ready and prompt to meet and repel an enemy. Governor, we are confident of the future.

STERLING PRICE,
Major-General Commanding M. S. G.

Doc. 65.

THE RESOLUTIONS OF SENATOR SEMMES.

THE following are the preamble and resolutions in full of Senator Semmes, of Kentucky, introduced into the confederate Congress, on Wednesday, February twenty-sixth:

Whereas, the war in which we are now engaged with the Government and people of the late United States was not provoked nor inaugurated by the government or people of the confederate States, and is now prosecuted and maintained by them only in vindication of the highest and most sacred rights of a people resolved to be free and independent;

And, whereas, the right of self-government, and the right to change, alter, or abolish their form of government by the people of these States, and ordain and establish another, by their authority, better calculated to promote their happiness and secure their liberties, are rights inherited and inalienable, and by them never surrendered, and which they, in most solemn manner, do now pledge themselves never to surrender; and, whereas, the war now waged against them is the work of Northern fanaticism, and was conceived and is now prosecuted for the subjugation of the people of these States, and the overthrow of their social and domestic institutions, and finally for their enslavement and degradation before the civilized world; be it, therefore,

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the Congress of the confederate States, that the people of these States will, to the last extremity, maintain and defend their right to self-government, and the government ordained and established by them; and to this end, by the representatives, do hereby most solemnly pledge the last man and the last dollar within the limits of this Confederacy for the prosecution of this war, until their independence as a nation is recognised and acknowledged. *f*

Resolved, That a brave and manly people can neither be appalled by danger nor intimidated by defeat, and that the people of these States will submit to any sacrifice, and endure any trial, however severe, when there are necessary means of escape from subjugation and enslavement, and firmly relying, as they do, upon the justice of their cause, and humbly trusting in the providence of God, they will maintain their position before the world and high heaven, while they have a voice to raise or an arm to defend.

Doc. 66.

THE REBEL PLAN TO BURN COTTON.

A LARGE meeting was held at the African church, Richmond, Thursday evening, February twenty-sixth, to take into consideration and discuss the question of burning the present crops of tobacco and cotton, should the enemy reach the interior. The *Examiner* of Friday gives the following account:

At seven o'clock the doors of that building were thrown open, and the crowd, among whom were many ladies, began immediately to pour in. By half-past seven o'clock the house was filled by one of the largest, wealthiest, and most intellectual meetings ever assembled in this city.

At five minutes past seven o'clock Dr. Marshall, of Mississippi, entered the house, and was greeted by a round of applause, in compliment, we presume, to his spirited speech delivered at the City Hall on Wednesday night. It was a subject of remark with gentlemen who had been frequenters of the African church in old political times gone by, that few of the faces of the vast assemblage were familiar.

Gen. T. J. Green, of North-Carolina, called the meeting to order, and Hon. C. K. Marshall arose and said: This is one of the most important meetings I ever attended. We have it in our power to do what will have a serious influence not only within the city of Richmond, but may ameliorate the condition of the race of mankind at large. The resolutions I am about to read have received the sober and serious consideration of the committee appointed to draft and introduce them. I respectfully submit them:

Whereas, the Government of the United States have made an unprovoked, flagrant, and wicked war on the government and people of the confederate States, and have conducted that war on principles hitherto unknown among civilized nations; and, whereas, we feel that our only safety against so ruthless and unrelenting a foe is to be found in the courage, patriotism, and self-sacrificing spirit of our people; and, whereas, no sacrifice, however enormous, is too great if it only brings us freedom from our oppressors; and, whereas, the tyrants and despots of the North have openly proclaimed their purpose to desolate our homes and appropriate our property to their own use, and have, in various instances, carried the infamous threat into practical execution by plundering our people of cotton, tobacco, rice, and other property; and, whereas, fire, when applied by heroic hands, is more formidable than the sword; therefore, it is, by this meeting,

Resolved, That as a means of national safety, dictated alike by military necessity and true patriotism, we deem it the imperative duty of this government to adopt measures for the purchase of the entire crops of cotton and tobacco now on hand, with the purpose of at once preventing the appropriation of them by the invaders of our soil and country, and making a fair and equitable compensation for the same to their owners, by such arrangements as shall enable the govern-

ment to meet the debt incurred thereby without involving the public treasury in any serious liability on account of the said purchase. Certificate of government liability to be given for the entire property.

Resolved, That, as the owners of these great staples, the government would hold in its hands the power of removing so great temptation from the path of the Federal army, now making its raids into our country and robbing our citizens under the avowed pledges of supplying, by force, the markets of the world with these valuable articles of demand, which must necessarily be done, if those pledges are redeemed, by the total bankruptcy of our planting interests on the one hand and the utter subjugation and enslavement of the people of the South on the other.

Resolved, That possessed of these products, it would become the solemn duty of the government to take immediate action through commissioners appointed for that purpose, or otherwise to take an account of such portions of said crops as are at exposed places, first furnishing the owners thereof with certificates of the amount and value of their crops as evidences of debt by the government therefor, and consign the property to the devouring flames.

Resolved, That in case the owners of said staples decline to accept the terms offered by the government, a tax of — cents per pound should be assessed and collected from such crops, and if finally lost or sacrificed, as a measure of public safety thereafter, such owners should not be allowed any compensation for the same.

Resolved, That where other articles of produce or stock are exposed to the raids of the enemy, they should be removed, if practicable, and if not practicable, an inventory of them should be taken, with an estimate of their value, by military authority, or a government agent, or in the absence of either, by competent citizens, and certified to by them, and said property forthwith destroyed, and the parties thus deprived of their property should be indemnified by the government.

The resolutions were called for jointly, and the Chairman announced that any one could now address the meeting who should be called for.

Hon. Mr. Marshall was called, and arose and said: The resolutions we have presented to you, are the resolutions of the Committee appointed last night. We live in a world where it is really for the question: "To be or not to be?" We are in the midst of a bloody war. We have to contend against great odds. We have been driven by the blockade to many strange expedients. Men have seized pikes and lances, for want of proper arms, to defend their wives and daughters and mothers. (Applause.) Hitherto the authorities who have had our destiny in charge, seem not to have been awake to the exigency of the times. We have razed the Merrimac, and clad her in a jacket of iron. Why have we not many such vessels? If the confederate government had at first bought the whole cotton crop, we might now have thirty such vessels. The Northern invaders crowd around us to desolate our homes, and put us on

an equality with our slaves. They crowd upon us in countless numbers; but no Southern heart worthy of the name feels downcast. (Applause.) A man is fit for no position in life until he has met reverses. After the great successes of Manassas, we began to believe the hand of Providence was visibly on our side, and that we had nothing to do; but our late reverses have taught us we must brace our nerves to the contest, and no manly bosom quails. We come to the cotton question. The last crop is now actually rotting unbaled. We have been taught to believe that England and France were dependent on this staple, and that they would come and get it. Why do they not come? I have begun to doubt whether there are such countries as France and England. The enemy found cotton at Ship Island; some, it is true, they found in flames, but not enough of it. At Florence, they went up and took an inconsiderable quantity. No one seemed to think of setting fire to it. At Nashville they will perhaps get fifty thousand bales, and the owners, to save their property, will have to swear allegiance to that miserable tyrant, Abe Lincoln. And presently they will descend the Mississippi, with, perhaps, fifty gunboats, and compel the negroes to load them with cotton, and send it to Europe, and say, We have opened a cotton port—there is the evidence. I want us to do something manly—something grand. I want the confederate government to buy all the cotton, and, if need be, destroy it. If one of those pillars which support this temple were cotton, and the other tobacco, and England, France, Russia and the United States of America, and ourselves, depended on them for existence, and it were necessary, I would, Samson-like, drag them down, and let one universal ruin overwhelm civilisation. Suppose, as these resolutions propose, the government buys the cotton and tobacco crops, it is not to be expected that it will soon be able to pay for them. Hardships will be the consequence. Great numbers must suffer. A tax will have to be imposed. (Mrs. Gen. Gaines entered the house.) No one is more welcome to such an assembly as this than Mrs. Gen. Gaines. (Great applause.) I will suppose that half of the cotton and tobacco crop has been burned. My cotton has been burned, and I have received seven cents a pound from the government, while my neighbor's, whose crop has not been burned, has been enhanced double in value. His small crop of cotton would be a fortune, yet who among us would hesitate to apply the torch to it, sooner than it should fall into the hands of the enemy? But suppose the government were to buy the whole crop, and determine to burn it—as I want them to do—that the world may see that this little republic, as they may choose to consider us, can strike a blow that will send consternation through the world, while they are talking about conquering the republic, and hanging the President. I want the government to come forward and say, Here is the money for four million bales of cotton, and give it to her commissioners, and say, burn it. I want the

government to go in search of the cotton, instead of leaving it to be captured by her iron-clad steamers. The government have two million bales as a financial measure. There are some gentlemen present, who raise as much as four thousand bales of cotton, and who say they will themselves burn it, indemnity or not, rather than the Yankees shall get possession of it. A lady of my acquaintance has said, she will not only burn her crop, but her house itself, and take to the forest, rather than see the enemy possess it. (Applause.) We shall ruin our own interest by letting this crop lie here, and put another crop upon it. Cotton, instead of being ten cents, will not command more than three cents. Suppose the blockade were opened now, we could not get it to market by August. The boats which used to transport our cotton are engaged in making war upon us, and some of them have got well peppered at Fort Donelson. They are to-day planting cotton in Texas, and next week they will begin to plant further North. I needn't enlarge on this to planters. It is evident to them, there will be two crops on the market before next January. Some will say, we will force England to go to India for cotton. I will say to her, Go! England has spent three hundred and fifty million pounds, and gotten Louisiana planters to go to those distant countries, and has been obliged to give it up as a forlorn hope. But suppose England finds other cotton-fields, I'd like to know if we can't find other spinners for our crops, and be forever independent of her. To the west of us are two little countries, China and Japan. In China they desire to put all their lands in tea, but they fear to discontinue the raising of cotton. If they could get cotton elsewhere, they would put all the land in tea. Well, then, the best spinners and weavers in China can be hired for nine cents a day, and we can get them to spin and weave our cotton long before England can find other cotton-fields. China and Japan are not so distant from us, as we were from England when Whitney put the first cotton-gin in operation in Savannah. I hope Congress will take up and pass these resolutions. I have great hope from this meeting. So much have these resolutions to recommend them to the people of the Southern Confederacy, that were I addressing them to-night, I believe I could get an overwhelming vote for government buying the entire crops of cotton and tobacco, and consigning them to the flames. (Applause.)

Gov. Moore, of Kentucky, being called on, then addressed the meeting in a speech advocating the resolutions, which elicited much applause, and which we regret our space will not permit us to publish.

On motion of Edmund Ruffin, Esq., the resolutions were then put to the meeting, and unanimously adopted.

After the adoption of the resolutions, the Hon. H. S. Foote was called to the stand, and in a strong address approved the resolutions. At a late hour the meeting adjourned.

Doc. 67.

MARTIAL LAW AT NORFOLK, VA.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES
OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The Congress of the Confederate States has by law vested in the President the power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus in cities in danger of attack by the enemy: Now, *therefore*, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do hereby proclaim that martial law is extended over the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the surrounding country, to the distance of ten miles from said cities, and all civil jurisdiction, and the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, are hereby declared to be suspended within the limits aforesaid. This proclamation will remain in force until otherwise ordered.

In faith whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, at the city of Richmond, on this twenty-seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Doc. 68.

THE STEAMER NASHVILLE.

HOW SHE RAN THE BLOCKADE.

PETERSBURGH, March 1, 1862.

THE confederate States steamer Nashville reached Beaufort, N. C., yesterday morning, at seven A.M., from Southampton, having successfully eluded the blockading steamers at the entrance of the harbor, one of which, the Albatross, it is supposed, fired some twenty or thirty shots at her without effect. She brings about three millions dollars' worth of stores, chiefly for the use of the Treasury and Post-Office Departments. From an officer of the Nashville we gather the following account of the trip:

Leaving Southampton at four P.M., on the third of February, within full sight of the Tuscarora, which had but just returned from a six days' cruise outside of the harbor, and was then engaged in coaling-up, the Nashville steered for Bermuda, and, after successfully weathering a terrific gale of six days' duration, which disabled one of her engines, reached her destination at two P.M., on the twentieth, without having caught so much as a glimpse even of the eight vessels of war which had been expressly detailed by the Lincoln Government to effect her capture, and whose vigilance had been stimulated by the offer of two hundred thousand dollars as prize money for the "rebel" steamer.

Supplying herself with coal, the Nashville departed from Bermuda at eleven A.M., on the twenty-fourth ult., under the pilotage of the master of a Southern schooner which had run the blockade a few days before with a cargo of turpentine and rosin, and who expressed the fullest confidence in his ability to conduct the ship safely into port. On the twenty-sixth ult., she encountered, on the

margin of the Gulf Stream the Yankee schooner Robert Gilfillan, Capt. Smith, bound from Philadelphia to St. Domingo, with an assorted cargo of flour, pork, butter, cheese, and other provisions. Removing from the schooner such of her cargo as was deemed valuable, and transferring her crew to the steamer as prisoners, the prize was fired, and in a few minutes completely destroyed.

About dawn on Friday morning, the steamer reached the vicinity of her destined harbor, off which was espied a Yankee war-steamer, apparently in watch of the approaching vessel. It was the crisis of the trip: and its perilous nature may be understood when it is known that the entire armament of the Nashville consisted of two rifled six-pounders, while that of her antagonist consisted of several formidable guns of immense calibre and range.

Nothing daunted, however, but with every energy wrought up to the highest pitch of determination, the gallant commander of the Nashville displaying the "Stars and Stripes" at the mast-head, and with it a signal-flag, which, in the uncertain light of the morning, was well calculated to blind the Yankee commander as to the real character of the stranger, ordered his vessel to be steered boldly toward the blockading steamer. The manœuvre was promptly performed, and the Nashville was almost within musket-range of the Yankee, but between her and the harbor, when Capt. Pegram ordered the Stars and Stripes to be lowered, and in their stead the stars and bars of the Confederacy displayed at fore, main, and peak. This defiant movement of the Nashville was almost immediately after responded to by the Yankee, who, as if now recognising the "rebel" steamer, fired a volley after her, and started in rapid pursuit, firing as rapidly as the guns could be loaded and discharged; but the eager agitation of the Yankee gunners marred their aim, and the shots fell far wide of our noble steamer, which was then dashing onward under a full head of steam, and in a comparatively few minutes was safely within range of the protecting guns of Fort Macon, and beyond the range of her chagrined pursuer.

From Beaufort, Capt. Pegram and Paymaster R. Taylor, of the Nashville, proceeded to this city, from whence they started for Richmond, in the nine o'clock train this morning.

My informant speaks in glowing terms of the kindness of the English people, who showered upon the crew and officers of the Nashville all manner of sympathetic attentions. As an instance of the good feeling of the English towards us, and of their confidence in our cause, it is related to me by an officer of the Nashville, that four hundred thousand pounds sterling—two millions of dollars—was at one period advanced to the Nashville by a single English mercantile house. All classes are loud and earnest in their expression of sympathy for the confederacy, and of detestation of the "Yankee nation."

The ladies of England are especially prominent in their manifestations of favor and regard for the South, and are designated by my informant as the "fiercest secessionists" he ever saw. It was ru-

mored in England, and the rumor confidently reported here by Capt. Pegram, that the independence of the Confederacy would be first recognised, and that right speedily, by Belgium.

The following is a list of the officers of the Nashville:

Commander.—R. P. Pegram.

Lieutenants.—J. W. Bennett, and W. C. Whittle.

Acting-Master.—J. H. Ingraham, Jr.

Paymaster.—Richard Taylor.

Surgeon.—J. L. Ancrum.

Midshipmen.—Cary, Dalton, Pegram, (son of the commander,) Sinclair, Hamilton, Bullock, McClintock, and Thomas.

Captain's Clerk.———— Hasell.

Her crew consists of sixty men.

The Nashville brings the intelligence, that on February twenty-second, an order was officially promulgated at Bermuda, prohibiting to the United States Government the use of the port as a coal dépôt. Several schooners laden with coal reached Bermuda a few days before the promulgation of the order.

The Sumter was at Gibraltar at latest accounts. She had captured twenty-one Yankee vessels, nearly all of which were subsequently destroyed. The arrival of the Nashville creates great rejoicing here. The news she brings has restored the cheerful spirits of our people, and inspired them with renewed hopes.

Some disappointment was expressed by almost everybody that the Nashville brought no arms from Europe for the use of our government. When, however, it is recollected that the Nashville was tolerated in English waters, and protected from destruction by the neutrality and courtesy of the British government, our readers will at once perceive that to have taken in a cargo of war material such as had been interdicted by the Queen's proclamation, would have been a gross violation not only of hospitality, but of courtesy and the laws of neutrality. The Nashville, it must be remembered, is a government war-ship, and not a merchantman.

—*Richmond Enquirer Extra*, March 1.

Doc. 69.

ACCIDENT TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

COMMANDER GLISSON'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER MOUNT VERNON, }
OFF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 1, 1862. }

SIR: I have to report to you that yesterday I discovered a vessel to the southward and eastward at eleven A.M. I got under weigh and stood for her, and soon discovered her to be a vessel on shore, on the Frying-Pan shoals. On a nearer approach she proved to be a large steamer with her American ensign down. We were soon boarded by a boat containing an army officer, who informed me that the vessel was the steam-transport Mississippi, from Boston, for Ship Island, (Miss.) having Major-Gen. B. F. Butler and fourteen hundred troops on board. I approached her cautiously,

sending a boat, in charge of Acting-Master Henry S. Strange, to sound between us and the Mississippi. At half-past three P.M., we were enabled (though at a great risk to this vessel) to anchor sufficiently near to send a hawser to the steamer. We steamed ahead, and succeeded in running her about half her length ahead, and in hauling her head off about two points, but at about five o'clock we found this vessel's head paying off broadside on to the shoal, and was compelled to let go the hawser. Her head still paying off, we let go the starboard anchor to get the vessel's head to the wind and sea. She then struck heavily on the shoal three times, and we were obliged to slip the cable and steam ahead to clear the shoal. In steaming on east the low rope of the shipped cable got foul of the propeller, and we had to stop the engine and cut it, thereby losing the starboard bow-anchor and fifteen fathoms of chain-cable, but saving the ship.

I sent Acting-Master Henry L. Stringer on board the Mississippi, to assist in getting her off. She was leaking badly in the forward compartment, being filled with water up to the berth-deck, in spite of the bailing of the troops, which was continued through the night. They kept throwing overboard provisions and other heavy articles to lighten the ship, and all of our boats were kept assisting those of the Mississippi in transporting the troops to this ship; and, further, I received Mrs. Gen. Butler and her attendant on board this vessel.

At about seven P.M., when we had received about three hundred troops on board, we had the pleasure of seeing the Mississippi come off the shoal. I immediately weighed anchor, and proceeded very cautiously into deep water, displaying lights to guide the other vessel. At midnight both vessels anchored off Baldhead Lighthouse. This morning we transferred the troops to the Mississippi; also Mrs. Gen. Butler and attendant.

I am thankful to be able to report to you that we were instrumental in saving the noble ship, with her large number of passengers. It also affords me much gratification to have to inform you that every officer and man under my command exerted himself to his utmost abilities in this noble cause. The damage and loss sustained by this vessel is trivial, when compared with the saving of the lives of fourteen hundred persons who were on board the Mississippi.

Your obedient servant,

O. S. GLISSON,
Commander U. S. Navy.

Flag-Officer L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Doc. 70.

THE REBEL NAVY.

On board of one of the rebel gunboats captured in the North-Carolina waters were found their book of naval signals, uniform-books, many despatches, log-books, together with their naval-register, containing a list of all their officers who deserted the flag of the Union to take service

in the insurgent navy. All these papers and documents were transmitted by Com. Goldsborough to the Navy Department. The following list of the navy is among them:

CAPTAINS.

Law. Rousseau,	Geo. N. Hollins,
French Forrest,	D. N. Ingraham,
Josiah Tatnall,	Samuel Barron,
V. M. Randolph,	Wm. F. Lynch,
Frank Buchanan,	Isaac S. Sterett.

COMMANDERS.

Sidney S. Lee,	John K. Mitchell,
Wm. C. Whittle,	Mat. F. Maury,
Robt. D. Thorburn,	Raphael Semmes,
Robt. G. Robb,	John R. Tucker,
Wm. W. Hunter,	Thomas J. Page,
Henry K. Hoff,	George Minor,
Ebenezer Farrand,	Robt. F. Pinkney,
H. K. Thatcher,	Thos. R. Rootes,
John S. Missroon,	H. J. Hartstene,
Richard L. Page,	J. L. Henderson,
Frederick Chatard,	Wm. T. Muse,
Arthur Sinclair,	Thos. T. Hunter,
C. H. A. H. Kennedy,	Chas. F. McIntosh.
Thomas W. Brent,	

LIEUTENANTS.

James W. Cooke,	Jno. W. Bennett,
C. F. M. Spottswood,	J. H. Carter,
W. L. Maury,	Aug. McLaughlin,
F. B. Renshaw,	Wm. H. Parker,
Robt. B. Pegram,	J. P. Jones,
Geo. T. Sinclair,	Wm. L. Powell,
C. B. Poindexter,	W. H. Murdaugh,
Henry H. Lewis,	John M. Brooke,
Geo. W. Harrison,	John Kell,
John N. Maffit,	J. H. Rochelle,
Wash. Gwathmey,	Robt. D. Minor,
Wm. A. Wayne,	D. P. McCorkle,
Peter U. Murphy,	Wm. Sharp,
Isaac N. Brown,	Joseph Fry,
John J. Guthrie,	Chas. P. McGary,
Jos. N. Barney,	H. Davidson,
Thos. B. Huger,	Robt. R. Carter,
Jno. Rutledge,	O. F. Johnston,
C. ap C. Jones,	Beverley Kennon,
Van R. Morgan,	J. R. Eggleston,
Edw. L. Winder,	J. R. Hamilton,
Joel S. Kennard,	B. P. Loyall,
Jno. Wilkinson,	R. T. Chapman,
C. M. Morris,	J. W. Dunnington,
C. M. Fauntleroy,	F. E. Shepperd,
Wm. B. Fitzgerald,	Thos. P. Pelot,
John S. Maury,	Geo. S. Shayock,
Chas. W. Hays,	Wm. L. Bradford,
R. Stephens,	Wm. G. Dozier,
A. F. Warley,	Wm. E. Ewan,
Reginald Fairfax,	J. W. Alexander,
Wm. A. Webb,	Jno. M. Stribling,
Chas. C. Simms,	Philip Porcher.

SURGEONS.

Wm. F. Patton,	Daniel S. Green,
Geo. Blacknall,	John T. Mason,
W. A. Spottswood,	Wm. B. Sinclair,
Lewis W. Minor,	R. F. Mason.
W. F. McClenahan,	

PASSED ASSISTANT-SURGEONS.

James F. Harrison,	C. H. Williamson,
J. W. B. Greenhow,	Arthur M. Lynch,
D. B. Phillips,	Wm. E. Wysham,
John Ward,	Daniel B. Conrad,
W. F. Carrington,	Francis L. Galt.

ASSISTANT-SURGEONS.

H. W. M. Washington,	Robt. J. Freeman,
A. S. Garnett,	Bennett W. Green,
Fred. Van Bibber,	Joseph D. Grafton,
J. W. Sandford, Jr.,	Chas. M. Morfitt,
Chas. E. Lining,	Thos. J. Charlton.
M. P. Christian,	

PAYMASTERS.

John DeBree,	John W. Nixon,
Thos. R. Ware,	Geo. W. Clarke,
James A. Semple,	Geo. Ritchie,
John Johnston,	Jas. O. Moore,
Wm. W. J. Kelly,	Richard Taylor,
Henry Myers,	Jas. E. Cumour.
Felix Senac,	

MASTERS IN THE LINE OF PROMOTION.

Thomas B. Mills,	John Grimbail,
Wm. C. Whittle,	W. B. Hall,
Wm. A. Kerr,	S. W. Averill.
J. E. Meyerre,	

ACTING MIDSHIPMEN.

A. M. Mason,	Geo. R. Bryan,
Wm. E. Pinkney,	A. T. Brady,
R. C. Fant,	D. Talbott,
D. H. Daugherty,	E. H. Edwards,
Thos. L. Moore,	D. H. Dyke,
F. M. Robey,	J. T. Mahan,
H. B. Littlepage,	Va. Newton,
H. H. Marmaduke,	W. F. Clayton,
R. S. Flag,	T. Boughman,
R. A. Camm,	H. St. G. T. Brooke,
F. T. Chew,	Wm. Carroll,
John T. Walker,	Barron Carter,
J. A. Merriwether,	J. M. Gardner,
R. H. Bacot,	Thos. S. Garrett,
H. C. Holt,	W. D. Goode,
W. C. Hutter,	D. G. McClintoc,
Wm. P. Mason,	W. R. Mays,
I. C. Holcome,	C. Meyer,
D. M. Scales,	J. M. Morgan,
E. J. McDermott,	R. J. Moses, Jr.,
D. A. Telfair,	J. A. Peters,
W. C. Jackson,	Jeff. Phelps,
W. W. Read,	C. T. Sevier,
Daniel Carroll,	G. W. Sparks,
A. S. Worth,	J. M. Stafford,
A. P. Bierne,	H. L. Vaughn,
S. S. Gregory,	L. H. Washington,
Daniel Trigg,	C. K. Mallory, Jr.,
John R. Price,	J. B. Ratcliffe,
H. S. Cooke,	J. W. Pegram,
J. C. Long,	G. T. Sinclair, Jr.,
H. C. McDaniel,	M. H. Ruggles,
W. F. Robinson,	F. M. Harris,
F. M. Thomas,	W. H. Vernon,
W. W. Wilkinson,	Wm. Anshew,
R. Flournoy,	F. S. Hunter,
J. S. Baldwin,	L. R. Rootes,
T. M. Berrien,	Clarence Cary,
O. A. Browne,	W. P. Hamilton,

W. H. Sinclair,
Palmer Saunders,
W. N. Shaw,
W. H. Hunter,
S. P. Blanc,
J. H. Rodman,
A. H. Sterling,
J. S. Bullock,
D. M. Lee,
P. H. McCarrick,
J. H. Hamilton,

C. W. Tyler,
R. Pinckney,
J. A. G. Williamson,
James R. Norris,
H. H. Tyson,
E. A. Swain,
E. M. Maffit,
E. M. Andrews,
W. A. Wilson,
W. B. Sinclair.

CHIEF (STEAM) ENGINEERS.

W. P. Williamson,
Michael Quinn,
Jas. H. Warner,
T. A. Jackson,

V. Freeman,
E. W. Manning,
E. A. Ramsey.

FIRST ASSISTANT-ENGINEERS.

E. W. Manning,
H. A. Ramsey,
Chas. Schroeder,
Geo. W. City,
M. P. Jordan,
J. H. Loper,

M. J. Freeman,
C. H. Geddes,
Hugh Clark,
B. J. Collins,
B. B. Wright.

SECOND ASSISTANT-ENGINEERS.

C. H. Levy,
J. W. Tynan,
L. Campbell,
Geo. D. Lining,
W. O. Brooks,

J. E. Esnard,
J. J. Darcey,
Geo. Williams,
W. H. Todd,

THIRD ASSISTANT-ENGINEERS.

H. K. Wright,
Benj. Herring,
Henry Fagan,
J. T. Tucker,
C. W. Jordan,
J. H. Toombs,
W. H. Jackson,
J. P. W. Gormley,
J. Hanks,
J. W. Hanks,
G. W. Moran,

W. Ahern,
J. J. Henderson,
F. J. Miller,
J. H. Dent,
M. O'Brien,
S. W. Cummings,
J. H. Bailey,
E. G. Hall,
Wm. Quinn,
W. M. Fauntleroy.

Doc. 71.

GENERAL CURTIS'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, }
CAMP HALLECK, ARK., March 1, 1862. }

I HAVE received a private communication from an intelligent writer, a citizen of Arkansas, who says: "We, as citizens, have left our homes and firesides for the purpose, as we supposed, of having to defend ourselves against a brutal soldiery that would lay waste our humble homes, and outrage the chastity of our wives and daughters, and place our own lives in jeopardy. We have organized what is called Home Guard Companies, partly of Union men and partly of Southern men, all of whom are anxious to return to their homes. We are happy to find that you and your men are not composed of that class of persons commonly called jayhawkers, who do not regard the rights of citizens and property, but confine the war to its legitimate object."

The falsehoods circulated concerning us have

driven thousands from their homes, and I take the liberty of responding publicly to the sentiments expressed by the writer, because these falsehoods have involved the whole community in the troubles which he seeks to mitigate.

The only legitimate object of the war is peace, and the writer only does me justice when he says I adhere to this legitimate object. Peaceable citizens shall be protected as far as possible. I act under strict orders of Major-Gen. Halleck. The flight of our foes from their camps, and the imitation of their conduct by the citizens, in fleeing from their homes, leaving their effects abandoned as it were for their victors, has much embarrassed me in my efforts to preserve discipline in my command, as these circumstances offered extraordinary temptations.

The burning of farms and fields of grain in Missouri, and extensive barracks and valuable mills in Arkansas by the enemy, has induced some resentments on the part of my troops, which I have severely punished. Necessary supplies for my command could not keep up with my rapid movements, and peaceable citizens not being at home to sell them to my quartermasters, I am compelled to take them without purchase, making settlement difficult and doubtful; occasioning irregularities which I have always labored to counteract. If peaceably disposed citizens will stay at home, or return home, and check the clandestine, stealthy warfare that is carried on under the cover and cloak of peaceable citizens, much of the havoc of war will be avoided, and many poor families can be protected from distress and misery. I have followed the war-path through the entire State of Missouri, have seen the havoc and devastation surrounding it, and I deplore the prospect of these disasters in the virgin soil of Arkansas.

Armed men, in the garb of citizens, are concealed by citizens, and the unfortunate condition of Missouri will be transferred to Arkansas, if you allow this complicity of yourselves in the struggle. If you do not discriminate by requiring soldiers to wear some distinctive badge, you must not complain if we cannot discriminate.

There is no honor, no glory, no good that can be gained by taking up arms in this way, to defend your homes, for we do not wish to molest them if you are peaceably disposed. We only wish to put down rebellion by making war against those in arms, their aiders and abettors. We come to vindicate the Constitution, to preserve and perpetuate civil and religious liberty, under a flag that was embalmed in the blood of our Revolutionary fathers. Under that flag we have lived in peace and prosperity until the flag of rebellion involved us in the horrors of civil war.

We have restored the Stars and Stripes to Northwestern Arkansas, where I am glad to find many who rejoice to see the emblem of their former glory, and hope for a restoration of the peace and happiness they have enjoyed under its folds. A surrender to such a flag is only a return to your natural allegiance, and is more honorable than to persist in a rebellion that surrendered to the Na-

tional power at Forts Henry and Donelson, at Nashville and at Roanoke, and throughout the most powerful Southern States. Why then shall the West be devastated to prolong a struggle which the States of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North-Carolina and Tennessee cannot successfully maintain?

Disband your companies; surrender your arms; for in all instances where men in arms have voluntarily surrendered and taken the oath of allegiance to our common country, they have been discharged. No prisoners have, to my knowledge, been shot or hung, or cruelly treated by us.

I know of no instance where my troops have treated females with violence, and I have not heard of a complaint of any kind. I enjoin on the troops kindness, protection and support for women and children. I shall, to the best of my ability, maintain our country's flag in Arkansas, and continue to make relentless war on its foes, but shall rejoice to see the restoration of peace in all the States and Territories of our country—that peace which we formerly enjoyed and earnestly desire; and I implore for each and all of us that ultimate, eternal peace “which the world cannot give or take away.” I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL R. CURTIS,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding Army of the Southwest.
SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 6, 1862.

Doc. 72.

FIGHT AT PITTSBURGH, TENN.

COMMODORE FOOTE'S REPORT.

CAIRO, March 3, 1862.

Hon. Gideon Welles:

Lieut. Commanding Shirk has this moment arrived from the Tennessee River, and brings full despatches from Lieut. Commanding Gwin, of the gunboat Tyler, a synopsis of which is, that the two gunboats proceeded up to Pittsburgh, near the Mississippi line, where a rebel battery was opened upon them, consisting of six guns, one of them being rifled, which were soon silenced by the gunboats.

Ninety mounted men landed under cover of the gunboats, and charged upon the enemy, driving them some distance, until they were strongly reinforced, when our party withdrew to the boats. Then three rebel regiments opened upon the gunboats, but were repulsed with great slaughter.

The casualties on our side amounted to five killed and missing and five wounded. Lieutenants Commanding Gwin and Shirk, with their commands, have behaved with great gallantry and judgment.

An election for town-officers has just taken place in Harding County, Tenn., which resulted in two hundred votes for the Union and thirteen for secession.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

LIEUT. COMMANDING GWIN'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT TYLER,
SAVANNAH, TENN., March 1, 1862.

SIR: Having learned that the rebels had occupied and were fortifying a place called Pittsburgh,

nine miles above, on the right bank of the river, (the best point in the river for that purpose,) I determined to attack them.

At twelve m. the Tyler, followed by the Lexington, Lieut. Commanding Shirk, proceeded up the river. When within twelve hundred yards of Pittsburgh we were opened upon by the rebel batteries, consisting, as well as we could determine, of six or eight field-pieces, some rifled. Getting within one thousand yards, the Tyler and Lexington opened a well-directed fire, and we had the satisfaction of silencing their batteries.

We then proceeded abreast of the place, and, under the cover of grape and canister, landed two armed boats from each vessel, containing, besides their crews, a portion of company C, Capt. Thaddeus Phillips, and company K, First Lieut. John C. Rider, of the Thirty-second regiment, Illinois volunteers, (sharpshooters,) Second Master Jason Goudy, commanding the boats of the Tyler, and Second Master Martin Dunn, commanding the boats of the Lexington. The landing was successfully accomplished, and this small force actually drove back the rebels and held them in check until they accomplished their difficult object, which was to discover their real strength and purpose, and to destroy a house in close proximity to where the batteries had been placed.

I found, in addition to their artillery, they had a force of not less than two regiments of infantry and a regiment of cavalry.

In conclusion, I have to state that the result was entirely satisfactory. Their batteries were silenced in a short time, the landing was effected, the house destroyed, and we discovered from their breastworks that they were preparing to fortify strongly this point.

Too much praise cannot be given to Lieut. Commanding Shirk for the efficient manner in which his vessel was handled. My thanks are due to Capt. Phillips, Lieut. Rider, and their men, for the gallant manner in which, in the face of the enemy, they charged up the hill, drove back and held in check the rebels, until the boats' crews had effected the destruction of the house designated. The officers and men of this vessel behaved with the greatest spirit and enthusiasm. Much praise is due to First Master Edward Shaw and Third Master James Martin, for the efficient manner in which the batteries were worked. I would particularly call your attention to the gallant conduct of Second Master Jason Goudy, in charge of the boats in shore, who succeeded in destroying the house under such heavy fire, and Gunner Hermann Peters, in charge of the howitzer, who displayed the greatest coolness and courage, although exposed to the whole fire of the enemy, all but one of his men having been wounded. My thanks are also due to Pilots Hener and Sebastian, for their coolness under such a tremendous fire of musketry, our vessel being perfectly riddled with balls. My aid, Acting Paymaster Wm. B. Coleman, rendered me valuable assistance during the action.

I have sent Lieut. Commanding Shirk to Cairo with the transport Izetta, loaded with the balance

of the wheat I left at Clifton. I shall remain about here, paying Pittsburgh a daily visit, which I hope will prevent the rebels from accomplishing their object. Capt. Shirk will lay before you the importance of keeping open this, as well as all other points above here.

I have learned from reliable authority that the rebels have some four thousand troops in Florence, five or six thousand in and about Eastport and I-u-k-a, (near Bear Creek Bridge,) and that they are fortifying in that vicinity. You will, therefore, see the necessity of my remaining here.

We expended ninety-five shells, thirty stand of grape, ten of canister, and sixty-seven rounds of shrapnel, grape, etc., from howitzer.

Enclosed is Acting Assistant Surgeon T. H. Kearney's report of casualties, to whom I am indebted for his unremitting attention to the wounded. I feel confident that we inflicted a severe loss on the enemy, as several bodies were seen on the ground, and many seen to fall. I also enclose Lieut. Commanding Shirk's report.

Hoping that my course will meet your approbation, I have the honor to be, etc.,

WM. GWIN,
Lieut. Commanding.

Flag-Officer A. H. FOOTE.

The report of Acting-Surgeon Thomas H. Kearney states the casualties as follows:

On the gunboat Tyler.—Pleasant Gilbert, seaman, gunshot wound of leg, necessitating amputation of the limb; Crawford T. Hill, seaman, gunshot wound of forearm; John Matthews, seaman, gunshot (flesh) wound of shoulder, slight; G. W. Shull, seaman, gunshot wound of back, slight; Robt. Bell, seaman, gunshot wound of arm (flesh) and chest, not penetrating.

In detachment of Thirty-second regiment of Illinois Volunteers (company C) carried on board.—Capt. Phillips, gunshot wound of leg, flesh; Daniel Messick, orderly sergeant, killed.

LIEUTENANT SHIRK'S REPORT.

U. S. GUNBOAT LEXINGTON, }
SAVANNAH, (TENN.) March 1, 1862. }

SIR: In company with the gunboat Tyler, Lieut. Commanding Gwinn, I this day proceeded in this vessel up the river to a landing on the west side called Pittsburgh, distant about nine miles from this place.

When we had arrived within twelve or thirteen hundred yards of Pittsburgh we were fired upon by a rebel battery, consisting, as well as I could judge, of six or eight field-pieces, one of which at least was rifled. We returned their fire with shell, which were exceedingly well directed, and continued until after their guns were silenced.

By order of Lieut. Commanding Gwinn, I despatched on shore two armed boats, in charge of Second Master Martin Dunn, containing, in addition to their own proper crews, a detachment of company K, Thirty-second regiment Illinois Volunteers, with orders to follow the motions of the Tyler's boats.

While the boats were being landed we kept up

a steady fire of grape and shell, raking the side of the hill.

The landing party having accomplished their object, and being met by a much superior force, retired, receiving in their retreat a terrific fire of musketry. The enemy also fired several volleys of musketry at the gunboats, and then retired back from the brow of the hill.

After the boats returned we gave the rebels a few more shell, and receiving no answer, we dropped down the river to this place.

My men report having seen several dead rebels upon the hill, and I myself saw a shell from this vessel, after the return of the boats, take effect upon a field-officer, emptying his saddle, and dropping three foot-soldiers.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the gallantry, good discipline, and patriotic spirit evinced by the officers and men whom I have the honor to command. For the efficient services of himself and his command I am greatly indebted to First Lieut. John S. Rider, Co. K, Thirty-second regiment Illinois Volunteers.

I regret to have to report the following casualties, namely: James Sullivan, seaman, killed; Patrick Sullivan, seaman, missing; Thomas M. Borland, seaman, missing; John Hines, corporal Co. K, Thirty-second regiment Illinois Volunteers, missing. James Sullivan was seen to fall upon the field, shot through the breast.

During the action there were expended forty-five eight-inch shell, twenty-five six-inch shell, and sixteen stand of grape.

Two rifles and one musket are missing. They are those taken by the unfortunate men whom we have lost.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

JAMES W. SHIRK,
Lieutenant Commanding.

To Flag-Officer A. H. FOOTE,
Commanding U. S. Naval Forces, Cairo, Ill.

CHICAGO "POST" NARRATIVE.

CAIRO, Monday, March 3.

The discovery of a new rebel battery on the Tennessee River, mentioned by telegraph, was made in this wise. Hearing that the rebels were planting a new battery somewhere near Savannah, the wooden gunboats Tyler and Lexington were ordered to make a reconnoissance up the river and shell them out. The boats left Fort Henry Friday morning, and proceeded slowly, examining the shores carefully as they went along. They were accompanied by the transport Izetta, with two companies of the Thirty-second Illinois regiment. They passed Savannah about ten o'clock Saturday morning, having as yet discovered no signs of the expected battery. But now the transport was ordered to keep well in the river, as at any moment a shell or round shot might announce the unpleasant proximity of the object they were in quest of.

Eight miles above Savannah we came to a little town called Pittsburgh, a miserable-looking little hamlet, as they nearly all are in this region. There is an island here in the river, called Dia-

mond Island, and just as we came out of the channel at its head, *bang!* went a rebel cannon, and a twenty-four-pound shot came plunging toward us from the rebel battery situated less than half a mile in our advance. It was followed by two other shots from smaller guns, before our big guns responded. We steamed right on toward them, and opened at about six hundred yards, with shell. Their battery consisted of one twenty-four-pounder rifled gun and three twelve-pound howitzers. The twenty-four-pounder fired only six shots, when it was silenced, either by our fire or from some other cause. The three smaller guns blazed away for about twenty minutes, when they also ceased firing, not a single one of their shots from the beginning having touched either of our boats. Our gunboats kept up their fire for half an hour longer, shelling the woods in all directions.

When the firing commenced, a small body of rebel infantry was also discovered, who undertook to put in practice the plan which some Memphis newspaper editors proposed, namely, to conceal themselves on the bank and pick off the pilots of our gunboats. They soon found they might as well attempt to swallow an oyster without opening the shell. A few discharges of grape sent them helter-skelter over the brow of the hill.

After the woods had been shelled pretty thoroughly, and nothing more been seen or heard of the enemy, about forty soldiers and marines, under command of a lieutenant, were sent ashore to reconnoitre the neighborhood. They proceeded up the long slope of the hill to the distance of a thousand yards or more from the landing, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with two or three regiments of rebel infantry, who immediately shot at them. Our men returned the compliment, and immediately retired to the shelter of a log house, some five hundred yards from the shore, where they made a stand, and peppered away at the rebels as vigorously as if they expected to drive back the rebel ten or fifteen hundred.

The gunboats hesitated to reopen on the rebels, lest they should kill some of our own men, but waited in the momentary expectation that they would return to the boats. They did not do so, however, until the lieutenant commanding, (whose name I cannot learn) discovered that the rebels were flanking him on both sides, for the purpose of making prisoners of his little command. He then ordered a retreat, and the gallant forty made the best time they could to the boats, which they reached, with the loss of three men killed and seven or eight wounded. The rebels pursued hotly, and getting behind trees, fired both at our men in the boats and at the gunboats, perforating the latter with a good many musket-balls, but injuring no one except the officer in command of the boat-howitzer on the upper-deck, one of whose legs was shattered by a Minie-ball, rendering amputation necessary.

The gunboats reopened their batteries with grape, which caused the rebels to retreat with most undignified rapidity over the hill again.

Seeing and hearing no more of them, the gunboats moved down the stream a short distance, and lay at anchor. Having none but fifteen-second fuse shells, the gunboats were unable to do the execution at short range which they could have done with shorter fire. Accordingly the Lexington was despatched to Cairo for a supply of the desired ammunition, while the Tyler remained to look after the new rebel battery. The place where it was found is a sort of natural fortification, the hill furnishing a hollow just over the first ridge, in which the rebel infantry took shelter from our fire. In this particular it resembles Fort Donelson.

Doc. 73.

OCCUPATION OF COLUMBUS, KY.

GENERAL HALLECK'S DESPATCH.

St. Louis, March 4, 1862.

Major-General McClellan:

SIR: The cavalry from Paducah marched into Columbus yesterday, at six P.M., driving before them the enemy's rear-guard. The flag of the Union is flying over the boasted Gibraltar of the West. Finding himself completely turned on both sides of the Mississippi, the enemy was obliged to evacuate or surrender. Large quantities of artillery and stores were captured.

H. W. HALLECK.

GENERAL CULLUM'S REPORT.

COLUMBUS, KY., March 4, 1862.

To Major-General McClellan:

Columbus, the Gibraltar of the West, is ours, and Kentucky is free, thanks to the brilliant strategy of the campaign, by which the enemy's centre was pierced at Forts Henry and Donelson, his wings isolated from each other and turned, compelling thus the evacuation of his stronghold of Bowling Green first, and now Columbus.

The flotilla under Flag-Officer Foote consisted of six gunboats, commanded by Capt. Dove, Walke, Stemple, Paulding, Thompson and Shirk, and four mortar-boats, in charge of Capt. Phelps, United States Navy, assisted by Lieut. Ford, advance corps United States Army, and three transports, conveying Col. Buford's Twenty-seventh Illinois regiment, and a battalion of the Fifty-fourth and Seventy-fourth Ohio, and Fifty-fifth Illinois, commanded by Majors Andrews and Sanger, the whole brigade being under Brig.-Gen. Sherman, who rendered the most valuable and efficient assistance.

On arriving at Columbus it was difficult to say whether the fortifications were occupied by our own cavalry, or a scout from Paducah, or by the enemy. Every preparation was made for opening fire and landing the infantry, when General Sherman and Capt. Phelps, with thirty soldiers, made a dashing reconnoissance with a tug, steaming directly under the water-batteries. Satisfied that our troops had possession, they landed, ascended to the summit of the bluff, and together planted the Stars and Stripes amid the heartiest cheers of our brave tars and soldiers.

Though rising from a sick-bed to go upon the expedition, I could not resist landing to examine the works, which are of immense strength, consisting of tiers upon tiers of batteries on the river-front, and a strong parapet and ditch, crossed by a thick abattis, on the land side. The fortifications appear to have been evacuated hastily, considering the quantities of ordnance and ordnance stores, and number of anchors, and the remnant of the chain which was once stretched over the river, and a large supply of torpedoes remaining. Desolation was visible everywhere, huts, tents and barricades presenting but their blackened remains, though the town was spared. I discovered what appeared a large magazine, smoking from both extremities. I ordered the train to be immediately cut. A garrison was left in the work of nearly two thousand infantry and four hundred cavalry, which I will strengthen immediately.

GEORGE W. CULLUM,
Brigadier-General, Chief of Staff.

FLAG-OFFICER FOOTE'S REPORT.

COLUMBUS, Ky., Tuesday, March 4, 1862.

SIR: Columbus is in our possession. My armed reconnoissance on the second instant caused a hasty evacuation, the rebels leaving quite a number of guns and carriages, ammunition and stores, a large quantity of shot and shell, a considerable number of anchors, and the remnant of chain lately stretched across the river, with a large number of torpedoes. Most of the huts, tents and quarters, were destroyed.

The works are of very great strength, consisting of formidable tiers of batteries on the north side, surrounded by a ditch and abattis. Gen. Sherman, with Lieut. Commanding Phelps, not knowing that they were last evening occupied by four hundred and six of the Second Illinois cavalry, a scouting party sent by General Sherman from Paducah, made a bold dash to the shore, under the batteries, hoisting the American flag on the bluffs. It was greeted by the hearty cheers of our brave tars and soldiers.

The force consisted of six gunboats, four mortar-boats, and three transports, having on board three regiments and two battalions of infantry, under command of Col. Buford. Gen. Cullum and General Sherman being in command of the troops.

The former leaving a sick-bed to go ashore, discovered what was evidently a magazine on fire, at both extremities, and immediately ordered the train to be cut, and thus saved the lives of the garrison. While I cannot express too strongly my admiration of the gallantry and wise counsels of the distinguished aid and engineer of General Halleck, Gen. Cullum, I must add, that Commanders Davis, Walke and Stemple, and Lieuts. Commanding Paulding, Thompson, Shirk and Phelps—the latter being in command of the mortar division, assisted by Lieut. Luford, of the Ordnance Corps of the United States Army—nobly performed their duty.

I have my flag on board the Cincinnati, com-

manded by the gallant Commander Stemple. Gen. Sherman remains temporarily in command at Columbus.

[Signed] A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

COLUMBUS, Ky., March 4.

In my letter of the second instant, I stated that Columbus had been evacuated and burned by the rebels. This assertion was based upon observations made by the officers of the gunboats Cincinnati and Pittsburgh—the two vessels engaged in the reconnoissances of Sunday last. Since Monday all sorts of rumors have obtained circulation in Cairo. It has been said by different parties that Columbus was evacuated; that Columbus was reënforced; that Columbus was burned, and that Columbus was neither reënforced, evacuated, or burned. I see by the telegraphic despatches of the associated press that Com. Foote informed the authorities of Washington on Sunday that the evacuation had taken place. His actions to-day hardly warrant the belief that he knew this to be the case. It is not likely that the Commodore would require a fleet of six gunboats and four mortars, and an "army" of four thousand men, to take possession of a town which he knew to be empty. However, I will not discuss this point, but will merely narrate the occupation, by the Federal troops, of the Gibraltar of America, as our Southern brethren have been prone to style what will be better known as Columbus, Ky., with such details connected therewith as have come under my observation after a residence of six hours.

The steamboat Lexington arrived at Cairo on Monday morning from the Tennessee River, where she had been engaging the enemy to a small extent. It was rumored that she came down for reënforcements, and that several iron-clad gunboats would be sent back with her. In the afternoon the St. Louis, Carondelet, and Pittsburgh "got up steam," and toward evening anchored in the river. The belief up to this time was that the destination of the fleet was Florence, Alabama. At ten o'clock at night, however, it leaked out, despite the efforts at secrecy on the part of military officers, that Columbus was to be attacked in the morning. Before twelve o'clock Cairo was alive with excitement on the subject, and the old rumors of evacuation, reënforcement, conflagration and occupation were again in circulation. At about two o'clock this morning the embarkation of troops in three transport steamers commenced. This strengthened the belief that Columbus was the point to be visited, because it was known that troops would not be sent from Cairo for the Tennessee expedition.

At four o'clock this morning an order was sent by Commodore Foote to the captains of the gunboats St. Louis, Carondelet, Pittsburgh, and Louisville, desiring them to get under way as soon as possible. In less than half an hour these vessels had their anchors up and were headed down stream. The Cincinnati preceded them as the flag-ship. The stern-wheel steamers Ike Hammet and J. F. Wilson followed, each towing two mor-

tar-boats. Behind these were the wooden gunboat Lexington and three transports—the Illinois, the Aleck Scott, and the T. A. Magill, having on board the following troops: Six companies of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, four companies of the Seventy-first Ohio, and one company of the Fifty-fourth Ohio—all for Paducah, under command of Major Sanger of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, and accompanied by Gen. Sherman, now in command at Paducah; the Twenty-eighth Illinois, under command of Col. Beaufort; and the Forty-second Illinois, under command of Col. Roberts.

We came down the river at a good rate of speed, probably ten miles an hour. The gunboats did not preserve any regular position with respect to each other, but kept a safe distance apart, the only object being to have a sharp look out for signals from the flag-ship. After a little less than two hours' sailing, we came in sight of Lucas Bend, three miles above Columbus. It was then nearly seven o'clock. The morning was clear, bright, and cold.

The bluffs of Columbus were visible from the bend, and former reconnoissances had made us familiar with the positions of the batteries, but we could see nothing from the decks of the gunboats to indicate whether the place had been evacuated or not. The flag-ship rounded to, and the other four iron-clad vessels followed her. We maintained our position in the river for a while, keeping the engines at work just enough to prevent our drifting further down the stream. The mortars and transports were now about two miles in our rear. The Commodore was evidently waiting on them.

About an hour after daybreak all hands on the gunboats were set to work in various ways to prepare the vessels for participation in the contest that most of us had by this time made up our minds was imminent. The guns were all manned and loaded. Magazine stewards, shell-passers, and powder-boys, were stationed at their different posts, ready to pass the ammunition from the ship's hold to the cannon's mouth. All fires and lights, except those connected with the engine-room, etc., were extinguished. The ward-room and cabin-furniture was removed to facilitate the working of the stern-guns. All hawsers and lines were coiled upon the deck to afford additional protection to the boilers and machinery. These many preparatory acts were the work of not more than half an hour.

Meantime the four mortar-boats, under command of Capt. George Johnson, of Cincinnati, had been towed to the right bank (the Missouri side) of the river, and made fast to some trees near the Belmont Point. The transports had come as near to the bluffs as was consistent with their safety, and were standing off in the centre of the stream, about a mile above us.

The fleet was now ready to make the attack. It was necessary first, to ascertain whether there was anything to attack. Spy-glasses were brought into requisition, but in our position, three miles distant, we could discover nothing very plainly. It was not a little amusing at this time

to notice the varied results of observation made by different persons on board the gunboats. One man, after carefully scrutinizing everything he saw on the bluff through the ship's glass, said he had positive evidence that no evacuation of the town had taken place—that several regiments of troops were plainly visible on the hills, manœuvring or drilling. Another, after an equally lengthy view, became convinced that the guns were all there—that the batteries were all manned, and that the rebels were fully prepared to meet the flotilla. A third beheld a chaos of fallen trees, a steep and rocky hill, and a couple of bare "table-bluffs," the latter looking as if they might once have been in use for fortifications of some kind. A fourth saw in the dim distance large clouds of smoke, and felt quite sure that a great conflagration was in progress—that military stores and army quarters were in flames, and that the rumored evacuation had certainly taken place.

In the midst of this diversity of opinion, it is not to be wondered at that Commodore Foote felt a little dubious on the question at issue. He did not wish to get within range of the rebel guns until he had satisfied himself and seen that there was or was not somebody there to fire them.

On the right-hand side of the river, about three miles from Columbus, we saw a farmer running through a corn-field in the rear of his house. He had, I think, become frightened at the appearance of the gunboats, and was beating a hasty retreat from what he feared would be the scene of bloodshed, although, according to his own account, there were no troops in the fort to give us battle. The Commodore's tug was despatched to the river-bank, to hail him and get from him what information he had about the rebel stronghold. He appeared to be an honest, hard-working man, one of a class largely represented in Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee—who love the Union and abhor secession, but cannot easily reconcile themselves to the horrors of war, and pray for peace and the Union, though they know the two cannot be maintained at the present time. He told us that the rebels had left Columbus, carrying their arms and munitions with them, and that they had burned the greater part of the town.

The testimony of the former, added to what was already known on the subject, led the flag-officer to believe that the evacuation had taken place. We had been drifting slowly down the stream for about half an hour, and were now within twelve miles of the Columbus batteries. By the aid of the spy-glass a large flag could be seen waving on the summit of a hill, a little to the south of the main fort. At first it was difficult to discern the nature of the flag. It was too large for a rebel flag, we thought, and had too many stripes on it. We therefore concluded that the rebels had all vacated the town, leaving behind them, as they generally do, a leaven of Unionism, which had already begun to work. We were mistaken in the latter part of our supposition, for we ascertained after landing that a

detachment of the Second Illinois cavalry—about six hundred men—under command of Lieut.-Col. Hogg, had entered the place on Monday evening, finding it unoccupied, and were in joyful possession when we came in sight. The flag we saw was one which the cavalymen had improvised for the occasion, manufactured out of colored calico—the object being to present to the gaze of Commodore Foote a banner of almost any description, provided it intimated that treason did not rule supreme.

The nature of the ensign being discovered, Commodore Foote ordered a detachment of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, (Col. Beaufort,) to disembark in the vicinity of the upper batteries. Two tugs accompanying our fleet were brought into requisition to aid in this work. About fifty men were transferred to these "junior gunboats," and with great puffing and steaming—ininitely more than comes from the Great Eastern—they started down the stream with their martial cargo. The officers in charge of this detail were not quite clear in the belief that there was no enemy ashore to meet or repulse them. The tugs approached within a mile of the Fort, then retired, and stood out like two small specks upon the river, nothing but the noise they made indicating to a person at a moderate distance that they were anything but two large saw-logs at the mercy of the current. Finally the spy-glass revealed the real character of the flag on the hill, and in a few moments Col. Beaufort's men were landed.

I do not believe a hill of the same altitude was ever clambered as rapidly as was the great bluff of Columbus to-day by the Illinois volunteers just named. In less than five minutes after the first man set foot on shore, the entire squadron was in the main fort, and had unfurled a beautiful silk flag. The appearance of this handsome edition of the Stars and Stripes, as they proudly floated where blatant Southrons have boasted of treason's impregnability, had a magical effect upon every one in our fleet, and cheer after cheer resounded through the surrounding woods and hills.

Shortly after this, all the transports came down, and the troops were landed at the wharf in front of the town.

I have now come to a point at which I should describe the fortifications of Columbus, about which the people in the North have heard so much, and of which many of our Generals have entertained so much horror. My own opinion is, that our Generals have been ignorant, from the first, of the real strength of the rebels at this point. They have taken at par the reports of the "Sessia scouts"—a parcel of men who never went within ten miles of the place, and whose chief office seems to be to lie and steal. I do not believe the fort has ever been properly reconnoitred, and I am borne out in this belief by the statements of those who are conversant with the past military operations of this department.

The fortifications at Columbus are erected on a bluff about one hundred and fifty feet high, immediately north of the town. The position is admirably adapted to defence. By cutting down a

number of trees on the Belmont point nearly opposite, the rebels were enabled to command a perfect view of the river for a distance of four miles. The bluff faces north and projects slightly into the Mississippi beyond a ridge extending a mile above it. There are, or rather there were, three rows of batteries upon it: the first about fifteen feet above the river, the second about — feet above this, and the third on the top of the hill. It is difficult to say how many guns either of these mounted, as the rebels threw most of their heavy pieces into the river, or attempted to do so, though many of them failed to reach their destination, and stopped on the bank, where they are now visible. It is presumed that the three main batteries mounted fifty guns, and we have the evidence of citizens who frequently visited the camp to this effect. An attacking party would have had one great advantage. There was no shelter erected for the artillery-men, and those who worked the guns in the lower batteries would be exposed during the entire action to the fire of the gunboats. The water-battery was on a sort of table about fifty feet long and twenty feet deep. It formed an excellent mark for a good gunner, and if the gunboats could have held out against it for any length of time, it would have been silenced. The upper batteries were not quite so much exposed, but in none of them were the men sufficiently well sheltered from bursting shell, grapeshot or canister.

The entire works on the summit of the hill cover an area of about four miles. The fortifications are equally strong on all sides, and calculated to repulse an army attacking from the south as well as from the north. The fort can be reached from the town of Columbus by four different roads, cut through the high hills at an immense outlay of labor.

The quarters for the troops are small cabins or huts, about six feet square, built of clay, by digging three feet into the earth, for the body of the tenement, and making out of the soil thus evacuated a slanting roof, which in a majority of cases is well shingled. There are enough of these apartments to accommodate thirty thousand men. Regimental and company officers' quarters are constructed in the same manner, but a little more tastily finished.

Near the river, below the water-battery, is the principal magazine of the fort. It is a subterranean work, about twenty feet square, easy of access from all parts of the fortifications. About half way up the bluff—seventy-five feet above this—is another magazine, equal in size and similar in construction to the first.

The fort is supplied with water from the river, by means of a force-pump, worked by an engine.

Among the objects which excited curiosity to-day was Pillow's great chain, designed to span the Mississippi, so as to prevent the downward passage of the Federal gunboats. It is a very strong and heavy-looking affair, stretching down the hill and into the river, where, I believe, it is broken.

The rebel forces at Columbus numbered over

twenty thousand on Sunday week, when the gunboat fleet came down the river, and was prevented by a flag of truce from reconnoitring or attacking. They were under the impression then that they could not resist an attack from the gunboats, and I have the authority of a deserter from their ranks for saying that they would have fled rather than fought. What was the object or what the result of the flag of truce I do not know.

The evacuation of the place commenced a week ago to-day. It was carried on rapidly. Every wagon within miles around was impressed to transport stores and ammunition to the dépôt of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad—a distance of about three miles. Civilians were entirely excluded from the camp on and after the twenty-fifth ult.

Gen. Polk left Columbus on Thursday, the twenty-seventh, for some point South, supposed to be New-Orleans.

By Sunday last all the infantry had gone. Gen. Cheatham then departed, leaving the fort in charge of about one thousand three hundred cavalry, with instructions to burn the camp and fly on the approach of the Federals. This last command left on Monday morning, having destroyed everything on the previous night. They set fire to all the stables, and burned eighteen thousand bushels of corn, and about five thousand tons of hay. They also burned a quantity of stores which had been left behind by the evacuators for want of transportation.

The troops that left Columbus went to three different places—one third to Jackson, Tenn., one third to Island No. Ten, and the remainder started to Nashville, but where they went to I am not informed.

The town of Columbus is a small, unimportant place, with a population, in its palmiest days, of about one thousand inhabitants. As the terminus of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, it has a business significance that would not otherwise belong to it. It is situated in a low, flat ground, and for mud and dirt of its thoroughfares resembles Cairo. There are four large brick buildings in the town—one of them a hotel, whose principal patronage was that of railroad-passengers. We found nearly every house vacant to-day. The people were driven off last summer when the rebels took possession of the hills. There are no provisions to be had for miles around—the “Southerners” having depleted every farmer of his produce, without giving him even confederate scrip therefor. There are a few stores scattered through the streets, but they are all closed—the Davisites having “cleaned them out” also. Altogether, Columbus is one of the poorest and gloomiest towns I have come across, even in the benighted regions of Secessia.

I believe the only woman I met in my rambles through this metropolis to-day was a Mrs. Sharpe, wife of the Ex-Mayor of the city—for Columbus is nothing short of a Southern city. Mrs. Sharpe, on seeing the Federal soldiers in the streets, addressed one of the officers, remarking that she hoped “the Union men would not desert her, as she had stuck up for the Union cause while the secession soldiers threatened to tear her house

down.” She informed us further that the rebels had forcibly taken her husband to the South. The reason was because he was well acquainted with their many faults and foibles, and they feared he might narrate his experience, derived from a lengthy residence among them, to the Federal officers. They decoyed him into their camp on Sunday morning, and forced him away on the cars on Sunday night. Mr. Sharpe is an old citizen of Columbus, a wealthy and highly respectable citizen. He is a lawyer by profession, and has held several public offices.

The rebels did not burn the dépôt of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, nor did they destroy the track in the vicinity of Columbus. They left in too great haste to do any damage to this end of the road. I believe they destroyed a culvert or two beyond Moscow—about twenty miles from this place.

The first thing that met the Federal eye on entering the camp to-day was an effigy marked, “Bill Seward the d—d Abolitionist.” Not far distant from this was a similar representative of “Tilghman the traitor,” and a third one of “Floyd the runaway.” Trophies are numerous about town. There are no shot-guns or rifles to be had, however. They were all carried off, being rather scarce in the South just now.

We counted fourteen guns—mostly thirty-two-pounders—that had been thrown down the riverbank, but were not submerged. There are a few good gun-carriages in the fort.

The gunboat St. Louis and two mortar-boats have been left here to protect the town from attack by river. I suppose a few regiments of infantry and artillery will be sent down to-morrow.

Com. Foote, with the gunboats Cincinnati, Carondelet, Louisville, and Pittsburgh has gone to Cairo.

MACK.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the following account of the occupation:

COLUMBUS, KY., March 4, via Cairo.

Columbus, which is the strongest rebel position in the Valley of the Mississippi, has been evacuated, burnt, and otherwise destroyed. So incensed were the rebels that they spared nothing in their work of destruction except a portion of private property.

The evacuation commenced on Thursday last, but all the rebels did not leave until a late hour yesterday afternoon. The torch of the incendiary was first applied on Friday, and the conflagration raged with great fury until Sunday. Even now large portions of the enemy's barracks, magazines, and other quarters are still burning, sending up heavy clouds of smoke and ashes.

The rebels did not destroy the fortifications, which have cost them so much labor, but left them unmolested. Everything which they could not carry away with them they either burnt or threw into the river. A great many cannon of the most effective range have been dismantled and sunk in the river. In one place I saw five heavy guns, and in another seven, which had

been thrown from a high bluff on the bank of a river. But in their descent they had been stopped by the trees which overhang the stream below. It is as yet impossible to ascertain how many cannon the rebels have thrown into the Mississippi, supposing that in so doing they would render them useless to us.

Lieut.-Col. Hogg, of the Second Illinois cavalry, from Paducah, in company with two hundred and fifty men, was the first to enter the enemy's works at five o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Our gunboats and transports reached this place at eight o'clock to-day; but the officers not knowing that the position had been evacuated and occupied by our troops, the gunboats were cleared for action and moved down the river in line of battle. Although there were no guns in the water-batteries, still the gun-carriages which remained presented a similar appearance to mounted guns. As soon as the "Stars and Stripes" were discovered on the rebel works the crews of the different gunboats gave hearty cheers, which were answered with a will from the fortifications. The transports were then signaled to come down the river, and our troops were soon in the works.

The fortified works are very extensive, as they reach from the iron-banks above the town round to the chalk bluffs below, probably four miles in extent. Every prominent bluff on the river and around the town is fortified.

The rebels entirely destroyed their barracks, commissary and quartermaster's stores, and in one lot burned six thousand bushels of corn. One building, containing a large quantity of bacon, being very much soaked with water, would not burn, and a lady told me that when the rebels found they could not destroy this bacon by fire, they sprinkled poison over it.

The massive chain which the enemy had stretched across the Mississippi still remains, although the Missouri end is in the bottom of the river. The shore is strewn with the greatest quantity of torpedoes and anchors. The large magazine is still on fire, but whether or not all the powder has been removed, is not known.

But few persons remain in the town, and those only who have not heretofore taken sides in favor or against secession. The remainder, from three to five hundred in number, have fled, leaving their houses and stores, where not destroyed, open.

There were, at the time of the evacuation, nineteen thousand troops in and around the place, the entire force commanded by Gen. (Bishop) Polk. Gens. Cheatham and Pillow were in command of brigades. Gen. Beauregard was not here, but was hourly expected, having been delayed by sickness.

The rebels, when they evacuated Columbus, not only went by railroad, but also availed themselves of the facilities offered by twenty transports.

The railroad-track was torn up for six miles, and the bridges burned. Where the railroad crosses the Ohio River the bridge was burnt, but

what other destruction was accomplished is not yet known.

A lady resident informs me that the troops who left by the river were destined for Island Number Ten, thirty miles below, and for New-Madrid, forty miles distant. The capture of Fort Donelson and occupation of Nashville had disheartened them; and the men, becoming demoralized and reckless, said they would soon be surrounded and starved out, and they would no longer obey the commands of their superiors. Gen. Polk and the officers generally had become unpopular, because, as the troops remarked, they had done nothing but fortify. The town had been fired several times, and was only saved by the untiring exertions and the constant vigilance of the officers, who feared that their demoralized condition would thus be made known to the Union troops.

Ex-Mayor Sharpe was suspected of treason to the so-called Southern confederacy, and was seized before they left and carried off a prisoner, without being allowed even to address a parting word to his wife. Yesterday morning a force of rebel cavalry returned and captured twenty Union men, who had come to town, knowing it to have been evacuated by the rebels, and expecting to find our troops in possession.

Strong guards have been detailed, and private property — under which head may be mentioned large quantities of sugar, molasses, flour, and grain, etc. — will be protected. It is suspected this property belongs to the rebel army, and if it proves true, will be seized by the Government.

Doc. 74.

A PEACEFUL EXPEDITION TO PORT ROYAL.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

THE first missionary expedition to propagate industry, religion, and education among the contrabands at Hilton Head, as well as to encourage agriculture and like useful measures, sailed from New-York City March third, 1862. It is composed of some sixty persons, about fifteen of whom are ladies. Mr. Edward L. Pierce, the Government agent, in charge of the plantations and contrabands at Port Royal, is to be the directing genius of this association; and from the experience he has already gained, the selection of that gentleman for the position is considered very judicious. The duty of the men, who include persons of about every trade and business, will be to take charge of the abandoned estates of the chivalry, and to direct the labors of the negroes, who are to be employed in such agricultural pursuits as the cultivation of cotton and the raising of necessary vegetables for the use of the army. The ladies go with the intention of establishing an industrial school, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. French, of this city. Among the ladies we should mention the name of Mrs. Harlan, wife of the United States Senator from Iowa.

The following is a list of the names of those who proceed to Port Royal as active participants in the operations of the society:

WASHINGTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

Walter R. Johnson, Miss Mary Donalson,
Miss Susan Walker.

NEW-YORK.

N. R. Johnson,	J. W. Brinkerhoff,
Geo. B. Peck,	Theodore Holt,
Harvey Hyde,	Edmund Price,
John L. Lathrop,	D. F. Cooper,
Robert N. Smith,	J. W. Macomber,
F. H. Cowdeny,	J. P. Greves,
Albert Norton,	J. T. Ashley,
Geo. C. Fox,	Jas. Hoy,
Jas. D. Strong,	David Fitch,
John H. Brown,	Lyman Knowlton,
Albert Belamy,	Miss Hannah Curtis,
Mrs. M. O. Quoiff,	Miss M. Albright,
Mrs. Nicholson,	Mrs. Jane Harlan,
Miss Doxy,	Miss R. Patton.

BOSTON.

E. W. Hooper,	E. S. Philbrick,
Wm. C. Gannett,	Geo. H. Blake,
J. E. Zachos,	Dr. A. J. Wakefield,
Jas. F. Sisson,	Isaac W. Cole,
J. W. R. Hill,	Jas. H. Palmer,
D. F. Thorpe,	David Mack,
T. Edwin Ruggles,	J. M. F. Howard,
F. E. Barnard,	Dr. Jas. Waldoek,
Richard Soule, Jr.,	Leonard Wesson,
Dr. C. H. Brown,	Wm. E. Peck,
James E. Taylor,	Frederick A. Eustis,
Daniel Bowe,	Wm. S. Clarke,
Samuel D. Phillips,	Jules L. DeCroix,
Geo. M. Wells,	Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hale,
Miss Mena Hale,	Miss E. H. Winsor.
Miss M. A. Waldeck,	

It will thus be seen that the persons composing the expedition do not come from one locality, but hail from Washington, New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other places. Some go as volunteers, but the bulk proceed under the auspices of the National Freedman's Relief Association of this city, and the Educational Commission in Boston. Each member was obliged to take the following oath of allegiance before being finally accepted:

I, ———, do solemnly swear that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I will bear true and faithful allegiance and loyalty to the same, any allegiance, resolution, or law of any State convention to the contrary notwithstanding. And further, that I do this with a full determination and pledge to perform it, without any mental reservation whatever; and further, that I will faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by law. So help me God.

The Atlantic, which conveys the expedition, takes out with her a large cargo, consisting of army stores, agricultural implements, seeds, clothing, sewing-machines, and numerous contributions toward the success of the object.

Doc. 75.

ENGAGEMENT NEAR NEW-MADRID, MO.

GENERAL HALLECK'S DESPATCH.

ST. LOUIS, March 3.

It is officially reported that Jeff. Thompson, with a large force of cavalry and artillery, came North from New-Madrid. Our forces advanced from Bird's Point, and met his force at Sykestown. He was pursued into the swamps by the cavalry of Gen. Hamilton and Col. Morgan's brigade, and three pieces of artillery captured. Gen. Pope pursued another detachment south, capturing three more pieces of artillery, one captain, one lieutenant, and a number of privates.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Commanding.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE FIELD, NEAR }
NEW-MADRID, Mo., Tuesday, March 4, 1862. }

Marching orders were issued on Thursday night, and on Friday morning, February twenty-eighth, the division was on its way for New-Madrid. The roads were in fine order for the infantry, and there was no great difficulty in moving the baggage-train. We encamped the first night some twelve miles from Commerce. The second, had the interesting feature of a skirmish of our cavalry and some rebel cavalry, near Sykestown, in which we took four prisoners and three small rifled cannon, one of our men being slightly wounded. We encamped at night at Sykestown, on the Bird's Point and Fulton (Ark.) Railroad. About two o'clock on Sunday morning we had a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, and gained a rough experience of camp-life. The camp was flooded, but the men continued in good spirits, especially as there was expectation of a fight before night. The roads were bad and the day cold, such weather as March usually brings to us in Ohio. At night we encamped in order of battle not more than nine miles from New-Madrid. The night was cold, ice forming near an inch thick. We were moving early in the morning, the men eager to see the enemy, and growing more impatient at every step.

At one o'clock P.M. we had approached within about two and a half miles of the town, and the tops of the houses, and the smoke and steam from the steam and gunboats were plainly visible. At this point Sands' battery and the Twenty-seventh Ohio were sent forward, the infantry in and on either side of the road as skirmishers. Having advanced about one mile, the line of battle was formed, the Seventh Illinois cavalry, and some companies of the Second Michigan cavalry, on the right and left flanks. The Forty-third Ohio was on the left, west of the road, the Thirty-ninth Ohio on the right of the road, across a lane cut by the enemy to defend themselves in case of an attack on their fort. Immediately in the rear of the Thirty-ninth were the Sixty-third Ohio on the extreme right; the Twenty-sixth Illinois and the Eleventh Missouri was on the left, in the rear of the Forty-third Ohio.

The report was that there were five gunboats

at the river-wharf, and about five thousand troops in and about the fort, just beyond the southern part of the town. There had been some earth-works thrown up on the road by which we approached the town, but they were not defended. We learned also that Columbus was evacuated and that the force had moved to an island about ten miles above the town, which was strongly fortified, and accounted for the presence of the gunboats at New-Madrid.

As the line of battle was being formed, a gunboat from the upper part of the town threw a shell which burst at a short range in mid-air. They fired at intervals, but the range was short. Soon, however, they began to play more accurately on the right wing, and the cannonading was as brisk as we could desire. The shot and shell fell in and around the Thirty-ninth and Sixty-third in a style that few of us had ever seen before, and the courage of the men was fully tested. They stood firm, and gave indications of as much unconcern as if they were veterans.

We occupied our position near two hours, during which the infantry and cavalry did not fire a shot, and only a few guns of our artillery were heard. It was reported that one of our artillery shots smashed the wheel-house of a gunboat.

At about four o'clock, Gen. Pope gave orders for the force to fall back three quarters of a mile and prepare for the night.

The order was obeyed without any confusion, and the men rested well in their tents, and talked over the wonders of the day.

The casualties of the day were as follows:

Killed—Louis Nine, company B, Thirty-ninth Ohio; a shell struck him in the lower part of the bowels, killing him instantly.

Wounded—Wm. Van Horn, company G, Thirty-ninth Ohio; a piece of shell struck him on the shoulder; the wound is not serious.

One of the Michigan cavalry, company I, whose name I have not heard, is reported to have his arm torn off. I hear, also, that an artillerist was wounded in the leg slightly.

L. Besse, Seventh Illinois cavalry, company M, was shot in the foot by a comrade in dismounting.

To-day we remained in position of last night till two o'clock P.M., when the whole force fell back in line of battle, and are now encamped principally in corn-fields north of the town.

Doc. 76.

CAPTURE OF FERNANDINA, FLA.

COMMODORE DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG SHIP MOHICAN,
HARBOR OF FERNANDINA, March 4, 1862. }

SIR: I had the honor to inform you in my last despatch, that the expedition for Fernandina was equipped, and waiting only for suitable weather to sail from Port Royal. I have now the pleasure to inform you that I am in full possession of Cumberland Island and Sound, of Fernandina and Amelia Island, and of the river and town of St. Mary's.

I sailed from Port Royal on the last day of February, in the Wabash, and on the second inst. entered Cumberland Sound, by St. Andrew's Inlet, in the Mohican, Com. S. W. Godon, on board of which ship I have hoisted my flag. The fleet comprised the following vessels, sailing in the order in which they are named:

Ottawa, Mohican, accompanied by the Ellen, Seminole, Pawnee, Pocahontas, Flag, Florida, James Adger, Bienville, Alabama, Keystone State, Seneca, Huron, Pembina, Isaac Smith, Penguin, Potomska, armed cutter Henrietta, armed transport McClellan, the latter having on board the battalion of marines, under the command of Maj. Reynolds, and the transports Empire City, Marion, Star of the South, Belvidere, Boston, George's Creek, containing a brigade, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Wright.

We came to anchor in Cumberland Sound at half-past ten, on the morning of the second, to make an examination of the channel, and wait for the tide.

Here I learned from a contraband, who had been picked up at sea by Com. Lanier, and from the neighboring residents on Cumberland Island, that the rebels had abandoned in haste the whole of the defences of Fernandina, and were even at that moment retreating from Amelia Island, carrying with them such of their munitions as their precipitate flight would allow.

The object of carrying the whole fleet through Cumberland Sound, was to turn the heavy works on the south end of Cumberland, and the north end of Amelia Islands; but on receiving this intelligence, I detached the gunboats and armed steamers of light draft from the main line, and placing them under the command of Commander P. Drayton, of the steam-sloop Pawnee, I ordered him to push through the Sound with the utmost speed, to save public and private property from threatened destruction; to prevent poisoning the wells, and to put a stop to all those outrages by the perpetration of which the leaders of this nefarious war hope to deceive and exasperate the Southern people. In the mean time I went out of the Sound, and came by sea to the main entrance of this harbor.

In consequence of bad weather, I was unable to cross the bar till this morning. Commander Drayton, accompanied by Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, with the armed launches and cutters, and the small-armed companies from the Wabash, had arrived several hours before me.

Immediately on his entering the harbor, Com. Drayton sent Lieut. White, of the Ottawa, to hoist the flag on Fort Clinch, the first of the National forts on which the ensign of the Union has resumed its proper place since the first proclamation of the President of the United States was issued.

A few scattering musket-shots were fired from the town by the flying enemy. When it was discovered that a railroad-train was about to start, Com. Drayton, on board the Ottawa, Lieut. Commanding Stevens, chased this train for two miles, and fired several shells at it, aiming at the loco-

motive, some of which took effect. It was reported that the Hon. David Yulee, late a Senator of the United States, from the State of Florida, escaped from this train, and took to the bush. Com. C. R. P. Rodgers, pushing ahead with the launches, captured the rebel steamer Darlington, containing military stores, army wagons, mules, forage, etc., and fortunately secured the draw-bridge, which was held during the night by the second launch of the Wabash.

There were passengers, women and children, in the Darlington, and the brutal captain suffered her to be fired upon, and refused to hoist a white flag, notwithstanding the entreaties of the women. No one was injured.

I send the captain of the steamer home, a prisoner. His name is Jacob Brock; he is a native of Vermont, but has been a resident of Florida for twenty-three years.

The same night, Com. C. R. P. Rodgers ascended the St. Mary's with the Ottawa, and took possession of the town, driving out a picket of the enemy's cavalry.

Early in the morning the town of Fernandina was also occupied by a party of seamen and marines from Com. Drayton's command. In both places most of the inhabitants had fled, by order, it is said, of the rebel authorities.

A company of seamen and marines, under Lieut. Miller, was sent from the Mohican, to hold Fort Clinch.

It is reported to me by Lieut. Commanding Downes, of the Huron, that the whole structure of the railroad on the Fernandina side, including the swinging draw-bridge, is quite uninjured. The rebels have done some damage by fire to the trestle-work on the other side of the river; but I am not yet informed of its extent. Several locomotives, baggage-cars, tenders, freight-cars, and some other property, besides that found in the steamer Darlington, have been recovered.

The whole number of guns discovered, up to this time, is thirteen, embracing heavy thirty-two-pounders, eight-inch guns, and one eighty and one one-hundred-and-twenty-pounder rifled guns.

The towns of St. Mary's and Fernandina are uninjured. I visited the town, Fort Clinch, and the earthworks on the sea-face of the island. It is impossible to look at these preparations for a vigorous defence, without being surprised that they should have been voluntarily deserted.

The batteries on the north and north-east shores are as complete as art can make them. Six are well concealed, and protected by ranges of sand-hills in front, contain perfect shelter for the men, and are so small, and thoroughly covered by the natural growth, and by the varied contours of the land, that to strike them from the water, would be the mere result of chance. A battery of six guns, though larger, and therefore affording a better mark, is equally well sheltered and masked.

The batteries and the heavy guns mounted on Fort Clinch, command all the turnings of the main ship-channel, and rake an approaching en-

emy. Besides these, there was another battery of four guns on the south end of Cumberland Island, the fire of which would cross the channel inside of the bar. The difficulties arising from the indirectness of the channel, and from the shoalness of the bar, would have added to the defences by keeping the approaching vessels a long time exposed to fire, under great disadvantages; and when the ships of an enemy had passed all their defences, they would have to encounter a well-constructed and naturally masked battery at the town, which commands the access to the inner anchorage. We are told that General Lee pronounced the place perfectly defensible; we are not surprised at this, if true. We captured Port Royal, but Fernandina and Fort Clinch have been given to us.

We had in the expedition Mr. W. H. Dennis, an assistant in the Coast Survey, who possessed accurate local knowledge of a part of the ground we passed over, of which indeed he had made the topographical map, under the direction of the Superintendent. He was zealous and active, and it gives me pleasure to mention it.

The Empire City, on board of which was Gen. Wright, grounded on the bar. As soon as he arrived, (in another steamer,) immediate steps were taken to transfer to him the forts and all authority and possession on the land.

I desire to speak here of the harmonious councils and cordial coöperation, which have marked, throughout, my intercourse with this able officer. Our plans of action have been matured by mutual consultation, and have been carried into execution by mutual help.

I take great pleasure in reminding the Department that one principal and ultimate object of the naval expedition, which I have the honor to command, was, in its first conception, to take and keep under control the whole line of the sea-coast of Georgia, knowing (to use the language of the original paper) "that the naval power that controls the sea-coast of Georgia controls the State of Georgia."

The report that the fortifications at St. Simon's, armed with heavy columbiads, had been abandoned, which first reached me at Port Royal, is confirmed. This being the case, the entire sea-coast of Georgia is now either actually in my possession, or under my control, and thus the views of the Government have been accomplished.

Very respectfully your most obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,

Flag-Officer Commanding South Atlantic Block. Squad.
Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

COMMANDER DRAYTON'S REPORT.

U. S. STEAMER PAWNEE, FERNANDINA, March 4, 1862.

SIR: In obedience to your order of the second of March, I left at daylight on the next morning, accompanied by the following gunboats and other light-draft vessels, namely: the Ottawa, Lieut. Commanding Y. H. Stevens; Seneca, Lieut. Commanding D. Ammen; Huron, Lieut. Commanding G. Downes; Pembina, Lieut. Commanding

J. P. Bankhead; Isaac Smith, Lieut. Commanding J. W. A. Nicholson; Penguin, Lieut. Commanding T. A. Budd. There were also with us three armed launches of the Wabash, and a company of sailors, all under the command of Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, of that vessel, as well as the transports McClellan, Capt. Gray, on board of which was the battalion of marines of Major S. G. Reynolds; the Boston, with the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, Col. Guss, and the armed cutter Henrietta, Capt. Bennett.

We proceeded at once down the Cumberland Sound. The navigation, however, proved to be quite intricate, and beside, the Pawnee, the Ottawa, and Huron (the latter the only one with a pilot except myself) were alone able to cross the flats at the dividing line between the tides that meet in the Sound from the north and south.

With these I continued on, until, at three o'clock, and when only three miles distant from Fort Clinch, all except the Ottawa grounded, and as the tide was falling, there was little hope of getting them off until its change. I determined, therefore, to push on in that vessel, with the three armed launches of the Wabash. On approaching Fort Clinch, it was so evidently deserted that I would not stop, but merely sent Lieut. G. M. White of the Ottawa on shore, with an armed boat, to hoist the American flag there, as a signal to yourself, at anchor outside in the Mohican. This he did, and returned to the vessel later.

On coming in sight of Old Fernandina, a white flag was displayed by some persons on shore. Shortly after, and when passing New-Fernandina, a few rifle-shots were fired from some bushes, and a railroad-train was perceived just starting. As it was naturally supposed to contain soldiers escaping, I directed Lieut. Commanding Stearns to try and stop it; and the road, passing for some distance near the river, and we were going at full speed, there was an opportunity of firing several shots at the two locomotives attached to the train, which, however, did not prevent its escape across the railroad-bridge, which is four miles from the town, and it was soon lost in the woods on the other side. We afterwards found on the track the bodies of two men who had been killed by our shot, one of whom was a soldier; and the report was that ex-Senator Yulee was on board one of the cars, and had also been struck, but this, I think, was a mistake.

In the mean time, a small steamer was discovered attempting to escape up the narrow creek over which the railroad-bridge passes, the draw of which she went through very soon after the train had crossed. Several shots were fired at her without effect, and as the Ottawa could not go up the creek, Commander Rodgers followed her with two of his armed boats, captured, and brought her alongside. She was found to be filled principally with women and children, but also had on board a surgeon in the confederate army, and a number of mules and wagons belonging to the quartermaster's department.

As everything had been done now that could be in this direction, and as it was quite dark, be-

ing near eight o'clock, we returned off the town of Fernandina, where I left the Ottawa and went on board of the steamer that we had captured to bring up the Pawnee and Huron. Soon after, Commander Rodgers, with the Ottawa, proceeded to occupy the town of St. Mary's, Ga., a small town on the St. Mary's River, distant ten miles from here, and where we supposed some of the guns removed from Fort Clinch had been taken.

Owing to various detentions, I was not able to reach the Pawnee until midnight, nor to bring her up till daylight, when, with the Huron, I anchored off this town.

During the night an armed launch of the Wabash, under charge of Acting Master R. H. Lamson, had been left for the protection of the railroad bridge, the draw of which had been opened. Toward morning, however, a number of soldiers came down, and under cover of the bushes, set the farther end on fire. They were repeatedly fired on and driven off, but succeeded in very much injuring its western portion. On seeing the smoke I sent the Huron up to prevent the remaining part from being injured, in which Lieut. Commanding Downes was successful.

The batteries on and near Fort Clinch, on the southern part of Cumberland Island, and at New-Fernandina, although many guns had been removed, might have offered most serious obstacles to our approach, as will be seen by my detailed report of them. They were, however, being rapidly disarmed, in obedience to orders from the War Department, but it was determined to defend them from any attack by sea until the place could be regularly evacuated; and the bar being a very intricate one, and well under fire, they might have given us a great deal of trouble, had our advance been made from that side.

At eight o'clock of the night previous to my arrival, however, (the second,) a telegram came from Brunswick, mentioning that twenty-four of our armed vessels were in Cumberland Sound. This news seems to have produced a perfect panic, as, by twelve o'clock the next day, the garrison, which consisted of one thousand five hundred men, as well as almost all of the inhabitants, had gone off.

Shortly after bringing up the Pawnee, and at about seven o'clock this morning, I occupied the town with our marines and the Wabash's company of rifles, and endeavored, as much as possible, to quiet the few people left, and to prevent any injury to public or private property.

Midshipman M. L. Johnston pushed along the railroad with some of his men, and in the course of the day brought in two locomotives and three railroad-cars.

He also collected and put a guard over a quantity of rosin, turpentine, and cotton, to prevent it from being carried off or injured. At nine o'clock the Isaac Smith arrived, when I immediately sent her out to communicate with your vessel, which she met, however, on the way in.

The report of Commander Rodgers accompanies this, as well as a description of the defences of the harbor and their armament.

In conclusion, I have only to express the great obligations I am under to Commander Rodgers and Lieut. Commanding Stevens. Except for the former and his boats, we should scarcely have been able to capture the steamer; and had it not been for the constant watchfulness and good management of the latter, his vessel would not have been able to follow the Pawnee so far as she did without a pilot, and thus at last enable us to act on the afternoon of the third, instead of waiting for the next morning, which would otherwise have been necessary.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. DRAYTON,

Commander Commanding the Pawnee.

To Flag-Officer S. F. DU PONT,

Commanding South Atlantic Squadron,
U. S. S. Mohican, Fernandina Harbor.

BALTIMORE "AMERICAN" NARRATIVE.

FERNANDINA, Florida, March 10, 1862.

Another bloodless victory has been won. Another point occupied and another chapter of Gen. McClellan's plan has been unfolded. Fernandina is now occupied by the Union forces. The Stars and Stripes are once more unfolded to the breeze in that ancient city. Finding that it would not be prudent to attack the city of Savannah with the small force which Gen. Sherman had under his command, he determined to attack Fernandina, Florida, and Brunswick, Georgia. In conjunction with Commodore Du Pont he arranged the expedition, which left Hilton Head on the afternoon of February twenty-seventh and the morning of February twenty-eighth, and arrived at Warsaw Sound at twelve o'clock M. At evening they left Warsaw Sound in the following order: Wabash, Susquehanna, Florida, Flag, Ottawa, Seneca, Huron, Pembina, Isaac Smith, Penguin, Pawnee, James Adger, Potumska, Pocahontas, pilot-boat Hope, Seminole, Ellen, Alabama, Henrietta, Mohican, sailing ship Onward. Transports—Empire City, containing General Wright and staff, and the Fourth New-Hampshire regiment; Star of the South, Ninth Maine and towing schooner Sarah Cullen, having stores on board; Marion, towing schooner J. G. Steele, with army stores; Belvidere, having on board Hamilton's battery and towing schooner R. J. Mercer, with army stores; Boston, having on board Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, and towing schooner Susan F. Abbott, with army stores; George's Creek, towing schooner Blackbird, with army stores.

The fleet entered St. Andrew's Sound Sunday morning at ten o'clock, March second, and lay all evening until eight o'clock Monday morning. A portion of the light gunboats then went around Cumberland Island, whilst the balance of the fleet went by sea. The Wabash and Susquehanna having previously gone ahead of the gunboats, and arrived off Fernandina on Sunday morning at ten o'clock. As soon as it was known at Brunswick, Georgia, that the gunboats had left Warsaw Sound and entered St. Andrew's, it was telegraphed immediately to Fernandina, Florida. The garrison in Fort Clinch decided to remain

when they saw the frigates, and to give them battle, but as soon as they heard of gunboats being in the expedition, they evacuated the Fort at two A.M., Monday morning, March third.

On Tuesday morning, March fourth, at half-past nine A.M., the transports weighed anchor and followed the Mohican, and arrived at the bar off Fernandina at eleven o'clock. At half-past twelve o'clock P.M., Gen. Wright and staff were transferred from the Empire City to the Belvidere, and at two o'clock were landed at the wharf. In the mean time the gunboats arrived by the way of Cumberland Sound, and the Ottawa being fired upon from a railroad-train, returned the fire, killing two men, M. Savage and John M. Thompson, both clerks in stores in Fernandina. The Ottawa continued to fire at the train, but the conductor having cut off some of the rear cars and put on extra steam, managed to escape. The steamboat Darlington was not quite so fortunate.

The Ottawa pursued her, firing at her eleven-inch shells, but her captain did not surrender until he ran aground, although the boat was crowded with men, women, and children, and although he was appealed to by the women on their bended knees, for God's sake, to surrender. The cries of the women, the shrieks of the children, and the bursting of the shells around the boat, did not melt the obdurate heart of the unmerciful wretch. For the sake of the almighty dollar, he was perfectly willing that every soul on board should perish. His excuse for not surrendering at first was that he would be charged with cowardice by the rebels, had he acted differently; but the true reason was he owned the boat and a part of the negro crew. The captain's name, which deserves to be handed down to posterity with execration for his inhumanity and treason, is Brock, from Connecticut. He has been residing here for thirty years, and has accumulated a large fortune. He owns about one hundred negroes, besides plantations, etc. The Engineer's name is John Curry, from the North. Henry G. Limgrene, a surgeon in the confederate regular army, and J. S. Driggs, Esq., a citizen in Jacksonville, Florida, from Long Island, New-York, were among the prisoners taken. Mr. Driggs is a Union man and was obliged to go on board the steamboat, the order being given for all citizens to leave the town. He has taken the oath of allegiance, and intends going North by the first steamer. Ex-Senator D. L. Yulee, one of the most prominent men in Florida, escaped by a small boat to the main-land. He was among the last to leave and came near being caught.

The Ottawa, after the capture of the Darlington, steamed up the St. Mary's River to Albertis' plantation, this side of King's Ferry, and fifty-two miles from Fernandina, for the purpose of reconnoissance. On returning, as they were approaching a bend in the river, (the water being shallow, they were obliged to keep close to the bank,) they were fired upon by the Twenty-ninth Mississippi. A perfect hail-storm of bullets fell upon the deck. All the guns were immediately brought to bear upon the bushes behind which

the rebels were concealed. The guns being heavily charged with grape, were fired, and the effect was truly appalling. The shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, could be distinctly heard, while the sailors at the mast-head could see the men falling. The loss of the enemy must have been very heavy, as they were in large squads together. Only five sailors on the *Ottawa* were wounded and a number of others had their clothes torn by bullets.

On Sunday, March second, prior to the evacuation, the sailing ship *Onward*, which was blockading the coast, approached towards the harbor of Fernandina. She set up a Jack and French colors. Lieut.-Colonel Holland, an Irishman by birth, with a boat's crew of six men, moved from the wharf at Fort Clinch, and approached within short musket-range of the ship *Onward*, when she lowered her French colors, and raised the Stars and Stripes. Lieut.-Colonel Holland seeing this, raised a flag of truce which had been lying in the boat, but the ruse did not succeed. He and his men were taken prisoners of war. His design was to pilot the ship in, your correspondent fully believes. A ship was expected about this time with arms and ammunition. He and his men have since been released by order of Gen. Wright, and sent into the enemy's lines under a flag of truce, an act of leniency which your correspondent does not think the circumstances will justify. Had Lieut.-Col. Holland raised his flag of truce the moment he left the wharf, and kept it up until he reached the ship and then have been detained a prisoner of war, the circumstances would have been different. Possibly Gen. Wright's design may be to conciliate the enemy as much as possible.

On Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning the troops were landed, and on entering the Fort and town they found both deserted. The latter has about two hundred persons, men, women, and children, both white and black, who were left behind by the rebels.

On Tuesday evening, Capt. Goodrich, of the Quartermaster's Department, with one hundred men, went out on a reconnoitring expedition. About a mile from the depot he found a locomotive and two cars. With Yankee ingenuity he had the engine fired up, and ran her as far as the bridge, about five miles from Fernandina, and which was burnt by the rebels. He then returned to the depot. Four more locomotives, a lot of cars, car-wheels, rosin, spirits of turpentine, and a lot of cotton were captured. The cotton was taken by the schooner *McClellan* to Hilton Head.

The schooner *Surtt*, laden with coffee and medicines, etc., was taken, together with her crew, by the gunboat *Bienville*. A Nova Scotian schooner from Halifax, which had run the blockade several times, was captured a short distance up Pell's River. She had on board a few bales of cotton, and a few barrels of rosin. She ran the blockade a short time since with two hundred barrels salt, fifty barrels pork, fifty barrels potatoes, and a general assortment of dry-goods and

groceries, and was to return with a cargo of cotton, rosin and turpentine. A small lighter was also captured.

New-Fernandina is built on Amelia Island, about a mile and a half from Old Fernandina. It has been built within the last five years. Its great increase has been owing to the fact of its being the terminus of the Florida Railroad. It contains about one thousand five hundred white inhabitants, and about three hundred negroes. It has a Baptist, an Episcopal, a Catholic, a Methodist, and a Presbyterian church. The climate is healthy and not very warm for this latitude, as there is a fine breeze constantly flowing from the ocean.

The defences of Fernandina consist of Fort Clinch, which is of pentagonal shape, built of brick and concrete. It has detached towers and bastions, and detached scarps, which are loop-holed for musketry. The work is flanked by musketry, not completed; the water-front is nearly finished, and the land-front is not quite up to the top of the loopholes for musketry. The water-front has two thirty-two-pounders in the bastion. On the north side it has one rifled gun and two thirty-two-pounders on the curtain beyond. There was on the beach one rifled gun—a one-hundred-and-twenty-eight-pounder—on a sling-cart, and three thirty-two pounders on the wharf. All the guns were spiked. The Fort had originally twenty-seven guns, but when the rebels evacuated it they carried away eighteen guns to Savannah. There were four thirty-two-pounders and one rifled gun in a masked battery near the wharf at Fernandina. The gun-carriages were burned and the guns spiked. There was also a battery on Cumberland Island, but the guns were removed.

The rebel forces consisted of the Fourth Florida, Colonel Hopkins; one company Third regiment, Colonel Dilworth; one company cavalry—the Marion dragoons—Capt. Owens; one battalion of artillery, six companies, Col. McBlair, garrisoning Fort Clinch and batteries, and one company light artillery, Capt. Martin. Colonel Dilworth commanded the Fort. The Twenty-fourth Mississippi, Colonel Dodd, were stationed on the railroad, about nine miles from Fernandina; the whole under command of Gen. Trappier. The entire force did not number two thousand men, a great number of whom were not effective. They were dying from eight to ten daily. The diseases were principally the measles, the pneumonia, and the small-pox, and superinduced by the troops being badly clothed, badly fed, and badly paid. Bad whisky and exposure to heavy dews at night carried off a great many. The troops were very disorderly, and when the confederates entered the town, a great many citizens left with their families. Those that remained were obliged to endure unnumbered insults, and submit to their provisions being taken from them without a murmur. They could well say: "Deliver me from my friends, I pray you."

When the Federal troops landed, they expected to be treated more harshly than before, but to

their great surprise, they have not been in the least molested. Provisions were very high, and very scarce at that. Flour was selling from eighteen to twenty-five dollars per barrel; tea, two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars per pound; coffee, seventy-five cents to one dollar per pound; common shoes, six to eight dollars per pair, and everything else in proportion. The inhabitants are rather in a bad fix. They have no Federal money, and their stock of provisions and merchandise is running short. There was a chance of getting some provisions from the interior, but that is now prevented by the rebels. If the Government at Washington will only allow vessels from the North to come here, the inhabitants will be relieved, otherwise they will either starve, or the army will have to feed them. It is to be hoped that the Government will act promptly in this matter.

The following extract of a letter was found in an old wallet in Fort Clinch, Fernandina, Fla.:

(Copy.)

"NASHVILLE, TENN., February 26, 1862.

"DEAR SON: I had not much time to write to you, for we are retreating from Nashville. The d—d Yankees have driven us out of our *old* quarters, and they will soon drive us out of this place. They are about thirty thousand strong, and fight like devils. I am afraid they will take Stephens, for he only left here yesterday. I don't think the South can hold out much longer, for the people are starving to death, and so are the soldiers up this way. I think they will rebel against themselves. Won't it be awful for us *now* to give up to the d—d Yankees?"

Cumberland Island, opposite Amelia Island, was once the property of General Nat. Greene, of Revolutionary fame, and is now in the hands of his descendants. It was donated by the State of Georgia to the General, for his distinguished services in the cause of human freedom. The plantation and houses are at present deserted, except by a few old negroes. The property is in good order; the walls and gardens are beautiful and well laid. To prevent plundering this Mecca of the South, Gen. Wright has issued the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, E. C.,
"FERNANDINA, FLA., March 9, 1862."

"New-Deugeness, once the property of General Greene, of Revolutionary memory, and now the residence of a descendant, is represented without protection, and liable to plunder by evil-disposed persons of all parties.

"I have therefore ordered a guard, composed of one non-commissioned officer and six men, to be stationed at the place, not for its military occupation, but for its protection from marauders, with instructions not to permit any person to enter the premises without a written permission from the headquarters of the senior officer of the naval forces; and that such person shall not be permitted to enter the buildings unless accompanied by a member of the guard, whose duty it shall be to see that nothing is injured or removed.

"I have further directed that a white flag be displayed from the premises, to indicate that the place is not occupied for military purposes, and that the guard there stationed is entitled to the immunities which are accorded to the flag by all civilized nations.

H. G. WRIGHT,

"Brig.-Gen. Commanding."

The following additional order was also issued:

"DOUGLAS HOUSE, March 6, 1862.

"This property, belonging originally to Gen. Nathaniel Greene, a Revolutionary hero and a native of Rhode Island, is now the property of his grandson, Mr. Nightingale. It is hereby ordered and enjoined upon all who may visit this place to hold everything about the place sacred, and in no case disturb or take away any article without a special order from Flag-Officer Du Pont or Gen. Wright.

[Signed]

JOHN RODGERS,

CHARLES STEDMAN,

Commanders United States Navy.

[Approved]

S. F. DU PONT,

H. G. WRIGHT."

The following order was published for the benefit of the inhabitants of Fernandina:

"ORDER:

"The inhabitants of Fernandina, wishing to communicate with their friends beyond the lines, can do so by means of unsealed letters left at this office to-day, March twelfth, 1862.

"By command of Brig.-Gen. H. G. WRIGHT."

An order was also issued ordering all persons on Amelia Island, not connected with the rebel army or navy, to immediately present themselves at the office of the Provost-Marshal, in order that their names might be registered and their property protected. Any person failing to comply with the above, will be treated as an enemy of the Government of the United States.

From the inhabitants we learn that the rebels intend to desert all their seaport towns, and then retire into the interior, where they will make a grand fight. It is reported that fifty thousand men can be thrown either into Savannah or Charleston at four hours' notice. Brunswick is evacuated. At the high bluff on the St. John's River, about twelve miles from Jacksonville, there was a heavy battery planted, and some five thousand men stationed.

By the contrabands we learn that Jacksonville is evacuated, and that our fleet passed the high bluff without firing a shot. St. John's River is twenty-five miles from Fernandina. It is on the mainland. The fleet was composed of the following vessels, namely:

Ottawa,	Co. A,	80	men	Fourth N.-Hamp'e
"	Co. B,	70	"	"
"	Co. C,	80	"	"
"	Band,	33	"	"
Seneca,	Co. D,	69	"	"
Huron,	Co. I,	76	"	"
Pembina,	Co. H,	79	"	"
Isaac Smith,	Co. K,	76	"	"
Ellen,	Co. G,	80	"	"
		643	"	"

By special express, March eighth, we learn that the battery, consisting of four thirty-two-pounders, at Nassau, Fort Georgia Island, was deserted.

Jacksonville is quite a flourishing town. It has two thousand five hundred inhabitants, who are chiefly engaged in the lumber trade. In busy seasons there were generally from eight to twenty schooners loading lumber, which was shipped to New-York and the West-Indies. There is ten feet of water on the bar at high tide. The men of wealth, and the most enterprising portion of Jacksonville, are for the Union, but they have been obliged to keep quiet. St. Mary's, a town of about one thousand five hundred inhabitants, is also in our possession.

On Tuesday morning, March twelfth, a deserter from the Twenty-fourth Mississippi, arrived within our lines, and was at once taken to General Wright's headquarters. He gave his name as David Hodgdon. He is from Clifton, Maine, and has been working in the lumber business on White River, Arkansas. On going into the State of Mississippi, on some private business, he was impressed. When the Federals arrived at Fernandina, the Twenty-fourth Mississippi retreated twelve miles, and then encamped. On breaking up their camp he found an opportunity to desert, which he heartily embraced. He brought with him a fine Enfield rifle with sabre-bayonet. He was rather coarsely clothed.

On Thursday, March thirteenth, the flag of truce in charge of Capt. Sears, of Serrell's engineers, left Fernandina on board the Darlington with Lieut.-Col. Holland and six men. When the Darlington arrived at St. Mary's they found the gunboat Penguin guarding the town. There Capt. Sears obtained a boat and crew and was rowed four miles, when they arrived at the residence of widow De Bow. The whole party went up to the house, where they found six ladies, and Capt. Sears had the pleasure of recognising one of the ladies as the wife of one of his most intimate friends. After some fifteen minutes' conversation, Lieut.-Col. Holland notified Capt. Sears that he desired to be left there with his six men. He gave the following receipt:

“—— TOWNSHIP, March 13, 1862.

“I was delivered here, at my own request, under the Federal flag of truce, by Capt. Sears, United States Army, and the naval boat, by the order of Gen. Wright and Commodore Du Pont, with the same men I brought.

“D. P. HOLLAND,

“Lieut.-Col. Commanding First Florida Battalion.”

A deserter named John Farles, a native of Florida, came in to-day, March thirteenth, at noon. He lived at Callahan, on the Florida Railroad, twenty seven miles from Fernandina. He reports that drafting commenced throughout the State on March eighth, and that the last rebel picket left Callahan on yesterday, March twelfth. Lofton Creek bridge, on the railroad, and all small bridges between it and Fernandina, are burned.

Capt. Towles, of the New-Hampshire Fourth, company F, is appointed Provost-Marshal for Fernandina. Yours truly, B. M. B.

Doc. 77.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S ORDER

ON ASSUMING COMMAND IN THE WEST.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
JACKSON, TENN., March 5. }

SOLDIERS: I assume this day the command of the army of the Mississippi, for the defence of our homesteads and liberties, and to resist the subjugation, spoliation, and dishonor of our people. Our mothers and wives, our sisters and children, expect us to do our duty, even to the sacrifice of our lives.

Our losses since the commencement of this war, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, are now about the same as those of the enemy.

He must be made to atone for these reverses we have lately experienced. Those reverses, far from disheartening, must nerve us to new deeds of valor and patriotism, and should inspire us with an unconquerable determination to drive back our invaders.

Should any one in this army be unequal to the task before us, let him transfer his arms and equipments at once to braver, firmer hands, and return to his home.

Our cause is as just and sacred as ever animated men to take up arms; and if we are true to it and to ourselves, with the continued protection of the Almighty we must and shall triumph.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

Commenting on this, the *Appeal* says: “The exact limits of his department, which is distinct, it appears, from Gen. Sidney Johnston, is not known to us.

“Gens. Polk and Bragg will be connected with him in command of the army—the former making his headquarters at Humboldt, and the latter probably at Memphis.

“As affairs now progress, we may well expect that Gen. Beauregard will very soon perfect the organization and discipline of his army, and increase its numbers to such an extent, that it will compare favorably in efficiency with the army of the Potomac.”

Doc. 78.

GOVERNOR PICKENS' PROCLAMATION

CALLING FOR TROOPS AND THREATENING CONSCRIPTION.

STATE OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, }
HEADQUARTERS, March 5, 1862. }

THE President of the confederate States, through the Secretary of War, has called on me, as Governor of South-Carolina, to furnish five more regiments for and during the war.

Now, then, under this requisition, I do hereby call for men to come forward as volunteers, individually and separately, or by companies now

formed, of not less than sixty-eight aggregate to each company, and to be organized according to the principles laid down in the resolutions of the Council, hereunto attached. Tenders of service will be made in writing to the Adjutant-General's office, in Columbia. Those volunteering as individuals will be formed into companies as soon as possible, the officers to be appointed by the Governor and Council.

The Secretary of War, in his requisition, says that "each soldier will receive a bounty of fifty dollars when the regiment or company is mustered into service, and will be allowed transportation from his home to the place of rendezvous," and will also be clothed, supplied, and armed at the expense of the confederate States. No man liable to duty will be allowed to enter any other company now in service for any term less than the war, until this requisition for five infantry regiments be complied with. *If these regiments are not formed by volunteers, by the twentieth instant, then a conscription will be made to meet the balance of the requisition, upon principles which will be announced in general orders of detail, issued by the Chief of the Military Department, in conjunction with the Adjutant and Inspector-General.*

I need not make an appeal to the people to meet this requisition. The country is in danger. We have met with reverses. There is no alternative. We must fight for our homes and our altars. No people are fit to be free unless they are willing to march through the perils of severe conflict and battle. This State was the cradle of the revolution. Let her sons now hang out their battle-flags from every home. Let us make the State one intrenched camp, and if we are to fall, let every freeman find, at least, a soldier's grave. Let all come to their country's call. If we are brave and true, there is no permanent danger. Without difficulty and peril, independence itself would not be valued. No people were ever free without dangers and struggles. Our true safety is to meet every danger with more indomitable courage, and to rise higher with any and every disaster. In the war of our first Revolution South-Carolina passed through far more desperate trials. Under the guide of the God of battles, we must rise to our destiny, and from our very defeats gather renewed strength in the defence of our firesides and of our homes.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at Columbia, this, the fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the State of South-Carolina the eighty-sixth.

F. W. PICKENS.

Resolved by the Governor and Council, That, in view of the recent requisition for troops for the war by the confederate government, no person not now under orders, subject to military duty in South-Carolina, shall be permitted to enter confederate service for a less time than for the war.

Resolved, That the Chief of the Military Department, together with the Adjutant-General,

proceed at once to devise a scheme by which all the arms-bearing white male inhabitants of South-Carolina, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, shall be enrolled, as well those now in service for a less period than the war, as those not in service, from which roll the troops raised shall be selected, by lot, except such volunteers as shall come in as hereinafter provided.

Resolved, That individual volunteers, for infantry service, will be received until the twentieth of March instant, who shall be organized into companies, battalions, and regiments—all officers to be appointed and assigned by the Governor and Council, and the troops so organized shall be mustered immediately into confederate service.

F. J. MOSES, Jr.,
Secretary.

March 6.

Doc. 79.

THE EMANCIPATION MESSAGE.

SENT TO CONGRESS MARCH 6, 1862.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies which shall be substantially as follows:

"Resolved, That the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approval, I deem it of importance that the States and people immediately interested should be at once distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it. The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such a measure as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope that the Government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all the slave States north of such parts will then say: "The Union for which we have struggled being already gone, we now choose to go with the southern section." To deprive them of this hope, substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it as to all the States initiating it.

The point is not that all the States tolerating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation, but that while the offer is equally made to all, the more northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more southern that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed confederacy. I say "initiation," because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all. In the mere financial or pecuniary view, any member of Congress,

with the census tables and the treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at a fair valuation, all the slaves in any named State.

Such a proposition on the part of the general Government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within State limits, referring as it does the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them.

In the annual message last December I thought fit to say: "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed." I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War has been, and continues to be an indispensable means to this end. A practical reënowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come. The proposition now made is an offer only, and I hope it may be esteemed no offence to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs. While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important results. In full view of my great responsibility to my God and to my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[From the *Louisville Journal*.]

The measure is obnoxious to no constitutional objection, so far, at least, as the rights of the States are concerned, whatever objections of this sort the Abolitionists may bring forward in relation to the powers of the Federal Government. The measure is in itself a lawful and innocent one. Herein we agree with the President.

The end is certainly legitimate. Is the measure adapted to accomplish the end? The President is persuaded that it is. Herein we differ with the President. The whole efficacy of the measure, as the President admits, depends on the "free choice" of the States concerned. But what one even of the Border slaveholding States has in any manner shown the slightest indication of a wish or willingness to adopt a system of emancipation, gradual or otherwise? Assuredly not one. On the contrary, the settled opinion of these States, without exception, appears to be that the present is, of all times, the most opportune for the voluntary agitation of the question of emancipation in any of its aspects. We believe this is in fact the settled opinion of them all. Conse-

quently the measure, if adopted by Congress, would be inoperative. It would lie inert on the statute-book. As not one of the States would call for the coöperation the measure offers, the measure would be not merely ineffectual but in the line of its purpose absolutely without results. Nay, it might, by serving to inaugurate a domestic controversy which in the nature of things could not be determined one way or the other for many years, nourish instead of extinguishing the hope at which the President would strike. The casting of an apple of discord into the loyal ranks of the Border slaveholding States, at this time, could but prove unfavorable to the true interests of the country; and there is danger that the adoption of this measure would be such a movement. In short, the measure, if adopted, could not, as we conceive, produce the effect the President designs, and might produce the very opposite effect. We, therefore, whilst agreeing with the President that the measure is in itself lawful and innocent, differ with him in respect to its policy. We do not think it is adapted to accomplish the end proposed, but rather the contrary. Indeed, there is, according to our judgment, but one feasible mode of accomplishing the end proposed so far as it yet remains unaccomplished, and that mode is the wise and vigorous prosecution of the war for the reëstablishment of the Government.

[From the *Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth*.]

For ourselves, we are free to confess that we would rather the President had left this matter alone, and let the appeal come from such States as desired the assistance of the Federal Government.

Our main objection to the Message is, that it will be wrested from its real meaning, and be so construed as to represent the President as giving way to Abolition pressure, which we are satisfied would be an unjust imputation. We believe that there is an irreconcilable disagreement between him and them.

[From the *St. Louis Republican*.]

There can be no objection to the mere principle of the Federal Government assisting a State in any lawful enterprise in which the latter may engage, and none will pretend that any State may not, under the Constitution, legislate with perfect right upon all matters of domestic concern. Expediency is another and quite different question, but this consideration is far from alarming, in view of the fact that it is left wholly to the determination of those who feel the greatest social and material interest in the decision.

We receive this document as a renewal of the President's assurance that the war is not to degenerate into a violent revolutionary struggle, but to be conducted in the spirit and according to the forms of the Constitution, for the restoration of the Union, with all the rights of the States unimpaired. It is sufficient that Mr. Lincoln recognises the complete and sole authority of the different States to form, change and regulate their own domestic institutions in their own way, and

that he puts himself in opposition to all violent revolutionary measures affecting the loyal in the same manner as the disloyal. Whenever the question of emancipation in this State, or any other, comes up for the consideration of the people who are alone interested in it, and who alone can determine it, then it will be time enough to take a hand in it. If Congress shall stop all agitation just where Mr. Lincoln proposes to leave it, and kick the whole subject out of it, the citizens of the several States will be in a better temper to discuss it, in all its bearings.

[From the *St. Louis News*.]

The President's Special Message to Congress, recommending the adoption of a resolution declaratory of the duty of the Federal Government to coöperate with any State that may adopt a plan for the gradual removal of slavery, brings before the public a subject of vast importance, and yet suggests it with a carefulness and a prudence of manner fitting the dignity of the question It leaves the subject of emancipation where it properly belongs, to the States themselves, merely proposing to aid such a measure if a State should adopt it.

Such being the character of the President's recommendation, we cannot but think it will meet with the deliberate and decided approval of the conservative minds of the country. The radical press will, no doubt, vehemently oppose it, since it overthrows their revolutionary idea of confiscatory abolition, by substituting the better and wiser measure of gradual emancipation; but the assaults of the radicals against the proposition will only demonstrate its wisdom and eventually lead to the adoption of it as a policy.

[From the *National Intelligencer*.]

We have been greatly gratified to observe that the recent Message of President Lincoln, recommending the adoption of measures looking to the "*gradual* and not sudden emancipation" of slaves as being "better for all" concerned, and this too on terms recognising the right of slave-owners to be reimbursed for the sacrifice of the interest they now possess in persons held to service for life under the laws of certain States, is received with favor by the only class who might have been suspected of an unwillingness to accept a proposition so just and at the same time so prudent in its leading features. We allude, of course, to that class of men who have been distinguished for the fervor of their anti-slavery opinions, and in whose eyes the very act of slaveholding, however entailed on its unwilling, or, in many cases, at least, its unassenting subjects, has seemed such an odious anomaly in morals, politics, and religion, that nothing short of its immediate and unconditional abolition could satisfy the demand of justice. From time to time the project of paying for the slaves of the South, out of the national purse, has been suggested by many well-meaning and thoughtful men, but the idea has been loudly denounced by those who held that the "body and soul" of man could not be made the subject of pecuniary purchase or compensation, except at

the sacrifice of admitting the rightfulness of the slave-owner's "claim" to his "pretended property."

In the proposition now submitted to Congress, the President very clearly signifies that he has no sympathy with this extreme theoretical view, and therefore aims to treat a great practical subject as a practical man, "in full view of his responsibility to God and his country." Should any object to the proposition on the ground of its expensiveness, he suggests that "in the mere financial or pecuniary view, any member of Congress, with the census tables and the Treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war *would purchase, at a fair valuation, all the slaves in any named State.*"

To this we may add that, as the President contemplates a "*gradual and not a sudden* emancipation of slaves," the cost of their "purchase" will, on his theory, be spread over a wide space of time. It is well said by a contemporary that the policy advocated by the President recognises three distinct principles, which underlie the foundations of the social system of slavery, and which are necessary to be regarded in the ultimate removal of the institution:

1. That the relation of master and slave is a relation of ownership and property, for which compensation ought to be made.

2. That the people of the whole nation, North and South, either from having in common tolerated the system, which once existed by British law and under British protection throughout the land, or for other political reasons, may of right be called on to aid those who are pecuniarily interested in the system to remove or modify it, so as *gradually* to extinguish the quality of property now sanctioned by State law in the relation of master and slave.

3. That the several States are the proper and only powers to accept or reject emancipation plans.

Such being the nature and effect of the proposition, it should be a matter of gratification to find that it has received such an unanimous approval at the hands of the ultra-anti-slavery journals equally with the more moderate organs of public opinion in the country. And it is so received with a cheerful recognition of its true character, and with very little disposition, so far as we can perceive, to bring it, by construction or misconstruction, into conformity with individual wishes or opinions.

In illustration of this fact, we may cite the subjoined language of the *New-York Tribune*, a leading anti-slavery paper:

"The Message ought, and we think will, unite all parties. The conservative, who abhors rash measures, and dreads innovation, will approve a measure which proposes to get rid of the cause of rebellion, to give the country permanent peace and not periodical panic, and to do this gradually and with as little injustice as is possible in so great a social revolution. The radical will not withhold his approbation from a proposal that

promises to the eye of faith so much. It may be that some of the Border slave States will gladly avail themselves of the offer of Mr. Lincoln, and if they do, the North will as gladly accept its share of so great an act."

Of similar purport is the following language of the New-York *Daily Times*, an influential Republican journal:

"In dealing with this vexed subject, we think the President has hit the happy mean, upon which all parties in the North and all loyalists in the South can unite. The radical will wish he had gone further, but will be content with the national expression in favor of freedom. The conservative will see that no rash or ill-advised steps will be taken; while all will admit that Government should be conservative, and not accept every ebullition of passion or expression of immature sentiment as the sober sense of the nation."

To these expressions of opinion, selected from the Anti-slavery and Republican press, we may add the following endorsement of the President's policy by the New-York *Journal of Commerce*, a paper representing a different class of political ideas:

"The President adopts the views of Washington and his contemporaries, for which we have so often and so laboriously contended against much obloquy and reproach, and the principles on which the Constitution was founded, and expresses his conviction that, whatever plan be adopted, gradual emancipation would be better than immediate abolition. Good men, from the earliest days, have desired to see some plan for the removal of the slave-system, and the substitution of another labor-system in its place; and their desires would long ago have been accomplished in several States, now known as slave States, but for the interference of the radical abolition schemes, which effectually blocked all the advance of free-labor plans in Maryland, Virginia, and other States."

It only remains for us, in common with all these journals, and in the words of the latter, to express the hope that "the resolution proposed by the President will be adopted by Congress. Whenever a State shall propose to emancipate its slaves, we regard it as eminently proper that the nation should lend its aid, judiciously, to effect the object. The Crown of Great Britain, once the governing power of all the country, forced the institution on unwilling colonists, and it became a part of their social system. Let the whole people, who have in one sense succeeded to the government of the nation, aid any State that may need it, and that shall desire and ask for aid in changing from slave-labor to free-labor. This is right. Hereafter, when the principle is established, we can discuss and arrange the amount of aid, and the terms on which it is to be granted to each State as it shall need. And each State will decide for itself whether it will ask or accept such aid."

We cannot dismiss the subject from this present consideration without recalling to the memory of our readers that the rightfulness of President

Lincoln's policy was prefigured by Mr. Webster in his great speech delivered on the seventh of March, 1850, when the relations of slavery, as they then existed, were passed in comprehensive review. On that occasion the eminent Massachusetts statesman found an equitable basis for the policy in the fact of the great and valuable territorial cession made to the Union by the most distinguished of the slaveholding States. His language in that speech was as follows:

"In my observations upon slavery as it has existed in the country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or melioration. I will say, however, though I have nothing to propose on that subject, because I do not deem myself so competent as other gentlemen to consider it, that if any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme of colonization, to be carried on by this Government upon a large scale, for the transportation of free colored people to any colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. Nay, sir, following an example set here more than twenty years ago, by a great man, then a Senator from New-York, I would return to Virginia, and through her for the benefit of the whole South, the money received from the lands and territories ceded by her to this Government for any such purpose as to relieve, in whole or in part, or in any way to diminish or deal beneficially with the free colored population of the Southern States. I have said that I honor Virginia for her cession of this territory. There have been received into the Treasury of the United States eighty millions of dollars, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands ceded by Virginia. If the residue should be sold at the same rate, the whole aggregate will exceed two hundred millions of dollars. If Virginia and the South see fit to adopt any proposition to relieve themselves from the free people of color among them, they have my free consent that the Government shall pay them any sum of money out of its proceeds which may be adequate to the purpose."

OPINIONS OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.

[From the London *Times*, March 31.]

For some time it has been expected among the people of the Northern American States, that their Government was about to make some important decision in respect to slavery. A manifesto which should electrify the Old World, cause a general revulsion of feeling to the side of the North, and seal the doom of the rebellion even in the more remote slave States, has been looked for by persons supposed to share in some measure the confidence of the Government. We do not know how far the Americans will consider that their expectations have been fulfilled. President Lincoln has made a move towards emancipation. He has ventured to look "the everlasting negro" in the face. The highest person in the State does not continue to ignore what has been in the minds and on the tongues of millions since the outbreak of the war. So far, then, the Abolitionists and the

Black Republicans may be satisfied. The President has invited the discussion of a very delicate and dangerous question, and may give courage to all who wanted to speak their minds on it, but who were withheld by the fear of hampering the policy of the Government. Like the sovereign at an old tournament, Mr. Lincoln gives the signal to the knights to come forward and show their prowess. But the message which has just been sent to Congress can hardly be looked upon as anything more than such an invitation. The champions and the foes of slavery are summoned to the fight in the halls of Congress and in the Legislatures of the Border States. But, as yet, the President does not show that he has any plan for assuring victory to the latter. Indeed, it is already clear that, if slavery is to cease, even in the Border States, the change must be accomplished by other means than those at which he points.

It is not strange that we on this side of the ocean should read and re-read the paragraphs of the President's Message in the endeavor to understand their purpose, for the Americans themselves are evidently puzzled. The abolitionist newspapers are, of course, pleased to find that the Government at length gives countenance to their cause, and there is, moreover, in all probability, such a feeling of satisfaction in the public mind as is naturally produced among a people who are exhausting themselves in a contest of which they cannot see the end by the semblance of a vigorous and original policy in their chiefs. But the President's outline of legislation does not seem to have commended itself even to journals most favorable to his administration. It is that Congress should pledge itself to coöperate with the slave States for the abolition of slavery, and should devote the Federal revenues to the compensation of the masters. Now, the first thing that occurs to us is, that this is a scheme totally inapplicable to the whole Union which Mr. Lincoln and his friends declare to be still in existence. The slaves throughout the States were returned by the last census at four millions. Their value is so enormous that it is of little use to calculate it. Since the great increase in the cultivation of cotton, the price of a good field-hand has more than doubled; and in one or two of the States, the slaves are by far the most valuable property possessed by the inhabitants.

When we consider the immense sums that these negroes represent, and then consider the comparative poverty of the Federation, the difficulty of taxation, the present financial embarrassments, the debt so rapidly increasing, the flood of paper money, and the real lukewarmness of the American people in the cause of the negro, it is not difficult to see that the plan of Mr. Lincoln is not intended to apply to the whole South. The negroes of Alabama or Texas may be as much objects of interest to philanthropists as the negroes of Maryland; they have the same claims to be men and brothers; they are, beyond a doubt, more hardly worked; they are more often sold away from their families, and the pictures which

orators and novelists have given of negro suffering have been copied from incidents sought for in the annals of the Cotton States. But the abolitionist zeal of the President stops short of the region where slaves are most numerous and most coerced. With a frankness which seems to be natural, he avows that his design is to emancipate the slaves in certain of the Border States, as a matter of policy. The negroes of Maryland and Delaware are few, and comparatively of little value. In Missouri, Kentucky, and even Tennessee, they form but a small part of the population. It has entered the minds of Mr. Lincoln and his friends that it will be not impossible to induce these Border States to sell their slaves to the Federal Government, or, in other words, to abolish slavery on the receipt of compensation from the treasury of the United States. In a doubtful tone, and with awkward phraseology, the President tells Congress that he recommends the scheme to their notice, but that if it does not meet with their approval and the approval of the country, it is at an end. He then goes on to give his reasons for inviting their consideration.

The leaders of the insurrection, we are told, believe that the Federal Government will be ultimately forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that then, even though the Border States might remain for the time with the North, they would take the earliest opportunity of seceding and joining the Southern Republic, which would by that time be fully organized and capable of giving them help. We know not if this policy has really found advocates at Richmond. It certainly seems in contradiction with the very last resolutions of the confederate Congress, which were to the effect that the Confederacy would never make peace on the basis of giving up any State which belonged to it. However, the theory of the Washington Government is, that as long as Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and even Maryland, contain slave-owners and slaves, the confederates will count on their sympathy and be disposed to prolong resistance; but that if slavery be abolished in these important States, the confederates, reduced to the Cotton and Tobacco States, and being the most populous members of their league thereby incorporated in the old Union, will be glad to submit. Thus, the great object of the "moderate" men at the North would be attained. There would be in the newly reconstituted Union a sufficient preponderance of free States to make another secession impossible; while the material interests of New-England and New-York would not be endangered by any ill-advised application of abolitionist principles at the extreme South, where negro slavery is necessary for the production of the great national staple.

We fear, however, that this Utopia of compromise will be difficult of access. Although Mr. Lincoln talks in the most cautious manner of "initiation," and says that "a gradual and not a sudden emancipation will be better for all," and although he suggests in a rather significant manner that "the current expenditure of the war

would very soon purchase all the slaves in any named State," yet we cannot think that there is much chance of Congress voting the purchase even of the three quarters of a million of negroes to be found in the Border States. A people which is obliged to pay in paper for every article which its army requires, which cannot obtain a loan in any European market, and which now, in the desperate hope of raising a revenue, is putting on all the war-taxes which our benighted country has abolished, is not likely to fancy an additional expenditure of some hundreds of millions of dollars to transform a horde of negroes into citizens. Nor can we conceive that the Border States are likely, except under the pressure of military occupation, to abolish slavery within their limits. Nor do we believe that it will shake the resolution of the South. The causes of conflict between the two lie much deeper than the question of free and slave labor. A jealousy of the growing preponderance of the North in Congress—a preponderance caused by the tide of immigration which flowed into the States of more temperate climate—has now deepened into an antipathy which overcomes all considerations of interest.

But there is one light in which the President's Message may be favorably viewed. As a proposition which may possibly lead to the cessation of this frightful conflict, it will be worthy of discussion, though we think there is little advantage in adopting it in its present form. The President truly said that the expenses of the war would buy up the slaves in any given State. If this has any meaning, it is that the money now devoted to keeping up the four armies of the North might be more advantageously devoted to the extinction of slavery in those regions which are incontestably in its power. But it is impossible for the North to spend the same money on fighting and on emancipation. If the people of the Northern States wish to make any real progress in the settlement of the slave question, they will give up the policy of burdening themselves and their children with an European debt paying American interest. Another year of such war will make it impossible for them to buy negro liberty even in Maryland. If they are content to keep the slave States which have not seceded, and to try the plan of emancipation and compensation on them, they may, if they are really in earnest, accomplish after a time a great work. But, with an expenditure of two million dollars a day, and with nothing but "shinplasters" for money, the plan of attaching wavering slave-owners by compensation must follow the fate of so many other attempts at compromise.

[From the *London News*, March 21.]

Military successes, unequivocal and extensive, have enabled President Lincoln to propose a political measure from which important consequences may reasonably be expected. In a message to Congress he recommends the two Houses to agree in a resolution to coöperate with the several States, by pecuniary aid, for the gradual emancipation of the slaves. Mr. Lincoln explains his

views and expectations with a frankness which some may deem excessive, but which is very characteristic, and at least leaves no excuse for misunderstanding his meaning. At every crisis of the present conflict, the President has declared that the first object of the war was the preservation of the Union. This was one side of his policy, that one which was naturally brought into prominence by the circumstances in which he was placed. The other side, that which aims at the final extinction of slavery, has not been seen until now, because hitherto no opportunity of displaying it, has arisen. Indeed, not only has this part of Mr. Lincoln's policy been concealed, but it has seemed to be denied by facts. He was advised to adopt the principle of abolition in all its naked absolutism, and it is well known that he refused. He would proceed to his end legally and constitutionally. Many of us thought that, to say he would only attain it in that way, was equal to saying, that he gave it up altogether. But let justice be done. Whatever merits are denied to Mr. Lincoln, as the ruler of a great nation, the simplicity and sincerity of his character will not be called in question.

The time has come when Mr. Lincoln believes he has found a political basis, a basis of fact, for his policy of emancipation. And he seems careful to make it plain, that it is a thoroughly political measure which he proposes. He tells the Federal Congress, that the Federal Government "would find its highest interest" in assisting the States as proposed, "as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation." He avows that his immediate aim is to secure the Border States to the Union. Mr. Lincoln seems to convey that he does not hold the Gulf States in much account. He knows very well that they cannot exist as a separate nation without the Border States; that their poverty and weakness would expose them to general contempt, and make separate existence intolerable. And although he will not permit them, on that account, to secede, and so give a foothold to ambitious and intriguing European powers, he is not much concerned about their opinion of his scheme. If the Federal Congress assents, and the Border States adopt it, slavery in North-America is doomed, and the Gulf States may be left to come their senses. Whenever they do so, the Federal Government will assist them in getting rid of a curse.

Mr. Lincoln's proposition appears to have startled the American public by its comprehensiveness, and we shall have to wait to learn what impression it will make on the country. The extracts we give from the New-York papers, can tell us little. It is natural for us, accustomed as we are to learn the state of public opinion in the various countries of Europe from journals published in capitals, where government and public life is centralized, to study the opinions published in a great American city, and take them for those of the Union. This error has led us astray a thousand times during the last twelve months. But in truth, there is no country in the world where all that belongs to government, is so com-

pletely decentralized as in the United States. In looking at the probabilities of the situation, we must remember that Mr. Lincoln propounds rather an aim than a plan.

Should Congress adopt this resolution, it will proclaim a policy, and assume a duty, but the means and mode of its execution will be left open to deliberation. We do not gather from the President's words, that it is a part of his plan that the Federal Government should assume the burden of the compensation, to be paid to slave-owners on the emancipation of their slaves, but rather the Federal Government should coöperate for that purpose with the government of the States. The President intimates gently, but plainly, that the slave-owners of the Border States may fare worse if they refuse his proposition. The war has been, and will be, one for the preservation of the Union; but it is impossible to carry war into a slave State, without depreciating property in slaves. When the masters are in trouble, the blacks run away, or become unprofitable from the interruption of industry.

Such is the fair, moderate and magnanimous policy of the Government of the United States, in the hour of success. And what are the leaders of secession doing? In the face of Mr. Davis's admission, that the Confederacy attempted more than it could carry out when it undertook to force secession on the Border States, it has passed a resolution declaring "that the honor of the government imperatively demands that the existing war be prosecuted until the enemy shall have been expelled from every foot of soil within each and every one of the confederate States; and no proposition of peace shall be considered, which contemplates, however remotely, the relinquishment, by this government, of any portion of any of the States of the Confederacy." Mr. Lincoln's Message, and the resolution of the confederate Senate, aptly distinguish the character and circumstances of the two governments.

Doc. 80.

FIGHT AT MISSISSIPPI CITY, LA.

MARCH 8, 1862.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the subjoined account of this affair:

Owing to the large increase of troops at Ship Island, and the meagre facilities for encamping them, Gen. Phelps determined to send an officer to reconnoitre Mississippi City, with a view to establishing a camp at that point. An order was procured from the senior officer of the Ship Island squadron, Capt. James Alden, of the sloop-of-war Richmond, for the gunboat Calhoun, Capt. E. J. De Haven, to proceed to Mississippi City, under orders of Col. E. F. Jones, of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, who had been assigned the command of the expedition by Gen. Phelps. On Saturday, the eighth inst., at two o'clock P.M., fifty men each from companies B and I, Massachusetts Twenty-sixth, embarked on board the

Calhoun, with forty rounds of cartridges and a day's rations. Company B was commanded by Capt. E. S. Clark and First Lieut. William H. Lamson, and company I by Capt. John Pickering and First Lieut. C. E. Drew. A cutter from the Richmond, with eleven armed sailors, commanded by Master's Mate R. P. Swan, of the Vincennes, but temporarily attached to the Richmond, accompanied the Calhoun. A few officers from the Richmond, Capt. Howes, of the Black Prince, and your correspondent, were the only guests. We also had a prisoner from New-Orleans, who was to be landed at Mississippi City, and allowed to return to New-Orleans. After the embarkation of the troops a considerable delay occurred in getting up steam, so that it was half-past three when we got under way. In about an hour we arrived at our destination, and the draft of the Calhoun being only six feet and a half, we were able to run directly up to the wharf. As we approached the village, we saw a man on horseback riding rapidly away from the place.

Excepting two or three other persons whom we could see, the place seemed utterly deserted. The two companies were immediately landed, and the march up the wharf—which was three quarters of a mile long, and eight feet wide—commenced. When about a third of the way to the shore, we found the planks torn up for about thirty yards. The cross-ties were left standing, but in some instances were cut nearly through. A few men were detailed to tear up the outside planks, and lay them along the ties; and in fifteen minutes we had a twelve-inch walk over the gap. We met no other obstruction until we were nearly to the end of the pier, when suddenly we discovered another gap, worse than the first. The piles on which the pier stood, had been cut away for some sixty feet, and the outer end of the plank-walk had dropped into the water, eight or ten feet below, while the inner, or shore end, hung to the remainder of the pier by one corner. Searching two small houses on the wharf, we found three short flights of steps, which we lashed to a board, and lowered to the broken pier, and passing lightly down the steps, and over our frail bridge, we were soon gathered on the beach of Mississippi City. Everything seemed as quiet as the grave, and, anticipating no danger, the muskets of the soldiers were not loaded.

The spot where we landed is about a mile and a half above Mississippi City, towards Biloxi. Like most of the gulf-towns of Mississippi, it is of very little consequence except as a resort for the wealthy citizens of New-Orleans in summer. The houses are stretched along the beach, and some of them are fine residences.

In a straight line from Harrison's wharf, (where we debarked,) a broad sawdust road runs up through the village to Hansboro', a town two miles distant. A little less than a quarter of a mile up this road, on a gentle acclivity, a piece of thick pine woods commences and extends further back than I can say. The reason why I am unable to speak definitely on this point will appear in a later part of this letter.

Accompanied by Capt. Clark and his company, we marched up the beach, to the right of the wharf, and visited several houses, but, with one exception, we found no one with whom we could exchange a word. The houses had the appearance of having been very recently abandoned. We finally found an Irishman and his whole family, and the Irishman told us there was something of a force over at Hansboro', consisting of cavalry and artillery. Beyond this, the man was exceedingly reticent. We then returned to the head of the wharf, and were told by Capt. Pickering that there were evidences of cavalry up the road. Col. Jones ordered Capt. Pickering to leave one half of his company at the wharf, and deploy the other half on the beach to the left. Capt. Clark was ordered to deploy one half of his company up the road, and to march up with us toward the woods with the other half. We had gone but a half-dozen rods when we saw in the woods about a dozen horsemen wheeling into position, and Col. Jones caught a glimpse of the ammunition-box of a caisson. He immediately gave the order to retreat to the wharf, and called in the platoons that were deployed to the front and left flank. The men retreated in good order and formed in line at the wharf. They were then ordered to retreat in platoons to the Calhoun. All but the last platoon had left the shore and were on the wharf when we heard the report of a gun, and in a moment canister shot was rattling around us like hail. The last platoon then moved toward the wharf in side-step, to prevent the enemy from discovering our retreat. As soon as all were on the pier Col. Jones gave the order for the "double-quick—steady." We all started on a quick run, but our progress was impeded by the breaks in the wharf, though—owing to the prudent thoughtfulness and foresight of Mr. R. P. Swan, commanding the Richmond's cutter—our passage over the outer gap was greatly facilitated. After we had gone ashore it occurred to Mr. Swan that we might be in some hurry to return; so, without waiting for orders, he sent some sailors to lay extra planks over the gap. Mr. Swan's conduct was most creditable, and Col. Jones did not fail to thank him for his prudence. While crossing the pier the enemy fired six times at us with canister and round shot, but not a man was injured, though one was struck in the thigh with a spent canister-shot, which made a slight abrasure of the skin and then fell into his boot. He did not stop to remove the ball, but carried it to the steamer in his boot.

The shot fell directly around us, and one charge of canister scattered the dirt all over Col. Jones. If the enemy had thrown shell as well as they threw shot, very few of us would have been left to have told the story. Just before we reached the Calhoun, Mr. Swan fired a shell at the rebels from the twenty-four-pounder Parrott on the steamer's after-deck, and after we were on board we threw two or three more shells, one of which appeared to burst right in the piece of woods where the battery was planted. We could not,

of course, see what damage was done by the shell.

The men behaved thoroughly well. There was no confusion, and Col. Jones's only complaint is that he could not hurry them enough. In crossing the broken places in the pier there was no pushing or disorder of any kind. The only regret of the men was, that they were obliged, for prudential reasons, to retreat without getting a chance to fire at the enemy, while, at the same time they are unanimous in their praise of their commander. Of Col. Jones's conduct I can speak decidedly, and of my own knowledge.

Throughout the whole affair he was perfectly cool and collected. Not an excited word escaped his lips. Until the last platoon had moved towards the wharf he stood on the shore trying to discern the movements of the rebels through his glass, and when all had left he followed at the rear. He was the last man to cross the pier and the last man to get aboard the Calhoun.

The New-Orleans papers, with their usual conscientious regard for the truth, will probably have an account of a splendid battle at Mississippi City, in which several hundred will be said to have been killed on the Union side, and Gen. Butler will be sure to be reported as having been present. The simple truth is this: We went for the single purpose of reconnoitring, and suddenly catching sight of a battery masked in the woods, and night rapidly drawing near, Colonel Jones did the only thing to be done under the circumstances. We could form no idea of the force of the rebels; we only knew that they were using two guns, and had us in the very worst position. If they had dared to come suddenly out of the woods and plant their pieces at the head of the road before we commenced the retreat, they could have enfiladed us, mowing us down like grass.

Col. Jones was attended on the expedition by the members of his staff, namely, Dr. J. G. Bradt, Adjutant George E. Davis, Quartermaster James Munroe, and his Quartermaster's Sergeant, Mr. Stone.

Doc. 81.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE, ARK.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. CURTIS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE SOUTH-WEST, }
PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS, March 9. }

GENERAL: On Thursday, the sixth instant, the enemy commenced an attack on my right, assailing and following the rear guard of a detachment, under General Sigel, to my main lines on Sugar Creek Hollow, but ceased firing when he met my reënforcement, at about four P.M. During the night I became convinced he had moved on so as to attack my right or rear. Therefore, early on the seventh, I ordered a change of front to right, on my right, which, thus becoming my left, still rested on Sugar Creek Hollow. This brought my line across Pea Ridge, with my new right resting on the head of Cross Timber Hol-

low, which is the head of Big Sugar Creek. I also ordered an immediate advance of cavalry and light artillery, under Col. Osterhaus, with orders to attack and break what I supposed would be the reinforced line of the enemy.

This movement was in progress, when the enemy, at eleven A.M., commenced an attack on my right. The fight continued mainly at these points during the day, the enemy having gained a point, hotly contested by Col. Carr, at Cross Timber Hollow, but were entirely repulsed with the fall of their commander, McCulloch, in the centre, by the forces of Col. Davis.

The plan of attack on the centre was gallantly carried forward by Col. Osterhaus, who was immediately sustained and superseded by Col. Davis's entire division, supported also by Gen. Sigel's command, which had remained till near the close of the day on the left. Col. Carr's division held the right under a galling and continuous fire all day.

In the evening the fire having entirely ceased on the centre, and there having been none on the left, I reinforced the right by a portion of the Second division, under Gen. Asboth. Before the day closed I was convinced that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right. I therefore commenced another change of front, forward, so as to face the enemy, where he had deployed on my right flank, in strong position. The change had been only partially effected, but was fully in progress, when, at sunrise on the eighth, my right and centre renewed the firing, which was immediately answered by the enemy, with renewed energy, all along the whole extent of the line. My left, under Sigel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights, and advancing steadily toward the head of the Hollows. I immediately ordered the centre and right wing forward, the right turning the left of the enemy and cross-firing on his centre. This final position enclosed the enemy in the arc of a circle. A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force, which retired in great confusion, but rather safely, through a deep and impassable defile of cross timber.

Our loss is heavy, the enemy's can never be ascertained, for the dead are scattered over a large field, and their wounded, too, may, many of them, be lost and perish. The foe is scattered in all directions, but I think his main force has returned to the Boston Mountains. Sigel follows towards Keitsville, while my cavalry is pursuing him towards the mountains, scouring the country, bringing in prisoners, and trying to find the rebel Major-Gen. Van Dorn, who had command of the entire force.

I have not as yet the statements of the dead and wounded, so as to justify a report, but I will refer you to a despatch I will forward very soon. Officers and soldiers have displayed such unusual gallantry, that I hardly dare to make distinctions. I must, however, name the commanders of divisions. Gen. Sigel gallantly carried the heights, and drove back the left wing of the enemy. Asboth, who is wounded in the arm, in

his gallant effort to reinforce the right. Colonel and Acting Brig.-Gen. Davis, who commanded the centre where McCulloch fell on the seventh, and pressed forward the centre on the eighth. Col. and Acting Brig.-Gen. Carr is also wounded in the arm, and was under the continuous fire of the enemy, during the two hardest days of the struggle. Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missouri, may proudly share the honors of the victory, which their gallant heroes won over the combined forces of Van Dorn, Price and McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas.

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL R. CURTIS,

Brigadier-General.

REPORT OF ACTING MAJOR-GEN. COL. JEFF. C. DAVIS.

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD DIVISION, }
PEA RIDGE, ARK., March —, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Third division, under my command, in the recent engagement with the rebel forces at this place.

On the morning of the first inst., in obedience to instructions from the General, I broke up my camp near Cross Hollows, and took position on the heights of Pea Ridge, on the north side of Sugar Creek, commanding the main road.

On the night of the fifth, I received intelligence of the approach of the enemy, from the General, and of his intention to concentrate his forces on my right and left, and give battle at this point. On the morning of the sixth, I deployed the First brigade of my division, consisting of the Eighth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-second Indiana, with Klaus's Indiana battery, commanded by Col. Thomas Pattison, on the right of the Fayetteville road, so as to command the approach completely. The Second brigade, consisting of the Thirty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Illinois, (formerly Ninth Missouri,) with Davidson's Illinois battery, commanded by Col. Julius White, I ordered to take position on the left of this road. This battery commanded the valley of Sugar Creek, east and west, and strongly supporting Klaus's battery on the right. This battery was well posted, and protected by a small earthwork, which I had ordered to be thrown up during the night. The Eighth and Eighteenth Indiana, under Cols. Benton and Washburn, strengthened their positions by falling timber and throwing up some small intrenchments.

During the night the General himself arrived, followed by a part of Col. Carr's division from Cross Hollows, which took position on the left.

On the afternoon of the sixth, Gen. Sigel's column arrived from Bentonville, and took position on the right. During the night my troops, bivouacked on the ground, anxiously awaiting the enemy's approach. On the morning of the seventh, it was ascertained that the enemy was making an effort to turn our right flank, and to attack us in the rear. In order to prevent this, Col. Osterhaus was ordered, with some cavalry and artillery, to make a demonstration in the di-

rection of Leetown. The First Missouri cavalry, under Col. Ellis, and the Twenty-second Indiana, under Col. Hendricks, were ordered to support this movement. Col. Osterhaus advanced about a mile beyond Leetown, and found the enemy in force, moving rapidly along the road leading from Bentonville to Elkhorn Tavern, where Col. Carr's division had already sharply engaged him. At this time the unexpected appearance of the Third Iowa cavalry from the field, gave proof of the necessity of reinforcements being sent at once in the direction of Leetown, and an order to that effect was timely received. Passing through Leetown a few hundred yards, I found Col. Osterhaus with the Forty-fourth Illinois, Twenty-second Indiana and some artillery, had taken position on the left of the road, and was contesting the approach of the enemy over a large open field in his front. In the mean time the enemy was rapidly approaching and advancing his forces on the right of the road, and had already lodged himself in large numbers in a thick oak scrub, extending to our camp. I immediately ordered the Second brigade to deploy to the right and engage him. This was done in a vigorous manner by the Thirty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Illinois, assisted by Davidson's battery, which I had put in position for that purpose.

I soon became satisfied, from the increasing and excessive fire of the enemy, that he was being rapidly reinforced, and ordered the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana to make a flank movement to the right and perpendicular to the enemy, and then to move forward and attack him. This was accomplished with alacrity, but not, however, until the Second brigade had begun to recede before the excessive fire of the enemy, who had now concentrated his forces to the number of several thousand, under McCulloch and McIntosh, with a large body of Indians under Pike and Ross. The Second brigade being thus overwhelmed, I ordered it to fall back and change front to rear on its right, and the First brigade to change front forward on its left, so as to attack the enemy in his rear, who was now exultingly following up his temporary success. The Eighteenth Indiana soon executed the movement as directed, and opened a well-directed fire upon the enemy's rear, which had the effect of drawing his fire and disconcerting his pursuit so as to enable the Second brigade to re-form their lines as directed, but not until the enemy had succeeded in capturing two guns of Davidson's battery, which, owing to the precipitate advance of the enemy, and disabled horses, could not be withdrawn. The Eighteenth Indiana pushed rapidly forward and drove the enemy from this part of the field, and advancing to the open ground, found these pieces in the hands of the enemy, charged and routed him with a heavy loss from them. The Twenty-second Indiana, during all this time, engaged a large force of the Arkansas troops and Indians, and, after a sharp engagement, put them to flight. In the mean time, the Second brigade renewed the engagement, when the enemy fled from the field, leaving behind him many of his killed and wound-

ed. Among the former were Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh. At this moment I ordered the cavalry to charge the fleeing foe, but for some unexplained reason it was not done. The enemy made an attempt to re-form on his former position, near the Bentonville road, but was easily driven from it by the action of our batteries. Two regiments of reinforcements, with two pieces of heavy artillery, (eighteen-pounders,) arrived at this time from Gen. Sigel's command. These I ordered to take position on the right, so as to be able to move the more readily to the support of Col. Carr's division, which had been hotly engaged in the vicinity of Elkhorn Tavern for several hours. Gen. Sigel soon arrived himself, and, accompanied by Osterhaus's command, moved in the direction of Carr's left. I at the same time threw forward the Second brigade to the Bentonville and Elkhorn Tavern road.

Finding the enemy gone, and night upon us, I ordered the troops to bivouac on the field they had so gloriously won. After reporting to the General the entire rout of the enemy at Leetown, he directed me to move my division during the night to the support of our position of the previous day at Elkhorn Tavern. The fore part of the night was occupied by the troops in collecting the wounded and dead. Daylight, however, found us in position in front of the enemy at Elkhorn Tavern, where the troops under Col. Carr had so nobly fought the day before. That gallant officer, though suffering much from a wound, was still upon the ground to assist in disposing of my troops.

The First brigade was deployed a few hundred yards to the right of the Fayetteville road to support Klaus's battery, which was placed at the edge of an open field intervening between the range of hills at Elkhorn Tavern and the timber protecting our camp. Here the five companies of the Eighth Indiana, under Lieut.-Col. Shunk, joined their brigade. These companies had the previous day participated in the engagement with Col. Carr's forces, and had bivouacked on the field during the night. Davidson's battery was placed in a similar position on the left of the road, supported by the Second brigade. At sunrise the enemy's position was discovered by a few shots being thrown from Davidson's battery, which was at once responded to by the rebel batteries. Klaus's battery responded, but after a sharp contest of a few rounds, was forced to retire by a sudden attack of one of the enemy's heretofore undiscovered batteries, which opened closely upon his flank with grape and canister. This battery, however, soon withdrew on discovering dispositions being made by the First brigade to charge it. The Second brigade at this time was much exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, and I ordered it to fall back and take position under shelter of the timber. By this time the position of the enemy's batteries was well developed, and Davidson now took a more commanding position in the open field. He was soon joined by Klaus, whom I had ordered to support him, and in a few moments the contest

was opened and maintained with great spirit on both sides, until the arrival of Gen. Sigel's force about half-past eight o'clock.

Sigel's artillery soon took position on the enemy's right, and engaged with spirit in the contest. The approach of Sigel's infantry on the left of my division, rendered the position of my batteries secure, and enabled me to withdraw the Second brigade from their support, and prepare my entire division for a general attack upon the enemy's left. The gradual decrease of the enemy's fire and the withdrawal of some of his guns offered a favorable opportunity, and I immediately ordered an advance across the field. Previous to this movement, Col. Dodge had taken position with his brigade on my right, so as to prevent any attempt the enemy might make to attack me on this flank.

The Second brigade, together with the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana, soon warmly engaged the enemy's infantry, occupying a strong position in the "thick scrub-oak" skirting the base of the hill, on which his artillery was posted. The enemy soon began to yield to the steady fire and determined advance of our troops, and finally broke and fled in much confusion, leaving behind his dead and wounded.

The heights were soon carried, and on reaching the summit of the hill, I ordered a halt in order to bring my artillery in position on the road leading to Huntsville, my left resting at Elkhorn Tavern. Here Col. Benton, with five companies of the Eighth Indiana, and a section of artillery, who had been kept back, guarding the road leading from Cross Hollows, joined their command. Much to their chagrin, and that of their gallant commander, the enemy did not give them an opportunity to add new laurels to those already won at Rich Mountain.

The division lost during the engagement sixty killed, two hundred and seventy wounded, and eight missing. Total killed, wounded and missing, three hundred and thirty-eight.

It affords me pleasure to be able to bear testimony to the prompt and efficient manner in which the brigade commanders, Cols. Pattison and White, conducted their brigades throughout the entire engagement. The regimental commanders, Col. Benton, Eighth Indiana, Col. Hendricks, Twenty-second Indiana, and Lieut.-Col. Washburn, Eighteenth Indiana, of the First brigade, and Lieut.-Cols. Barnes, Thirty-seventh, and Frederick, Fifty-ninth Illinois, of the Second brigade, acquitted themselves with distinction. Col. Hendricks fell early in the engagement, after which Major Daily commanded the regiment with great credit to himself during the remainder of the battle.

The part taken by the Peoria light artillery, (Ills.) under Capt. Davidson, and the First Indiana battery, under Capt. Klaus, have been so conspicuously described in the above report, that it would be useless to call further attention to their efficiency and gallant conduct. The First Missouri cavalry, under Col. Ellis, reported during the night of the sixth, from a four days' scout

on the White River, during which time they captured fifty rebels with their arms and horses.

The bearing and efficiency of my staff-officers, Lieut. Holstein, A. A. General, and Lieutenants Pease and Morrison, aids-de-camp, were conspicuous everywhere, fearlessly executing every order. Every part of the field witnessed their gallantry.

My Division Surgeon, Benjamin Newland, deserves the highest commendation for his promptness and skill—establishing his hospitals and taking care of the wounded.

My Division Quartermaster and Commissary Captain, Branson and Bradley, performed their duties equally prompt and efficiently. The superior number of the enemy's forces, engaged as he was in his favorite "scrub," his utter rout when led on to desperation at the loss of two of his famous generals on the field, is sufficient proof of the valor and patriotism of the troops displayed in every conflict with the enemy. Both officers and men fought with a courage and determination seldom excelled, and which will ever entitle them to the gratitude of a grateful country.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

JEFF. C. DAVIS,

Colonel Commanding Third Division.

Capt. F. J. McKENNY,

Assistant Adjutant-General Army South-west.

REPORT OF COL. PATTISON.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST BRIGADE, }
THIRD DIVISION, March 10. }

To Col. Jeff. C. Davis, Commanding Third Division South-western Army:

SIR: In accordance with your order, and as is customary in such cases, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the brigade under my command, in achieving the complete victory over the enemy, in the late battles, fought on the seventh and eighth instants, at Leetown and Elkhorn Tavern, in Benton County, Arkansas.

On the morning of the sixth, in obedience to your command, I moved my brigade, consisting of the Eighteenth Indiana regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Washburn, the Eighth Indiana, under Col. Benton, the Twenty-second Indiana, under Col. Hendricks, and the First Indiana battery, of six field-pieces, under Capt. Klaus, and took possession of the hills on the north side of Sugar Creek, and immediately west of the principal telegraph road from Springfield to Fort Smith, the Twenty-second occupying the left on the ridge next the road; the Eighth, with Klaus's battery, in the centre, on another prominent point, and the Eighteenth upon the next ridge to the right, each point being separated by deep ravines extending back a considerable distance in the direction of the Cassville road. Col. Benton, and Lieut.-Col. Washburn, in compliance with orders, set their respective commands to work, throwing up in the course of five hours, quite a respectable breast-work, which in case of an attack from the direction of Cross Hollows, would have been an excellent defence.

On the night of the sixth, the brigade bivouacked in this position. Nothing of moment trans

pired until about ten o'clock of the seventh, when the firing of artillery was heard a mile or two to our right rear; also, heavy firing heard in the direction of Cassville, immediately in our rear.

The Twenty-second, having in the mean time been ordered by you to reënforce Col. Vandevier, near the village of Leetown, the left wing of the Eighth, under Lieut.-Col. Shunk, and Captain Klaus, with one section and a half of his battery, were ordered to support Col. Carr, whose division, in conjunction with Gen. Asboth's, was then engaged with Price's force near Elkhorn Tavern. About two P.M. I received your order to proceed with the Eighteenth to the scene of action, which order was executed with despatch by Lieut.-Col. Washburn. On arriving I found the Twenty-second in line of battle, on the left and rear of Davidson's Peoria battery, which was in position in the south-east corner of a large open field. We immediately formed on their right. Here I took command of both regiments. Col. White's brigade being warmly engaged with the enemy in the woods, on the right of the clear land, I was ordered to his support. Moving in double-quick time by the right flank, and passing through the timber to a small hill, I found the Fifty-ninth Illinois retiring in disorder, having been overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers and a murderous fire from the Louisiana, Arkansas and Cherokee troops. I closed up my line, as soon as the Fifty-ninth passed through, and advancing through the field, changed my line of battle by wheeling to the left, until I got about parallel with the right side of the large field first named; then pressing forward, I found the enemy rushing up on Davidson's battery, (Col. White, with the Thirty-seventh Illinois, having retired to change his line,) having taken two guns, which they turned on my command, with some effect. Here they received a full volley from us, which threw them into the utmost confusion, when they abandoned the guns taken, and retreated from the field, a part of them passing to our right rear, and a large force taking immediately through the line of the Twenty-second, which gave way by order of Col. Hendricks, and retired from the field, leaving the Eighteenth alone. About this time Col. Hendricks fell, having received two mortal wounds. About the time the enemy found that I had them flanked, Col. White rallied the Thirty-seventh, and nobly seconded my efforts to retake the battery. That portion of the enemy which passed my left flank, poured a desperate volley on the rear of the Eighteenth, which was rendered comparatively harmless by having the men fall flat down. The left wing was promptly faced by the rear rank, and returned the fire, with terrible effect, on the enemy, while the right wing fired to the right front on those who were rapidly retreating in that direction. We then passed through to the open ground in front, having secured a complete victory over a force three times our number, of the best Louisiana and Arkansas troops, assisted by a large body of Cherokee In-

dians, many of whom paid the penalty of their base ingratitude to the Government that has so bountifully provided for their welfare.

After some little time, the Twenty-second returned and took their position on the right of the Eighteenth, where we bivouacked on the same ground where we first formed. Thus ended the battle near Leetown, in which the enemy lost Generals McCulloch and McIntosh, with many other officers of distinction.

About ten P.M., your orders were received directing me to move my command to the support of Col. Carr's division, who had been warmly engaged all day with Price's forces. At twelve we moved, returning to the main road; thence north to the cleared land south of Elkhorn Tavern, where we took position on the right side of the road, the left of the Eighteenth resting on the road, and the right of the Twenty-second closing up to the right wing of the Eighth, which had rendered gallant service during the day under Lieut.-Colonel Shunk, in conjunction with the right wing of Klaus's battery, which I found in position opposite the centre of my command. Here we bivouacked on the edge of the brush until morning.

At half-past seven A.M., the fire was opened by Davidson's and Klaus's batteries, which, in a short time, was answered by a tremendous fire of grape and canister, from a masked battery in a point of scrubby timber not over one hundred and fifty yards from my line. Klaus's battery, after firing a few rounds, were forced to retire, the Twenty-second and Eighth likewise falling back in haste. The Eighteenth remained in ambush unobserved, as yet, by the enemy, their fire passing over, until I deemed it advisable to bring them to the rear, which order was executed without loss and in good order. I now re-formed the Twenty-second and Eighth, and directed my line of battle parallel with, and about three hundred yards from, my first position in the woods; but, on receiving orders from you, I changed my line of battle by throwing the right back a little, in which position we cautiously advanced until my right rested on the clear land adjoining our first position. Here I received a message that the masked battery had retired; that I had to change position to get out of the line of fire of our batteries, which were then moving forward, the enemy having given way. Here we passed to the front by file from the right until we were on the ground pointed out for us near the brush concealing the enemy's batteries, when, to my surprise, I found that there had been a mistake in supposing it withdrawn, as a perfect shower of canister belched forth from the thick brush in front, which, fortunately, was aimed too high. Lieut.-Col. Washburn being forward, promptly gave orders to change front forward and form line along the fence, which was rapidly executed; our own batteries, and that of the enemy, in the meantime, playing over us.

An order to charge and take the battery was now given, which was received with cheers, the line advancing steadily, with fixed bayonets, in-

creasing the speed to a double-quick, our men cheered with undaunted spirit, which caused the rebels to hastily withdraw their battery, and a general stampede ensued. We now deployed to the right, the Eighteenth being in the advance, and the Eighth and Twenty-second being separated by Col. White's brigade, which, in the excitement consequent upon the unexpected attack from, and subsequent charge on the battery, had formed on its left; in this position the two brigades pushed on the enemy, in full retreat, frequently giving them a heavy fire from muskets and rifles, the chase being kept up through heavy fallen timber, passing which we got into open timber, and moved rapidly forward; the enemy now having passed out of sight, and the men being exhausted, I gave up the chase, but advanced steadily up to the Huntsville road, when I halted on the Eighteenth, and awaited the arrival of the rest of the brigade, which came up in a short time. Col. Benton arrived with the right wing of the Eighth, and the balance of Klaus's battery, who had been left to hold the crossing at Sugar Creek, no doubt thinking their lot a hard one at not being permitted to take a more active part in the achievement of so glorious a victory. This was the first time my command got all together since the engagement first commenced.

During the engagement of both the seventh and eighth, Capt. Klaus rendered the most efficient service, being several times the first day unsupported by infantry, consequently in great danger of being cut off by the enemy.

I cannot close this report without noticing the promptitude with which nearly all the officers executed the commands given, but more particularly would I return thanks for the efficient aid rendered by Lieut.-Col. Washburn, Major Thomas, and Capt. Short, Acting Major of the Eighteenth, to Col. Benton and Lieut.-Col. Shunk of the Eighth; also to my Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Lieut. George S. Marshall, and Lieut. William F. Davis, aid-de-camp, who both rendered prompt and efficient service in delivering orders on the field.

The officers of the line tried to emulate each other in forwarding the good cause in which we are engaged, and the men deserve the praise and congratulation of the whole country for the courage and efficiency exhibited on all occasions in the face of a desperate and unscrupulous foe.

In consideration of the galling fire to which my command was frequently exposed, I am happy to say but little loss, comparatively, was sustained, every advantage being taken to save the men from exposure by lying down and otherwise, to which the accompanying list of killed, wounded, and missing will bear testimony.

The following officers have been favorably noticed by their respective commanders in regimental reports, namely:

Capt. Jonathan H. Williams, John C. Jenks, and Dr. G. W. Gordon, of the Eighteenth, and Lieut.-Col. David Shunk, of the Eighth.

Many others, no doubt, deserve particular men-

tion, who have escaped the observation of myself and their immediate commanders.

Respectfully submitted,

THOMAS PATTISON,
Colonel Commanding First Brigade, Third Division.

REPORT OF COL. WASHBURN.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH REG. }
IND. VOLS., March 8. }

*Col. Thos. Pattison, Commanding First Brigade,
Third Division, South-western Army:*

In obedience to Order No. —, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Eighteenth regiment Indiana volunteers in the recent engagement near Sugar Creek, Arkansas.

On the sixth instant, the regiment under my command was ordered to take possession of one of the high points commanding the approach to Sugar Creek by way of the main Texas road leading through Cross Hollows, and to prepare rifle-pits, which we did, working on the same until about eleven o'clock of the seventh, when the firing having opened some two miles in our rear, near the village of Leetown, we were by your orders transferred to the scene of action. On arriving at the point we were ordered to take position on the left, but had hardly formed our line when we were ordered to change our position to the extreme right of our line, move down to the right half a mile, and endeavor to get in the rear of the enemy's left, who were engaged with the Second brigade of our division. On endeavoring to gain our position we met the Fifty-ninth Illinois retreating, having been driven back by an overwhelming force. We were delayed a few moments by their running through our lines. As soon as they had passed us we made a left half-wheel and moved forward through a dense growth of timber and underbrush, and soon found ourselves in the rear of the enemy, who were pursuing the Thirty-seventh Illinois, which was falling back in good order. The first notice they had of our approach was receiving our fire.

The enemy's force, consisting of the Third Louisiana, two regiments of Arkansas troops, and a regiment of Cherokee Indians, immediately turned upon us, and made a vigorous attack, but having ordered my men to lie down, we received but little damage. The Twenty-second Indiana, which was on my left, gave way in confusion, and the enemy commenced passing around my left to the rear. I immediately faced my regiment by the rear rank, lying close to the ground, and replied to their fire in such a manner as to soon throw them into the utmost confusion. Finding my rear clear, I faced again by the front rank, and pressed on, driving the enemy back into the open field into the fire of the Thirty-seventh Illinois, which rallied in the woods to our left. The enemy fled in great disorder, leaving the guns of the Peoria light artillery, which they had taken and been using upon us, throwing canister and shell, the effects of which were

only avoided by keeping my men close to the ground. We were then ordered to bivouac for the night.

At twelve o'clock we were ordered to move in silence from our station, and take position on the right of the main road, in the thick brush, bordering on a low bottom field. On our right were three pieces of artillery—the Twenty-second Indiana and the left wing of the Eighth Indiana. In this position we lay until seven o'clock in the morning, when our battery opened upon the woods in our front. After a couple of shots from our battery, we were opened upon by a masked battery, not more than two hundred yards in our front. The fire was so hot as to oblige the battery and infantry on our right to retire in some confusion. My regiment, I am happy to say, remained in their position until ordered by you to fall back, while the enemy poured in a perfect storm of shell and grape-shot, and we only avoided a heavy loss by lying down. When ordered to fall back, we formed our line on the hill, and awaited orders. Between ten and eleven o'clock we were ordered to move by our right flank to a position beyond the enemy's left. The Eighteenth being on the extreme right of our whole line, we were ordered to fix bayonets, and to drive back and turn the enemy's flank, which order was obeyed, driving them back in the greatest confusion. Our column was halted, and our men, wearied by charging over hills and hollows, through thick underbrush, were allowed to rest, the enemy having abandoned the field.

I cannot close this report without calling your attention to the coolness and courage displayed by the men and officers of my command; and I am greatly indebted to Major D. C. Thomas, who had charge of the right wing, for his coolness and bravery during the whole action, and his prompt action in carrying out all my orders. I am happy to say that Capt. S. W. Short, who had charge of the left wing, discharged his whole duty with promptness and fidelity. Indeed, my commissioned officers on this occasion proved themselves not only brave but equal to any emergency. Without disparaging the merits of the rest, I mention the names of Captains J. W. Williams, and John C. Jenks, who were thrown under my immediate notice, and I am happy to say that their coolness and bravery shown on this occasion cannot be excelled by any. To Dr. G. W. Gordon we are much indebted for the promptness with which he followed the regiment to every part of the field, and the skilful attention he paid to the wounded.

Enclosed please find the report of our dead, wounded and number engaged.

With great respect, I am your obedient servant,

H. D. WASHBURN,
Lieut.-Col. Com. Eighteenth Reg. Ind. Vols.

REPORT OF COLONEL WHITE.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION,
CAMP ON SUGAR CREEK, ARKANSAS,
Tuesday, March 11, 1862.

GENERAL: In obedience to your order received

at about one o'clock P.M., of the seventh instant, this command, consisting of the Thirty-seventh Illinois volunteers, the Fifty-ninth Illinois volunteers, (late Ninth Missouri,) and the Peoria light artillery—in all about nine hundred and fifty-six men—took position in front of the enemy near Leetown, in this county. The force we encountered consisted of the Third Louisiana, under Col. Herbert—regiment formerly commanded by Gen. McIntosh; Col. Mitchell's and Col. McRae's two regiments of Arkansians, and a large body of Indians under the command of Gen. McIntosh, with a reserve of several other regiments—all being under the chief command of General Ben. McCulloch.

The enemy taking position in a dense thicket on our right, the command was moved in and formed in line of battle in perfect order within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's front. Both lines then advanced, not a gun being fired until the distance between them was reduced to sixty or seventy yards, when the fire opened about simultaneously from both sides, and was maintained for about three quarters of an hour, with very little intermission, at very short range.

At this time, finding that the enemy were outflanking our right, notwithstanding I had deployed this command to an extent which was of itself hazardous in the effort to perfect such a result, and desiring to execute a change of front corresponding to the requirements of the emergency, I threw back the Thirty-seventh Illinois in good order to the corner of the field on our left, where it was again formed. While in the execution of this duty, a fresh regiment of the enemy made a sudden charge from the brushwood, and after disabling a number of horses by their volley, succeeded in capturing the guns of the light artillery. Their triumph was short-lived, however, for the Thirty-seventh immediately fired upon them and charged, routing their right wing, at the same time that the First brigade, under Col. Pattison, came into action on our right, driving the left wing of the enemy in confusion from the field, and retaking our guns. After following the enemy into the woods, about a mile beyond the battle-field, this command rested for about two hours, when we marched by your direction to a position on the main road in the direction of Crossville, where we bivouacked for the night.

Among officers who all exhibited the utmost gallantry and efficiency, it is impossible to distinguish individuals. Of Lieut.-Colonel M. S. Barnes, of the Thirty-seventh, and Lieut.-Col. C. H. Frederick, of the Fifty-ninth, it is but just to say that they were cool, determined, and discharged their duties as commanding officers of their respective regiments in a manner that entitles them to the thanks of their countrymen. Both Major Chas. Black, of the Thirty-seventh, and Major P. Sidney Post, were wounded early in the engagement, each severely in the sword-arm. The former continued on the field until peremptorily ordered by myself to leave it for the purpose of having his wound dressed. Major

Post also refused to leave the field until it was insisted on by Surgeon Maynard. Capt. C. F. Dickerson, of the Thirty-seventh, and Capt. Clinton F. Hunter, of the Fifty-ninth, who by virtue of seniority filled the places of Major Black and Major Post, respectively discharged the duties devolving upon them with great gallantry and efficiency.

All the officers of the line, without exception, deserve the highest praise; not one flinched or shrunk from his duty; the same of all the non-commissioned officers and privates.

The Peoria light artillery company, under the command of Capt. Peter Davidson, deserves honorable mention. Although not brought into action until late in the day, their fire was delivered with precision and great effect, all the officers and men of that command displaying the utmost firmness and efficiency.

Our loss was as follows:

Thirty-seventh Illinois, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Myron S. Barnes:

Killed on the field—Corporal James Valentine, company A; Corporal James E. Lee, company B; Corporal Fred. A. Payne, company C; Corporal George H. Smith, company G, and sixteen privates—total killed, twenty-one.

Mortally wounded—First Lieut. O. R. Powers, of company E, (since dead.)

Wounded—Major Charles Blent; Capt. Henry Curtis, Jr., company A; Capt. E. B. Payne, company C; First Lieut. J. J. Huntly, company C; Capt. E. B. Misser, company F; Second Lieut. M. F. Atkinson, company G; First Lieut. H. W. Woodford, company H; Capt. W. J. Black, company I, and one hundred and four non-commissioned officers and privates—total wounded, one hundred and twelve.

Fifty-ninth Illinois volunteers, commanded by Lieut.-Col. C. S. H. Frederick:

Killed and mortally wounded, who have since died—Capt. Richard Everitt, company B; Capt. Willard H. Shepard, company K, and twelve privates—total killed, fourteen.

Wounded—Major P. Sidney Post; Second Lt. Jas. A. Beach, company I; acting Sergt.-Major John F. Smith, and forty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates—total wounded, fifty non-commissioned officers and privates.

Peoria light artillery, under the command of Capt. Peter Davidson: killed, none; wounded, five—none mortally.

All our wounded have been attended to by Assistant Surgeons E. A. Clark, of the Thirty-seventh, and Maynard, of the Fifty-ninth, in the most assiduous manner. Their skill and zeal in the discharge of their responsible position is worthy of high commendation.

REPORT OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE EIGHTH INST.

On the morning of the eighth inst. I took position in front of the enemy, our right resting on the Springfield road, three companies supporting the battery of the Peoria light artillery on the extreme right, and the remainder of the brigade

to the left in an open field, with no shelter from the enemy's batteries but a rail-fence.

Our battery, by my direction, opened fire (the first of the day) upon the woods in front, where a portion of the enemy's infantry were discerned in the act of forming their line of battle.

Our fire was responded to by the guns of the enemy to our right, where they were masked by a dense growth of underbrush, and within grape and canister distance. For about half an hour I sustained this position alone, with but four guns, our infantry being entirely out of range, and therefore useless, while at the same time they were greatly exposed to an enfilading fire which began to tell upon them; at this time I directed a movement to the left, and about two hundred and fifty yards distant, placing the infantry out of range of the enemy's artillery, and establishing Davidson's battery on an eminence within easy range of the enemy. From this position our fire was received and told with fearful effect. The artillery of Gen. Sigel's and Col. Carr's divisions soon formed on our left, and the action became general.

The artillery gradually advanced on the enemy, while my command under the same order moved to the right, in connection with the first brigade under Col. Pattison, forming a continuous line, and connecting with Gen. Sigel's infantry; we now advanced in perfect order upon the enemy's left, delivering volley after volley with great rapidity, precision, and effect. The rout of the enemy was complete, and we halted at the "Elkhorn Tavern," about a mile and a half in advance of our first position, the pursuit of the enemy being continued by Gen. Sigel's column.

The conduct of officers and men was but a repetition of the previous day. None faltered; all performed their duty nobly.

The Peoria light artillery, however, on this day, had the opportunity which they had not so fully before, to exhibit the great skill and daring of their officers, and the discipline and bravery of their men. Their guns were served with the regularity and rapidity of a parade-day, and that under a terrible fire of shell, grape, and canister, from more than double the number of their own guns, for some time before any artillery, except that of the First brigade of this division, was brought into action.

This battery was subsequently moved to the front and right, where, after taking position near the main road, it opened a very effective fire of canister upon the enemy, who was concealed in the brush, but was immediately routed from their position by this fire.

The officers of this battery, Capt. Peter Davidson, and Lieuts. Burns, Hintel, and Fenton, have exhibited all the qualities requisite to the highest perfection, and are entitled to the respect and thanks of their countrymen.

To Brigade Adjt. J. C. Dodge, I am indebted for prompt aid at the commencement of the action of the seventh, but having been sent to yourself with a message, he was prevented from joining

the command again till near the close of the action.

Chaplains Anderson, of the Thirty-seventh, and Shoemaker, of the Fifty-ninth, were present in the field, rendering all the aid in their power in removing the wounded and relieving their sufferings.

I should do injustice if I omitted to mention the very valuable aid received at various times from your aids, Cols. Henry Pease and Morrison, also from Adj. Holstein. The form and voice of Col. Pease were often seen and heard along the line, cheering and encouraging the men on to victory, regardless of personal dangers which he was under no obligation to encounter except on official business.

The Quartermasters of both regiments, Capts. Peck, of the Thirty-seventh, and Buarhin, of the Fifty-ninth, the Brigade-Quartermaster, Lieut. S. M. Jones, and Brigade-Commander, A. D. Becker, have during the three days of the enemy's presence discharged their duties patiently and efficiently, their several departments so exerted to the welfare of their troops having been always in order.

Losses during the action of the eighth: Thirty-seventh Illinois volunteers—killed, none; wounded, six.

Davidson's battery—killed, none; wounded, twelve. Total, eighteen.

RECAPITULATION.

Thirty-seventh Illinois—killed, on the seventh, twenty-one; wounded, one hundred and thirteen.

Thirty-seventh Illinois—killed, on the eighth, twenty-one; wounded, six.

Fifty-ninth Illinois—killed, on the seventh, fourteen; wounded, fifty-one.

Fifty-ninth Illinois—killed, on the eighth, —; wounded, —.

Peoria light artillery—wounded, on the seventh, five.

Peoria light artillery—wounded, on the eighth, twelve.

Total—killed, thirty-five; wounded, one hundred and eighty-seven.

I close this report with my warmest thanks to you, General, for the wisdom, firmness, and ability with which the movements of my command have been directed by yourself, and for your kindness to my wounded.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JULIUS WHITE,

Colonel Thirty-seventh Illinois Volunteers,
Commanding Second Brigade Third Division.

To Acting Brig.-Gen. J. C. DAVIS,
Commanding Third Division.

REPORT OF COL. KNOBELSDORFF.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-FOURTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,
NORTH-WESTERN RIFLE REGIMENT,
CAMP PEA RIDGE, ARK., March 11, 1862.

Gen. Sigel, Commanding First and Second Divisions:

SIR: I have the honor to report the action of this regiment from the sixth to ninth of March,

inclusive. The regiment, stationed at Camp Cooper, near Bentonville, received marching orders at eleven P.M. of the fifth, and at two o'clock A.M. of the sixth commenced a retrograde movement towards Sugar Creek Hollow.

Other marching orders were received. Company F, under command of Lieut. Hickey, were stationed at Williams' Mill, seven miles west, grinding flour for the use of the regiment. A messenger was immediately sent for them, and they made a very rapid march, reaching the regiment in time to march with us, bringing also a quantity of flour. The regiment, with the First division, passed Bentonville at sunrise, and arrived at Sugar Creek Hollow at eleven A.M. We had hardly stacked our arms before information was received that the Twelfth Missouri regiment had been cut off by the enemy, and we were ordered by you to hasten back to their assistance, which was immediately done, the regiment going double-quick some six miles, but as the enemy had retreated, we were ordered back and took position on the bluff west of the Hollow. Contrary to all expectation, the enemy attacked our forces the next morning on the north-west side of our lines, and the battle of Leetown commenced. My regiment, together with the Twenty-fifth Illinois, Seventeenth Missouri, and part of Waede's battery, were held in reserve until one o'clock P.M., when we were all ordered by you to the field and to the rescue. Companies C and A, under command of Capt. Russell, were previously ordered to skirmish the woods in front of our position, and secure the march of the reserve to the battle-field. Captain Russell succeeded, by skilful management, in taking many prisoners and driving back scattering bodies of the enemy who threatened our left flank. Eight companies proceeded, double-quick, to the battle-ground near Leetown. Arriving on the field, they were ordered by Brig.-Gen. Davis to take position on the right of the road, where the hardest fighting had been done. A line of skirmishers was immediately thrown out, and the regiment followed with great promptness, passing over the dead and wounded, who lay in every direction. Finding the enemy were retreating, I followed them rapidly, taking a number of prisoners and keeping up a lively skirmishing fire. After pursuing them over a mile, I took position on a high ridge commanding the surrounding ground. At this moment you arrived with artillery and other forces, and ordered us forward in pursuit of the enemy. Night overtaking us, we were ordered into an open field on the left, and slept on our arms in front and near the enemy. Early the next morning, together with other regiments, we changed position and went towards the headquarters of Gen. Curtis, near Pea Ridge. At seven o'clock, on the morning of the eighth, we took position on the left of Col. Carr's regiment from the north-east. After taking our position and throwing out skirmishers, the enemy commenced a heavy fire on our right flank, forcing Col. Carr's regiment and the two batteries they were supporting, to retire. Part of the infantry broke through our line, but our men behaved with the

greatest coolness, and did not fall back until ordered to do so. Gen. Curtis then ordered me to take a new position, supporting the First Iowa and one other battery. The order was obeyed with promptness, and as the batteries advanced the regiment also advanced in line of battle on the open field, exposed to the fire from the enemy's batteries. You ordered me at this instant to the support of Woeff's and Hoffman's batteries, stationed on the open field in front of the high ridge occupied by the enemy, which was done with the greatest alacrity. Having taken this position, companies A, C, G, and K, were ordered forward to support our forces, which were then storming the ridges, which was done in the most spirited manner, our companies joining with other regiments in driving the enemy from their strong position, whilst the balance of the regiment followed as a reserve. The enemy having been driven forward, we pursued them some four miles on the road toward Keitsville. Arriving at the junction of the Bentonville road, I was ordered, after being joined by two companies of the Thirty-sixth Illinois regiment, and one company of the Benton Hussars, to continue the pursuit of the enemy on the Bentonville road. At seven o'clock the next morning, I marched toward Bentonville, going within five miles of the place. Having no orders to proceed further, and Col. Ellis's cavalry regiment having overtaken me, I returned to within one mile of the Keitsville road, and the next day joined your command, leaving two companies to guard the road.

Owing to the coolness and discipline of the soldiers, and the fortunate positions which were selected, our loss was very small, being only one man killed, two wounded, and seventeen missing. All, officers and soldiers, behaved with the greatest spirit and courage. I would especially mention the names of Capt. A. A. Barret, Acting Major, Capt. J. Russell, Capt. L. M. Sabin, Capt. Max Crone, of the Potomac army, who volunteered for the occasion, Adj. Jas. S. Ransom and Lieut. Davis, who displayed great energy and courage.

The regiment has taken in this engagement over one hundred and fifty prisoners, among them one acting brigadier-general, one colonel, one major, one chaplain, three captains, and two lieutenants. They have also captured one stand of colors, two hundred and thirty stand of arms, and sixty horses. Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. KNOBELSDORFF,
Colonel Commanding.

SIGEL'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS, }
CAMP PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS, March 15, 1862. }

To the Officers and Soldiers of the First and Second Divisions:

After so many hardships and sufferings of this war in the West, a great and decisive victory has, for the first time, been attained, and the army of the enemy overwhelmed and perfectly routed. The rebellious flag of the confederate States lies in the dust, and the same men who had organized

armed rebellion at Camp Jackson, Maysville and Fayetteville—who have fought against us at Boonville, Carthage and Wilson's Creek, at Lexington and Milford, have paid the penalty of their seditious work with their lives; or are seeking refuge behind the Boston Mountains and the shores of the Arkansas River.

The last days were hard, but triumphant. Surrounded and pressed upon all sides by an enterprising, desperate and greedy enemy—by the Missouri and Arkansas mountaineer, the Texas ranger, the finest regiment of Louisiana troops, and even the savage Indian—almost without food, sleep or camp-fires, you remained firm and unabashed, awaiting the moment when you could drive back your assailants or break through the iron circle by which the enemy thought to crush or capture us all, and plant the rebellious flag on the rocky summit of Pea Ridge.

You have defeated all their schemes. When at McKissick's farm, west of Bentonville, you extricated yourselves from their grasp by a night's march, and secured a train of two hundred wagons before the enemy became aware of the direction you had taken. Instead of being cut off, weakened and driven to the necessity of giving battle under the most unfavorable circumstances, you joined your friends and comrades at Sugar Creek, and thereby saved yourselves and the whole army from being separated and beaten in detail.

On the retreat from Bentonville to Sugar Creek—a distance of ten miles—you cut your way through an enemy at least five times stronger than yourselves. The activity, self-possession, and courage of the little band of six hundred will ever be memorable in the history of this war.

When, on the next day, the great battle began, under the command of Gen. Asboth, you assisted the Fourth division with all the cheerfulness and alacrity of good and faithful soldiers—that division on that day holding the most important position—while Col. Osterhaus, coöperating with the Third division, battered down the hosts of McCulloch on our left, and Major Paten guarded our rear.

On the eighth, you came at the right time to the right place. It was the first opportunity you had of showing your full strength and power. In less than three hours you formed in line of battle, advanced and coöperated with our friends on the right, and routed the enemy so completely that he fled like dust before a hurricane. And so it will always be when traitors, seduced by selfish leaders and persecuted by the pangs of an evil conscience, are fighting against soldiers who defend a good cause, are well drilled and disciplined, obey promptly the orders of their officers, and do not shrink from dangerous assault when, at the proper and decisive moment, it is necessary.

You may look with pride on the few days just passed, during which you have so gloriously defended the flag of the Union. From two o'clock on the morning of the sixth, when you left McKissick's farm, until four o'clock in the afternoon of the ninth, when you arrived from Keitsville in the common encampment, you marched fifty

miles, fought three battles, took not only a battery and a flag from the enemy, but more than one hundred and fifty prisoners—among them Acting Brig.-Gen. Herbert, the commander of the Louisiana forces, and his major; Col. Mitchell, of the Fourteenth Arkansas; Col. Stone, Adjutant-General of Price's forces, and Lieut.-Colonel John H. Price, whose life was twice spared, and who has now for the second time violated his parole, and was arrested with arms in his hands.

You have done your duty, and you can justly claim your share in the common glory of this victory. But let us not be partial, unjust or haughty. Let us not forget that alone we were too weak to perform the great work before us. Let us acknowledge the great services done by all the brave soldiers of the Third and Fourth divisions, and always keep in mind that "united we stand, divided we fall." Let us hold out and push the work through—not by mere words and great clamor, but by good marches, by hardships and fatigues, by strict discipline and effective battles.

Columbus has fallen—Memphis will follow—and if you do in future as you have done in these past days of trial, the time will soon come when you will pitch your tents on the beautiful shores of the Arkansas River, and there meet our iron-clad propellers at Little Rock and Fort Smith. Therefore, keep alert, my friends, and look forward with confidence.

F. SIGEL,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding First and Second Divisions.

NEW-YORK "HERALD" NARRATIVE.

PEA RIDGE, BENTON COUNTY, ARKANSAS, March 9, 1862.

The first battle in Arkansas since the outbreak of the rebellion has terminated favorably to the Union arms. After an engagement of fifteen hours, extending through the larger portion of two consecutive days; the rebel forces have been driven from the field, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted in triumph over the contested ground. Defeated and demoralized, the confederate troops are in full retreat, and have been hotly pursued by a portion of our gallant army far beyond the confines of the State.

Early in the past week, several small expeditions were sent out in various directions, for the purpose of capturing rebel bands said to be gathered in South-western Missouri and Northern Arkansas. One that proceeded to Pineville, Mo., arrived within a half-mile of the object of its pursuit, but failed to bring on an engagement. The expedition returned safe to the camp of the army, crossing the route of the rebel forces but an hour before the latter reached the point of the roads' intersection. Another expedition, under Major Coonrad, consisting of six hundred infantry, with a section of artillery, and one battalion of cavalry, proceeded to Maysville, near the line of the Indian nation, and failed to return in due season. At last accounts it was marching northward from Maysville, to escape the rebel army, and was considered out of immediate danger. Still another, under Col. Vandever, and accompanied by your correspondent, was sent to Huntsville, Madison

County, with the object of capturing a portion of an Arkansas regiment, said to be encamped there. The rebel troops had left two days before our arrival, and the only prizes of importance were several men just returned from the rebel army. Two of these had been sent away on the previous morning, and gave the exciting intelligence that the whole rebel force under Gen. Van Dorn, about thirty thousand, was then marching to attack the Union camp. A messenger was at once sent to headquarters with this information, but he had scarcely left town before a despatch-bearer arrived from Gen. Curtis making the same announcement, and ordering our immediate return. A forced march of forty-one miles was made to the camp of the main army, with but three halts of fifteen minutes each, during the entire distance. The infantry, consisting of portions of the Ninth Iowa and Phelps's Twenty-fifth Missouri, were much fatigued by the long journey, but awoke on the morning of the battle refreshed and ready for the encounter. No troops ever fought better.

THE ENEMY ATTACK GEN. SIGEL'S REAR-GUARD.

On the first inst., Gen. Sigel moved his camp from Osage Springs to a point near Bentonville, in order to secure a better region for foraging purposes. About the same time Col. Davis moved to Sugar Creek, while Colonel Carr remained at Cross Hollows. On receiving intelligence of the rebel advance, Gen. Curtis decided to concentrate his forces at Sugar Creek, a short distance south of Pea Ridge, a good point of defence and abundantly supplied with water. On the fifth, General Sigel received orders from Gen. Curtis to join him at Pea Ridge, and on the sixth marched from Bentonville in obedience to those orders. His rear-guard consisted of the Thirty-sixth Illinois infantry, and a portion of the Second Missouri. Four rebel regiments of infantry and cavalry surrounded this rear-guard, and engaged it vigorously, but Gen. Sigel, who had remained behind, succeeded in cutting his way through, with a loss of twenty-eight killed and wounded. A portion of company B, of the Thirty-sixth Illinois, were captured during the encounter.

The camp whence the rebels marched upon General Curtis, was situated on and near the Boston Mountains, about fifty miles from Pea Ridge. The rebel commander, Gen. Van Dorn, ordered the men to take four days' cooked rations on the morning of the fifth and move forward to the encounter. As our camp near Sugar Creek was in its front a strong natural position and difficult of access on either flank, Gen. Van Dorn decided to make his attack in our rear, thus cutting off our base of supply and reinforcement. The Union position was on the main road from Springfield to Fayetteville, and Gen. Van Dorn, in marching northward, left that road near the latter town, and turned to the westward, passing through Bentonville and entering the main road again near the State boundary, about eight miles north of Sugar Creek. A small force was left to make a feint upon our front, and a considerable body of Indians, under Gen. Albert Pike, took position

about two miles on our right to divert attention from the main attack in the rear.

The Union forces engaged in the battle were as follows:

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL R. CURTIS.

FIRST DIVISION.

Col. Osterhaus commanding.
Thirty-sixth Illinois infantry.
Twelfth Missouri infantry.
Seventeenth Missouri infantry.
Battalion Third Missouri infantry.
Two battalions Benton hussars, (cavalry.)
One battalion Thirty-ninth Illinois cavalry.
Battery A, Capt. Welfrey, six guns.
Battery B, six guns.

First Brigade.

Col. Coler commanding.
Twenty-fifth Illinois infantry.
Forty-fourth Illinois infantry.

Second Brigade.

Col. Greusel commanding.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Asboth commanding.

First Brigade.

Col. Schaefer commanding.
Second Missouri infantry.
Second Ohio battery, six guns, Lieut. Chapman.

Second Brigade.

Col. Joliet commanding.
Fifteenth Missouri infantry.
Capt. Elbert's flying battery, six guns.
Sixth Missouri cavalry, Col. Wright.
Battalion Fourth Missouri cavalry, Major Mes-saur.

Gen. Sigel commanded the First and Second divisions, thus filling the position of Field-Marshal.

THIRD DIVISION.

Col. Jeff. C. Davis, commanding.

First Brigade.

Col. Barton, commanding.
Eighth Indiana infantry.
Twenty-second Indiana infantry.
Eighteenth Indiana infantry.
Indiana battery, six guns.

Second Brigade.

Col. White, commanding.
Thirty-seventh Illinois infantry.
Ninth Missouri infantry.
First Missouri cavalry.
Battery, four guns.
[The Ninth Missouri has been placed on the list of Illinois regiments, and now ranks as the "Fifty-ninth Illinois."]

FOURTH DIVISION.

Col. Carr, commanding.

First Brigade.

Col. Dodge, commanding.
Fourth Iowa infantry.
Thirty-fifth Illinois infantry.
First Iowa battery, Capt. Jones, six guns.

Second Brigade.

Col. Vandever commanding.
Ninth Iowa infantry.
Twenty-fifth Missouri infantry, (Phelps's regiment.)

Third Illinois cavalry.
Dubuque battery, Capt. Hayden, six guns.
The following were not brigaded:
Third Iowa cavalry, two battalions, Colonel Bussy.

Mountain howitzer battery, four guns, Captain Stevens.

Battalion of cavalry, Gen. Curtis's body-guard, Major W. D. Bowen.

But few of the above regiments were full, many of them having left considerable numbers of sick at Rolla and Lebanon. The aggregate number of effective men in the Federal army, on the morning of the battle, it would not be prudent to mention, but it is much smaller than generally supposed.

THE CONFEDERATE STRENGTH.

The rebel army, from reports of spies and prisoners, is estimated as follows:

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,

MAJOR-GENERAL EARL VAN DORN.

Missouri troops, under Brig.-Gen. Price, about nine thousand.

Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas troops, under Brig.-Gen. McCulloch, about thirteen thousand.

Choctow, Cherokee, Chickasaw, and other Indian troops, with two white regiments, under Brig.-Gen. Pike, about seven thousand.

Estimated aggregate of rebel army under Gen. Van Dorn, thirty thousand.

At the hour of reveille, on the morning of the seventh, there was an unusual stir in the Union camp. Nearly every drum and fife that could be found was put into use, and the forest became vocal with martial notes. Orders had been issued to prepare rations for two days, to strike tents, load the wagons, and prepare to move at any moment. At a little past seven I issued from the tent of a colonel of a regiment prominent in the fight, and found his men drawn up in line, and busy loading their guns, preparatory to marching to the field. This operation required but a short time, and after it was performed the order for movement was anxiously awaited. Passing through the principal portion of the camp, the troops were nearly all found occupied with similar duties, and everywhere anxious to meet the enemy they had marched so far to encounter.

At about half-past seven a scout arrived at headquarters, reporting a strong force of the enemy posted on some hills and fields, about three miles to the westward. In a few moments a

messenger came in from the north, (our rear,) stating that the enemy was appearing on the hills and ridges near the junction of the Bentonville and Springfield roads, and about four miles from camp. As the reports indicated the force to the westward to be much the larger, Gen. Curtis ordered Gen. Sigel, with his command, (the First and Second divisions,) to proceed in that direction, and dislodge and disperse the enemy. His troops were all in readiness, and a few moments found him on the way. About three miles from the camp, Col. Osterhaus's division encountered what was supposed to be a small body of the rebels, posted in the edge of some timber and brushwood, and brought three guns to bear upon them. After a few rounds of shell, grape and canister, the artillery was ordered to cease firing, and the Third Iowa cavalry, which then accompanied Col. Osterhaus, moved forward, to complete the clearance of the timber. The supposition that but few rebels were posted there, proved erroneous, for the woods swarmed with such numbers, that the charge was at once broken, and the Iowa cavalry driven back in disorder. The rebels followed up the cavalry in its retreat, and, taking advantage of the confusion, succeeded in capturing the three guns with which they had been shelled. Col. Osterhaus brought up his Indiana regiments, and by a rapid succession of volleys of musketry, followed by a bayonet-charge, covered the ground with dead Texans and Indians, and brought back the guns lost but a few moments before. Gen. Sigel then came forward with the remainder of his command, and the force of rebels in the timber being strengthened at the same time, a vigorous action commenced. The rebels brought their artillery into position, and a duel of heavy guns ensued, ending with the rebels abandoning their position. A running fight next transpired, and a vigorous pursuit was kept up for two or three miles, the rebels fleeing toward the north, in order to form a junction with the force in our rear. Gen. Sigel then abandoned the pursuit, and returned to the camp of the army.

About the time Gen. Sigel came up with the rebels, and commenced the action of the morning, a force, consisting of two or three regiments of Arkansas infantry, and a light battery, appeared in front of Col. Davis's position, evidently inviting attack. Subsequent events show that this movement on the part of the enemy, together with the one upon Gen. Sigel, were feints to prevent the concentration of our strength upon the rear, where their grand attack was made. For the time they were thus successful, and had their energy been equal to their strategy, it could hardly have failed of success. Col. Davis responded to their invitation to battle, and moved out for an encounter. A short but bloody contest, and the flight of the enemy by a circuitous route in the direction of their main force in our rear, were the results of this movement. In this affair, as well as in Gen. Sigel's, many of the enemy remained scattered in the timber. In consequence of this, small parties and individuals, attempting to visit the battle-grounds, later in

the day, were repeatedly fired upon. These guerrillas have not yet been completely driven out, but some of our cavalry are engaged in scouring the brush with a view to their expulsion.

Simultaneously with the departure of General Sigel to the westward, Col. Carr's division was sent to our rear to engage the enemy in that quarter. From the position of the army on the night of the sixth to the Missouri line, is about eight miles. The country here consists of level areas, wooded with large timber, and generally with but little underbrush. At intervals are large farms, with cleared fields for grass and cereals, some of them extending along the road for a half-mile or more, and reaching away, on either side, from one to three miles. In places the general level is broken by gradual slopes, with an occasional steep ascent, covered with sharp, angular fragments of stone, and bearing a scanty growth of low oak-trees. West of the road, and converging so as to strike it near the State line, is a high ridge, accessible at numerous points, and commanding the road to Bentonville, and also, in some places, the battle-ground of the eighth.

As the Missouri line is neared, low hills appear, sloping away to the north, but presenting an abrupt and precipitous face to the south. These hills are about two hundred feet in height, and two miles below the State boundary. They unite into a continuous double ridge, forming a narrow valley, six miles in length, with steep and heavily-timbered sides. The main road passes through this valley, in a direction nearly due north. When McCulloch retreated from Missouri, in September last, after his quarrel with Price, he ordered much of this timber to be felled across the way, to impede any pursuit that might be made by the Union army. These obstructions the rebels were themselves compelled to remove, when they subsequently advanced to encounter Fremont. The valley is looked upon by all military engineers as a good position to hold against an enemy.

Col. Carr's division advanced up this road to a point about four miles from the State line. Col. Dodge's brigade filed off upon a road leading to the east from the Elkhorn hotel, and opened its battery upon the enemy, who was posted in a wood on a declivity in front. They were promptly replied to, and a brisk encounter of artillery and infantry speedily ensued. Col. Vandever's brigade passed about half a mile beyond the hotel and took position on the left of the road. In front of them the ground descended to a dry ravine, and the opposite bank, which was somewhat abrupt and covered with low oaks, was held by the enemy. The Dubuque battery opened upon the rebels, and the scattering of some of the infantry of the latter showed that the guns were well aimed. The rebel batteries replied, and at the third fire a shell from their guns blew up one of the Union limber-chests. It was about nine A.M. when the first gun was fired. Within fifteen minutes afterward the whole line of the division was fairly engaged. The explosion of

the limber-chest showed the rebels that their shots were well directed, and they appeared in large numbers, and poured in a terrific fire. Ten minutes after the blowing up of the limber-chest, another, belonging to the same battery, was exploded in like manner, badly burning Frank Thompson, one of the cannoniers. This explosion was the signal for a rush by the rebels upon the Union battery, and they succeeded in capturing one of the guns before they were driven back by the infantry. The enemy fell back to their cover, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and wounded, who had fallen before the rifles of the Iowa Ninth.

At the time of these occurrences, your correspondent and a fellow-journalist were standing in the road in front of the Elkhorn hotel, where a good view was afforded. Shells which were thrown too high for effect upon Col. Vandever's brigade were just the elevation for the Elkhorn, and a rifled cannon projectile passing within a few feet, and bursting twenty yards beyond me, rendered my notes of that moment somewhat difficult to decipher. Two companies of infantry were drawn up near the house, awaiting moving orders. A shell burst in their midst, killing two men and wounding five others. Another struck in the yard, in the rear of the house, in its explosion shattering the leg of an old regular soldier in Quartermaster's Carr's employ. Still another fell among some horse-teams, frightening one into running away, directly up the road and over into the enemy's lines, where it was lost. In its flight several of our soldiers were run over, one being seriously and three or four slightly wounded. The drivers of some twenty or more wagons took fright, and started for the camp at full speed. Had it not been for the determined course of Quartermaster Carr, who, pistol in hand, brought them to a halt, a serious stampede would have been the result. A solid shot struck the house and passed completely through, injuring no one, as the family had taken shelter in the cellar. Long ago, at Wilson's Creek, I learned sufficient of the sound and substance of military projectiles to remove everything like novelty from the present scene, and accordingly sought a locality affording a fine view, but further removed from "the perilous edge of battle."

One hour's fighting in position on the slope accomplished nothing for Col. Carr's division, except to reveal the presence of an immense force of the enemy preparing to charge upon the Union troops. As such a movement, with the rebels' overwhelming numbers, would be likely to lose us a battery, Col. Carr withdrew to a better point, about a hundred yards to his rear. Here the fight was kept up for some time, the rebels repeatedly attempted to charge, but as often being driven back by the well-directed volleys from the Iowa infantry and the Missouri regiment. Col. Phelps and Lieut.-Col. Galligan, of the Fourth Iowa, and Major Coyle and Adjutant Scott, of the Ninth Iowa, were wounded by a fire of musketry, and carried to the hospitals at the camp. Another charge was made by the rebels, in which

they captured a second piece of artillery and a caisson-limber. The ground after each of these charges was thickly strewn with their dead and dying, mingled, too often, with the bodies of the brave men who opposed them. The charges of the rebels were not made with the bayonet, but with double-barreled shot-guns, loaded with ball and ten buckshot. They discharged their pieces as they advanced, retaining most of their fire until within short range. The shot-gun thus used is a terrific weapon, as the scattering of the charge renders it pretty certain to do execution without much regard to accuracy of aim. It was again necessary to fall back, and this time a stand was made near the hotel, and along the road leading to the east.

The day had opened clear and still, and before the battle commenced the purity of the atmosphere rendered every object on the hills and slopes distinctly visible. The smoke from the guns settled like a cloud upon the field, and an hour after the beginning of the engagement the position of the enemy's cannon was oftentimes only to be ascertained by the dull red flash at the moment of discharge. As the day advanced this cloud grew more and more dense, and long before nightfall the contending masses of infantry were unable to discern each other, except at very short range. Hour after hour passed away, and still that one division was coping with a rebel force nearly quadruple its strength. They were driven back inch by inch, until they were only a mile and a half from the camp of the enemy. Messengers had been constantly going to headquarters, bearing appeals for assistance, but none could be sent them. Sigel and Davis had not returned from the forces they had been pursuing, and there had been nothing left in camp for its protection. "Two batteries and three regiments, or sunset and darkness, are the only alternatives for our safety," was the remark of Col. Carr after his division for the third time fell back. About four p.m. Gen. Asboth returned from his pursuit of the rebels to the westward, and immediately went with two infantry regiments and a battery to the aid of Col. Carr. The latter by that time had fallen back to an open field, little more than a mile from camp. The reinforcements thus received enabled him to hold his ground, and when night closed upon the conflict, and ended the carnage, the little division was still in position at that field. The lines of the contending armies during the night were not more than three hundred yards apart, and each party rested on its arms and passed the long hours till dawn without lighting fires. The air was still, and conversation was carried on in low voices and whispers, through fear that ordinary tones would be overheard.

In the main camp of the army everything was bustle and commotion. Coffee, bread, and meat were prepared and sent out, with blankets and overcoats, for the comfort of those who had so nobly fought during the day and were intending to renew the conflict at dawn. Gen. Sigel and Col. Davis had returned, and were making all preparation to throw their whole force to the aid

of Col. Carr. The teams were still attached to the wagons, and the braying of the mules—never melodious—became doubly dismal and discordant. The poor animals had been without food for forty-eight hours, and without water for twenty-four hours. They had been standing in harness since daybreak, and their usually hoarse tones gradually softened to a low, plaintive moan that was painful to hear.

Most of the officers were fearful of the results of the conflict on the morrow, since those of the day's battle had been so unfavorable. Some turned their thoughts on escape, but saw not how it was to be accomplished, as our only lines of retreat to the north were completely cut off. Among the soldiers, as they sat by the camp-fires, there was generally but one expression: "We must fight like heroes or surrender to the rebels. There is no falling safely back, as there was at Wilson Creek. Our only alternative is desperate fighting, and we will all do our best."

Around headquarters most of the commanders passed a sleepless night. Though there were but few words spoken, nearly every one felt that the following dawn would but usher in our defeat. Gen. Sigel brought his division into camp, where it was ready at call, and then calmly lay down to sleep. Col. Davis moved his command at midnight, and anxiously waited the coming light. The Commander-in-Chief was hopeful but fearful. Col. Dodge and Col. Vandever sent in for a fresh supply of ammunition, and about midnight visited the camp in person to swallow a sup of coffee and return to the field. Ambulances were in constant motion, bringing the wounded to the hospitals prepared for their reception, and surgeons were active in relieving the wants of the sufferers.

In the action of the day the Iowa regiments had suffered fearfully. Nearly two hundred each had been the loss of the Iowa Fourth and Ninth, and the latter had not a single field officer fit for duty. Its Colonel was commanding a brigade, its Lieutenant-Colonel (Herron) was made prisoner while gallantly cheering his men, after losing a horse and receiving a severe wound, and its Major and Adjutant were disabled and in the hospital. Still none of the men were despondent, but were all ready for the work of the morrow. From the camp of a German regiment, the notes of some plaintive air, possibly a love-ditty, was wafted on the breeze in words unintelligible to my ear. It reminded me that long ago in the Crimea, on the night before the storming of the Malakoff, the entire British army in the trenches before Sebastopol joined in singing a famous Scottish ballad, one of the sweetest ever known:

"They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie."

Daybreak and sunrise at last. Not the bright, clear sun that rose over Austerlitz and cheered Napoleon to his great victory, but a dull, copper-tinted globe, slowly pushing itself up through

the murky cloud of cannon-smoke that even the long hours of a winter night had not dispelled. The heavens soon became overcast, as if the elements themselves foreshadowed an impending calamity. Every ear was open to catch the sound of the first dull boom of cannon, and every eye was watching for the first curling wreath of smoke that should usher in the contest of the eighth.

The fortune of the day was depending upon Gen. Sigel, and that officer calmly but carefully prepared his command for the conflict. Our whole force was concentrated to the north of our camp, and what, till then, had been our rear became our front. Colonel Carr's division was placed in the centre, occupying the road a short distance on either side. The enemy during the night had planted some of his batteries on an eminence about two hundred feet high, sloping away to the north, but precipitous on the side in our front. Batteries and large bodies of infantry were posted at his right base of this hill and at the edge of some timber to its left. Infantry and cavalry, with a few guns, were posted on his extreme left beyond the road, and to oppose these Col. Davis was sent to our extreme left. It was apparent that if we could dislodge the rebels from this hill, the victory would be with our banners. With the skill of an expert in military science, Gen. Sigel arranged his columns for the coming action. His foremost line was drawn up in battle array, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, all in their proper positions. At a suitable distance in the rear his reserves were placed, ready to be brought forward at any needed moment. A level, open field of great extent gave splendid opportunity for an imposing display. It had last been a corn-field, and the white and withered stalks were still on the ground, forming a fine background for the dark blue uniforms worn by our men. Throughout the morning skirmishing and light encounters had transpired with the portion of the enemy opposed to our centre and right, but on the left not a gun was fired until the whole of Gen. Sigel's command was in readiness.

At a little past eight o'clock the decisive portion of the engagement commenced. Along the entire line the cannoniers stood to their guns, and at the word of command fire was opened. It was interesting to watch the movements of the artillery in getting the range. Each gunner took a tree for his mark and tried upon it the effect of his first shell. "Too high," was the remark of the captain of a gun stationed near where I was standing. A turn of the elevating screw, a reload, and another shot followed. "Still too high," and a second turn of the screw was made previous to another shot. "Just right this time," was the commentary on the direction of the third projectile. For the future trees were not the objects aimed at. A brisk cannonade was kept up for upward of two hours, with occasional intervals of from five to fifteen minutes' duration. The sharp booming of the six, twelve, and eighteen-pounders followed each other in rapid suc-

cession, and with such regularity that one could easily imagine that the huge dark object in that yellow field was an enormous organ on which a Mozart or a Verdi was executing one of his latest compositions.

The shot from the rebel batteries were well directed, but failed of execution equal to those from ours. Several guns were disabled and taken to the rear, and their places speedily supplied by others. During the cannonade Col. Carr's and Col. Davis's divisions advanced slowly upon the enemy, until they held the edge of the timber where the rebels had position in the morning. A battery of three guns in front of a wooded space on the left of the road at length became troublesome, and orders were issued for a bayonet-charge to capture it. Just at this moment a gust of wind blew away the smoke from the front of the rebels, revealing their exact position. The Twelfth Missouri was designated for the honor of taking the battery, and nobly acquitted themselves, advancing at the *pas de charge* under a terrible musketry fire, possessing themselves of the guns and holding them until their supports came up. Twelve of their men were killed in this charge, and a large number wounded. Another gun was shortly after taken in the timber near by, and still another spiked piece on the extreme right of Davis's division.

After sustaining a heavy cannonade for two hours and a half, the rebels showed signs of a desire to leave the ground. Their batteries were withdrawn from the hill, and their infantry was fast melting away, large numbers of them, as we since learn, fleeing in terror at the fearful fire under which they had stood. The Eighteenth and Twenty-second Indiana regiments were ordered to charge, and did so in gallant style; but the rebels were too quick for the movement to succeed in taking the guns. Their infantry fled in disorder, and their artillerymen had barely opportunity to attach their horses to the guns and move them from the field. It was useless to pursue with cavalry, the country being too densely wooded to admit of using this arm of the service. The entire line moved forward to the support of the Indiana regiments, and up and down its entire length the air resounded with cheer upon cheer from our exultant troops. The enemy had been driven from its stronghold, and the victory was upon our banners.

Gen. Sigel went in pursuit of the fleeing rebels, following their main body for twelve miles and capturing a considerable quantity of wagons, supplies, etc., several ammunition-wagons, a load of powder, and nearly a thousand stand of arms. They fled too rapidly to permit of a capture of the entire force, and on the morning of the ninth Gen. Sigel's division returned to camp. A portion of the rebels fled to the eastward, felling timber across the road to prevent pursuit. Another portion turned to the westward, fleeing by the way of Bentonville toward the sunny South. When last heard from, they were in camp eight miles to the southward. A flag of truce came in

to-day to arrange for burying the dead and making exchange of prisoners.

The morning of the eighth I passed the hospital, where most of our wounded were carried on the previous night. Here lay dead officers and soldiers mingled indiscriminately together, most of them having died after or during amputations. Outside of the buildings were several legs and arms, the former with the stocking and occasionally a portion of the pantaloons still unremoved. A row of corpses lay in front of the principal hospital, and a number of attendants were busy in their removal. Each was covered with a blanket, and the utmost nonchalance was displayed in all their movements. "That's Captain —," was a remark as a blanket was turned down from the face of a corpse, revealing at the same time the double-barred shoulder-strap. "That's private —, of company —," or "That's a sergeant of — regiment," and similar remarks were the only hospitable eulogiums as the column of dead was passed by. Whatever bravery and daring were shown when these death-wounds were received was here unnoticed, the duties of the surgeon and his aids not requiring such knowledge. Satiated with these horrors, I turned away and hastened to the field, where the final battle was about commencing.

The appearance of the hill and woods shelled by Gen. Sigel's division attests the terrific shower of missiles that fell upon them. Walking over the ground immediately after the flight of the enemy and the pursuit by our forces, I found it thickly strewn with dead and wounded, most of them having fallen by the deadly artillery projectiles. Tree after tree was shattered or perforated by shot and shell, and many were filled with grape and canister-balls. One tree was pierced through and through by a solid shot, its top shivered by a shell, and the base of its trunk scarred by seventeen canister and rifle-balls. In one place lay the fragments of a battery-wagon, wherein a shell had exploded, utterly destroying the wagon and killing two mules, which had been its motive power. A ruined caisson and five cannon-wheels were lying near it. Two dead artillerymen were stretched on the earth, each killed by a grapeshot, and by their side was a third, gasping his last, with his side laid open by a fragment of a shell. On the hill, where the cannonade had been severe, trees, rocks, and earth bore witness to its fierceness. Fifteen wounded rebels lay in one group, and were piteously imploring each passer-by for water and relief for their wounds. A few rods from them was another, whose arm had been torn off by a cannon-shot, leaving the severed member on the ground a few feet distant. Near him was the dead body of a rebel, whose legs and one arm had been shattered by a single shot. Behind a tree a few yards distant was stretched a corpse, with two thirds of its head blown away by the explosion of a shell, and near it a musket, broken into three pieces. Still further along was the body of a rebel soldier, who had been killed by

a grapeshot through the breast. A letter had fallen from his pocket, which, on examination, proved to be a long and well-written love-epistle from his betrothed in East-Tennessee. It was addressed to Pleasant J. Williams, Churchill's regiment, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Around him in all directions were his dead and dying comrades, some stretched at full length on the turf, and others contorted as if in extreme agony. The earth was thickly strewn with shot and fragments of shell.

The bursting of shells had set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the woods were burning in every direction. Efforts were made to remove the wounded before the flames should reach them, and nearly all were taken to places of safety. Several were afterward found in secluded spots, some of them still alive, but horribly burned and blackened by the conflagration.

The rebels, in nearly every instance, removed the shoes from the dead and mortally wounded, both of their own army and ours. Of all the corpses I saw I do not think one twentieth had been left with their shoes untouched. In some cases pantaloons were taken, and occasionally an overcoat or a blouse was missing. A large number of the killed among the rebels were shot through the head, while the majority of our dead were shot through the breast. The rebels, wherever it was possible, fired from cover; and as often as a head appeared from behind a tree or bush, it became a mark for our men. The Union troops generally stood in ranks, and except when skirmishing, made no use of objects of protection.

Adjutant Sullivan, of the Third Illinois cavalry, passed through the entire action unhurt. His horse was shot under him, but will probably recover from the wound. Adjutant Sullivan is the Sergeant Sullivan who received, in the charge at Dug Spring, in August last, five severe wounds, two of which were supposed to be mortal. The horse which was wounded yesterday is the same that he rode at Dug Spring, and now carries fourteen balls received on that occasion.

Where all the troops did well, it is difficult to particularize instances of special regimental valor. The Iowa infantry came from the field covered with blood and glory, and the two batteries from the same State are equally deserving of praise. The Twelfth Missouri was successful in a bayonet-charge for the capture of a battery, and the Indiana regiments, by their determined bravery, more than trebly atoned for unpleasant memories of Buena Vista.

Col. Hendricks, of the Twenty-second Indiana, was killed while gallantly leading his men in the action of the seventh, under Col. Davis. Two of the German regiments illustrated the Teutonic love of music by singing one of the songs of *Faderland* while they stood under fire of the rebel batteries on the morning of the eighth. The Illinois regiments were not prominent in the action, with the exception of the Thirty-fifth, Col. William Smith, (wounded,) and the Thirty-sixth, Col. Greusel, but they were all prompt to execute every

order which they received. The Forty-fourth Illinois was in the pursuit of the rebels, and returned, bringing nearly a hundred prisoners, and as many horses. Col. Phelps, Twenty-fifth Missouri, was prominent in the action of the seventh, and lost nearly thirty per cent of the number that went into battle. Corp. J. H. Rowles, of Hayden's Dubuque battery, was attached to one of the guns taken by the enemy. While the gunners were retreating, he rushed back and spiked the piece, which was nearly surrounded by the rebels. He received a musket-ball in each leg, and is now lying in the hospital. In a battle of such magnitude, there were numerous deeds of individual daring and personal hardihood, rivalling the romantic exploits of the palmy days of chivalry, that will require days and weeks around the camp-fires to learn their history.

The wooded nature of the country where the battle was fought, rendered cavalry of comparatively little value. The loss of the Third Illinois, the First Missouri, and the Third Iowa cavalry regiments, was nevertheless quite heavy. Lieut.-Col. H. H. Trimble, of the Third Iowa, and Col. C. A. Ellis, of the First Missouri, were wounded, the former severely and the latter slightly. The loss of rank and file of the cavalry, in killed and wounded, is about one twentieth their strength.

There are no data as yet by which we can estimate the loss of the enemy. Their dead and wounded on the ground were much more numerous than ours; at least one half or two thirds more. For ten miles on the road by which they retreated, the houses were full of wounded. The whole line of buildings on the route hence to Keitsville is one grand hospital. Our entire loss is estimated at a little more than a thousand, of whom about one fourth are killed. The full returns will not be in for several days. A flag of truce that has just arrived, with reference to the burial of the dead, and exchange of prisoners, reports that Brig.-Gens. McIntosh, Slack and McBride were killed. By numerous prisoners we have a report that General McCulloch was also killed; but the redoubtable ranger has been slaughtered on so many occasions, and afterward, like the first husband of poor Pillicoddy's wife, turned up again, that we are all skeptical. Perhaps Benjamin has been "gathered to his fathers," but nobody at present appears to see it.

At present all is confusion with reference to the conflict, and the various statistics inseparably connected with an engagement. We hardly know what we have accomplished, whither the enemy has fled, what is the extent of his calamity, his present position, his strength, and his designs for the immediate future. Neither are we fully acquainted with our own condition, our casualties, our deeds of daring, and our ability again to enter the arena and cope with an enemy nearly treble our strength. When the smoke shall have cleared away from the battle-field, and the clouds that now obscure it are dispelled by the clear sunshine, we can speak more definitely of its losses, its griefs, its incidents of knightly bravery, its triumphs, and its accomplished results.

Our number of killed, wounded and missing, is not yet known, but it is estimated that our entire casualty-list will not exceed a thousand. The reports will not be in for several days. Our heaviest loss was on the first day, with Colonel Carr's division. Our lines sustained but little damage on the second day, notwithstanding the heavy artillery fire under which they stood for two hours.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY AN OFFICER IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

The battle of Pea Ridge was emphatically the Buena Vista of this war. Commencing on the morning of the sixth of March by the attack of the combined confederate forces upon Gen. Sigel's division, then stationed at Bentonville, Gen. Sigel sending his train ahead, and reserving one battery, with between eight hundred and a thousand men, commenced one of those masterly retreats which have already rendered his name famous. Planting a portion of his guns, with his infantry to sustain them, he would pour the grape and shell into their advancing squadrons, until, quailing before the murderous fire, they would break in confusion. Before they could re-form, Sigel would limber up and fall back behind another portion of his battery, planted at another turn in the road. Here the same scene would be gone through with, and so on continuously for ten miles. What made this march a more difficult achievement was the condition of the roads, which were in many places very narrow and badly cut up. This brought Gen. Sigel's division to the west end of Pea Ridge, where he formed a junction with Gens. Davis's and Carr's divisions. Night coming on, strong pickets were placed, the teams corralled, and the soldiers lay upon their arms.

During this day, Gen. Curtis was diligently preparing earth-work defences, cutting timber, etc., to check the progress of the enemy along the Fayetteville road, where they were confidently expected by him. During the day and night of the sixth, Van Dorn moved his entire forces around the west side of our army, Gen. Price occupying the Fayetteville road, north of Gen. Curtis's camp, while McCulloch and McIntosh lay north of Gen. Sigel. The confederate forces fronting south, Price's forces formed their left wing. The distance of the main bodies of the two wings of each army apart was near three miles, thus forming, in fact, four distinct armies. Van Dorn and Price being opposed to Gen. Curtis, who had with him Gens. Davis's, Carr's, and Asboth's divisions, while McCulloch and McIntosh were opposed to Sigel, who had but one division—that of Gen. Osterhaus. Gen. Curtis was compelled to make a change of front. In doing this, he withdrew all his forces from the south range of hills, except a few companies to guard the Fayetteville road, and placed them almost two miles north, their front resting on the brow of a range of hills fronting to the north.

On the seventh the battle commenced on the right of our column, and raged furiously during

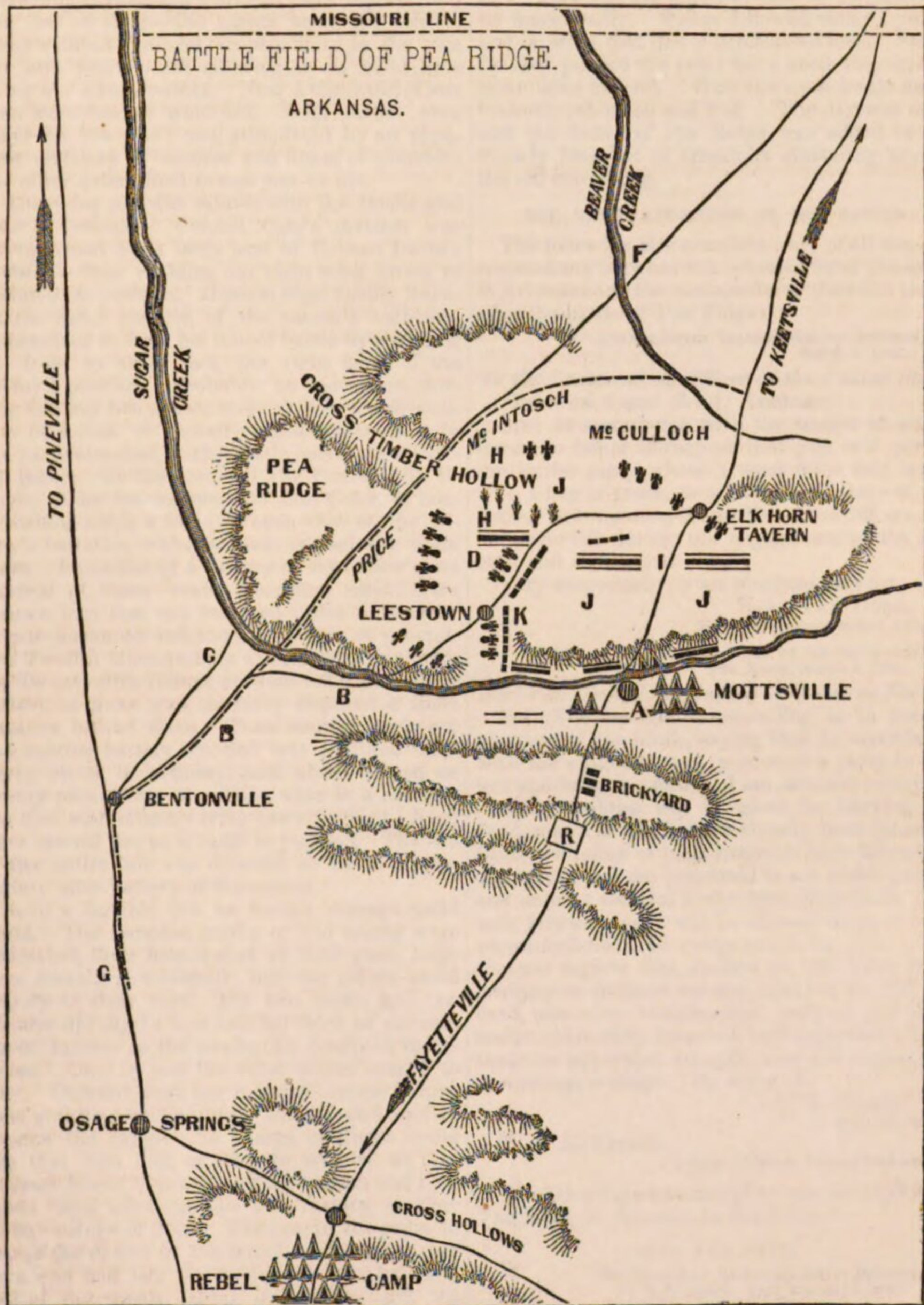
the entire day, Col. Carr's division bearing the brunt of it on our side. The confederates, owing to their immensely superior numbers, the numerous and deep ravines, and the thick brush which covered the hills, succeeded in driving our right wing from the ground occupied in the morning. The loss here was severe on both sides, the short range at which the fighting was done giving the rebel shot-guns, which were loaded with from fifteen to twenty buckshot each, a great advantage over our more deadly but single balls. The confederate forces camped on the battle-ground, while our right wing fell back about from one half mile to a mile. The entire fighting-ground occupied by this portion of the armies did not exceed three fourths of a mile in diameter. The fighting on the left wing this day proceeded with various changes, and occupied a far greater field, extending over a space of from one and a half to two miles. McCulloch commenced moving his forces to the south and east, evidently intending to form a junction with Van Dorn and Price, and by so doing surround our entire army on three sides, at the same time cut off totally all hope of retreat of our forces. Gen. Sigel, detecting this movement, sent forward three pieces of flying artillery, with a supporting force of cavalry, to take a commanding position, and delay their movements until the infantry could be brought up into proper position for an attack.

These pieces had hardly obtained their position and opened fire, when an overwhelming force of the enemy's cavalry came down upon them like a whirlwind, driving our cavalry, scattering them, and capturing the artillery, and setting it on fire. This onslaught, which was made in the most handsome style, allowed their infantry to reach unmolested the cover of a dense wood. West of this wood was a large open field. Here, and in the surrounding wood, a protracted struggle ensued between McCulloch and Osterhaus. Gen. Davis was ordered up to Col. Osterhaus's assistance, and our forces thus strengthened finally routed and drove the enemy in all directions. McCulloch, McIntosh, and a number of the confederate officers were killed.

Thus, while the confederate forces had been successful on our right, we had equally been successful on our left. The *morale*, however, was in our favor—the discipline of our troops enabling our defeated wing to remain compactly together, while their defeated right, owing to their lack of discipline, and loss of commanding officers, was very much disorganized.

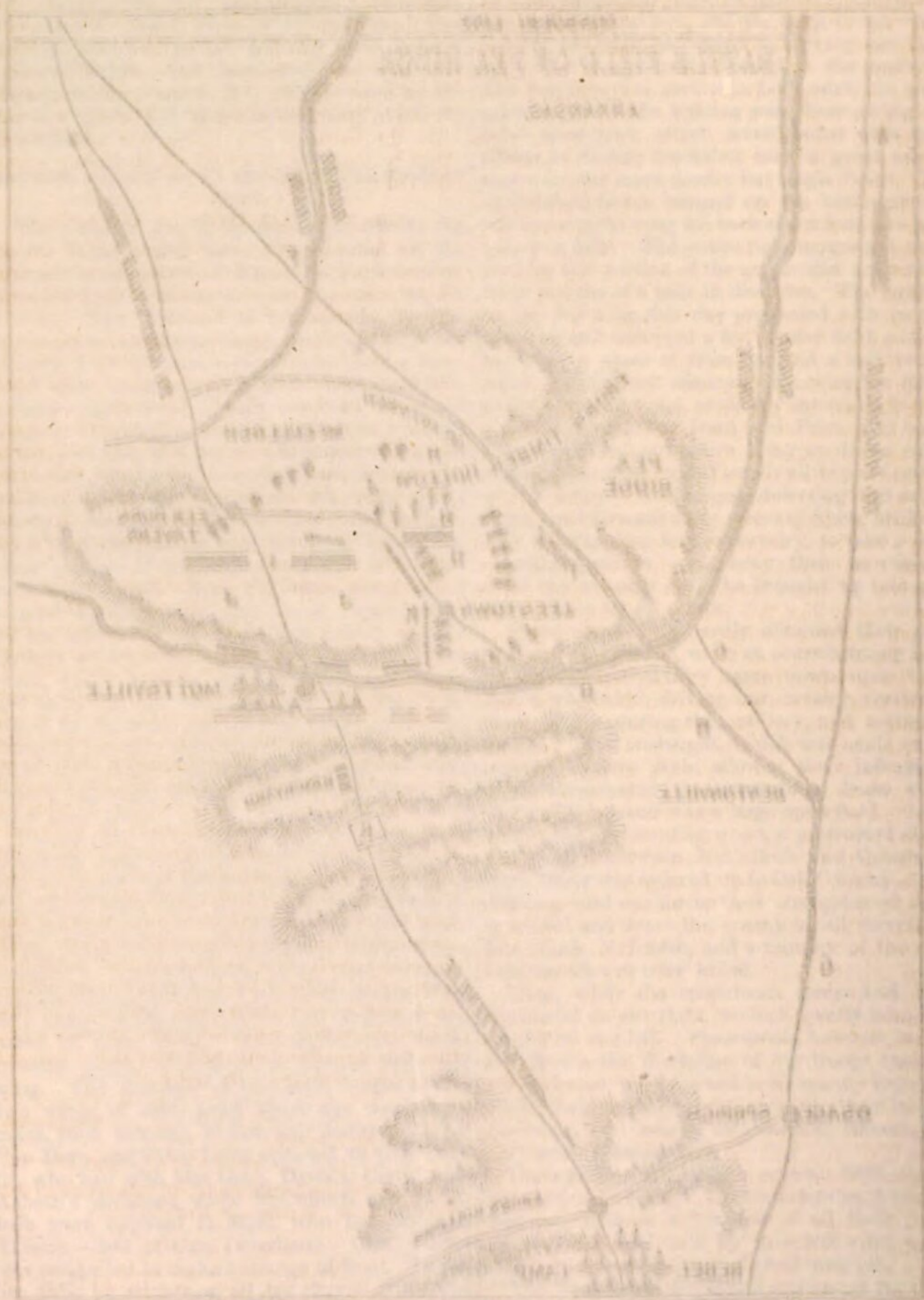
During the night of the seventh both armies lay upon their arms. The confederates, however, managed to form a junction of all their forces upon the ground held by their left wing, which was naturally a position of great strength.

The morning of the eighth was one of the deepest anxiety on the part of our army. The confederate forces held the only road for our retreat; both armies had drawn their lines close. The woods and hills literally swarmed with foes. The prisoners we had taken assured us that the confederates were perfectly sanguine of capturing our



A—Camp of Gen. Curtis at Sugar Creek crossing.
 B B—Route taken by Sigel—points of first day's fighting.
 H H—Timber felled by hurricane.
 F F—Route by which Price retreated.
 G G—Route by which Van Dorn retreated.
 I—Spot where McCulloch fell.
 D—Captured rebel battery—McIntosh fell.
 K—Miser's farm—desperate struggle.

J—Table land, wooded, called Pea Ridge.
 R—Cavalry skirmish.
 —, Baggage trains.
 —, First line of battle.
 —, Second line of battle.
 —, Third line of battle.
 —, Route by which the rebels approached.



Legend:
 - Blue line: Mississippi River
 - Green line: Missouri River
 - Yellow line: Illinois River
 - Red line: Arkansas River
 - Black line: St. Louis River
 - Grey line: St. Charles River
 - White line: St. Ignace River
 - Blue line: St. Joseph River
 - Green line: St. Louis River
 - Yellow line: St. Charles River
 - Red line: St. Ignace River
 - Black line: St. Joseph River

Scale: 1 inch = 10 miles
 Date: 1850
 Author: J. H. Smith

entire force, together with all our supplies. They outnumbered us three to one; besides, our men were much exhausted with two days' fighting and the loss of sleep—the nights being too cold to sleep without fire, and our proximity to the enemy and position not allowing us to build fires along our advance-lines. Near a thousand of our men were dead or wounded. Both parties were eager for the fray; one, stimulated by an apparent certainty of success and hopes of plunder; the other determined to conquer or die.

The rising sun was saluted with the smoke and roar of cannon. Colonel Carr's division was strengthened by a large part of Colonel Davis's division—thus enabling our right wing *barely* to maintain its position. General Sigel having learned the exact position of the enemy's batteries, commenced to form his line of battle by changing his front so as to face the right flank of the enemy's position. Probably no movement during the war has shown more skill in the disposition of forces, or caused as great destruction to the party attacked, with so little loss to the attacking party. He first ordered the Twenty-fifth Illinois, under the command of Col. Coler, to take a position along a fence, in open view of the enemy's batteries, which at once opened fire upon them. Immediately a battery of six of our guns (several of them twelve-pounders, rifled) were thrown into line one hundred paces in the rear of our advanced infantry, on a rise of ground. The Twelfth Missouri then wheeled into line, with the Twenty-fifth Illinois on their left, and another battery of guns was similarly disposed a short distance behind them. Then another regiment and another battery wheeled into position, until thirty pieces of artillery, each about fifteen or twenty paces from the other, were in a continuous line, with infantry lying down in front. Each piece opened fire as it came in position. The fire of the entire line was directed so as to silence battery after battery of the enemy.

Such a terrible fire no human courage could stand. The crowded ranks of the enemy were decimated, their horses shot at their guns, large trees literally demolished; but the rebels stood bravely to their post. For two hours and ten minutes did Sigel's iron hail fall thick as autumn leaves, furious as the avalanche, deadly as the si-moom. One by one the rebel pieces ceased to play. Onward crept our infantry; onward came Sigel and his terrible guns. Shorter and shorter became the range. No charge of theirs could face that iron hail, or dare to venture on that compact line of bayonets. They turned and fled. Again Sigel advanced his line, making another partial change of front. Then came the order to charge the enemy in the woods, and those brave boys who had lain for hours with the hail and shot of the enemy falling upon them, and the cannon of Sigel playing over them, rose up and dressed their ranks as if it were but an evening parade, and as the "forward" was given, the Twenty-fifth Illinois moved in compact line, supported on the left by the Twelfth Missouri, acting as skirmishers, and on the right by the

Twenty-second Indiana. As they passed into the dense brush they were met by a terrible volley. This was answered by one as terrible and far more deadly. Volley followed volley; yet on and on went that line of determined men. Steadily they pushed the rebel force until they gained more open ground. Here the confederate forces broke in confusion and fled. The day was ours, and the battle of Pea Ridge was added to the already long list of triumphs clustering around the old starry flag.

THE REBEL ATROCITIES AT THE BATTLE.

The following is a complete copy of all the correspondence between the commander of the army in Arkansas and the commander of the rebel army, after the battle of Pea Ridge:

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT, }
March 9, 1862. }

To the Commanding Officer of the United States Forces on Sugar Creek, Arkansas:

SIR: In accordance with the usages of war, I have the honor to request that you will permit the burial party whom I send from this army, with a flag of truce, to attend to the duty of collecting and interring the bodies of the officers and men who fell during the engagement of the seventh and eighth inst.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EARL VAN DORN,
Major-Gen. Commanding Army.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, }
PEA RIDGE, March 9, 1862. }

Earl Van Dorn, Commanding Confederate Forces:

SIR: The General commanding is in receipt of yours of the ninth, saying that in accordance with the usages of war, you send a party to collect and bury the dead. I am directed to say all possible facilities will be given for burying the dead, many of which have already been interred. Quite a number of your surgeons have fallen into our hands, and are permitted to act under parole, and under a General Order from Major-Gen. Halleck, further liberty will be allowed them, if such accommodations be reciprocated by you. The General regrets that we find on the battle-field, contrary to civilized warfare, many of the Federal dead who were tomahawked, scalped, and their bodies shamefully mangled, and expresses a hope that this important struggle may not degenerate to a savage warfare. By order of

S. R. CURTIS,
Brig.-General.

T. J. MCKINNEY,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following communication was received from Van Dorn, in response to the above:

FROM VAN DORN.

HEADQUARTERS TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DISTRICT, }
VAN BUREN, ARK., March 14, 1862. }

GENERAL: I am instructed by Major-Gen. Van Dorn, commanding this district, to express to you his thanks and gratification on account of the courtesy extended by yourself and the officers under your command, to the burial party sent by him to your camp on the ninth inst.

He is pained to learn by your letter, brought to him by the commanding officer of the party, that the remains of some of your soldiers have been reported to you to have been scalped, tomahawked, and otherwise mutilated.

He hopes you have been misinformed with regard to this matter, the Indians who formed part of his forces having for many years been regarded as civilized people. He will, however, most cordially unite with you in repressing the horrors of this unnatural war; and that you may coöperate with him to this end more effectually, he desires me to inform you that many of our men who surrendered themselves prisoners of war, were reported to him as having been murdered in cold blood by their captors, who were alleged to be Germans. The General commanding feels sure that you will do your part, as he will, in preventing such atrocities in future, and that the perpetrators of them will be brought to justice, whether German or Choctaw.

The privileges which you extend to our medical officers will be reciprocated, and as soon as possible means will be taken for an exchange of prisoners. I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

DUBURY H. MAURY, A. A. G.

REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE SOUTHWEST, }
CAMP AT CROSS TIMBER HOLLOWS, March 21, 1862. }

CAPTAIN: I am in receipt of yours of the fourteenth inst., expressing the reasonable regret of your Commanding General for the barbarities committed by the Indians at the recent battle of Pea Ridge. The fact of many bodies having been found scalped and mutilated was patent, and the General commanding the army wishes, for the sake of humanity, that the testimony was not incontestable.

In reply to your information that "men who surrendered themselves prisoners of war are reported to the General as having been murdered in cold blood by their captors, who were alleged to be Germans," I may say, the Germans charge the same against your soldiers. I enclose a copy of a letter from Gen. Sigel, addressed to me before the receipt of yours, in which the subject is referred to. As "dead men tell no tales," it is not easy to see how these charges may be proven, and the General hopes they are mere "camp stories," having little or no foundation. The Germans in the army have taken and turned over many prisoners, and the General has not before heard murder charged against them; on the contrary, they have seemed peculiarly anxious to exhibit the number of their captured as evidence of their valor. Any act of cruelty to prisoners, or those offering to deliver themselves as such, on the part of the soldiers of this army, coming to the knowledge of the General commanding, will be punished with the extreme penalty of the law.

Exceptions may undoubtedly occur, as we have murderers in all communities, but the employment of Indians involves a probability of savage ferocity, which is not to be regarded as the ex-

ception to the rule. Bloody conflicts seem to inspire their ancient barbarities; nor can we expect civilized warfare from savage tribes. If any presumption has been raised in their favor on the score of civilisation, it has certainly been demolished by the use of the tomahawk, war-club and scalping-knife at Pea Ridge.

I may here state that the General commanding directed a surgeon of one of the Indian regiments, taken at the battle, to be sent to St. Louis, a close prisoner, while other surgeons are allowed, on parole, the freedom of our camps.

Believing the General commanding the opposing army is equally anxious to suppress atrocities which are too often evinced by our species, the General commanding the army hopes Indians will hereafter be excluded from your forces.

I am, captain, very respectfully, etc., yours,

H. Z. CURTIS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following is a copy of Gen. Sigel's letter, to which reference is made in the above.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS, }
CAMP HOFFMAN, MO., March 20, 1862. }

GENERAL: I beg leave to direct your attention to the information which was received yesterday at Keitsville, by some of the wounded of the Flying battery. While Capt. Elbert's three pieces of artillery were taken by the enemy, and our men serving the guns were surrounded, they were shot dead by the rebels, although seeking refuge behind the horses.

When such acts are committed, it is very natural that our soldiers will seek revenge, if no satisfaction is given by the commander of the confederate army.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. SIGEL,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding First and Second Divisions.
To Brig.-Gen. CURTIS,
Commanding Army of the South-west.

A REBEL NARRATIVE.

The Richmond *Whig* of April ninth, contains the following account of the battle of Pea Ridge, which they call the battle of Elkhorn:

The following interesting and reliable account of the late battle in Arkansas was addressed to the Hon. G. G. Vest, through whose courtesy we are enabled to lay it before our readers this morning. The letter is from an officer of Price's army, who was in the engagement:

"The battle's fought," but whether or not "won," neither confederates nor Federals can tell. Yet all can understand. We have abandoned the field, and have had to ask permission of them to bury our dead. Capt. Schonburg, who went up with our flag, reports that he superintended the interment of eighty-eight bodies, and the enemy claim that they have buried others of our dead. They may have done so, but it was unintentionally omitted on our part, and in isolated instances. *Our loss in killed does not exceed one hundred and thirty; it cannot go up to one hundred and fifty.* Among them, however, are McCulloch, McIntosh, Rives, and that gallant young embodi-

ment of chivalry, Capt. Churchill Clark. A crimson ocean drawn from Hessian and Yankee veins would be no recompense for the loss of these heroic sons of the South. Generals Price and Slack, and Col. Carneal, were, with many others, wounded, the two latter seriously. Slack almost in the same spot he was shot at Springfield. Carneal has his shoulder badly bruised, and Gen. Price an ugly hole through the arm below the elbow. But I must tell you what came under my own observation during the conflict.

When the enemy left Cove Creek, which is south of Boston Mountain, Generals Price, McCulloch, Pike and McIntosh seemed to think—at least camp-talk amongst officers high in command so represented—that our united forces would carry into action nearly thirty thousand men, more frequently estimated at thirty-five thousand, than a lower figure. I believe General Van Dorn was confident that not a man less than twenty-five thousand were panting to follow his victorious plume to a field where prouder honors awaited than any he had yet gathered. Besides this, he under-estimated the number of our foes. In no case did our estimate reach seventy-five per cent of their actual number. It was believed that Curtis left Rolla with not more than fifteen or sixteen thousand men. A part, of course, would be left as they came along to hold Springfield and other points. I am certain the enemy have more accurate information in regard to us than we of them; and, besides this, caution accompanies superior discipline.

Well, out we marched, with music and banners, thinking we had thirty-five thousand men “eager for the fray,” besides teamsters and camp-followers. The army went without tents, carrying a blanket each, with three days’ rations. Long and energetically did the poor fellows trudge on through mud and snow, until twenty-five miles were measured the first day. The second day discovered no abatement in their zeal, and the third morning confronted them with Sigel’s forces in the environs of Bentonville. Gates’s regiment, the battalion forming Gen. Price’s body-guard, and the Louisiana regiment, charged and routed the enemy, the gallant Louisianians and Missourians rivalling each other in deeds of desperate valor, under the immediate eye of our heroic General. Sigel retreated several times, but with characteristic stubbornness, placing his batteries and receiving our charges, once or twice damaging the assailing columns very much, and in no instance losing a gun. In this way he moved backward toward where Curtis held the main wing. Quite a number of men were lost in this day’s skirmishing on both sides, the Louisiana regiment being the greatest sufferer on our side.

And now I have clumsily brought you up to Friday, the day of the fall of McCulloch and McIntosh. At night a friend and myself, within five miles of Bentonville, rose and started for the scene of the impending battle. About nine or ten miles up Sugar Creek, north of Bentonville, I stopped to get a drink of water, my friend going on ahead. In a few minutes the Federal scouts, and then

one of their regiments, galloped into the road, and occupied it just behind my friend and before me. I rode out into the brush, and then commenced the roar of cannon four miles in advance, where Van Dorn and Price pushed forward some six or seven thousand Missourians against twice that number of well-posted Federals. After listening some moments to the terrible tumult in the distance, suddenly, and within three hundred yards of me, two or three cannon opened their brazen throats, hurling their missiles of death through the undergrowth in almost every direction. As the sound of the cannon came the third or fourth time, like the noise in spring-time on the marshy margin of a lake, only more shrill, loud, and apparently more numerous than even the frogs, came the war-whoop and hideous yell of the Indians. Here I was unconsciously in the midst almost of McCulloch’s charging squadron, and in range of a battery of three guns that were hurling death and defiance at them.

The battery was speedily charged and captured, those supporting it being borne backward three quarters of a mile by the impetuous forward press of the confederates. Their retreat, most of the way, was through a corn-field down a road upon its borders, but continuing into woods adjacent, full of undergrowth, where the main force of the enemy’s strongest wing was posted. Here began the rattling musketry, which soon increased to a Niagara in sound. For hours there was hardly an intermission save that created by the stunning roar of the cannon, so close that the ears of both parties were deafened. Within this vortex of fire fell McCulloch and McIntosh. At one time, having concluded to make my way to the immediate command of General Price, after passing from the corn-field down to the edge of the woods, just as four of us entered the woods, a shell was thrown at us, bursting in our midst, but without injury to any of our party. We were brought to a stand-still, and in an instant another was shrieking in the same path. Whether any more came in the same direction I am unable to say. We yielded the place, not drawing off in as good order as people generally preserve at funerals. I then went leisurely over the corn-field, and rode back to the deserted guns.

About forty-five men lay in the space of two or three hundred yards to the rear of the battery, all save one entirely dead, and all but three *Dutchmen*. One was gasping in the agonies of dissolution—three were our comrades. Here was a sterner feature of war than any I had yet seen. The Texans, with their large, heavy knives, had driven skulls in twain, mingling blood and brains and hair. The sight was a sad one, but not devoid of satisfaction to our own exiles from home and wife. The character of the bloody victims, as denoted by their countenances, betokened victory for the South. I looked upon the faces of many dead enemies that day, and among them all found no expression of that fixed fierce determination which Yankees describe as belonging peculiarly to the heroic hirelings who enlist for pay to desolate our homes. On the contrary, each face of the defunct

pillagers that had any expression save that of agony, exhibited in its last sleep the look of terror which illiterate plunderers take on in flight when the avenger's arm is stretched forth and its grasp upon them becomes inevitable. The Yankee, in death, shows his inferiority to the Southron as in life. The battery which we captured consisted of two beautiful brass rifled, and one brass smooth-bore cannon.

It is now sunset, and we have everywhere advanced the "stars and bars." I have said nothing of Generals Van Dorn and Price, for the reason that I have been separated from them during the entire fight; but all accounts from all quarters state that the Missourians surpassed all ancient and modern history of valor, under these generals. Gen. Van Dorn exclaims: "The Old Guard of Napoleon was not composed of braver men." "I have never in battle seen their equals," etc., etc. Truly can he say so. We have seen their trials and their gallantry. Amidst the bravest of the brave, we know that the army of Missouri and its leader, Sterling Price, should have the highest place.

The next morning (Saturday) we all expected to capture the entire Federal army. I was on the way in my second attempt to reach Gen. Price, when the most terrific shocks from artillery that ever saluted the Western ear burst forth. The guns of friend and foe, at least one hundred and thirty-five in number, were in concert. Amidst this terrific cannonade, and whilst the Missourians again struggled fiercely with the foe, our army fell back. It was at this moment that the head of Churchill Clark (gallant young hero) was taken off by a shot from a rifled cannon; and here, too, Rives, the dashing hero of other fields, was killed by a wound, which, as he told me a few days before, he most dreaded, *a Minie ball in the bowels*.

The reasons for retreating were doubtless good. At any rate we are not disheartened: and of one thing rest assured, *the army under Gen. Price will never surrender*. The enemy's loss in this battle was fully four times as great as ours. They were so utterly paralyzed as to be unable to pursue us, and are said to be now falling back. The result is that in fighting we have shown ourselves their superiors, as we always do; but the accidental deaths of McCulloch and McIntosh deprived us of the fruits of the victory.

Doc. 82.

FIGHT IN HAMPTON ROADS, VA.,

MARCH 8TH AND 9TH, 1862.

FLAG-OFFICER MARSTON'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER ROANOKE, }
HAMPTON ROADS, March 9, 1862. }

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that yesterday, at one o'clock, one of the lookout vessels reported, by signal, that the enemy was coming out. I immediately ordered the Minnesota to get

under way, and as soon as the two tugs appointed to tow this ship came alongside, I slipped our cable. The Merrimac was soon discovered passing out by Sewall's Point, standing up toward Newport News, accompanied by several small gunboats.

Every exertion was made by us to get all the speed on the Roanoke that the two tugs were capable of giving her, but in consequence of our bad steerage, we did not get ahead as rapidly as we desired to.

The Merrimac went up and immediately attacked the Congress and Cumberland, but particularly the latter ship, which was hid from us by the land.

When about seven or eight miles from Fortress Monroe, the Minnesota grounded. We continued to stand on, and when we came in sight of the Cumberland, we saw that she had careened over, apparently full of water.

The enemy, who had been joined by two or three steamers from James River, now devoted himself exclusively to the Congress, but she being aground, could bring but five guns to bear on him, and at ten minutes before four o'clock we had the mortification of seeing her haul down her flag. I continued to stand on until we found ourselves in three and a half fathoms of water, and was on the ground astern. Finding that we could go no further, I ordered one of the tugs to tow us round, and as soon as the Roanoke's head was pointed down the bay, and I found she was afloat again, I directed the tugs to go to the assistance of the Minnesota, under the hope that, with the assistance of the two others which had accompanied her, they would be able to get her off; but up to the time that I now write, have not succeeded in doing so.

At five o'clock the frigate St. Lawrence, in tow of the Cambridge, passed us, and not long after she also grounded, but by the aid of the Cambridge she was got afloat again, and being unable to render any assistance to the Minnesota, came down the harbor.

In passing the batteries at Sewall's Point, both going and returning, the rebels opened fire on us, which was returned from our pivot-guns, but the range was too great for them, while the enemy's shot fell far beyond us. One shot went through our foresails, cutting away two of our shrouds, and several shell burst over and near the ship, scattering their fragments on the deck.

Between seven and eight o'clock we discovered that the rebels had set fire to the Congress, and she continued to burn till one o'clock, when she blew up. This was a melancholy satisfaction to me, for as she had fallen into the hands of the enemy, it was far better to have her destroyed than she should be employed against us at some future day.

It was the impression of some of my officers, that the rebels hoisted the French flag, but I heard that the Monitor had arrived, and soon after Lieut. Commanding Worden came on board, and I immediately ordered him to go up to the Minnesota, hoping she would be able to keep off

an attack on the Minnesota till we had got her afloat again.

This morning the Merrimac renewed the attack on the Minnesota, but she found, no doubt greatly to her surprise, a new opponent in the Monitor.

The contest has been going on during most of the day between these two armored vessels, and most beautifully has the little Monitor sustained herself, showing herself capable of great endurance. I have not received any official accounts of the loss of the Congress and Cumberland, but no doubt shall do so, when it will be transmitted to you.

I should do injustice to this military department did I not inform you that every assistance was freely tendered to us,—sending five of their tugs to the relief of the Minnesota, and offering all the aid in their power. I would also beg leave to say that Capt. Poor, of the Ordnance Department, kindly volunteered to do duty temporarily on board this ship, and from whom I have received much assistance.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN MARSTON,
Captain and Senior Officer.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN VAN BRUNT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER MINNESOTA, }
March 10, 1862. }

SIR: On Saturday, the eighth instant, at forty-five minutes after twelve o'clock P.M., three small steamers, in appearance, were discovered rounding Sewall's Point, and as soon as they came into full broadside view, I was convinced that one was the iron-plated steam-battery Merrimac, from the large size of her smoke-pipe. They were heading for Newport News, and I, in obedience to a signal from the senior officer present, Capt. John Marston, immediately called all hands, slipped my cables, and got under way for that point, to engage her. While rapidly passing Sewall's Point, the rebels there opened fire upon us from a rifle-battery, one shot from which going through and crippling my mainmast. I returned the fire with my broadside-guns and fore-castle-pivot. We ran without further difficulty within about one and a half miles of Newport News, and there, unfortunately, grounded. The tide was running ebb, and although in the channel there was not sufficient water for this ship, which draws twenty-three feet, I knew the bottom was soft and lumpy, and endeavored to force the ship over, but found it impossible so to do. At this time it was reported to me that the Merrimac had passed the frigate Congress and run into the sloop-of-war Cumberland, and in fifteen minutes after, I saw the latter going down by the head. The Merrimac then hauled off, taking a position, and about half-past two o'clock P.M., engaged the Congress, throwing shot and shell into her with terrific effect, while the shot from the Congress glanced from her iron-plated sloping sides, without doing any apparent injury. At half-past three o'clock P.M., the Congress was compelled to haul down her colors. Of the extent of her loss

and injury, you will be informed from the official report of her commander.

At four o'clock P.M., the Merrimac, Jamestown and Patrick Henry, bore down upon my vessel. Very fortunately, the iron battery drew too much water to come within a mile of us. She took a position on my starboard bow, but did not fire with accuracy, and only one shot passed through the ship's bow. The other two steamers took their position on my port bow and stern, and their fire did most damage in killing and wounding men, inasmuch as they fired with rifled guns; but with the heavy gun that I could bring to bear upon them, I drove them off, one of them apparently in a crippled state. I fired upon the Merrimac with my ten-inch pivot-gun, without any apparent effect, and at seven o'clock P.M., she too hauled off, and all three vessels steamed toward Norfolk.

The tremendous firing of my broadside guns had crowded me further upon the mud-bank, into which the ship seemed to have made for herself a cradle. From ten P.M., when the tide commenced to run flood, until four A.M., I had all hands at work, with steamtugs and hawsers, endeavoring to haul the ship off the bank; but without avail, and as the tide had then fallen considerably, I suspended further proceedings at that time.

At two A.M. the iron battery Monitor, Com. John L. Worden, which had arrived the previous evening at Hampton Roads, came alongside and reported for duty, and then all on board felt that we had a friend that would stand by us in our hour of trial.

At six A.M. the enemy again appeared, coming down from Craney Island, and I beat to quarters; but they ran past my ship, and were heading for Fortress Monroe, and the retreat was beaten, to allow my men to get something to eat. The Merrimac ran down near the Rip Raps, and then turned into the channel through which I had come. Again all hands were called to quarters, and opened upon her with my stern-guns, and made signal to the Monitor to attack the enemy. She immediately ran down in my wake, right within the range of the Merrimac, completely covering my ship, as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions, and, much to my astonishment, laid herself right alongside of the Merrimac, and the contrast was that of a pigmy to a giant. Gun after gun was fired by the Monitor, which was returned with whole broadsides from the rebels, with no more effect, apparently, than so many pebble-stones thrown by a child. After a while they commenced manœuvring, and we could see the little battery point her bow for the rebel's, with the intention, as I thought, of sending a shot through her bow-porthole; then she would shoot by her, and rake her through her stern. In the mean time the rebels were pouring broadside after broadside, but almost all her shot flew over the little submerged propeller; and when they struck the bomb-proof tower, the shot glanced off without producing any effect, clearly establishing the fact that wooden vessels cannot con-

tend successfully with iron-clad ones, for never before was anything like it dreamed of by the greatest enthusiast in maritime warfare. The Merrimac, finding that she could make nothing of the Monitor, turned her attention once more to me in the morning. She had put one eleven-inch shot under my counter, near the water-line, and now, on her second approach, I opened upon her with all my broadside-guns and ten-inch pivot—a broadside which would have blown out of water any timber-built ship in the world. She returned my fire with her rifled bow-gun, with a shell which passed through the chief engineer's state-room, through the engineer's mess-room amidships, and burst in the boatswain's room, tearing four rooms all into one, in its passage exploding two charges of powder, which set the ship on fire, but it was promptly extinguished by a party headed by my first lieutenant. Her second went through the boiler of the tugboat Dragon, exploding it, and causing some consternation on board my ship for the moment, until the matter was explained. This time I had concentrated upon her an incessant fire from my gun-deck, spar-deck and fore-castle pivot-guns, and was informed by my marine officer, who was stationed on the poop, that at least fifty solid shot struck her on her slanting side, without producing any apparent effect. By the time she had fired her third shell, the little Monitor had come down upon her, placing herself between us, and compelled her to change her position, in doing which she grounded, and again I poured into her all the guns which could be brought to bear upon her. As soon as she got off, she stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around, and ran full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious, but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her, for some time after the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot-house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition, or sustained some injury. Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship, and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition. I was hard and immovable aground, and they could take position under my stern and rake me. I had expended most of my solid shot, and my ship was badly crippled, and my officers and men were worn out with fatigue; but even in this extreme dilemma I determined never to give up the ship to the rebels, and after consulting my officers, I ordered every preparation to be made to destroy the ship, after all hope was gone to save her. On ascending the poop-deck, I observed that the enemy's vessels had changed their course, and were heading for Craney Island; then I determined to lighten the ship by throwing overboard my eight-inch guns, hoisting out provisions, starting water, etc. At two P.M. I proceeded to make another attempt to save the ship, by the use of a number of powerful tugs and the steamer S. R. Spaulding

—kindly sent to my assistance by Captain Talmadge, Quartermaster at Fortress Monroe—and succeeded in dragging her half a mile distant, and then she was again immovable, the tide having fallen. At two A.M. this morning I succeeded in getting the ship once more afloat, and am now at anchor opposite Fortress Monroe.

It gives me great pleasure to say that, during the whole of these trying scenes, the officers and men conducted themselves with great courage and coolness.

I have the honor to be your very obedient servant,

G. J. VAN BRUNT,

Captain U. S. N., Commanding Frigate Minnesota.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

COMMANDER RADFORD'S REPORT.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., March 10, 1862.

SIR: It is my painful duty to have to report the loss of the United States ship Cumberland, under my command, on the eighth inst., at Newport News, Va. I was on board the United States frigate Roanoke, by order of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, as member of a Court of Inquiry, when the Merrimac came out from Norfolk. I immediately procured a horse, and proceeded with all despatch to Newport News, where I arrived only in time to see the Cumberland sunk, by being run into by the rebel iron-clad steamer Merrimac. Though I could not reach the Cumberland before the action was over, I have the satisfaction of reporting that, so long as her guns were above water, every one on board must have done his duty nobly. I send with this the report, by Lieut. George W. Morris, of the action, he being, in my absence, the commanding officer, and also the Surgeon's report of the wounded saved. The loss was very large in killed, wounded and drowned, though the number cannot be ascertained. Enough is known, however, to make the loss one hundred. I send also a list of the men known to have been saved, but have no accurate means of giving the names of those lost or killed, as no officer or man brought anything on shore save what he stood in, consequently I have no muster-roll of the crew.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

WM. RADFORD,

Commander.

The Hon. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy.

Report of the Sick and Wounded of the United States sloop-of-war Cumberland, March 10, 1862:

Geo. W. Butt, seaman, Virginia, hospital of Seventh regiment, Camp Butler; burns and contusions of head and face.

John Grady, seaman, Ireland, hospital of the Seventh regiment, Camp Butler; lacerated wound of right arm, burns of face.

John McGwin, Providence, R. I., hospital at Fort Monroe; slight wound right side of head.

John Bates, New-York City, hospital at Fort Monroe; slight wounds on left arm and buttock.

John Orvine, Assistant Mate, Roxbury, Mass., hospital at Fort Monroe; wound on left heel.

Edward Cobb, Signal-Quartermaster, Boston, hospital at Fort Monroe; wounds slight of head, throat and abdomen.

John Gardner, Quartermaster, New-York City, hospital at Fort Monroe; contusion of right thigh.

Alexander McFadden, Mate, Philadelphia, hospital at Fort Monroe; lacerated wound of left fore-arm.

John B. Cavanaugh, Whitehall, N. Y., hospital at Fort Monroe; slight wound over the left temple.

John Bart, Ireland, hospital at Fort Monroe; contusion and abrasion of back.

J. V. Russell, Philadelphia, hospital at Fort Monroe; exhaustion—a long time in the water.

Lochlin Livingston, Boston, Mass., hospital at Fort Monroe; intermittent fever.

James Benson, Detroit, Mich., hospital at Fort Monroe; rheumatism.

M. Stuyvesant, Master, Cincinnati, O., hospital at Fort Monroe; slight penetration-wound on left forearm from splinter.

Respectfully your obedient servants,

CHAS. MARTIN,
United States Navy.

WM. RADFORD,
Commander United States Navy.

LIEUTENANT MORRIS'S REPORT.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., March 9, 1862.

SIR: Yesterday morning, at nine A.M., I discovered two steamers at anchor off Smithfield Point, on the left-hand or western side of the river, distant about twelve miles. At twelve meridian I discovered three vessels under steam, standing down the Elizabeth river toward Sewall's Point. I beat to quarters, double-breeched the guns on the main deck, and cleared ship for action.

At one P.M. the enemy hove in sight, gradually nearing us. The iron-clad steamer Merrimac, accompanied by two steam gunboats, passed ahead of the Congress frigate and steered down toward us. We opened fire on her. She stood on and struck us under the starboard fore-channels. She delivered her fire at the same time. The destruction was great. We returned the fire with solid shot with alacrity.

At thirty minutes past three the water had gained upon us, notwithstanding the pumps were kept actively employed to a degree that, the forward-magazine being drowned, we had to take powder from the after-magazine for the ten-inch gun. At thirty-five minutes past three, the water had risen to the main hatchway, and the ship cantered to port, and we delivered a parting fire—each man trying to save himself by jumping overboard.

Timely notice was given, and all the wounded who could walk were ordered out of the cockpit; but those of the wounded who had been carried into the sick bay and on the berth-deck, were so mangled that it was impossible to save them.

It is impossible for me to individualize. Alike, the officers and men all behaved in the most gallant manner. Lieut. Selfridge and Master Stuy-

vesant were in command of the gun-deck divisions, and they did all that noble and gallant officers could do. Acting Masters Randall and Ken-nison, who had charge each of a pivot-gun, showed the most perfect coolness, and did all they could to save our noble ship; but, I am sorry to say, without avail. Among the last to leave the ship were Sergeant Martin and Assistant-Surgeon Kershaw, who did all they could for the wounded promptly and faithfully.

The loss we sustained I cannot yet inform you of, but it has been very great. The warrant and steerage officers could not have been more prompt and active than they were at their different stations. Chaplain Lenhart is missing. Master's mate John Harrington was killed. I should judge we have lost upward of one hundred men. I can only say, in conclusion, that all did their duty, and we sank with the American flag flying at the peak. I am, sir, etc.,

GEO. M. MORRIS,
Lieut. and Executive Officer.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT PENDERGRAST.

Lieut. Pendergrast states that, "owing to the death of the late commanding officer, Joseph B. Smith, it becomes my painful duty to make a report to you of the part which the United States frigate Congress took in the efforts of our vessels at Newport News to repel the attack of the rebel flotilla on the eighth instant." The report says that "when the Merrimac, with three small gunboats, was seen steaming down from Norfolk, and had approached near enough to discover her character, the ship was cleared for action. At ten minutes past two the Merrimac opened with her bow-gun with grape, passing us on the starboard side at a distance of about three hundred yards, receiving our broadside and giving one in return. After passing the Congress, she ran into and sunk the Cumberland. The smaller vessels then attacked us, killing and wounding many of our crew. Seeing the fate of the Cumberland, we set the jib and topsail, and with the assistance of the gunboat Zouave, ran the vessel ashore. At half-past two, the Merrimac took a position astern of us, at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, and raked us fore and aft with shells, while one of the smaller steamers kept up a fire on our starboard quarter. In the mean time, the Patrick Henry and the Thomas Jefferson, rebel steamers, appeared from up the James River, firing with precision, and doing us great damage. Our two stern-guns were our only means of defence. These were soon disabled, one being dismounted, and the other having its muzzle knocked away. The men were knocked away from them with great rapidity and slaughter by the terrible fire of the enemy."

Lieut. Pendergrast first learned of the death of Lieut. Smith at half-past four o'clock. "The death happened ten minutes previous. Seeing that our men were being killed without the prospect of any relief from the Minnesota, which vessel had run ashore in attempting to get up to us from Hampton Roads, not being able to get a single

gun to bear upon the enemy, and the ship being on fire in several places, upon consultation with Commander William Smith, we deemed it proper to haul down our colors, without any further loss of life on our part. We were soon boarded by an officer of the Merrimac, who said he would take charge of the ship. He left shortly afterward, and a small tug came alongside, whose captain demanded that we should surrender and get out of the ship, as he intended to burn her immediately. A sharp fire with muskets and artillery was maintained from our troops ashore upon the tug, having the effect of driving her off. The Merrimac again opened upon us, although we had a peak to show that we were out of action. After having fired several shells into us, she left us, and engaged the Minnesota and the shore-batteries, after which, Lieut. Pendergrast states, the wounded were taken ashore in small boats, the ship having been on fire from the beginning of the action, from hot shot fired by the Merrimac. He reports the death of the following officers: Lieut. Joseph B. Smith, Acting Master Thomas Moore, and Pilot Wm. Rhodes.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN WATSON.

UNITED STATES STEAMER DRAGON, March 8, 1862.

At six P.M., went alongside of the Roanoke, and was ordered to get up a big head of steam, and go on the starboard side and make fast, as the Merrimac was in sight, and the signal given to get under weigh and go after her. At half-past one P.M., slipped the anchors of the Roanoke and started for the Merrimac. At two P.M., received orders to take a hawser and go ahead, as the ship had got ashore, and it was necessary to get her head in the right direction. At the same time the batteries at Sewall's Point opened on the tow, which was immediately responded to by the Roanoke and Dragon. On nearing Newport News, I was ordered to tow the Roanoke head toward the Rip Raps, and let go, and go to the Minnesota and render every assistance possible, which was done with a will. Arriving at the Minnesota, took position and opened fire on the Yorktown and Jamestown. Kept it up until dark, when we received orders to cease firing and lay by the ship until morning. At two A.M., tried to tow the Minnesota off the bottom, and succeeded only to ground in another and more exposed place. Made fast for the night. Second day, at eight A.M., we were ordered to take up position as best we could, and opened fire on the Yorktown and Jamestown, with good effect; could plainly see our shells bursting on the enemy. At twelve M., received orders to go alongside of the Minnesota, and be ready to assist in towing her off. Made fast on the port-side, being in direct line of the Merrimac's batteries. At the same moment received two shots from her, one taking effect in the boiler, blowing up the vessel, together with the captain and three men; seriously wounding Charles J. Freese; badly scalding Ben. S. Hungerford, and breaking the legs of — McDonald, which will have to be amputated. Received orders to get on board the

Minnesota. Vessel on fire. Shortly after received orders to get bags and hammocks on board of the Whitehall.

The following is a list of officers at the time:

Acting Master Commanding.—Wm. Watson.

First Engineer.—Wm. A. Seward.

Second Engineer.—Thomas Jordan.

Master's Mate.—Wm. Bowdin.

Quartermaster.—Ben. S. Hungerford.

Steward.—Jeferine Banditche.

Six firemen and ten seamen.

WM. WATSON,
Captain.

G. V. FOX'S DESPATCH.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 9, 6.45 P.M.

Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy:

The Monitor arrived at ten P.M., yesterday, and went immediately to the protection of the Minnesota, lying aground just opposite Newport News. At seven A.M., to-day, the Merrimac, accompanied by two wooden steamers and several tugs, stood out toward the Minnesota and opened fire. The Monitor met them at once, and opened her fire, when all the enemy's vessels retired, excepting the Merrimac. These two iron-clad vessels fought, part of the time touching each other, from eight A.M. to noon, when the Merrimac retired. Whether she is injured or not it is impossible to say. Lieut. J. L. Worden, who commanded the Monitor, handled her with great skill, assisted by Chief-Engineer Stimers. Lieut. Worden was injured by the cement from the pilot-house being driven into his eyes, but I trust not seriously. The Minnesota kept up a continuous fire, and is herself somewhat injured. She was moved considerably to-day and will probably be off to-night. The Monitor is uninjured, and ready at any moment to repel any attack.

G. V. Fox,
Assistant-Secretary of the Navy.

ENGINEER STIMERS' LETTER.

IRON-CLAD MONITOR
HAMPTON ROADS, March 9, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: After a stormy passage, which proved us to be the finest sea-boat I was ever in, we fought the Merrimac for more than three hours this forenoon, and sent her back to Norfolk in a sinking condition. Iron-clad against iron-clad. We manœuvred about the bay here, and went at each other with mutual fierceness. I consider that both ships were well fought; we were struck twenty-two times: pilot-house twice, turret nine times, side-armor eight times, deck three times. The only vulnerable point was the pilot-house. One of your great logs (nine by twelve inches thick) is broken in two. The shot struck just outside of where the captain had his eye, and it has disabled him by destroying his left eye and temporarily blinding the other. The log is not quite in two, but is broken and pressed inward one and a half inches. [The "log" alluded to is made of wrought-iron of the best material.] She tried to run us down and sink us as she did the Cumberland yesterday, but she got the worst of it. Her bow passed over our deck,

and our sharp upper-edged side cut through the light iron shoe upon her stem and well into her oak. She will not try that again. She gave us a tremendous thump, but did not injure us in the least. We are just able to find the point of contact.

The turret is a splendid structure. I don't think much of the shield, but the pendulums are fine things, though I cannot tell you how they would stand the shot, as they were not hit.

You were very correct in your estimate of the effect of shot upon the man inside of the turret when it was struck near him. Three men were knocked down, of whom I was one; the other two had to be carried below, but I was not disabled at all, and the others recovered before the battle was over. Captain Worden stationed himself at the pilot-house, Greene fired the guns, and I turned the turret until the Captain was disabled and was relieved by Greene, when I managed the turret myself, Master Stodden having been one of the two stunned men.

Captain Ericsson, I congratulate you upon your great success. Thousands have this day blessed you. I have heard whole crews cheer you. Every man feels that you have saved this place to the nation by furnishing us with the means to whip an iron-clad frigate that was, until our arrival, having it all her own way with our most powerful vessels.

I am, with much esteem, very truly yours,

ALBAN C. STIMERS.

Captain J. ERICSSON,

No. 95 Franklin Street, New-York.

OFFICIAL REPORTS TO THE REBEL CONGRESS,

SENT IN MARCH 13, 1862.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States:

I herewith transmit a letter of the Secretary of the Navy, of this date, covering the official report of the naval engagement between the James River squadron and the enemy's fleet at Hampton Roads on the eighth instant. The officers and men of the navy engaged in this brilliant affair deserve well of the country, and are commended to the consideration of Congress. The disparity of the forces engaged did not justify the anticipation of so great a victory, and it is doubly gratifying that it has been won upon an element where we were supposed to be least able to compete with our enemy. Special attention is called to the perfidious conduct of the enemy in hoisting, on the frigate Congress, a white flag, and renewing fire from that vessel under the impunity thus obtained.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

March 11, 1862.

C. S. STEAM-BATTERY VIRGINIA, }
OFF SEWALL'S POINT, March 8, 1862. }

FLAG-OFFICER: In consequence of the wound of Flag-Officer Buchanan, it becomes my duty to report that the Virginia left the yard this morning, at eleven A.M., steamed down the river past our batteries and over to Newport News, where

we engaged the batteries ashore, and also two large steam frigates, supposed to be the Minnesota and Roanoke, and a sailing frigate and several small steamers, armed with heavy rifled guns. We sunk the Cumberland, drove the Congress ashore, when she hauled down her colors and hoisted the white flag; but she fired upon us with the white flag flying, wounding Lieut. Minor and several of our men. We again opened fire upon her, and she is now in flames. The shoal-water prevented our reaching the other frigates. This, with the approach of night, we think, saved them from destruction. Our loss is two killed and eight wounded. Two of our guns have the muzzles shot off. The prow was twisted and the armor somewhat damaged. The anchor and all flagstaffs shot away, and smoke-stack and steam-pipe were riddled. The bearing of the officers and men was all that could be wished, and in fact it could not have been otherwise, after the noble and daring conduct of the Flag-Officer, whose wound is deeply regretted by all on board, who would gladly have sacrificed themselves in order to save him. We were accompanied from the yard by the Beaufort (Lieut. Parker) and Raleigh, (Lieut. Alexander,) and as soon as it was discovered up the James River that the action had commenced we were joined by the Patrick Henry, (Com. Tucker,) the Jamestown, (Lieut. Barney,) and the Teazer, (Serg. Webb,) all which were actually engaged, and rendered very effective service. Enclosed I send the surgeon's report of casualties. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

CATESBY AP R. JONES.

Executive and Ordnance Officer.

Flag-Officer F. FOREST.

The official report of the naval battle in Hampton Roads was read. The accompanying letter of the Secretary of the Navy states that Flag-Officer F. Buchanan was disabled near the close of the engagement by a painful wound, though not very dangerous. The report was made by the executive officer, upon whom the command devolved, Lieut. Jones. The confederate vessels engaged were the steam-sloop Virginia, of ten guns; the Patrick Henry, Com. Tucker, of six guns; the Jamestown, Lieut.-Com. Barney, of two guns; the Raleigh, Lieut. Commanding Alexander; the Beaufort, Lieut. Commanding Parker; the Teazer, Lieut. Commanding Webb, each of one gun. With this force (twenty guns) Flag-Officer Buchanan engaged the enemy's fleet, consisting of the frigate Cumberland, of twenty-four guns; the Congress, of fifty guns; the St. Lawrence, of fifty guns; the steam-frigate Minnesota, of forty guns; the enemy's batteries at Newport News and several small steamers, armed with heavy rifled guns.

The engagement commenced at half-past three P.M., and at four P.M. Capt. Buchanan had sunk the Cumberland, captured and burned the Congress, disabled and driven the Minnesota ashore, and defeated the St. Lawrence and Roanoke, which sought shelter under the guns of Fortress Monroe. Two of the enemy's small steamers

were blown up, and the two transport-steamers were captured.

The Cumberland went down with all on board, her tops only remaining above water, but many of her people were saved by boats from the shore.

The flag of the Congress and the sword of the officer commanding at the time of her surrender are at the Navy Department.

The report concludes as follows:

To the dashing courage, the patriotism, and eminent ability of Flag-Officer Buchanan, and to the officers and men of his squadron, our country is indebted for this brilliant achievement, which will hold a conspicuous place among the heroic contests of naval history. S. R. MALLORY.

Secretary of the Navy.

LETTERS AND NARRATIVES.

STATEMENT OF THE PILOT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Mr. A. B. Smith, pilot on board the United States frigate Cumberland, at the time of her battle with the iron-plated steamer Merrimac, gives the following authentic statement of the great naval battle in Hampton Roads:

On Saturday morning, the United States frigate Cumberland laid off in the roads at Newport News, about three hundred yards from the shore, the Congress being two hundred yards south of us. The morning was mild and pleasant, and the day opened without any noteworthy incident. About eleven o'clock, a dark-looking object was discovered coming round Craney Island through Norfolk Channel, and proceeding straight in our direction. It was instantly recognised as the Merrimac. We had been on the lookout for her for some time, and were as well prepared then as we could have been at any other time, or as we have been during the last six months. As she came ploughing through the water right onward toward our port-bow, she looked like a huge half-submerged crocodile. Her sides seemed of solid iron, except where the guns pointed from the narrow ports, and rose slantingly from the water like the roof of a house, or the arched back of a tortoise. Probably the extreme height of the apex from the water's edge, perpendicularly, was ten feet. At her prow I could see the iron ram projecting, straight forward, somewhat above the water's edge, and apparently a mass of iron. Small boats were slung or fastened to her sides, and the rebel flag floated from one staff, while a pennant was fixed to another at the stern. There was a smoke-stack or pipe near her middle, and she was probably a propeller, no side-wheels or machinery being visible. She is probably covered with railroad-iron. Immediately on the appearing of the Merrimac, the command was given to make ready for instant action. All hands were ordered to their places, and the Cumberland was sprung across the channel, so that her broadside would bear on the Merrimac. The armament we could bring to bear on the Merrimac was about eleven nine and ten-inch Dahlgren guns, and two pivot-guns of the same make. The gunners were at their posts, and we waited eagerly for her ap-

proach within range. She came up at the rate of four or five knots per hour. When the Merrimac arrived within about a mile, we opened on her with our pivot-guns, and as soon as we could bear upon her, our whole broadside commenced. Still she came on, the balls bouncing upon her mailed sides like India-rubber, apparently making not the least impression, except to cut off her flag-staff, and thus bring down the confederate colors. None of her crew ventured at that time on her outside to replace them, and she fought thenceforward with only her pennant flying. She appeared to obey her helm, and be very readily handled, making all her movements and evolutions with apparent facility and readiness. We had probably fired six or eight broadsides when a shot was received from one of her guns which killed five of our marines. It was impossible for our vessel to get out of her way, and the Merrimac soon crushed her iron horn or ram into the Cumberland, just starboard the main chains, under the bluff of the port-bow, knocking a hole in the side, near the water-line, as large as the head of a hogshead, and driving the vessel back upon her anchors with great force. The water came rushing into the hold. The Merrimac then backed out and discharged her guns at us, the shot passing through the main bay and killing five sick men. The water was all the while rushing in the hole made by the ram, so that in five minutes it was up to the sick-bay on the berth-deck. In the mean time her broadsides swept our men away, killed and maimed, and also set our vessel on fire in the forward part. The fire was extinguished. I cannot tell how many were wounded. The sick-bay, berth-deck and gun-deck, were almost literally covered with men killed and wounded, but the surviving ones still fought well, and every one, officers and men, displayed the utmost heroism. The fight lasted about three fourths of an hour, the Cumberland firing rapidly, and all the time the water pouring in the hold, and by and by the ports, as her bow kept sinking deeper and deeper. Near the middle of the fight, when the berth-deck of the Cumberland had sunk below water, one of the crew of the Merrimac came out of a port to the outside of her iron-plated roof, and a ball from one of our guns instantly cut him in two. That was the last and only rebel that ventured within sight, the rest remaining in their safe, iron-walled enclosure. We fired constantly, and the Merrimac occasionally, but every shot told upon our wooden vessel and brave crew. Her guns being without the least elevation, pointed straight at us along the surface of the water, and her nearness, she being much of the time within three hundred yards, made it an easy matter to send each ball to its exact mark. Probably her guns would be useless at a considerable distance, as it appears impossible to elevate them. Finally, after about three fourths of an hour of the most severe fighting, our vessel sank, the Stars and Stripes still waving. That flag was finally submerged, but after the hull grounded on the sands, fifty-four feet below the surface of the water, our pennant was still flying

from the topmast above the waves. None of our men were captured, but many were drowned as the vessel went. We had about four hundred on board, and I suppose from one hundred and fifty to two hundred were killed during the engagement and drowned at the sinking. Lieut. George M. Morris was in command of the vessel, Capt. Radford being absent on the Roanoke at a court of inquiry. Very few of our men swam ashore, most of those who were rescued from the water being saved by small boats. The Merrimac seemed to be uninjured, although her small boats and flagstaff were shot away in the commencement of the action.

The Merrimac then turned to the Congress, which lay probably two hundred yards to the south of where the Cumberland was. The Merrimac came up under her stern, and her crew fired their pistols into the ports of the Congress as she approached. I saw her fire on the Congress. The sailors of that vessel say that the Merrimac struck her; but of this I am not sure. The Congress had a good crew of fifty men from the Cumberland, previously taken on board; fifty from the Minnesota, fifty of the Naval Brigade, fifty from the Roanoke, and some others. Lieut. Joseph Smith, who was in command, was killed by a shot. A great many of the Naval Brigade were also killed. The entire command seemed to have acted bravely during the engagement, which probably lasted not over a half an hour, when the white flag was run up. During that night, some sailors and men of the Congress returned and set fire to her, and she blew up about twelve o'clock. Neither the shot of the Cumberland nor Congress appeared to have any effect on the Merrimac, bounding off harmlessly, with a loud ringing sound from the iron plates.

The engagement with the Minnesota resulted in the killing of four men on the latter vessel, which was aground. The Merrimac did not seem to like to go near her, perhaps on account of her large armament of heavy guns, but more probably because she was afraid also of getting aground, the water being quite shallow in that neighborhood. The Minnesota is not much injured. She was off, and steaming down about six o'clock Sunday night.

The Monitor came in Saturday night and proceeded up past the Minnesota. The rebel steamers Jamestown and Yorktown were not iron-plated, or at any rate, only partially so. They came down in the daylight, making for the Minnesota, but to their surprise found the Monitor ready to receive them. On Sunday morning the Monitor moved close up to the Merrimac, and, side by side, engaged her for four hours and twenty minutes. Once the Merrimac dashed her iron prow squarely against the Monitor, but did not injure that vessel in the least. The Monitor in turn determined to try her force in a similar operation, but in some unaccountable manner the wheel or other steering apparatus became entangled, it is said, and the Monitor rushed by, just missing her aim. Capt. Worden is confident that he put three shot through the hull of his antagonist—probably

through the ports. The Monitor fired one hundred and seventy-eight pound cast-iron shot. The wrought-iron shot were not used, because their great weight and peculiar construction renders the guns much more liable to burst. The Merrimac fired about forty shots on the Monitor, which replied rapidly as possible, but, so far as it is known, neither vessel is damaged. Those on board the Monitor say the balls rattled and rang upon both vessels, and seemed to bound off harmless. The Merrimac is probably not injured, at least more than the starting of a plate or so of her iron covering, and her machinery being uninjured, she is probably fit to come out again. It is impossible to keep the Merrimac from coming out. She can sail three knots an hour faster than the Monitor. From her evolutions, I should judge she can go at the rate of eight or nine knots per hour. It is impossible to board the Merrimac. Should she come out again, she will be obliged to pass within range of the Union gun at the Rip Raps, and a shot from it might perhaps crush her sides, but it is very difficult to manage so heavy a piece of artillery, and the Union gun, in all probability, might be fired fifty times without touching her. I do not think the Merrimac is calculated to carry much coal, and that might have been a reason for her retiring from the contest. The Monitor perhaps might follow up the rebel steamers and disable them, but if she gets among the rebel batteries a heavy fire might be concentrated on her from different points, and she be thus injured, or possibly she might be grappled to and towed ashore. These and other reasons may suffice to show why the Monitor did not follow among the batteries of Craney Island and Norfolk. Gen. Wool, I understand, has ordered all the women and children away from Fortress Monroe, in anticipation of the Merrimac's reappearance.

During all Sunday morning, while the battle was raging between the two iron-clad vessels, the high cliffs at Newport News and vicinity were crowded with spectators, earnestly watching the progress of the fight.

BALTIMORE "AMERICAN" ACCOUNT.

The Merrimac made her appearance, coming out from Elizabeth River about noon on Saturday. She stood directly across the roads toward Newport News. As soon as she was made out and her direction ascertained, the crews were beat to quarters on both the Cumberland and Congress, and preparations made for what was felt to be an almost hopeless fight, but the determination to make it as desperate as possible. The Merrimac kept straight on, making, according to the best estimates, about eight miles an hour. As she passed the mouth of Nansemond River, the Congress threw the first shot at her, which was immediately answered. The Merrimac passed the Congress, discharging a broadside at her, (one shell from which killed and disabled every man except one at gun No. Ten,) and kept on toward the Cumberland, which she approached at full speed, striking her on the port side near the bow,

her stem knocking port No. One and the bridle-port into one, whilst her ram cut the Cumberland under water. Almost at the moment of collision, the Merrimac discharged from her forward gun an eleven-inch shell. This shell raked the whole gun-deck, killing ten men at gun No. One, among whom was master mate John Harrington, and cutting off both arms and legs of quarter-gunner Wood. The water rushed in from the hole made below, and in five minutes the ship began to sink by the head. Shell and solid shot from the Cumberland were rained on the Merrimac as she passed ahead, but the most glanced harmlessly from the incline of her iron-plated bomb-roof.

As the Merrimac rounded to and came up she again raked the Cumberland with heavy fire. At this fire sixteen men at gun No. Ten were killed or wounded, and were all subsequently carried down in the sinking ship.

Advancing with increased momentum, the Merrimac struck the Cumberland on the starboard side, smashing her upper works and cutting another hole below the water-line.

The ship now began to rapidly settle, and the scene became most horrible. The cockpit was filled with the wounded, whom it was impossible to bring up. The former magazine was under water, but powder was still supplied from the after-magazine, and the firing kept steadily up by men who knew that the ship was sinking under them. They worked desperately and unremittingly, and amid the din and horror of the conflict gave cheers for their flag and the Union, which were joined in by the wounded. The decks were slippery with blood, and arms and legs and chunks of flesh were strewed about. The Merrimac laid off at easy point-blank range, discharging her broadsides alternately at the Cumberland and the Congress. The water by this time had reached the after-magazine of the Cumberland. The men, however, kept at work, and several cases of powder were passed up and the guns kept in play. Several men in the after shell-room lingered there too long in their eagerness to pass up shell, and were drowned.

The water had at this time reached the berth or main gun-deck, and it was felt hopeless and useless to continue the fight longer. The word was given for each man to save himself, but after this order gun No. Seven was fired, when the adjoining gun, No. Six, was actually under water. This last shot was fired by an active little fellow named Matthew Tenney, whose courage had been conspicuous throughout the action. As his port was left open by the recoil of the gun, he jumped to scramble out, but the water rushed in with so much force that he was washed back and drowned. When the order was given to cease firing, and to look out for their safety in the best way possible, numbers scampered through the port-holes, whilst others reached the spar-deck by the companion-ways. Some were incapable to get out by either of these means, and were carried by the rapidly sinking ship. Of those who reached the upper deck, some swam off to the tugs that came out from Newport News.

The Cumberland sank in water nearly to her cross-trees. She went down with her *flag still flying*, and it still flies from the mast above the water that overwhelmed her, a memento of the bravest, most daring, and yet most hopeless defence that has ever been made by any vessel belonging to any navy in the world. The men fought with a courage that could not be excelled. There was no flinching, no thought of surrender.

The whole number lost of the Cumberland's crew was one hundred and twenty.

The Cumberland being thoroughly demolished, the Merrimac left her—not, to the credit of the rebels it ought to be stated, firing either at the men clinging to the rigging, or at the small boats on the propeller Whildin, which were busily employed rescuing the survivors of her crew—and proceeded to attack the Congress. The officers of the Congress, seeing the fate of the Cumberland, and aware that she also would be sunk if she remained within reach of the iron beak of the Merrimac, had got all sail on the ship, with the intention of running her ashore. The tug-boat Zouave also came out and made fast to the Cumberland, and assisted in towing her ashore.

The Merrimac then surged up, gave the Congress a broadside, receiving one in return, and getting astern, raked the ship fore and aft. This fire was terribly destructive, a shell killing every man at one of the guns except one. Coming again broadside to the Congress, the Merrimac ranged slowly backward and forward, at less than one hundred yards distant, and fired broadside after broadside into the Congress. The latter vessel replied manfully and obstinately, every gun that could be brought to bear being discharged rapidly, but with little effect upon the iron monster. Some of the balls caused splinters of iron to fly from her mailed roof, and one shot, entering a port-hole, is supposed to have dismounted a gun, as there was no further firing from that port. The guns of the Merrimac appeared to be specially trained on the after-magazine of the Congress, and shot after shot entered that part of the ship.

Thus slowly drifting down with the current and again steaming up, the Merrimac continued for an hour to fire into her opponent. Several times the Congress was on fire, but the flames were kept down. Finally the ship was on fire in so many places, and the flames gathering such force, that it was hopeless and suicidal to keep up the defence any longer. The National flag was sorrowfully hauled down and a white flag hoisted at the peak.

After it was hoisted the Merrimac continued to fire, perhaps not discovering the white flag, but soon after ceased firing.

A small rebel tug that had followed the Merrimac out of Norfolk then came alongside the Congress, and a young officer gained the gun-deck through a port-hole, announced that he came on board to take command, and ordered the officers on board the tug.

The officers of the Congress refused to go on board, hoping from the nearness to the shore that they would be able to reach it, and unwilling to

become prisoners whilst the least chance of escape remained. Some of the men, supposed to number about forty, thinking the tug was one of our vessels, rushed on board. At this moment the members of an Indiana regiment at Newport News, brought a Parrott gun down to the beach and opened fire upon the rebel tug. The tug hastily put off, and the Merrimac again opened fire upon the Congress. The fire not being returned from the ship, the Merrimac commenced shelling the woods and camps at Newport News, fortunately, however, without doing much damage, only one or two casualties occurring.

By the time all were ashore, it was seven o'clock in the evening, and the Congress was in a bright sheet of flame fore and aft. She continued to burn until twelve o'clock at night, her guns, which were loaded and trained, going off as they became heated. A shell from one struck a sloop at Newport News and blew her up. At twelve o'clock the fire reached her magazines, and with a tremendous concussion her charred remains blew up. There were some five tons of gunpowder in her magazines, and about twenty thousand dollars in paymaster Buchanan's safe.

The loss of life on board the Congress is not over one hundred and twenty, and possibly may not exceed a hundred. The crew consisted of two hundred and seventy-seven blue jackets, eighty-eight of the coast-guards, forty-seven marines, and twenty-two officers—in all, a total of four hundred and thirty-four. At the muster at Newport News, one hundred and ninety-six blue jackets and coast-guards and twenty-two marines appeared; about forty went on board the rebel tugs and are prisoners, and about forty, it is estimated, left before the muster, and made their way to Fortress Monroe. About one hundred are thus unaccounted for, and are undoubtedly killed.

After sinking the Cumberland and firing the Congress, the Merrimac, with the Yorktown and Jamestown, stood off in the direction of the steam-frigate Minnesota, which had been for some hours aground, about three miles below Newport News. This was about five o'clock on Saturday evening. The rebel commander of the Merrimac, either fearing the greater strength of the Minnesota, or wishing, as it afterward appeared, to capture this splendid ship without doing serious damage to her, did not attempt to run the Minnesota down, as he had run down the Cumberland. He stood off about a mile distant, and with the Yorktown and Jamestown threw shell and shot at the frigate. The Minnesota, though from being aground unable to manœuvre or bring all her guns to bear, was fought splendidly. She threw a shell at the Yorktown which set her on fire, and she was towed off by her consort the Jamestown. From the reappearance of the Yorktown next day, the fire must have been suppressed without serious damage. The after-cabins of the Minnesota were torn away in order to bring two of her large guns to bear from her stern-ports, the position in which she was lying enabling the rebels to attack her there with impunity. She received two serious shots: one, an eleven-inch shell, entered near the

waist, passed through the chief engineer's room, knocking both rooms into ruins, and wounding several men. Another shot went clear through the chain-plate, and another passed through the main-mast. Six of the crew were killed outright, on board the Minnesota, and nineteen wounded. The men, though fighting at great disadvantage, stuck manfully to their guns, and exhibited a spirit that would have enabled them to compete successfully with any ordinary vessel.

About nightfall, the Merrimac, satisfied with her afternoon's work of death and destruction, steamed in under Sewall's Point. The day thus closed most dismally for our side, and with the most gloomy apprehensions of what would occur the next day. The Minnesota was at the mercy of the Merrimac, and there appeared no reason why the iron monster might not clear the Roads of our fleet, destroy all the stores and warehouses on the beach, drive our troops into the Fortress, and command Hampton Roads against any number of wooden vessels the Government might send there. Saturday was a terribly dismal night at Fortress Monroe.

About nine o'clock, Ericsson's battery, the Monitor, arrived at the Roads, and upon her performance was felt that the safety of their position in a great measure depended. Never was a greater hope placed upon apparently more insignificant means, but never was a great hope more triumphantly fulfilled. The Monitor is the reverse of formidable; lying low on the water, with a plain structure amidship, a small pilot-house forward, a diminutive smoke-pipe aft, at a mile's distance she might be taken for a raft, with an army ambulance amidship. It is only when on board that her compact strength and formidable means of offensive warfare are discoverable.

When Lieut. Worden was informed of what had occurred, though his crew were suffering from exposure and loss of rest from a stormy voyage around from New-York, he at once made preparations for taking part in whatever might occur next day.

Before daylight on Sunday morning, the Monitor moved up, and took a position alongside the Minnesota, lying between the latter ship and the Fortress, where she could not be seen by the rebels, but was ready, with steam up, to slip out.

Up to now, on Sunday, the rebels gave no indication of what were their further designs. The Merrimac laid up toward Craney Island, in view, but motionless. At one o'clock she was observed in motion, and came out, followed by the Yorktown and Jamestown, both crowded with troops. The object of the leniency toward the Minnesota on the previous evening thus became evident. It was the hope of the rebels to bring the ships aboard the Minnesota, overpower her crew by the force of numbers, and capture both vessels and men.

As the rebel flotilla came out from Sewall's Point, the Monitor stood out boldly toward them. It is doubtful if the rebels knew what to make of the strange-looking battery, or if they despised it. Even the Yorktown kept on approaching,

until a thirteen shell from the Monitor sent her to the right about. The Merrimac and the Monitor kept on approaching each other, the former waiting until she would choose her distance, and the latter apparently not knowing what to make of her funny-looking antagonist. The first shot from the Monitor was fired when about one hundred yards distant from the Merrimac, and this distance was subsequently reduced to fifty yards, and at no time during the furious cannonading that ensued, were the vessels more than two hundred yards apart.

It is impossible to reproduce the animated descriptions given of this grand contest between two vessels of such formidable offensive and defensive powers. The scene was in plain view from Fortress Monroe, and in the main facts all the spectators agree. At first the fight was very furious, and the guns of the Monitor were fired rapidly. As she carries but two guns, whilst the Merrimac has eight, of course she received two or three shots for every one she gave. Finding that her antagonist was much more formidable than she looked, the Merrimac attempted to run her down. The superior speed and quicker turning qualities of the Monitor enabled her to avoid these shocks, and to give the Merrimac, as she passed, a shot. Once the Merrimac struck her near midships, but only to prove that the battery could not be run down nor shot down. She spun round like a top, and as she got her bearing again, sent one of her formidable missiles into her huge opponent.

The officers of the Monitor, at this time, had gained such confidence in the impregnability of their battery, that they no longer fired at random nor hastily. The fight then assumed its most interesting aspects. The Monitor ran round the Merrimac repeatedly, probing her sides, seeking for weak points, and reserving her fire with coolness, until she had the right spot and the exact range, and made her experiments accordingly. In this way the Merrimac received three shots, which must have seriously damaged her. Neither of these shots rebounded at all, but appeared to cut their way clear through iron and wood into the ship. Soon after receiving the third shot, the Merrimac turned toward Sewell's Point, and made off at full speed.

The Monitor followed the Merrimac until she got well inside Sewall's Point, and then returned to the Minnesota. It is probable that the pursuit would have been continued still further, but Lieut. Worden, her commander, had previously had his eyes injured, and it was also felt that, as so much depended on the Monitor, it was imprudent to expose her unnecessarily. Lieut. Worden, at the time he was injured, was looking out of the eye-holes of the pilot-house, which are simply horizontal slits, about half an inch wide. A round shot from the Merrimac struck against these slits as Lieut. Worden was looking through, causing some scalings from the iron, and fragments of the paint to fly with great force against his eyes. The injury was necessarily very painful, and it was once feared that he would lose one

of his eyes. Before, however, he left Old Point, it was thought this danger had been removed.

SECESSION NARRATIVES.

NORFOLK "DAY-BOOK" ACCOUNT.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock on Saturday, March eighth, the iron-clad steamer Virginia cast loose from her moorings at the navy-yard, and made her way down to Hampton Roads, toward the blockading fleet lying off Newport News. She reached their neighborhood, after some detention at the obstructions below, at two o'clock. Here she found the two first-class sailing frigates Cumberland and Congress. With a determination to pay her respects to the Cumberland first, the Virginia bore down for that vessel, and while passing the Congress she gave her a broadside by way of a salute. Her operations on the Cumberland were performed in the short space of fifteen minutes' time, at the end of which the Cumberland sunk just where she had been lying.

The Virginia, on approaching her and getting within point-blank range, fired her bow-gun several times, and ran into her, striking her fairly with her ram, which made her reel to and fro, and sent her speedily to the bottom; but while going down, we understand, the after-gun of the Cumberland was discharged at the Virginia, with what injury we know not.

The object in first getting rid of the Cumberland was probably to destroy the very heavy armament which the frigate carried, it being the heaviest in the Yankee navy. The officers and crew of the Cumberland made their escape as best they could, many of them being captured by our gunboats. The wounded on board it is believed went down with the vessel.

The Virginia next turned her attention to the Congress, which vessel, it is said, gallantly resisted her inevitable fate for nearly an hour, but finally, finding the ship rapidly sinking, she hauled down her colors and made for the beach, where she was run as high aground as possible. Her officers and crew were taken off by our gunboats, and while she had her flag of truce hoisted and was being relieved of her killed and wounded by our boats, the Yankees on shore at Newport News, disregarding the flag of truce, with Minié muskets fired into her and killed several of their own men and slightly wounded in the arm Mr. John Hopkins, one of our pilots, attached to the Beaufort.

While the Virginia was engaged with the Congress with her bow-gun, she poured broadside after broadside into the shore-batteries of the enemy at Newport News. One discharge from the bow-gun of the Virginia, says one of the prisoners, capsized two of the guns of the Congress, killing sixteen of her crew and taking off the head of a Lieut. Smith, and literally tore the ship to pieces.

The enemy seemed entirely unaware of our intention to attack them, and, it is said, were so completely lulled into security that the Virginia

had got down to Sewall's Point before they took the alarm.

While the engagement was going on between the two frigates and the Virginia, the enemy's steam-frigate Minnesota put out from Old Point to their assistance. She laid well over toward Newport News, but not entirely out of the range of our batteries on Sewall's Point, which opened on her, with what effect we are unable to say, but she replied to them without any damage whatever. The Minnesota got aground when within a mile or two of Newport News Point. There she stuck, unable to get off, while the confederate steamers Patrick Henry and Jamestown peppered her with their batteries, while the Virginia was attending to the shore-batteries at Newport News.

The frigate St. Lawrence then came up to the assistance of the Minnesota, and she also got aground, and a steam-frigate, supposed to be the Roanoke, put off from Old Point with the same intention, it is supposed, but seeing the sad havoc which the Virginia was playing with the Federal vessels, she put back to Old Point.

The Minnesota and St. Lawrence, we learn, are hard aground and in the power of the Virginia, at high tide, as the latter vessel was at Sewall's Point, after the engagement, where she remained on Saturday night, ready to commence on them on Sunday morning. She is between them and all assistance from Old Point.

The frigate Congress was set fire to on Saturday night, by a boat's crew from some of our vessels. She illumined the whole Roads and river, and about midnight her magazine exploded with a tremendous noise. Her conflagration afforded a rare sight to many thousands of spectators who lined the shores of our harbor to witness the spectacle of a ship on fire. Many articles of value, we learn, were removed from her by our gunboats before being fired.

Tugs and steamers were sent to the assistance of the Minnesota and St. Lawrence from Old Point, after they grounded, but their efforts to haul them off were unavailing.

The first gun fired in the engagement is said to have been fired by the confederate gunboat Beaufort at the frigate Congress. All of our steamers and gunboats are said to have been managed with the utmost skill and dexterity, rendering great assistance to the Virginia in this magnificent and successful engagement.

We are without means of getting at the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, though it is believed to have been very great. Our total loss, in killed and wounded, as far as we can learn, is nine killed and twelve wounded, most of them slightly.

Twenty-three prisoners were brought up to this city on Saturday night. These were all taken off the frigate Congress by the gunboat Beaufort, while our other gunboats took off others. One of these prisoners died while on his way to the city. He and another one wounded were shot by their own forces while being saved

from the sinking frigate Congress. The wounded prisoners were carried to the hospital.

The Virginia had two men killed and some five or six wounded. A shot entered the port-hole and struck the gun in the muzzle, knocking off a piece nine inches long. This disabled the gun, which was immediately replaced by another of the same calibre.

Capt. Buchanan and Lieut. Minor, of the Virginia, are said to be wounded, the former slightly, the latter severely.

On board the Patrick Henry a shot entered one of her ports, we understand, and passed through one of her boilers, disabling it. She was compelled to haul off temporarily for repairs. There were four men killed and three wounded on board of her. Other damage not material.

On board the gunboat Raleigh, Midshipman Hutter was killed, we understand, though we did not learn of any other casualties.

The James River steamers arrived at the scene of action, it is said, about one hour after the engagement commenced. They easily passed the Newport News battery, and, after joining in the fight, rendered very efficient aid.

By this daring exploit we have raised the James River blockade, without foreign assistance, and are likely, with the assistance of the Virginia, to keep open the communication.

Several small prizes were said to have been taken by our gunboats from the Yankees, one of which, the schooner Reindeer, was brought up to the Navy-Yard on Saturday night. Two others were said to have been carried over to Pig Point on Saturday.

Another report we hear says that but two persons were killed on board the Virginia.

Andrew J. Dalton, a printer, who left our office a few days since to join the Virginia, and who was at the bombardment of Sumter, and participated in several other engagements during the war, we learn, was one of the wounded on board that vessel on Saturday.

The engagement was renewed again on Sunday morning, about half-past eight o'clock, by the Jamestown and several of our gunboats firing into the Minnesota and St. Lawrence. At high-water we expect the Virginia will pay her respects to these vessels.

Since the above was written we have been enabled to gather some additional particulars.

Some detention occurred on board the Virginia on Sunday morning, we learn, or she would have commenced the engagement much earlier than half-past eight o'clock, at which time she, together with the Patrick Henry, Jamestown, and our other gunboats, opened fire on the Minnesota, which still lies hard and fast aground. The tide being at the ebb, the Virginia did not take the channel where the Minnesota lay, probably for fear of grounding, but getting within a good range of her, she opened fire with terrible effect, completely riddling her, and rendering constant exertion at the pump necessary to prevent her from filling.

Early in the morning, the Ericsson battery, now called the Monitor, was discovered off Newport News Point, she having gone up there during the night. A sharp encounter soon took place between her and the Virginia, during which time they were frequently not more than thirty or forty yards apart. Unfortunately, the Virginia ran aground, and the Ericsson, using her advantage, poured shot after shot into her, but without doing any serious damage. In a short while, however, the Virginia succeeded in getting off, and, putting on a full head of steam, ran her bow into the Ericsson, doing, as it is thought, great damage.

We are rejoiced to say that, notwithstanding the firing was much heavier than on Saturday, there were no casualties on either of our vessels, not a man being in the least injured by shots from the enemy or otherwise.

Several of the enemy's gunboats being within range, they were favored with a shell or two from the Virginia, with telling effect, and, in every case, disabling or sinking them. One of these, lying alongside the Minnesota, had a shell thrown on board of her, which, on bursting, tore her asunder and sent her to the bottom.

Having completely riddled the Minnesota and disabled the St. Lawrence and Monitor, besides, as stated above, destroying several of the enemy's gunboats—in a word, having accomplished all that they designed, and having no more material to work upon, our noble vessels left the scene of their triumphs and returned to the yard, where they await another opportunity of displaying their prowess.

The enemy's loss, killed and wounded, during the two days' battle, is exceedingly large, and estimated at from six to twelve hundred. The scene around the Congress is represented as heart-sickening. The officers of the Beaufort, who ran alongside of her on Saturday night, and who boarded her for the purpose of removing the wounded aboard of her, and who were brutally fired upon by the enemy while engaged in this work of mercy to their own kith and kin, represented the deck of the vessel as being literally covered with the dead and dying. One of them assured us that as he went from fore to aft his shoes were well-nigh buried in blood and brains. Arms, legs, and heads were found scattered in every direction, while here and there, in the agonies of death, would be found poor deluded wretches, with their breasts torn completely out.

Of the crew of the Cumberland but few survived to tell the tale. As she went down her crew went with her, except some few who were taken as prisoners by us, and a few others who escaped to the shore. Out of the five hundred aboard of her, it is estimated that not over a hundred at most escaped, the remainder either being killed by our shot or drowned as the vessel went down.

Of course, the greater part of those on board the gunboats were also drowned, as there was not sufficient time for them to have made their escape. Added to this, very many in the camps

of the enemy at Newport News were killed by the shells which the Virginia threw among them.

On our side, the loss was indeed small, and when we consider the storm of shell to which at times they were subjected, we can but wonder, while we rejoice, that so few of them suffered injury.

On the Virginia, there were two killed and eight wounded. Among the wounded we regret to mention Captain Buchanan and Lieut. Minor. Their wounds, however, we are happy to state, are but slight.

On the Raleigh, Midshipman Hutter was killed, and Capts. Tayloe and Alexander wounded, the first mentioned quite severely.

On the Beaufort, Gunner W. Robinson and two seamen were wounded. This was all the damage sustained by the vessel among her men. Two Yankee prisoners aboard of her were struck by the balls of their friends, one of them killed, and the other severely wounded. The former was standing in the door of the wardrobe at the time the Beaufort was alongside the Congress, and one of the shower of balls sent by the enemy on shore from their Minié muskets struck him on the forehead, penetrating his brain, and killing him almost instantly.

On the Teaser one man was wounded very slightly.

On the Patrick Henry four men were killed and three wounded. While the loss of the enemy is counted by hundreds, ours, as will be seen from the above, amounts to only seven killed and seventeen wounded.

The loss on our part, as small as it is, was not the work of the enemy's shots from their vessels, but the result, for the most part, of the fire of muskets from shore.

During the contest the mainmast of the Raleigh was carried away. The flagstaffs of the Virginia were also cut down.

The report that the Congress was fired by the Federals to prevent her falling into our hands is without a shadow of truth. She was fired by hot shot from the Virginia, for firing into our boats while she had a flag of truce at the time flying after she had struck her colors and surrendered to us.

Among the prisoners taken off the Congress was the slave Sam, the property of — Drummond, Esq., of this city, who escaped to the enemy some time in October last. He is now safe, having reached his home sooner and under different circumstances than he anticipated.

On the arrival of the Virginia at the yard, her men were mustered and addressed by the commanding officer in terms of praise for their noble bearing during the engagement. They responded with hearty cheers, and expressed a desire to again reenact the scenes through which they had just passed whenever opportunity presented.

The injury sustained by the Patrick Henry was not as great as at first supposed, being so trifling that a few hours' repairs were sufficient to place her in readiness for action.

The officers of the Virginia are represented as

having acted with the utmost courage and bravery during the contest. It is related of Capt. Buchanan, that during the thickest of the fight he remained on the deck of the Virginia, and that he discharged musket after musket at the enemy as they were handed up to him. It was while thus exposed that he received the wound of which mention is made above.

It is said that all of the batteries on Newport News were silenced except one, and that our shot and shell were thrown with such unerring aim and precision among the enemy, that great numbers of them were killed and wounded.

RALEIGH "STANDARD" ACCOUNT.

PETERSBURG, Monday, March 10, 3 P.M.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The Merrimac went out from Norfolk on Saturday at two o'clock, and sunk the Federal ship Cumberland, burnt the Congress, and shelled Newport News until dark. The Minnesota came to the aid of the Cumberland and Congress, and the Merrimac got her ashore and peppered her terribly, until eleven o'clock P.M.

The fight was renewed on Sunday, the Patrick Henry and Jamestown running the blockade at the mouth of James River, and taking part with the Merrimac. The Federal frigate St. Lawrence and Ericsson iron propeller came up from Old Point and engaged the Merrimac.

A terrific battle ensued until two P.M. The Ericsson battered away at the Merrimac at only forty yards distance, for one hour, when the Ericsson made a plunge at the Merrimac's propeller and rudder. The latter evaded the blow and plunged full tilt at the Ericsson, causing the Yankee iron monster to head instantly for Old Point, with all hands at pumps, in a supposed sinking condition. The Merrimac fired rifled shots through the large steamer sent to assist the Minnesota, and blew her up.

The Merrimac then took the Patrick Henry and Jamestown in tow, and proceeded to Norfolk. The Merrimac lost her enormous iron beak in the plunge at the Ericsson, and damaged her machinery, and is leaking a little.

The battle was altogether terrific, resulting in the destruction of two first-class frigates of the enemy, the supposed loss of the Minnesota, and serious damage to the Ericsson; also the death of many Yankees, and the annihilation of three gunboats.

Our loss was four killed and ten wounded—among the latter Com. Buchanan, of the Merrimac. The Patrick Henry was shot through the boiler, and four killed, and three wounded by scalding.

The Merrimac is a perfect success. She is a terror to the Yankees, and will visit them again soon.

WHO PLANNED THE MERRIMAC?

CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT, }
RICHMOND, March 29, 1862. }

Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, Speaker of the House of Representatives:

SIR: In compliance with the resolution adopted by the House of Representatives, on the eight-

eenth inst., "That the Secretary of the Navy be requested to make a report to this House of the plan and construction of the Virginia, so far as the same can be properly communicated; of the reasons for applying the plan to the Merrimac; and, also, what persons have rendered especial aid in designing and building the ship," I have the honor to reply, that on the tenth day of June, 1861, Lieut. John M. Brooke, confederate States navy, was directed to aid the department in designing an iron-clad war-vessel and framing the necessary specifications.

He entered upon this duty at once, and a few days thereafter submitted to the department, as the result of his investigations, rough drawings of a casemated vessel, with submerged ends, and inclined iron-plated sides. The ends of the vessel, and the eaves of the casemate, according to his plan, were to be submerged two feet; and a light bulwark, or false bow, was designed to divide the water, and prevent it from banking up on the forward part of the shield with the vessel in motion, and also to serve as a tank, to regulate the ship's draft. His design was approved by the department, and a practical mechanic was brought from Norfolk to aid in preparing the drawings and specifications.

This mechanic aided in the statement of details of timber, etc., but was unable to make the drawings; and the department then ordered Chief-Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter, from the navy-yard at Norfolk, to Richmond, about the twenty-third of June, for consultation on the same subject generally, and to aid in the work.

Constructor Porter brought and submitted the model of a flat-bottomed, light-draft propeller casemated battery, with inclined iron-covered sides and ends, which is deposited in the department. Mr. Porter and Lieut. Brooke have adopted for their casemate a thickness of wood and iron and an angle of inclination nearly identical. Mr. Williamson and Mr. Porter approved of the plan of having submerged ends to obtain the requisite flotation and invulnerability, and the department adopted the design, and a clean drawing was prepared by Mr. Porter of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which that officer then filed with the department. The steam-frigate Merrimac had been burned and sunk, and her engine greatly damaged by the enemy; and the department directed Mr. Williamson, Lieut. Brooke and Mr. Porter to consider and report upon the best mode of making her useful. The result of their investigations was their recommendation of the submerged ends, and the inclined casemates for this vessel, which was adopted by the department.

The following is the report upon the Merrimac:

"In obedience to your orders, we have carefully examined and considered the various plans and propositions for constructing a shot-proof steam-battery, and respectfully report that, in our opinion, the steam-frigate Merrimac, which is in such condition from the effects of fire as to be useless for any other purpose, without incurring a very heavy expense in rebuilding, etc., can be made an efficient vessel of that character, mount-

ing . . . heavy guns, and from the further consideration that we cannot procure a suitable engine and boiler for any other vessel, without building them, which would occupy too much time, it would appear that this is our only chance to get a suitable vessel in a short time. The bottom of the hull, boilers and heavy and costly parts of the engine being but little injured, reduce the cost of construction to about one third of the amount which would be required to construct such a vessel anew.

"We cannot, without further examination, make an accurate estimate of the cost of the proposed work, but think it will be about . . . the most of which will be for labor, the materials being nearly all in the navy-yard, except the iron-plating to cover the shield. The plan to be adopted in the arrangement of the shield for glancing shot, mounting guns, arranging the hull, etc., and plating, to be in accordance with the plan submitted for the approval of the department.

"We are, with much respect, your obedient servants,

"WILLIAM P. WILLIAMSON,
"Chief Engineer Confederate States Navy;
"JOHN M. BROOKE,
"Lieutenant Confederate States Navy;
"JOHN L. PORTER,
"Naval Constructor."

Immediately upon the adoption of the plan, Porter was directed to proceed with the constructor's duties. Mr. Williamson was charged with the engineer's department, and to Mr. Brooke were assigned the duties of attending to and preparing the iron and forwarding it from the Tredegar Works, the experiments necessary to test the plates and to determine their thickness, and devising heavy rifled ordnance for the ship, with the details pertaining to ordnance. Mr. Porter cut the ship down, submerged her ends, performed all the duties of constructor, and originated all the interior arrangements by which space has been economized, and he has exhibited energy, ability and ingenuity. Mr. Williamson thoroughly overhauled her engines, supplied deficiencies, and repaired defects, and improved greatly the motive power of the vessel.

Mr. Brooke attended daily to the iron, constructed targets, ascertained by actual tests the resistance offered by inclined planes of iron to heavy ordnance, and determined interesting and important facts in connection therewith, and which were of great importance in the construction of the ship; devised and prepared the models and drawings of the ship's heavy ordnance, being guns of a class never before made, and of extraordinary power and strength.

It is deemed inexpedient to state the angle of inclination, the character of the plates upon the ship, the manner of preparing them, or the number, calibre, and weight of the guns; and many novel and interesting features of her construction, which were experimentally determined, are necessarily omitted.

The novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate, however, is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the Vir-

ginia. It was never before adopted. The resistance of iron plates to heavy ordnance, whether presented in vertical planes or at low angles of inclination, had been investigated in England before the Virginia was commenced, and Major Barnard, U.S.A., had referred to the subject in his "Sea-Coast Defences."

We were without accurate data, however, and were compelled to determine the inclination of the plates, and their thickness and form, by actual experiment.

The department has freely consulted the three excellent officers referred to throughout the labors on the Virginia, and they have all exhibited signal ability, energy, and zeal.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. R. MALLORY,
Secretary of the Navy.

Doc. 83.

OCCUPATION OF COCKPIT POINT, VA.

NEW-YORK "HERALD" ACCOUNT.

UNITED STATES STEAMER STEPPING STONES, }
MATTAWOMAN CREEK, Potomac River, March 11, 1862. }

ON Sunday, at noon, Lieut. Commanding Badger, of the Anacostia, observing the absence of the usual sentries at Cockpit Point, and the familiar sights incident thereto, concluded that the rebels had evacuated. Acting on this supposition, Capt. Badger ran alongside the Yankee and inquired of Commodore Wyman what he should do. The Commodore told him to take the Piedmontesa and reconnoitre. He did so, and the result was he was satisfied that the rebels had really left. Capt. Badger then went back to the Yankee and reported to this effect, and asked permission to test the matter by shelling the battery, when the Commodore gave him permission to do so at long range—not without reason—apprehending some diabolical trick. This was done. Shell after shell was thrown into the Point. Soldiers of General Hooker's division, who were at Stump Neck, where they could see every thing, declare that it was the prettiest thing in the way of firing that they had ever seen. Shot after shot went right into the battery; but, as it turned out, the enemy had "vamosed the ranche," to use a Californian phrase. Finding that the shots were not returned, Capt. Badger went in closer and closer, and yet no response was elicited from the enemy. He now determined on landing, and a boat's crew, under the command of Acting Master John Williams, was sent a shore. Swiftly they climbed the hill, and quickly they arrived in the battery. But here a danger presented itself. The carriages of the rebel guns had been set on fire, and a lot of fascines were piled under each gun, rendering them nearly red hot. The heat was too intense to approach them for a time; but it was at length discovered that the guns had been spiked, in the rapid retreat of the rebels. A quantity of clothing, and even rations of fresh beef for the day, were found hanging on the trees, showing that

the evacuation had been effected with considerable precipitation.

Among the first of the duties devolving on the gallant tars who had taken possession, was the running up of the glorious Stars and Stripes. This was a matter of the most ordinary convenience; for the rebels, in their haste, had actually left the flagstaff, with its halyards, standing, and the Star-Spangled Banner was run up by Acting Master Williams—"Old Jack," of Mathias Point—who has achieved a reputation for devotion to the American flag.

On further examining the fortifications at Cockpit Point, it was found that some dangerous traps were attached to the three magazines. By an ingenious contrivance, a flap on hinges, at the entrance of each magazine, was made to descend on the caps of conical shells of large calibre—the flap having iron plates fitting down on the caps—while heavy shells on the flap would give an impetus to the blow. Outside of the entrance, concealed strings were so contrived that, on touching one with the foot, the trap would fall, involving all near by in destruction. The sagacity of Mr. Williams, however, enabled him to discover the snare, and he counteracted it by sending on board the Anacostia for a pair of shears, with which to cut the accursed strings, as he thought the jarring of even a knife might have had the effect that the rebels contemplated. Perhaps they relied on the uncalculating impetuosity of seamen. If so, they reckoned this time without their host.

While these things were going on at Cockpit Point, fires were seen in Quantico Creek, and all along the line of batteries to Chapawamsic Creek. The rebels were evidently destroying all they could not carry away, including the burning of the steamer *George Page*, and other vessels in Quantico Creek. Accordingly, the *Anacostia* soon got under weigh, and stood down the river to Shipping Point. Arrived there, a landing was about to be effected, after shelling the batteries, when a canal-boat was seen putting off from Budd's Ferry, loaded with a company of one of the Massachusetts regiments, that, without orders from the general, were willing to do a little fighting "on their own hook." Capt. Badger towed them to Shipping Point, and on the way lent the gallant boys a flag belonging to one of his boats. On nearing the shore, however, the tars were determined to be ahead of the "sojers"—not a hard matter with seamen, in their peculiar element. Influenced by this sentiment, they made a dash on shore, and soon Mr. Williams came up to the flag-staff, which, like that at Cockpit Point, was still standing, and hoisted the pennant, as a substitute for the Stars and Stripes that had been lent to the soldiers. The military, too, soon landed, when the American ensign was hoisted amidst the most deafening cheers from the vessels, and from both banks of the river. Here, as at Cockpit Point, great caution was observed, to avoid falling into snares, and to steer clear of the probable explosion of mines. But, by the exercise of that prudence which is always allied to true bravery, under the protection of Providence,

whatever of danger there was did not reach our brave boys. As at Cockpit Point, too, the gun-carriages had been set on fire, and fascines, and whatever could burn, were placed underneath, rendering it both difficult and dangerous to approach to ascertain whether any of the guns had been left unspiked. The guns had been loaded nearly to their muzzles, into which bags of sand had been rammed to cause the guns to burst. Three of them did explode, but, happily, none of our men were near by at the time. Late in the evening, the increased heat caused two guns to be discharged. One of the shots passed between the Yankee and the *Anacostia*, which were lying close together.

The rebel fortifications are perfect gems of engineering skill, and had they been constructed to repel a foreign enemy, great credit would be due to the genius who planned and superintended their construction. But designed as they were to aid an unholy rebellion against a beneficent government, they partake of the nature of those fabled contrivances which Milton, in his lofty language, ascribes to Satan and his revolted legions of fallen angels when they "made impious war in heaven." Your correspondent thus expresses himself because he never has been one of those who could admire ingenuity and skill, however great, when they were enlisted in a bad cause.

At Cockpit Point there are four heavy guns, one of which, a Parrott, was found to be in fragments. The magazines are most ingeniously contrived. On entering one of them you descend an inclined plane, and after advancing about four feet you find yourself in a passage barely wide enough to admit a man. You turn within to the right or the left, still going underground, to the distance of from fifteen to twenty feet, when you come to the magazine itself, which is filled with shelves of cedar plank, on which shot and shell and other ammunition are stowed. The passageway is lined with cedar planks, to prevent the earth from caving in.

Back of the guns are a number of excavations, running underground, into which the rebel soldiers could run whenever they saw the flash from the Union guns, either on the river or on the Maryland shore. Of course, these "rat-holes" are bomb-proof, and, provided a man can get into one in time, he is safe from hostile shot or shell. Like the entrances to the magazines, these "rat-holes" are lined with cedar planks. Still further back, and at divergent angles, are a number of rifle-pits, where, in the event of the cannon being taken, the rebel soldiery could keep the Union troops at bay; and about half a mile further in the rear a large steel gun is, or rather was, mounted. This was surrounded by other rifle-pits, by means of which it was hoped that, even though the intrenchments in part might be carried, the rebels might make the last stand, and either repel the Unionists, or, if the worst came to the worst, secure their own final retreat.

The batteries extending from Chapawamsic Creek to Quantico Creek, embracing Shipping Point and Evansport, are provided with defences

in the rear somewhat similar to those at Cockpit point. Shipping Point may be considered as an island, for the only way to make the mainland from that place, is by means of a narrow wooden bridge, thrown across a deep and dangerous swamp. It was shrewdly calculated that this narrow passage would be a point of strength to themselves in case of a retreat, with the Unionists in pursuit; for nothing would be easier than to burn or otherwise destroy the bridge. And yet, though not pursued, the rebels forgot to destroy the bridge, showing that some unaccountable panic must have seized on them.

After the crew from the Anacostia had landed at Shipping Point, the gunboat arrived opposite the Point, and sent a boat on shore with some spikes; but it does not appear that many of them were necessary.

On Monday morning the Commodore, at the request of Gen. Hooker, towed over some canal-boats, containing two regiments, one from New-Jersey, and the other from Massachusetts. They landed at Cockpit Point and Shipping Point, when skirmishers were thrown out, penetrating several miles into the country. In the rear of the fortifications at Cockpit Point they found an intrenched camp, a great deal of the materials of which were but partially destroyed, affording additional evidence of the hurried flight of the rebels, but of the rebels themselves not a trace remained.

I annex the following memoranda of arms and munitions found at Shipping Point:

A gun, weighing nine thousand and sixty-eight pounds, marked "W. P., No. 4."

A long thirty-two-pounder, weighing six thousand two hundred pounds, cast in 1845, mounted on a pivot-carriage, which was destroyed.

A six-inch rifled pivot-gun, mounted on a pivot-carriage—carriage destroyed.

Fragments of a six-inch rifled gun, cast at the Tredegar Iron-Works, Richmond, Va., mounted on a pivot-carriage—carriage burned and destroyed.

Six long forty-two-pounders, on pivot-carriages—carriages all destroyed.

A seven-and-a-half-inch rifled gun, cast at Low Moor, England, weighing ten thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds, cast in 1861. This gun is in good order; it was mounted on a pivot-carriage, which was cut with axes in order to weaken it.

One hundred and sixty-nine nine-inch shells, with five second fuses.

A large quantity of thirty-two pound shot and canister.

Thirty-five six-inch rifle-shells, in good order.

Two furnaces for heating thirty-two pound shot. Some shot were in the grate, with fire under them, ready for heating.

Three passing-boxes.

To which may be added three "dummies" or wooden guns, placed in position to make the battery look more formidable than the reality. They were playfully spiked.

The shot and shell have been removed. The

guns at Cockpit Point had their trunnions broken off, after which they were precipitated over the bluff into the river. Some of those at Shipping Point and other places remain.

Among military and naval officers the evacuation of the batteries on the Lower Potomac is considered as a military necessity, after the fall of Roanoke Island, the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and the occupation of Nashville, taken in connection with the advance of the grand army of the Potomac; but the precipitation with which they left their batteries hard beset, and the panic with which they were evidently filled, are not so easy of solution. Perhaps they were apprehensive that if they lingered, their retreat would be cut off by Gen. Heintzelman's division, stationed at Pohick Church. Perhaps, too, the throwing up of several rockets from the Yankee, on Saturday night, was taken for signals, indicating an early coöperation with the military. At all events, it seems to be a fact that the rebels intended to manage their retreat as secretly as possible, and to take away all they could with them; but they were circumvented by the vigilance of the flotilla. Hence their rapid flight from Cockpit Point, and their simultaneous firing of their combustible goods and chattels from Quantico Creek to below Aquia Creek. No doubt, when they found that Cockpit Point was in possession of the Union troops, they feared a simultaneous movement from across the river and from Pohick Church, and thought it prudent to evacuate as quickly as possible, to save several thousands of their troops from capture.

Doc. 84.

THE CHARGE AT BURK'S STATION, VA.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Fairfax Court-House, March eleventh, gives the following account of this affair:

Two days of excitement and the monotony of camp-life on the Potomac is broken. Companies A and H, of the Lincoln cavalry, were on Saturday ordered to proceed to Burk's Station, (your readers all know where that is,) and guard a portion of the railroad and a bridge, then being repaired by a body of laborers. On Sunday morning, Gen. Kearney and his brigade pushed forward to the same point, feeling his way into the enemy's country. The enemy's scouts were hovering about in the vicinity, and it was evident that we were close upon his outposts. About eleven o'clock, Gen. Kearney ordered a detachment of fourteen men, of the Lincoln cavalry, under command of Lieut. Hidden, to advance to a certain point on the road, feel the enemy's position and report. Flankers were furnished, but they do not seem to have kept up with the cavalry, which soon came upon one of the enemy's supports, where about one hundred and fifty of his infantry were posted. Seeing the cavalry advancing, the enemy quickly formed, and commenced firing, the arms used being Kentucky rifles. The temptation for a dash, on the part

of the cavalry, now became irresistible. Quickly Lieut. Hidden told off his men, and placing himself at their head, dashed down upon the rebels at full speed, cheering and shouting to his men as he went. A majority of the rebels, astonished at the intrepidity of the charge, took to their heels, and scampered off in true Virginia style. The rest fought desperately. Lieut. Hidden fell from his horse dead. A rifle-ball entered his left shoulder, curved through his neck, and came out at the cheek, killing him almost instantly. Lieut. Hidden was a brother-in-law of William Webb, the celebrated ship-builder of New-York. He was a young man of fine personal appearance, brave as a lion, and much beloved by both officers and men, who deeply regret his loss. To the former he was always the courteous gentleman; to the latter, he was a true friend. Corporal Eugene Lewis now took command, and the fight became even more desperate. Several of our men had their horses killed, and were forced to engage the enemy hand to hand. Corporal Lewis dismounted, cheered his men on, fighting himself like a tiger, killing two of the enemy and wounding a third. Some of these rebels had resolved to die rather than be taken prisoners, and on refusing to surrender, had to be brought to their senses by a pistol-shot. One fought until deprived of his rifle and bayonet, and then drew one of the strangest-looking bowie-knives, and continued to defend himself in the most desperate manner, until despatched by a ball from a revolver. His weapons are now trophies in the hands of the trooper who proved his victor. The whole thing was done quickly and well. We killed three, wounded five, and made prisoners of eleven, who were marched off before their fleeing comrades had time to recover themselves. Corporal Lewis, seeing one of the rebel lieutenants at a distance, heading south, mounted Lieut. Hidden's horse and went in pursuit. He soon overtook and bagged the game, who turned out to be about as sorry a looking specimen of the reduced chivalry as you ever saw—a real whisky-drinker and tobacco-grinder. The F. F. V. had serious objections to being taken prisoner, or rather, as he said, "surrendering to a corporal." A few raps with the back of the corporal's sabre on the rebel's shoulders soon brought him to his senses, and lowered his dignity. He is now sharing the fate of his fellow-rebels in a comfortable prison in Washington. Gen. Kearney, who saw this charge from a distance, declares it the most brilliant dash and desperate bit of fighting he ever saw. He took each man by the hand on his return, and complimented him for his bravery.

Doc. 84.

NAVAL OPERATIONS IN FLORIDA.

REPORT OF FLAG-OFFICER DU PONT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, OFF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.,
March 13, 1862.

SIR: Having on the seventh despatched a division of my force to hold Brunswick, consisting

of the Mohican, Pocahontas, and Potomska, under Commander Godon, I shifted my flag from the first-named vessel to the Pawnee, and organized another squadron of light vessels, embracing the four regular gunboats Ottawa, Seneca, Pembina, and Huron, with the Isaac Smith and Ellen, under Lieut. Commanding Stevens, to proceed without delay to the mouth of the St. John's River; cross, if possible, its difficult and shallow bar; feel the forts if still held, and push on to Jacksonville; indeed to go as far as Pilatka, eighty miles beyond, to reconnoitre and capture river-steamers. This expedition was to be accompanied by the armed launches and cutters of the Wabash, under Lieuts. Irwin and Barnes, and by a light-draft transport with the Seventh New-Hampshire regiment.

After arranging with Brig.-Gen. Wright on joint occupation of the Florida and Georgia coasts, including protection from injury the mansion and grounds of Dungeness, on Cumberland Island, originally the property of the Revolutionary hero and patriot, Gen. Greene, and still owned by his descendants, and leaving Commander Percival Drayton in charge of the naval force, I rejoined this ship waiting for me off Fernandina, and proceeded with her off St. John's, arriving there on the ninth.

The gunboats had not yet been able to cross the bar, but expected to do so the next day, the Ellen only getting in that evening. As at Nassau, which was visited by Lieut. Commanding Stevens, on his way down, the forts seemed abandoned.

There being no probability that the Huron could enter, I despatched her off St. Augustine, where I followed her, arriving on the eleventh.

I immediately sent on shore Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, with a flag of truce, having reason to believe that if there were any people on this coast likely to remain in their houses, it would be at St. Augustine.

I enclose Commander Rodgers' most interesting report, which I am sure the Department will read with satisfaction. The American flag is flying once more over that old city, raised by the hands of its own people, who resisted the appeals, threats, and falsehoods of their leaders, though compelled to witness the carrying off of their sons in the ranks of the flying enemy. This gives us possession of a second national fort of strength and importance.

Since writing the above, I have received by the Isaac Smith a report from Lieut. Commanding Stevens of his operations in the St. John's River, giving details of great interest.

From Lieut. Commanding Nicholson I learn with regret of acts of vandalism on the part of the rebel commanders, (not the people,) in setting fire to vast quantities of lumber, and the saw-mills in that region, owned by Northern men, supposed to have Union sympathies.

In all this varied and difficult service, having to contend with surf shores, dangerous bars, and inland navigation, in an enemy's country, I think it due to the officers and men under my command to say that they have, on all occasions, dis-

played great spirit and ability, fully coming up to my requirements and expectations.

Very respectfully, etc., S. F. DU PONT,
Flag-Officer.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

Doc. 85.

EVACUATION OF MANASSAS, VA.

MARCH 11, 1862.

THE correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the following account of his exploration of the rebel camps at Centreville and Manassas:

The fortifications at Centreville look, at a distance, formidable, extending from a point half a mile north of the town, away off to the south as far as the eye can reach. We rode up to them and found them merely dirt-trenches and sand-forts. They have been evidently laid out by an engineer who understands his business, but have been constructed by men who merely wanted to put in the time. There has never been a single heavy gun mounted in them. Embrasures have been made and logs of wood run out in all of them. All were so arranged, however, that field artillery could be used in them. The floors on which they could have stood were hemlock boards, one inch thick, and would not have lasted through a single discharge, but would have let the guns down into the sand.

Some of those on the left have wicker-work around the embrasures, which has apparently been done by some old negro basket-maker. On two of them were raw-hides staked down and sand-bags around the embrasures, but these were intended to rake a storming party should we have marched up in front. The ditches around them are nicely arranged, so that our troops could have marched down and up the sides readily to make a bayonet-charge. No timber has ever been placed in front to obstruct a passage, nor were the sides dug perpendicular, but at an angle.

Five of these forts command the road to Centreville by which McDowell came in July. They extend over a line of a mile and a half, and are all connected by rifle-pits dug deep enough to allow artillery to move along behind them without being seen in front, under the protection of sand-banks from four to twelve feet thick.

No precaution appears to have been taken to prevent a flank movement in the rear of Centreville in anything like such a formidable manner as the front. The ground to the north is covered with a dense woods and stunted pines. A few dirt-banks near Centreville, behind which artillery could have been sheltered, were the only guards on their left.

A piece of dense woods, about a mile and a half from Centreville, would have afforded us protection from which, with siege-guns, we could have shelled them out in a few hours. There were a few places where they had had masked

batteries in this piece of woods, and they have had a regiment in winter quarters here; but they were only on picket, and could have been easily driven into the Centreville forts.

In the rear of Centreville was a cavalry camp, and the only shelter for the horses was some cedar-trees, which had been planted so as to protect them from the cold, bleak winds that come whistling down from the Bull Run mountains. How effective it was, can be judged from the fact that in a field but half a mile to the rear lie the carcasses of over a hundred horses, some of them very fine ones, while further down were innumerable horse graveyards, but none of them have been buried. Overhead an immense drove of vultures was hovering, and the buzzards were evidently anticipating a rich feast, and appeared to be angry at the delay.

To the left of Centreville was a large number of fine cabins, made of logs, plastered with mud and roofed roughly with shingles; they were in regular rows, and none had been fired. The grounds around them were quite clean, and we should judge that these had been evacuated by the troops who went home on furloughs—to *re-enlist*—none of whom returned. These huts are better made than those of our own army on the Potomac, and are now filled by our troops, who are highly delighted with them.

A line of railroad has been built in nearly a direct line from Manassas Junction to Centreville, crossing Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford. It has been built right along the top of the ground, and contains some pretty sharp curves and heavy grades. The only bridge on it, which is the one at Blackburn's Ford, and which was merely a frame trestle-work, was fired and burned. The track remains, however, but is in a dilapidated condition. The cross-ties are twice the usual width apart, and laid in the sand and swamp without any ballast. Three or four cars of the M. S. R. R. are broken up and overturned by the side of the track. No cars were left on it here, and the last train passed over it on Sunday noon.

The telegraph-office here was connected by a single wire with the South, and the poles bear evidence of its having at one time been extended to Fairfax Court House. The wire and insulation are all gone, and nothing remains to tell the tale but the bare poles.

The wagon-road to Manassas has been put in good condition by the plentiful use of planks and logs; through the first piece of woods after leaving Centreville is a piece of "corduroy road," which is in terrible condition; the bodies of half a dozen horses who had broken their legs were scattered along the side, a testimony against these wretched inventions.

The road is now in as good condition as it will be at any time for months; it has been widened for teams to pass; or two to go abreast. The turnpike road to Warrenton is in as fine condition as it ever was; the fields are in good order for moving artillery, and the side-roads, or those of but little use, are very good. The roads are

all good after we leave the old lines around Washington, and have been so for some time.

MANASSAS JUNCTION.

About noon Gens. McClellan and McDowell, with their staffs, and two thousand cavalry for an escort, came up and took the road to Manassas. We fell in with them and followed on down to Manassas. All along to the left of the road was one continuous string of huts, tents, and forts, all empty now—not a human being or animal showed themselves—not a sound save the clatter of the horses' hoofs, the shrill tones of the bugles, or the loud orders of the officers.

At Blackburn's Ford we saw the old battle-field of July eighteenth. The Butler House, which was between the two forces and had been riddled with shot and shell, has been repaired. It was here Beauregard was dining, and made such a narrow escape at the time. The tree-tops bear the evidence of the way the shot and shells flew around. Large limbs were cut off, and tree-tops twisted in a hundred directions, as though struck by lightning. The woods in which the New-York Twelfth, the First and Second Michigan, and the Massachusetts First went down has all been cut away, and we can now see where the rebels had their artillery, upon the bank of Bull Run, behind a breastwork of logs and dirt.

The Washington artillery, of New-Orleans, and three South-Carolina regiments, have been encamped near the Butler House for the winter, but started away some time ago. The artillery left a quantity of harness, etc. None of their tents were destroyed. Further down are the tents of a whole division, all pitched, as though the occupants had gone home to recruit and reenlist, but had not yet returned.

The plains of Manassas are really what their name implies. The time was when there were objects which obstructed the range of vision, but they are all gone now; for miles around we have an unbroken view. On the hills around are the camps still left, and a column of smoke away off to the right indicated that Manassas was on fire. Our cavalry had gone there during Monday night, and found the rear of the enemy still there; but they were firing the remaining property. A captain, by whose side we rode, told us of piles of new secesh clothes, swords, flags, etc. Galloping ahead of the rest, we reached the Junction.

The sight here cannot be portrayed; the large machine-shops, the station-houses, the commissary and quartermaster store-houses, all in ashes. On the track stood the wreck of a locomotive, and not far down the remains of four freight-cars which had been burned; to the right five hundred barrels of flour had been stove in, and two hundred barrels of vinegar and molasses had been allowed to try experiments in chemical combinations. Some fifty barrels of pork and beef had been scattered around in the mud, and a few hundred yards down the track a dense cloud of smoke was arising from the remains of a factory which had been used for rendering up tallow and boiling bones. About a thousand good hides

were stretched in a field close by, upon stakes, and remain uninjured.

A car upon the track, which ran to Centreville, a short distance up, had on it the whole effects of a printing-office, types, cases, all that is needed in an office; a large lot of paper and a Washington press. The forms had in them blanks for muster-rolls and furloughs. This car will be a great prize for the regiment into whose hands it falls. An infantry regiment soon came in and commenced to ransack the tents and remaining stores, for plunder and relics, but the printing-office remained untouched.

Leaving the Junction, we all rode up to the Bull Run battle-field. The different positions occupied by the different forces were explained by Gen. McDowell. They are the same now as when we stood there on that memorable Sabbath. All was quiet through that now peaceful dale. The roar of the murderous artillery, the flash of the musketry, and the groans of the wounded and dying seemed to be still ringing in our ears; but the chirping of the tree-frogs, or a solitary bird perched upon a sheltered bush, was all that really broke the stillness.

As we halted for a moment we noticed on the hill-tops a number of empty huts, along the ravines were the strong natural defences so lately garrisoned by the rebel hordes; but they have all gone now. Near the field where Col. Cameron fell are long and broad trenches, only distinguished as graves by the new-made earth, on which the grass this last summer has refused to grow. The hill-side where Schenck led his division under the murderous fire, the ravine where the rebel cavalry outflanked us, the little old negro hut and other buildings they used as hospitals, are still there; the blood-stained floors covered with dirt. The stone bridge has been blown up, and is now a heap of ruins. We rode across the field where our Parrott guns were lost, picked up a cannon-ball, and pushed on to Centreville, reaching here at dark.

The rebel army of the Potomac, from all appearances, has been at times strong in numbers and well entrenched. They may have had one hundred and fifty thousand men, but we much doubt if they have had over one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty thousand. Whether they could have been cut off last fall or this winter, or could have been driven from Manassas in confusion at any time, is not for us to decide. Such as they were, they have gone hence. Contrabands coming in tell us that they said they will make a stand at Warrenton for the present, but will not fight this side of Gordonsville, and will force us to come to their mountain fastnesses to meet them.

The rebel Gen. Stuart was at Gainesville last night, with the rear of his army, moving swiftly on, impressing all the slaves and driving them on to work on the new fortifications. Numbers of men suspected of Union sentiments have also been carried away. Posted on a door of a log-house, where everything had been abandoned in confusion, was the following notice:

TO THE GENTLEMEN (?) OF THE NORTH, THE CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM.

We abandon these quarters to you, expecting to return in a month or two. Assure yourselves they are not a gift, but are merely lent, with the scriptural injunction: "Occupy till I come."

We feel constrained to burn our wearing apparel, with the exception of what will be found left as legacies—our beds and comforts only—for fear of acting treasonably, for by leaving them we would be giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Look out for another Manassas when we meet again.

Yours, very truly,

A Retired but Not Cowed Adversary.

Crescent Blues, La. Vols. for the War.

NEW-YORK "WORLD" ACCOUNT.

CENTREVILLE, March 11.

At a late hour this (Tuesday) evening, I sit down to write you what the grand army of the Potomac has done and learned within the last twenty-four hours. For in so brief a time, now seeming longer than a month of common life, the entire front of this long Virginia campaign has changed its complexion. The grand army has passed its grand climacteric, and who shall guess at the story of its life to be? Not I, for one; since what we know of future plans is forbidden us to tell; and the quick changes now upon us are so radical that even the commanding general cannot yet have measured them in their length and breadth.

To begin at the beginning. All the North by this time knows that Centreville and Manassas are evacuated; furthermore, that Gen. McClellan's vast column is in motion—was, at least—and apparently following upon the rear of a retreating foe. Now, of what the writer has personal cognizance; more than this much I cannot attempt to tell.

Sunday afternoon it was known in Washington that Gen. McClellan had crossed the Potomac. During the day, also, other important matters had occurred, such as the rapid sending of regiments up the river, apparently with the view to strengthen Geary at Leesburg, and complete the junction of our right and centre. A "movement" of the grand column was expected to commence on Monday; one based on the plans of weeks, and not on the as yet unconfirmed flight of our enemies. So when it eventuated, and, after all, *from the latter cause*, and in different form and direction from the old strategic plan, no one was surprised, though great excitement prevailed in Washington. An excitement increased throughout Monday by the sight of Long Bridge, crowded from sunrise to sunset with the ceaseless stream of "reserve," regular artillery, and cavalry pouring over into the Old Dominion. An army is like a snake; its head cannot move without dragging body and tail after it, and by this movement of the rear, all experts knew that the van, like John Brown's ghost, was a-marching on. An excitement intensified by the belief that Hooker, after occupying the Cockpit

Point batteries, was throwing his whole division over the Potomac, below the Occoquan; by the meeting and departure of all McClellan's staff; by the hundred other symptoms which proved the arrival of a moment long hoped for, looked for, or demanded by the variously interested parties of the North.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon yesterday before I found myself in the gradually "slowing" current, of which you here have so faint an idea. Uncertain how much of the army had moved, where it was going, or where the general staff rendezvous would be, I intuitively selected Fairfax Court-House as the latter point, and resolved to reach it before bedtime. Of the labors resulting in that end let me spare your readers a description. But you have heard for weeks of the Virginia mud. Starting late, (experience has taught all army reporters to get and keep in the van,) the horseman had the benefit of all the furrowing, ploughing, ditching, and miring accomplished by the march of thousands and thousands, mounted and foot, preceding him throughout the day. It was the great central route of the army. Teams, trains, cannon, caissons, cavalry, choked the way. By them my horse pushed on, floundering as best he might, until, in the evening, Benton's tavern was reached, and the smooth, hardened Fairfax turnpike. From that time forth no mud, though much desolate country, ruined estate; nor any mud to seriously retard the transit of an army even to Bull, otherwise Bloody Run. There the clayey loam again is found, and from thenceforward to the Rappahannock region I learn that roads are nasty.

Fairfax Court-House at nine P.M. And here one learns, first, that the whole army moved at sunrise; second, that all the divisions, except Heintzelman's, converged like the feathers of a fan toward the handle, and are now encamped in exact, compact, most beautiful and formidable order, within a radius of two miles about the Court-House; third, that Gen. McClellan and staff are here, and all the foremost division leaders; fourth, that one can find plenty of friends, and good quarters on a hard floor for the first night of the second march to Richmond.

The regiments—at least such dozens of them whose camp-fires I could see—were mostly snugly covered by the French *tentes d'abri*—"shelter-tents"—of which each marching soldier carries a portion, and is thus sure of protection against any delay of trains.

Late at night came positive tidings to Fairfax, confirming the rumored *evacuation of Centreville and Manassas*. Gen. Kearney, of Franklin's division, had, in fact, boldly pushed into the former famous town, with only a small portion of his brigade; had found it desolate, though frowning in fortified grandeur. Still later, we learned that the last of the rebels had fled from Bull Run, and even Manassas Junction; that a daring squad of Federal cavalry—hearing of this from contrabands leaving the plains, and looking not behind them—had swooped into the latter point, first fording the Run, and found a great conflagration

in full flame, bridges and machine-shops just blown up, other incendiary fires gleaming in the distance; in short, a rapid, utter, and utterly successful evacuation of the Bull Run defences, town, forts, bridges, huts, railroads, and all!

This morning, then, after breakfast with hospitable artillerists, and a resort to first principles in the currying of horses—that is, each man to take care of his own steed—we of the press had something to stimulate us on a forced ride to Centreville, seven or eight miles yet ahead. I say we, for by this time four newspaper men found themselves together. And what a glorious morning ride! Skies warm and bright, air deliciously reminding us of the last time we went over this same road; of last July, and the march to Centreville, the old skirmishing, the gleaming foe ahead, the quick, warning bugle order to halt or go forward. *Was it a year ago?* Say rather yesterday, we thought, and that McDowell, not McClellan, was still leading the onset. Had the battle of Bull Run been fought, or did we dream of such a contest and defeat, and were we now going to test those fastnesses again, and make the actuality have more noble ending than the dream? For even now, as such thoughts would occur at sight of every familiar creek and grove, we met McDowell, stern and courtly, just as he rode a year ago, riding back toward Fairfax at the head of his staff. He had been thus early forward, to make assurance of the evacuation doubly sure, and was rejoining his division—most of which we had left behind, now being at last on the front of our lines, and eagerly dashing onward to the first glimpse of those high, sandy, strongly-defended Centreville ridges, which had kept the grand army so long at bay.

On the route we met picturesque groups of contrabands, who had all night been facing toward the free northern star. Uncle Toms, Georges, and Topseys, bundle-laden and kerchief-turbaned, escaping from vassalage, refusing to believe the fearful stories told them of the cruelties of the Lincolnites, and trusting, good-hearted, kindly children, to find rest and comfort somewhere out of the Old Dominion and on the soil where all who tread are henceforth, thank heaven, forever free.

On the route, too, we began to thrid long open fields, where a year ago those dense thickets of pine and oak were standing, and to see here and there the outmost rebel winter quarters. And now to perceive great changes and encounter real surprises. The rebel army has been housed far more comfortably than our own. The advance camps we passed were deserted little villages, with tidy streets, lined with neat, substantial, weather-proof huts. From the outpost camps, and, in fact from all except those in the extreme rear, every vestige of late occupation had been skilfully swept away.

Centreville at last! There it lay, completely fronted and flanked by the earthworks of which so much has been rumored; there it lay, on the long ridge before us, and a long, dangerous natural glacis stretching a mile betwixt our standpoint and the parapets. There were five or six

forts, directly in sight, with yawning embrasures, and interconnected by rifle-pits and covered ways, extended along the very height which I weeks ago indicated, from recollection, as the probable location of these defences. Up the opposite hill we dashed, cheering the Stars and Stripes, which a Federal soldier was at the moment waving from the nearest structure.

A ride of a mile from right to left of the defences skirting the village evolved the facts that the site of their line was well chosen; that the works, though neither casemated nor bomb-proof nor neatly finished, are almost as well adapted to their intention as our own on the Potomac, and that their natural advantages are superior. The five forts within sight of the turnpike are lunettes, and double lunettes, stockaded inside, and with fascine and sand-bag lined embrasures. *Not a gun was visible in any of them.* From information furnished by Centreville residents, I am confident that no heavy siege-guns have ever been trained in these defences; but that the regular field-batteries of the rebels were placed inside them, ready for action or removal at a moment's notice. The range of these outer defences continues at intervals until Union Mills is reached, eight miles to the south, on the Occoquan. Here night before last the rebels blew up the railroad-bridge, (on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad,) and the explosion was heard by our pickets at Sangster's Station, and understood as indicative of what has since taken place.

Without much delay, wishing to see as much as possible in this one day, I rode through Centreville, making brief enquiries of the few people left. First I stopped at the house of Mr. Grigsby, who had bet, on the evening of the twenty-first of last July, that I would not come back within a year. Poor fellow! He was not in his quaint old mansion to pay his lost wager. The rebels, retreating after plundering almost all his personal property, had forced him to evacuate with them—sorely against his will, as a faithful old slave assured me.

Still onward, and now down the Warrenton turnpike—that route of the ever-memorable retreat—to revisit the battle-field of Bull Run.

A ride of four miles, not as of old, between fenced and fruitful wheat-fields, but between barren stretches, covered with interminable rebel huts, brought our party to the gorge where Tyler fired his first gun on the morning of that Sunday battle. We were now far ahead of the army's vanguard. Cols. Davies and Kilpatrick, of the Harris light cavalry, had indeed assured us of their last night's presence at Manassas Junction, and of the departure of the "last of the rebels." So excitement and curiosity got the better of caution, and we pushed forward to the Stone Bridge, intending to go as nearly as possible over the path of the never-forgotten contest—though not having time to follow the extreme flank movement executed by Hunter's column as the chief portion of that day's drama.

Well, the battle-field was before us and around us; less changed in the appearance of its thou-

sand blood-enriched acres than any portion of the day's previous journey. There were the same hills, the same valley, the same lowering and murderous forests, the same blue sky and gleaming sun. Absent the din of battle, the big-voiced cannon, the victory, the repulse, the terrific riot and murder. Slowly and sadly we passed by the deep gorge where the ruins of the just-shattered bridge lay piled in the swollen torrent; thence a mile down the stream to the fords, where Schenck endeavored fruitlessly to cross. The current was so high from recent rains that our horses were almost swimming before we gained the opposite shore. Once on dry ground, we rode on, and over the arid Manassas hills toward the Junction, still six miles ahead. Everywhere more camps, hut-villages, the graves of soldiers, the desolation of deserted Russia, the vague, unrestful loneliness of a land where nothing is save shadows and recollections, and the empty shells of what was dense life and desperate strength and purpose.

On the way to the Junction, we dined at a planter's house, (now tenanted by a dependent Scotch family,) where Gen. Gustavus A. Smith was to have taken headquarters this week. Corn-cakes and bacon, and a stupefied ignorance of the purposes and numbers of their late surrounders, were the results obtained from these honest, bewildered people.

Far in the distance, along the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad, we could see the blue smoke arising from burning bridges. But close at hand, a denser cloud guided us to the Junction. As we approached it, we met Gens. McDowell and McClellan taking their first reconnoissance of the late rebel quarters, and—more significant—galloping by the opposite road to the battle-field. There was something dramatic in the pageant thus sweeping by. Three thousand cavalry attended and guarded the two chieftains. The commander who was guiding the commander who is to the field of Bull Run, and pointing out to him the haps and mishaps which are history for evermore. On they went, and late at night had completed the circuit, were again in Centreville, and perhaps *en route* for Fairfax. But four loyal civilians had revisited the battle-field before these, or any less distinguished Federalists. We were the first Northerners, high or low, who succeeded in accomplishing that feat.

After passing the generals, we speedily reached the still-burning ruins at Manassas Junction. I send you maps of that locality, and of the whole region around Centreville, which will give the *World* readers an exact understanding of the position of affairs. My letter is long; it is now almost Wednesday morning, and I must hasten to a close. Suffice it to say that at Manassas Junction everything was ruin and ravage. The torch had been applied to the machine-shop, depot, other buildings, and camps thereabout, and all were levelled to one smoking, flickering mass. Locomotives and cars had shared the common fate. Two camps, however, had been evacuated so hastily, that arms, hospital-stores, tents, and

baggage, were left behind unharmed, but strewn in infinite confusion. Stragglers from the advanced cavalry and infantry regiments had found their way hither, and were plundering huge acquisitions of confederate "loot." Seeing a pair of holsters in my path, I placed them across my saddle-bow, and rode along.

The earth-works of the Junction were chiefly built last summer. They are turfed by nature, and well ditched, but are generally of an inferior character. They have evidently not been relied upon for defence since the battle of Bull Run, and later fortification of Centreville heights. The extreme advanced range, however, is of a pretty substantial and scientific structure, but could never have resisted the skilful investment of a trained army in force. Through it we rode again for Centreville, seven miles distant, this time over a corduroy road, parallel with the railroad branch which the rebels have this winter laboriously constructed on a bee-line from the Junction to Centreville. This route passes across Blackburn's Ford, the spot near which the minor battle of the eighteenth July was fought. At the Ford we found still existing Butler's house, in which Beauregard was dining at the commencement of that action; and in the roof of the house was visible the very hole made by the shell which Lieut. Babbitt (of Tyler's artillery) aimed so skilfully as to disturb the rebel engineer at his noontide meal. I saw again the same thicket in which the Massachusetts skirmishers were enveloped by so murderous a fire. *Forsan meminisse olim hæc juvabit.* And so we kept on, until, three miles beyond the Ford and battle-valley, Centreville again received us. And here, in Grigsby's deserted house, by the side of a fire improvised for the occasion, we are writing our rapid recurrences of this fatiguing but exciting day.

We do not know yet whether the army will go any further, and, if we did, should have no right to tell. Only the advance guard occupies Centreville to night. This the rebels will have known long before my letter reaches you.

But of the results demonstrated by to day's reconnoissance I can properly speak.

I. The rebel army has made the most successful, complete, and handsome evacuation—the most secure and perfect retreat, of which history furnishes an example. It has *safely* escaped, with its entire right and left wings, from Centreville, from the Upper and Lower Potomac, from every point threatened by our lines.

It has securely carried off its every gun, all its provisions and munitions, and three fourths of the populace, black and white, along its route. Gen. Stuart threatened to come back to-day and swoop off the remaining people and houses, and nothing but his sudden pursuit by our army has perhaps prevented him from doing it.

It has blown up or otherwise destroyed every bridge and culvert on turnpike and railroad along its route.

It has swept clean every camp, except the few at Manassas Junction, whence its rear-guard evi-

dently departed in hastened alarm at the sudden approach of our army. Never was an evacuation more complete.

II. Gen. Jackson has escaped from Shenandoah Valley, burning bridges between himself and Gen. Banks. This is positively stated by escaped contrabands coming in to night.

III. The number of camps and barracks scattered far and wide would afford, even as they stand now, accommodation for near seventy thousand men, and this only refers to those within eight miles of Centreville.

IV. A large portion of this evacuation must have been gradually accomplished during the past two months. But nearly fifty thousand rebels were here and at Manassas within the last week, of whom ten thousand went off by the Warrenton turnpike and forty thousand by railroad to Warrenton Junction and beyond. Trains were running day and night. Gen. Johnston left on Thursday night; Gen. Smith on Saturday, and Gen. Stuart on Sunday evening. I am now writing in the room lately occupied by all these worthies in succession.

V. We believe that the enemy has now fallen back to Warrenton, but will make his stand at Gordonsville, and give us battle there, or not at all. *Echo*: Not at all.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN.

CENTREVILLE, VA., March 12, 1862.

A correspondent gives the following account of the appearance of the battle-field of Bull Run after the occupation of Manassas:

I have been rambling this glorious afternoon over the fatal field of Bull Run, and roaming through the country hereabouts. The weather has all the sweetness and temper of a pleasant summer-day, and the coy and bracing breeze that comes down from the mountains sends new life into the veins, and buoyancy into every nerve. Those mountains! distant, dim and blue, they trace their rugged and ragged peaks along the horizon, and seem nature's type of calm sublimity. Who does not love these cloud-wrapped homes of freedom? In all ages of the world, the mountains and the mountaineers have preserved independence and civilisation and religious liberty, and wherever, in this glorious Republic, these majestic peaks exist, liberty and loyalty exist among them. The heights of Centreville are but the commencement of a series of hills, which roll and swell until they reach the high mountain-ridges. The view is comprehensive and magnificent, until it abruptly terminates in the forests and fastnesses near Manassas. We pass down the old road, along which the centre of McDowell's columns advanced, and by which the retreat of the panic-stricken teamsters took place. On the left, at the top of the hill, are Beauregard's old headquarters—deserted and lonely. A little further on is a small frame house, where a negro family resides. The father beckons smilingly from his door, as we pass along; the children gambol and romp over the grass, shouting heedlessly. Most of the fences have been demolished. The race

of fences, in this part of Virginia, seems to have expired—some are in a primary state of decay, some are in a secondary state, while most of them have passed away, and left no token.

We ride along the ascending and descending road. It is covered with evidences of the haste and waste attending the retreating rebel army. Shattered pots and kettles, half-burned-out equipments, torn cartridge-boxes and haversacks, remnants of old clothing, hats, shoes, pipe-heads and stems, bones and biscuit, horse-shoes and tattered harness, strew the road in great profusion. There are long lines of rebel encampments. Whatever may be said of the rebel soldiers, it must be admitted that they passed the winter in a very comfortable manner. Their quarters are commodious and compact, and consist of log-walls and partitions, densely plastered with mud and mortar.

Inside berths were erected, and furnaces were buried in the earth. Large chimneys projected from the roof, and in most of the buildings there were one or two windows. Many of the encampments are in the middle of a forest, occupying picturesque positions. They were left in great haste, but, with the exception of those around Manassas, none were burned. I should think, from my own hasty observation, that there are buildings enough now standing, and in good order, to accommodate fifty thousand men. Indeed, from Centreville to Bull Run, the line of encampments was continuous. I expressed some surprise to a Virginian, with whom I rode part of the way, at the huts being left unharmed. He replied by saying, that when the retreat was ordered, on Saturday, express orders were given by Gen. Johnston, not to destroy anything, as he intended to return again very soon. "But I guess he changed his mind when he got to Manassas," said my companion, very quietly; "for then he commenced burning, and he keeps it up all the way along." It was painful to see the number of dead horses lying around. In every field they were festering away. They had died from over-work, from a want of food and attention, and from brutality. The sight was extremely painful, and it was always present.

I stopped at the hospital-cottage. It was here where the dead and wounded were brought during the battle. The former owner had moved away, and it was now occupied by a family of negroes. A number of our soldiers were sitting on the porch, sunning themselves, and eating a lunch of biscuit and bacon. The well, whose waters soothed the thirsty agony of many of our brave soldiers, in their dying hours, was still there, but very much dilapidated. At Cub Run the bridge had been destroyed by fire, and we were compelled to ford the water to reach the other side. Cub Run is a narrow, shallow and insignificant stream, which empties into Bull Run. Beyond this, the Ohio troops had held a position on the day of the fight. To the right Sherman's battery was planted. When we came to Bull Run, we found the massive stone bridge, which had been the scene of a fierce conflict in the early

part of the contest, blown up. The timbers were shattered, broken, and scarred with powder. The stream is deep, rapid and impetuous. On the opposite bank a high bluff arises, covered with scanty foliage, and overhung in some places with trees and shrubbery. Crossing a broad and open field, we came to Blackburn's Ford. We can see traces of the conflict in shattered trees, broken trunks, limbs and boughs. The grass is long and rank, the ground is uneven and marshy, and in some places traversed by streams of water. Crossing the ford, we go over the Manassas road. Here the rebels were strongly intrenched, and along this road came the reinforcements of Gen. Johnston, which turned the fortunes of the day. At this point of the field Beauregard was stationed, and a house was shown where a stray cannon-ball passed over the table while he was eating his dinner. The wall of the house is broken, and although this story, like many others, may be apocryphal, the building evidently suffered from the fire of the Union artillery.

Beyond the ford the rebel cavalry were stationed, and over these broad fields they made the charge, which completed the panic of our troops, and captured Mr. Ely, Col. Corcoran, and a number of prisoners. On a knoll to the right, at the edge of a rock, the battery of the rebels was placed, which commanded the road, and raked our retreating forces. The way was narrow, straight, and for a mile or two very even, affording a sure aim for the guns. The effect of a few rounds from heavy cannon could easily be conceived, and the loss of life must have been fearful. The spot where Col. Cameron fell was pointed out, but in the mind of my informant there was some doubt as to the exact location of the death-scene. The extent of the battle-field was very large and intricate. It is impossible to form any definite idea of the nature of the field. The scene of the action changed from one part of the ground to another, varying and shifting, advancing and receding, according as the tide of battle went with us and against us. I fancied I could trace, from the open field near the ford, where the feigned attack was made early in the day, the course of our army, as it slowly pressed the enemy back. On the right, where it is said the regulars, the New-York Sixty-ninth, and the regiment of Burnside were engaged, the trees are broken and shattered. One heavy cannon-ball passed through the trunks of two large trees, and shivered them into splinters. The limbs still remain brown and decayed. I was curious to see if any trace of the far-famed masked batteries existed, but nothing was covered. The position of the enemy was naturally a strong one. They had the devious, intricate, and heavily-wooded banks of Bull Run as a natural defence; they commanded every ford and every bridge. For a great part of its course it reminded me of the scene along the banks of the lower Wissahickon, although the grandeur and majesty surrounding that beautiful stream were wanting. Nature was the strongest bulwark of our foes, and in failing to surmount it, we were vanquished.

In an open field, from which the fences had been torn away, immediately beyond what is known as "Lewis's House," where the rebel General Stuart had his headquarters, our dead lie buried. There are no distinctive marks to designate the names of the fallen, but there they lie, "in one red burial blent." It was some days after the battle before the dead soldiers of the Union army were placed in their graves, and I am sorry to say that, from what I heard, all the stories of the indignities heaped upon their remains, the plunder and rapine, were true. They were huddled into a common grave, and over their resting-place the deep ruts of wagons and teams were marked. It seemed so strange, on this bright summer afternoon, with nature bursting into spring; the songs of birds ringing merrily through the air; the distant humming of the noisy stream, coming like a murmuring cadence upon the ear; with all the realities around, beautiful and romantic, to ride over this sacred ground. My companion had gone on his errand, and I came back alone. Everything was calm and subdued, and so far as the outward seeming went, there could be no more attractive place than the battle-field of Bull Run. An occasional soldier passed along the road on his pilgrimage, an occasional officer rode quietly and curiously along the Manassas road. There were the woods, the fields, the streams, the heights, the lonely encampments of huts, as silent as the city of the dead; no longer the roar of cannon, as on that sad Sunday in July; the contest of angry and infuriated men; the wounded and the dead, they were constantly carried along to the nearest hospital; the rattle of musketry; the noise and the shouting; the long-continued strife; the sudden lull, and the shameful retreat in the shadows of the evening hour; the panic and utter rout.

Two scenes—the summer day in July, the spring day in March. Very different—very distinctive. Each with its great lesson, each the moral of a nation's history. We come over the hill and Centreville appears. Over its heights the Union flag is floating, and the Union musicians fill the air with sweet and patriotic sounds. I think the lesson of Manassas has been learned.

J. R. Y.

Doc. 86.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ORDERS.

PUBLISHED MARCH 11, 1862.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, January 27, 1862. }

President's General War Order, No. 1.

ORDERED, That the Twenty-second day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces.

That especially

The Army at and about Fortress Monroe,
The Army of the Potomac,
The Army of Western Virginia,
The Army near Mumfordsville, Kentucky,

The Army and Flotilla at Cairo,
And a Naval Force in the Gulf of Mexico,
be ready for a movement on that day.

That all other forces, both land and naval, with their respective commanders, obey existing orders for the time, and be ready to obey additional orders when duly given.

That the Heads of Departments, and especially the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, with all their subordinates, and the General-in-Chief, with all other commanders and subordinates of land and naval forces, will severally be held to their strict and full responsibilities for the prompt execution of this order.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 8, 1862. }

President's General War Order, No. 2.

ORDERED, I. That the Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac proceed forthwith to organize that part of said army destined to enter upon active operations, (including the reserve, but excluding the troops to be left in the fortifications about Washington,) into four army corps, to be commanded according to seniority of rank, as follows:

First Corps, to consist of four divisions, and to be commanded by Major-Gen. I. McDowell.

Second Corps, to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. E. V. Sumner.

Third Corps, to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. S. P. Heintzelman.

Fourth Corps, to consist of three divisions, and to be commanded by Brig.-Gen. E. L. Keyes.

II. That the divisions now commanded by the officers above assigned to the commands of corps, shall be embraced in and form part of their respective corps.

III. The forces left for the defence of Washington will be placed in command of Brig.-General James Wadsworth, who shall also be Military Governor of the District of Columbia.

IV. That this order be executed with such promptness and despatch, as not to delay the commencement of the operations already directed to be undertaken by the Army of the Potomac.

V. A fifth Army Corps, to be commanded by Major-Gen. N. P. Banks, will be formed from his own and Gen. Shields's, late Gen. Lander's, division.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 11, 1862. }

President's War Order, No. 3.

Major-Gen. McClellan having personally taken the field at the head of the Army of the Potomac until otherwise ordered, he is relieved from the command of the other military departments, he retaining command of the Department of the Potomac.

Ordered, further, That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under Gen. Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, be consolidated and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that until oth-

erwise ordered Major-Gen. Halleck have command of said department.

Ordered, also, That the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of the Department of the Mississippi be a military department, to be called the Mountain Department, and that the same be commanded by Major-Gen. Fremont.

That all the Commanders of Departments, after the receipt of this order by them respectively, report severally and directly to the Secretary of War, and that prompt, full, and frequent reports will be expected of all and each of them.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Doc. 87.

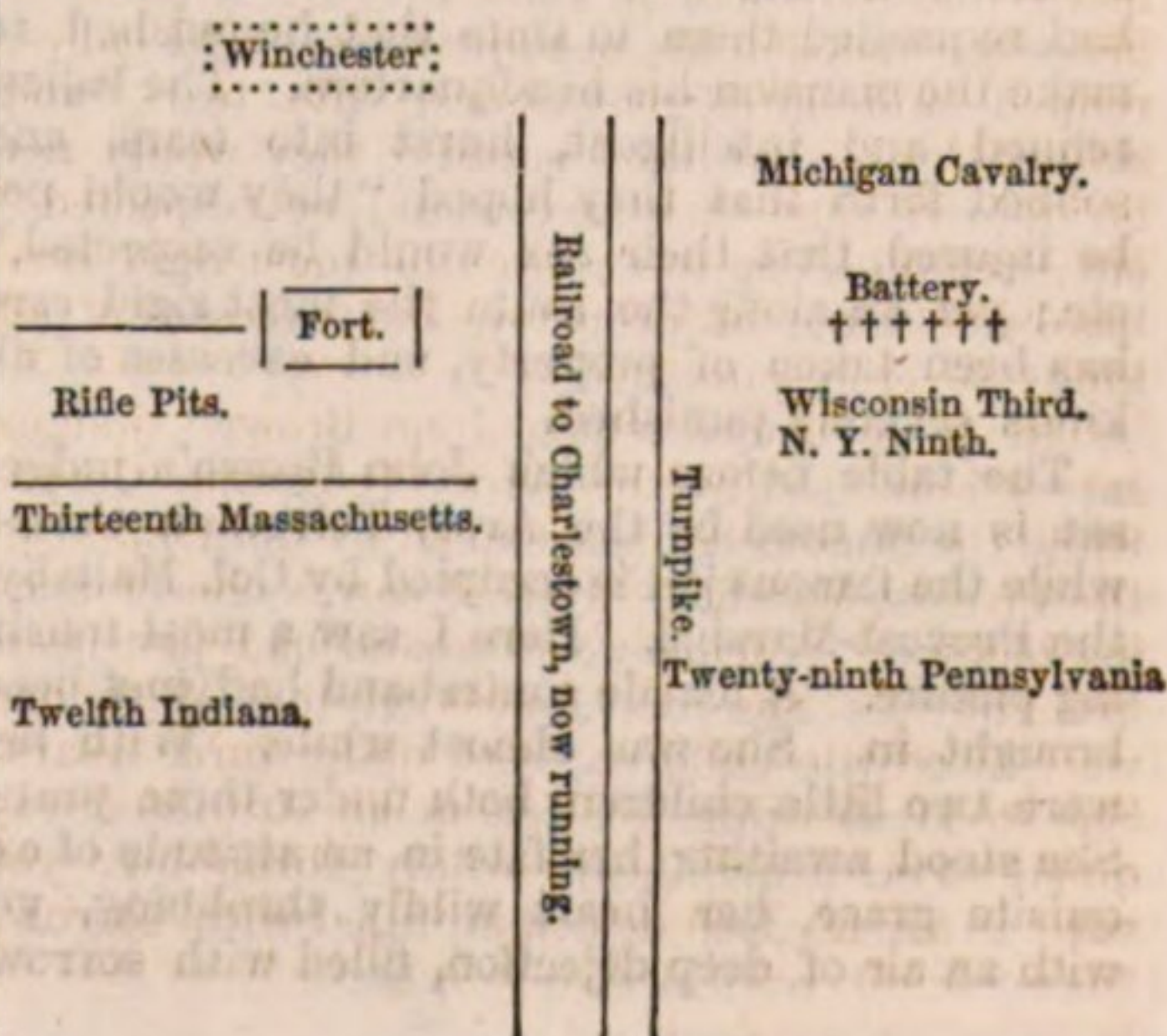
OCCUPATION OF WINCHESTER, VA.

NEW-YORK "TIMES" ACCOUNT.

THE ARMY OF THE ADVANCE—GEN. BANKS' }
DIVISION, Friday, March 14, 1862. }

En avant. With plans fully matured, the vast army of the Union, numbering over five hundred and ninety-five thousand men, equipped in every respect, and each man filled with the enthusiasm that belongs to a just and holy cause—that of a good Government—advance now from every point, not like the "anaconda," as some are fond of comparing the force to, but rather like the lordly eagle, at one swoop, falling on every point, and triumphing everywhere. Here at Winchester, we conquer to restore, and most joyously have we been received by the people. On our entrance, the old flag, which in many a house had been hidden for many a weary month of delay, waved from balcony and house-top; ladies applauded, too, and under a perfect canopy of white banners, we enter the old town. Our joy was saddened with the thought that the night before over two hundred Union Virginians had been carried off by Jackson's troops, and as many homes were left sad and desolate in consequence. Winchester cast a strong vote against secession last spring, and many of the people, at any and every hazard, have remained true to the flag.

I inclose a rough diagram, showing the order of the advance:



First came a squadron of Michigan cavalry, followed by two batteries, Captains Mather's and Hampton's, Parrott and field-guns. These were followed by our New-York Ninth, Col. Stiles, and the Third Wisconsin, Col. Rutger, who acted as skirmishers on the right, along the Winchester hills. To the left, on the other side of the railroad and turnpike, were the Thirteenth Massachusetts, while the Twelfth Indiana and the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania acted in the open field on either side, being drawn up in companies. This was the regular order of the immediate advance, and after them followed the rest of the vast army, who now throng the Winchester streets almost as thick as ants.

We found that the most infamous stories had been circulated here as elsewhere all along the route, of the "Lincoln horde;" of their intention "to ravish women, murder children, and arm the slaves against their masters," etc. General Banks will not stop here. Strasburgh is only eighteen miles off, and that place will succumb ere many days. At Charlestown the women still remain bitter and intense foes of the Union, while nearly all the men are off, enrolled in the confederate States army. To show the enmity of the fair there, I will mention that one of the Press Brigade craved a room at the house of a lady on Main street. She met him at the door with flashing eyes, said that if he was hungry she would give him something to eat, but that she would sooner die than allow one of the vile mercenaries of the North to pollute her hearthstone for the night. She pointed to her boy of fourteen: "This is the last that is left at home. Six of his brothers are with our army, and every one of my male relatives who is capable; and I live in the hope that when this last one is old enough, he too will go forth, and I hope that he will plunge his sword deep into your hearts." With a grand air, this tragedy-queen slammed the door. Such is the madness of our Southern brethren, fearfully deluded by their infamous leaders. A strong instance of this occurred, just before General Banks entered Charlestown. Several members of his staff rode up to R. M. T. Hunter's house, and stated that the General had requested them to state that he wished to make the mansion his headquarters. The ladies, refined and intelligent, burst into tears, and sobbed forth that they hoped "they would not be injured, that their sex would be respected," etc.; yet all along the route the most rigid care has been taken of property, and excesses of all kinds severely punished.

The table before which John Brown's judges sat is now used by the Army Telegraph Corps, while the famous jail is occupied by Col. Maltsby, the Provost-Marshal. Here I saw a most touching picture. A female contraband had just been brought in. She was almost white. With her were two little children, both under three years. She stood awaiting her fate in an attitude of exquisite grace, her heart wildly throbbing, yet with an air of deep dejection, filled with sorrow,

and the memories, perchance, of repeated degradation. One could see by her unstudied grace of attitude and statuesque air that in her blood coursed some of the best white blood in the State; yet she was only a slave—a mere "chattel." At Harper's Ferry, the once famous engine-house in which the old man defied all Virginia, there are now some thirty secession prisoners—a curious change to those who once howled at the Union, because one old man made a mad stroke for the freedom of the slaves. There are now only thirty families left, where there were, a year ago, five thousand people. The day before our troops crossed the Potomac, a messenger came to town in hot haste, demanding that all the citizens should shoulder a musket, and join the militia, for active service against the "Yankees." The next day, in six hours the pontoon-bridge of forty strong boats was built; and ere the sun set, eight thousand men—horse, foot, and artillery—had passed over in perfect safety. The old bridge will be finished next week, and by the first of April the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will be running again.

The numerous graves on the crest of the hill at Harper's Ferry, show how busy death has been in the confederate ranks during the winter. Around are seen the lofty ridges of the Blue Mountains, pierced at one bold point by the Potomac and Shenandoah. Nature has lavished a wild beauty over the whole scene, and man has degraded it by the basest treason. As our thick ranks passed the lonely cemetery, a meadow-lark, perched on an oak, sent forth her lute-like notes, which whispered to many a one of the homes they had left behind. It was a trifling incident, but it was noticed that many were affected by the melody.

When our troops passed through Berryville, they found one side of the Berryville *Conservator* all ready for the forms, stuffed, of course, with secession. Some typos of the First Minnesota immediately went to work, and printed the other side strong Union, of course. I enclose a copy.

A very funny incident happened near Martinsburg. As a general rule, the army has found that many Virginians have deserted, or voluntarily thrown down their arms, alleging that they had no heart in the fight, but were forced to enlist. This is not the case with many of the Gulf troops, however; they are dogged and obstinate, and very bitter. A son of Erin captured one of the "Mississippi Tigers," and while bringing him to camp, the "Tiger"—an immense fellow—managed to free himself and run. The Hibernian disdained to use his musket, but chased him. At last seizing him, at it they went, rough-and-tumble. The "Tiger," maddened by the heavy blows, basely bit him, nearly severing his thumb. The Celt dropped the soldier then, and retaliated in the same style. Finally he conquered him after a tremendous punishment, which dislocated his shoulder. The next day he visited the son of the "Repudiation State," in the hospital, went up to him, and shaking his well arm with a

hearty grip, observed: "I haven't a bit of a grudge against ye; be jabbers, ye are almost as good as meself." Such is some of the side-play of war.

JASPER.

Doc. 88.

FIGHT AT PARIS, TENN.

GEN. HALLECK'S DESPATCH.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
ST. LOUIS, March 18, 1862. }

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Our artillery and cavalry yesterday attacked the enemy's works one and a half miles west of Paris, Tenn. The enemy was driven out, with the loss of one hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our loss, Capt. Bull, of the artillery, and four men killed and five wounded.

A cavalry force, sent out from Lebanon, Mo., attacked one of Price's guerrilla parties, killed thirteen, wounded five, and captured over twenty prisoners, among whom was Brig.-Gen. E. Campbell, the commander.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

Doc. 89.

OCCUPATION OF JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

REPORT OF LIEUT. STEVENS.

U. S. GUNBOAT OTTAWA, }
OFF JACKSONVILLE, March 18. }

To Flag-Officer S. F. Du Pont, commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

SIR: I succeeded in crossing the bar with this vessel, the Seneca and Pembina, the day before yesterday, about four o'clock, having no water to spare under our keels. The Smith arrived half an hour afterward, and crossed without a pilot, as it was necessary to make arrangements to land a company of soldiers for the protection of the guns, before leaving the entrance of the river. I found it too late to move up to this place. That evening, near ten o'clock, I discovered large fires bearing west-north-west from the anchorage, which proved to be, on my arrival here, the burning of mills, houses, and property belonging to Northern men with suspected Union proclivities, burnt by order of the rebel commander. I left Mayport yesterday, with the vessels named, for this point, ordering the Ellen to stop at John's Bluff and take on board the guns and munitions of war at that point, and afterward to re-join me here, which mission was successfully accomplished. We succeeded in reaching Jacksonville without difficulty, and at every house, save one, found evidences of peaceful demonstrations and returning reason. On our arrival at this place, the corporate authorities, through S. L. Burritt, Esq., came off with a flag of truce, and gave up the town. From conversation with intelligent citizens, I find that the inhabitants are seeking and waiting for the protection of our flag; that they do not fear us, but their own people; and from the occupation of this important point,

I am satisfied, if our opportunities are improved, great results will follow. Many of the citizens have fled, many remain, and there is reason to believe most of them will return. I have just heard the municipal government has been restored. Very respectfully, etc.

T. H. STEVENS,

Lieut. Com'g, Senior Officer present.

PHILADELPHIA "PRESS" ACCOUNT.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 17, 1862.

On Wednesday, the twelfth inst., at seven A.M., signals were made by the Ottawa to get under way, and in fifteen minutes we were steaming up the St. John's, bound to Jacksonville. The weather was rather inauspicious—sun obscured, air damp and chilly, and wind prophetic from N. N. E. Yet withal the trip was not unpleasant. As we left Mayport astern, the vessels took their regular positions in line of sailing: Ottawa (acting flag-ship) leading; Seneca, Pembina, Isaac P. Smith, and Ellen, following. The latter steamer was detached soon after to take aboard and bring up some captured guns.

Owing to a comparative ignorance of the channel, which is exceedingly intricate and difficult of passage, we were obliged to proceed very slowly. About four miles above Mayport, on St. John's bluffs, (the site of the old Spanish fort, Caroline) bold highlands that rise perpendicularly thirty feet from the water, the rebels had cleared away a considerable space, and commenced to erect a battery and barracks for troops. The location is a splendid one, and could readily be converted into a miniature Gibraltar, but their force was insufficient for the work, and it was abandoned after mounting a gun or two, and partially completing the quarters. Four guns were brought hither by the Darlington, (rebel steamer captured near Fernandina,) on the second inst., from Fort Clinch. Some are said to have been submerged at the foot of the bluff. How true it is, we know not. Passing this point, we continued on up the stream, and were everywhere greeted with cheers or waving of handkerchiefs. Men, women, and children, of all colors, turned out *en masse*, and gave us a grand and unexpected ovation. From almost all the houses white flags were displayed, and in some instances waved by the ladies. Very few residences, and those the property of rabid secessionists, were deserted.

Between ten and eleven A.M. we passed the ashes of the Panama Lumber-Mills, a few minutes later the St. John's Mills, and as we drew near Jacksonville, smouldering ruins presented themselves on every side. Nothing but the massive columns of dark pitch-pine smoke, smothered flames, and blackened piles remained of the huge saw-mills that had existed twenty-four hours previously. Such vandalism we have never witnessed. Eight immense mills, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable lumber, destroyed in a single night by the ruthless villains—guerrillas, recognised by that lovely government, the Southern Confederacy! The principal sufferers by these incendiaries are

Messrs. Gilchrist, Fairbanks, Hartridge, Moody, Wilson, Buckman, and Allsop, all Northern men. Only two mills hereabouts have escaped. The owner of one of these claimed British protection, and hoisted the red ensign.

At noon, we anchored off Jacksonville, less than a hundred yards from the wharf. Our reception was anything but enthusiastic. Several large squads of men collected on the wharves, but evinced no manifestations of joy; in short, "they looked as if they could not help it." Several pow-wows and confabs were held by the scribes, who at last came to the conclusion to "turn Union" and make the best of it; conclusions that were much facilitated by the yawning mouths of our big, black "babies," (eleven-inch Dahlgrens.) Capt. Stevens communicated with the shore, and at one P.M. commenced landing the Fourth New-Hampshire regiment, Col. Whipple, in the launches and cutters, to take possession of and occupy the town. This was accomplished quietly and rapidly, and in less than two hours pickets were posted and quarters selected from the deserted houses and stores.

This city was one of the most flourishing in the South, and the most important commercial town in Florida. It is located on the northern bank of the river, twenty-five miles from its mouth, and contains, in all, three thousand inhabitants. Of these, at least one half are, or *were*, originally "Yankees;" and, excepting a few valetudinarians, were all engaged in mercantile pursuits. Many having grown wealthy, and adopted this as their home, have joined in the secession movement and become the most violent of rebels. Others anxious to leave in the beginning of the troubles, but unwilling to relinquish so much valuable property, remained to protect it, hoping for a speedy solution of the unhappy difficulties. These men, few in number, are the loyal men of Florida. By far the majority, however, are avaricious Yankees, mercenary Tories, who, clinging to the side that happens uppermost, no matter which it may be, ask only for trade, showing us a slight preference, because we pay in gold instead of shimplasters. I have had unlimited opportunities of observation and conversation, and do not believe there are ten reliable Union men in the town. When accused of "secesh" sympathies, they reply, in extenuation, that it was compulsory, and that they will join us if we will protect them from the guerrillas and soldiery who are bent upon burning the "Yankee town." One of the most prominent Union men *now* was packing beef for the C. S. A. one week ago. Versatile people!

Of four hundred families that were here ten days since, not more than seventy remain. The rest fled into the interior, carrying all their portable property with them. The young ladies still here are quite entertaining to the "gold bands," and the children and "niggers" are much interested in "de sogers," but the men generally are sullen and unsociable. An improvement, however, is noticeable, and I hope to give a better account of them ere long.

We have learned since our arrival that the confederate gunboat, that was being built here, was burned last Sunday morning. She was being constructed by contract, of live oak; was one hundred and fifty feet long, and twenty-seven feet beam, resembling very much our new gunboats. The planking outside was nearly completed, and in a few weeks she would have been launched. The engines, which were also destroyed, were built here especially for her. In order to raise funds for the prosecution of the work, they were obliged to issue promissory notes, value twenty-five and fifty cents, which were circulated as currency in large quantities, and called "Gunboat money." Another variety of shimplasters was issued by the confederate packing-house—an institution conducted by Col. Titus, of Kansas notoriety, and a "Union man" previously alluded to. The denominations were five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents.

The "Judson House," one of the largest hotels in the State, built, owned, and occupied by Northern men, was burned by the guerrillas, an independent association of gentlemanly scoundrels, numbering nearly sixty, on Tuesday night. In the afternoon, Major Hopkins, commanding the battalion stationed here, assured the proprietor that his property was safe; but his authority was not regarded by the bandits, who are the terror of the people. To the credit of the rebel soldiers, it is said they refrained from all such acts.

Doc. 90.

BEAUREGARD'S ORDER RESPECTING BELL-METAL.

TO THE PLANTERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
JACKSON, TENN., March 8, 1862.

MORE than once a people fighting with an enemy less ruthless than yours; for imperilled rights not more dear and sacred than yours; for homes and a land not more worthy of resolute and unconquerable men than yours; and for interests of far less magnitude than you have now at stake, have not hesitated to melt and mould into cannon the precious bells surmounting their houses of God, which had called generations to prayer. The priesthood have ever sanctioned and consecrated the conversion, in the hour of their nation's need, as one holy and acceptable in the sight of God.

We want cannon as greatly as any people who ever, as history tells you, melted their church-bells to supply them; and I, your general, entrusted with the command of the army embodied of your sons, your kinsmen and your neighbors, do now call on you to send your plantation-bells to the nearest railroad dépôt, subject to my order, to be melted into cannon for the defence of your plantations.

Who will not cheerfully and promptly send me his bells under such circumstances?

Be of good cheer; but time is precious.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

AN APPEAL FOR BELLS.

The ordnance bureau of the government appeals to the people for the use of all the bells they can spare, for the purpose of providing light artillery for the public defence.

The reason for, and the terms on which the appeal is based, are given below, and we invite the attention of all to it, suggesting at the same time to the press of the country that they may advance the cause by giving it a conspicuous place:

TO THE PATRIOTIC—THE VALUE OF CHURCH-BELLS.

The ordnance bureau of the confederate States solicits the use of such bells as can be spared during the war, for the purpose of providing light artillery for the public defence. While copper is abundant, the supply of tin is sufficient to convert the copper into bronze. Bells contain so much tin that two thousand four hundred pounds weight of bell-metal, mixed with the proper quantity of copper, will suffice for a field-battery of six pieces. Those who are willing to devote their bells to this patriotic purpose, will receive receipts for them, and the bells will be replaced, if required, at the close of the war, or they will be purchased at fair prices.

Bells may be directed as follows:

Richmond Arsenal, Richmond, Va., Capt. B. G. Baldwin.

Fayetteville Arsenal, Fayetteville, N. C., Capt. J. C. Booth.

Charleston Arsenal, Charleston, S. C., Capt. F. L. Childs.

Augusta Arsenal, Augusta, Ga., Lieut.-Col. W. G. Gill.

Mount Vernon Arsenal, Mount Vernon, Ala., Capt. J. L. White.

Columbus Dépôt, Columbus, Miss., Major W. R. Hunt.

Atlanta Dépôt, Atlanta, Ga., Lieutenant M. H. Wright.

Savannah Dépôt, Savannah, Ga., Capt. R. M. Cuyler.

Knoxville Dépôt, Knoxville, Ga., Lieut. P. M. McClung.

Baton Rouge Arsenal, Baton Rouge, La., F. C. Humphreys, military storekeeper.

Montgomery Dépôt, Montgomery, Ala., C. G. Wagner, military storekeeper.

The government will pay all charges to these places, and receipts will be promptly returned to the proper parties.

Persons and congregations placing their bells at the service of the government, are requested to send a statement of the fact, with a description and weight of the bell to the chief of the bureau of ordnance, at Richmond, for record in the war department.

—*Norfolk Day-Book*, April 21.

Doc. 91.

THE CAPTURE OF ST. MARY'S.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDING STEVENS.

RECONNOISSANCE UP ST. MARY'S RIVER,
U. S. GUNBOAT OTTAWA, March 7, 1862. }

SIR: Upon the arrival of the Isaac Smith at

St. Mary's, I proceeded in this vessel, under your instructions on a reconnoissance up the St. Mary's River, and reached a place called Woodstock Mills, about fifty miles from this place, landing at the plantation of a Mrs. Campbell, and that of a Mrs. Downes, called the Brickyard, and at Woodstock, owned and occupied by a Mr. Alburti, notifying those whom I met (which seemed to reassure them) of your intention to protect all peaceable citizens in their persons and property, and inviting those who had fled to return to their homes.

I enclose herewith a copy of the communication I left with Mrs. Campbell and Judge Alburti, to signify the same to the people generally. Before leaving Woodstock Mills I learned through a negro that it was the intention of the rebels to cut us off with their light batteries and infantry of the Mississippi regiment which had been stationed here.

When near the Brickyard, the enemy's riflemen attacked us in force from both sides of the river. I opened upon them with our battery, using grape and canister, and small-arms, killing and wounding a large number. The fire was kept up from both sides of the river, (here about one hundred yards wide,) for about a mile, after which we saw nor heard anything more of them until just above the plantation of Mrs. Campbell, when discovering a large body of cavalry about one thousand two hundred yards ahead of us, I threw a few second eleven-inch shells among them, when they fled in great haste and confusion. Passing down, when about three miles further, just where it debouches into the marshes, we discovered in the ambush a body of the enemy, and before they had time to fire we gave them a round from the eleven-inch, loaded with canister, the two twenty-four pound howitzers, and the twelve-pound howitzer of the Wabash, (which I had taken on board before leaving,) which was worked admirably, as indeed all the other guns were. Very few of the enemy escaped this destructive fire.

I enclose herewith a list of the casualties which occurred on board from the fire of the enemy, which was very accurate, as the various narrow escapes of both officers and men, and the numerous bullet-holes in the sides of the vessel, will testify. I am informed that some distance beyond our point I reached, there are large quantities of turpentine on board of two steamers. The steamers cannot escape.

I saw also on the bank of the river the live-oak frame complete for a ship of one thousand eight hundred tons, ready for shipment, and a schooner, in very good order, of about one hundred tons; but as the river is very narrow, and the turns following each other in quick succession, sharp and abrupt, I did not think it advisable to attempt to tow down with so long a vessel.

The live-oak abounds for many miles along the river. I am quite confident that our visit will be productive of good both to those well disposed and to our enemies, who have been taught a lesson they will not soon forget. From my observ-

ation, such a thing as free speech among them is a tradition, and the reign of terror rules everywhere. Still those I saw were very grateful for the assurances given, and I doubt not many of them will avail themselves of our protection.

Finally, permit me to commend to you the good conduct, uniform throughout, of both officers and men, and to thank, through you, Midshipman Pearson, of the Wabash, who commanded her cutter, for the valuable assistance he was always, in fire and out of fire, ready to render.

Very respectfully, T. A. STEVENS,
Lieutenant Commanding.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT, OTTAWA, }
ST. MARY'S RIVER, March 7, 1862. }

Capt. Stevens, of the United States gunboat Ottawa, is authorised by Flag-Officer Du Pont to assure the peaceable citizens living on the banks of the St. Mary's River, that they will be protected in their persons and property; that it is his desire they should return to their homes, where nobody will come near to harm them.

T. A. STEVENS,
Lieutenant Commanding.

Doc. 92.

GEN. STONEMAN'S RECONNOISSANCE

TOWARD WARRENTON, VA., MARCH 14.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New-York Tribune* gives the following account of this affair:

WASHINGTON, Monday, March 17, 1862.

ON Friday last a grand reconnoissance in force was made by Gen. Stoneman, Chief of Cavalry, about fourteen miles beyond Manassas, toward Warrenton, to which place it was said the rebels had retreated. Gen. Stoneman was attended by the following staff-officers, regular and volunteer: Lieut.-Col. Grier, Inspector of Cavalry; Major Whipple, Topographical Engineers; Dr. McMillan, Division Surgeon; Capt. A. J. Alexander, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut. Sumner, Aide-de-Camp; Lieut. Bowen, Topographical Engineers; Duc de Paris, Duc de Chartres, Count Dillanceau, Dr. G. Grant, Assistant Division Surgeon. The force was composed of the Sixth United States cavalry regiment, Col. Emery; Fifth United States cavalry regiment, under command of Capt. Whiting, Owens, and Harrison; Third Pennsylvania cavalry, Lieut. Col. Griffiths; McClellan dragoons, Major Barker; and Fifty-seventh New-York volunteers, infantry, Col. Zook.

At Bristow's Station the retreating rebels had burned the railroad-bridge, and it was learned that a squad of twenty cavalry had been there that morning for the purpose of impressing every white man they could find into the service. One of the Union troops who had come this distance foraging, narrowly escaped with his life. A Mr. McCarthy, living near the station, hearing of the approach of the rebel scouts on Friday morning, secreted himself with five other men in the woods and underbrush. McCarthy escaped, but the others were captured by their own imprudence.

Mr. Thomas K. Davis, a Union man living near Bristow's, was grossly insulted and rudely handled for refusing to join the rebel forces. Some of his houses were burned, and the chivalrous Louisianians endeavored to frighten him by firing a pistol and musket about his head.

Following the line of the railroad, it was also found that Kipp's Bridge, a structure of thirty feet span, had been destroyed by fire. The ruins lay in the bottom of the stream. About two o'clock in the afternoon the main body halted, the Fifth cavalry being sent forward to feel the enemy. When within a mile and a half of Catlipp's Station, this body of cavalry halted, when observations were made with field-glasses, and men on horseback discovered in the distance, both on the front and upon the hills to the right of the railroad. Capt. Whiting directly thereafter despatched two squadrons, under Lieuts. Custer and McIntosh, to drive in the rebel pickets on the front, and another squadron to accomplish the same on the right. The charge in front was beautifully made, and as the Fifth rode up the hill, the rebels took to their heels and retreated across Cedar Run, destroying the railroad-bridge by fire as they went along.

As our cavalry approached the run and were attempting to save the bridge, the rebels secreted in the forest fired two or three volleys upon them. Private John W. Bryand was shot in the back of the head, but not severely wounded. One horse was wounded, and several shots passed through the men's stirrups. The rebels had a flag bearing St. Anthony's cross, which they waved toward our troops. This body of our troops being armed only with revolvers beside their sabres, could not injure the skulking cowards who were hid among the trees.

Capt. Whiting sent for reinforcements, when the main body came up, and a position was taken upon the hill-top, where the troops bivouacked for the night. Pickets were thrown out, and a close watch kept upon the rebel movements. The Union troops suffered severely on account of the heavy mist and rain that fell, nearly extinguishing their fire. They were without any sort of shelter except their blankets.

At daylight on Saturday morning Gen. Stoneman received information that the rebels were endeavoring to surround him and cut off his retreat, and that they had several regiments of infantry and one or two of cavalry beyond Cedar Run. A close watch was continued, and about half-past seven o'clock two companies of the Fifty-seventh regiment New-York volunteers, Major Parisen, marched toward the creek near the bridge, where they deployed. The woods on the other side were seemingly alive with the rebels, who from their hiding-places poured volley after volley upon our men. The Fifty-seventh returned the fire, but with what effect could not be clearly discerned, owing to the distance. One saddle, however, was emptied, and cries as if from wounded men were heard.

Gen. Stoneman having obtained such information as he desired, prepared to return, but pre-

vious to starting toward Manassas, which was twelve or fourteen miles distant, he offered the rebels fight, and drew up his forces in line of battle. The rebels would not come out of their stronghold—the woods—and as their force was known to be vastly superior to ours, it was not deemed advisable to make the attack. The retirement of Gen. Stoneman was accomplished slowly and in good order, and though the rebels made several charges, they retreated upon the slightest demonstration by our troops. After a day's march through a drenching rain, General Stoneman and his men reached Manassas in safety.

Doc. 93.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW-MADRID, MO.

GENERAL POPE'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
NEW-MADRID, March 14, 1862. }

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit, for the information of the General commanding the Department, the following report of the operations which resulted in the capture of this place.

I arrived before this town with the forces under my command on Monday, the third instant. I found the place occupied by five regiments of infantry and several companies of artillery. One bastioned earthwork, mounting fourteen heavy guns, about half a mile below the town, and another irregular work at the upper end of the town, mounting seven pieces of heavy artillery, together with lines of intrenchments between them, constituted the defensive works. Six gunboats, carrying from four to eight heavy guns each, were anchored along the shore, between the upper and lower redoubts.

The country is perfectly level for miles around the place, and as the river was so high that the guns of the gunboats looked directly over the banks, *the approaches to the town for seven miles were commanded by direct and cross-fire from at least sixty guns of heavy calibre.*

It would not have been difficult to carry the intrenchments, but it would have been attended with heavy loss, and we should not have been able to hold the place half an hour, exposed to the destructive fire of the gunboats. As there seemed no immediate hope of the appearance of our own gunboats, it became necessary to bring down a few heavy guns by land to operate against those of the enemy. They were accordingly sent for, and, meantime, forced reconnoissances were pushed over the whole ground, and into several parts of the town. Some brisk skirmishes resulted, in which the enemy invariably retreated precipitately. It was found impossible to induce them to trust any considerable force of their infantry outside of their intrenchments. As soon as I found that it would be necessary to await the arrival of our heavy guns, *I determined to occupy some point on the river below, and establish our small guns, if possible, in such a position as to blockade the river, so far as transports were con-*

cerned, and to cut off supplies and reinforcements for the enemy from below.

Point Pleasant, twelve miles below, was selected, as being in a rich agricultural region, and being the terminus of the plank-road from the interior of Arkansas. I accordingly threw forward Col. Plummer, Eleventh Missouri, to that point, with three regiments of infantry, three companies of cavalry, and a field-battery of ten-pound Parrott and rifled guns, with orders to make a lodgment on the river-bank, to line the bank with rifle-pits for a thousand men, and to establish his artillery in sunk batteries of single pieces between the rifle-pits. *This arrangement was made to present as small a mark as possible to the shells of the gunboats, and to render futile the use of round-shot from their heavy guns.* Col. Plummer marched with all speed, and after some cannonading from gunboats which he found there, succeeded in making a lodgment, constructing his batteries and rifle-pits, and occupying them in sufficient force to maintain them against any open assault.

After persistent and repeated cannonading from the gunboats, the enemy found it impossible to dislodge him, and he maintained obstinately his position, and the blockade of the river to transports, during the whole of our operations. Meantime the enemy continued every day to reinforce New-Madrid from Island No. Ten, until, on the twelfth, they had nine thousand infantry, besides a considerable force of artillery, and nine gunboats. The fleet was commanded by Commodore Hollins, the land-forces by Generals McCown, Stewart, and Gantt. On the eleventh the siege-guns were delivered to Colonel Bissell's engineer regiment, who had been sent to Cairo for the purpose. They were at once shipped to Sikeston, reached here at sunset on the twelfth, were placed in battery during the same night, *within eight hundred yards of the enemy's main work*, so as to command that and the river above it, and opened fire at daylight, on the thirteenth, just thirty-four hours after they were received at Cairo. One brigade, consisting of the Tenth and Sixteenth Illinois, under Col. Morgan, of the Tenth, was detailed to cover the construction of the battery, and to work in the trenches. They were supported by Stanley's division, consisting of the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Ohio, under Col. Groesbeck, and the Forty-third and Sixty-third Ohio, under Col. Smith. Capt. Mower, First United States infantry, with companies A and H of his regiment, was placed in charge of the siege-guns.

The enemy's pickets and grand guards were driven in by Col. Morgan, from the ground selected for the battery, without firing a shot, although the enemy fired several volleys of musketry. The work was prosecuted in silence, and with the utmost rapidity, until at three o'clock A.M., two small redoubts, connected by a curtain, and mounting the four heavy guns which had been sent me, were completed, together with rifle-pits in front and on the flanks for two regiments of infantry. Our batteries opened as soon as the day

dawned, and were replied to in front and on the flanks by the whole of the enemy's heavy artillery on land and water. As our supply of ammunition for heavy artillery was very limited, I directed Capt. Mower to fire only occasionally at the enemy's land-batteries, and to concentrate all his fire upon the gunboats. Our guns were served by Capt. Mower with vigor and skill, and in a few hours disabled several of the gunboats, and dismounted three of the heavy guns in the enemy's main work. Shortly after our batteries opened one of the twenty-four pound guns was struck in the muzzle by a round-shot from the enemy's batteries and disabled.

The cannonading was continued furiously all day by the gunboats and land-batteries of the enemy, but without producing any impression upon us. Meantime, during the whole day, our trenches were being extended and advanced, as it was my purpose to push forward our heavy batteries in the course of the night to the bank of the river. Whilst the cannonading was thus going on on our right, I instructed Gen. Paine to make demonstrations against intrenchments on our left, and supported his movements by Palmer's division. The enemy's pickets and grand guards were driven into his intrenchments, and the skirmishers forced their way close to the main ditch.

A furious thunder-storm began to rage about eleven o'clock that night, and continued almost without interruption until morning. Just before daylight, Gen. Stanley was relieved in his trenches, with his division, by Gen. Hamilton. A few minutes after daylight, a flag of truce approached our batteries, with information that the enemy had evacuated his works. Small parties were at once advanced by Gen. Hamilton to ascertain whether such was the fact, and Capt. Mower, First United States infantry, with companies A and H of that regiment, was sent forward to plant the United States flag over the abandoned works.

A brief examination of them showed how hasty and precipitate had been the flight of the enemy. Their dead were found unburied, their suppers untouched, standing on the tables, candles burning in the tents, and every other evidence of a disgraceful panic. Private baggage of officers and knapsacks of men were left behind. Neither provisions nor ammunition were carried off. Some attempt was made to carry ammunition, as boxes without number were found on the bank of the river where the steamers had been landed.

It is almost impossible to give any exact account of the immense quantities of property and supplies left in our hands. *All their artillery, field-batteries and siege-guns, amounting to thirty-three pieces, magazines full of fixed ammunition of the best character, several thousand stand of inferior small-arms, with hundreds of boxes of musket-cartridges, tents for an army of ten thousand men, horses, mules, wagons, intrenching tools, etc., are among the spoils.* Nothing except the men escaped, and they with only what they wore. They landed on the opposite side of the river, and are scattered in the wide bottoms. I

immediately advanced Hamilton's division into the place, and had the guns of the enemy turned upon the river which they completely command.

The flight of the enemy was so hasty that they abandoned their pickets, and gave no intimation to the forces at Island No. Ten. The consequence is, that one gunboat and ten large steamers which were there, are cut off from below, and must either be destroyed or fall into our hands. *Island No. Ten must necessarily be evacuated, as it can neither be reënforced nor supplied from below.*

During the operations here the whole of the forces were at different times brought under the fire of the enemy, and behaved themselves with great gallantry and coolness. It seems proper, however, that I should make special mention of those more directly concerned in the final operations against the place.

The Tenth and Sixteenth Illinois, commanded respectively by Cols. Morgan and J. R. Smith, were detailed as guards to the proposed trenches and to aid in constructing them. They marched from camp at sunset on the twelfth, and drove in the pickets and grand guards of the enemy, as they were ordered, at shouldered arms and without returning a shot; covered the front of the intrenching parties, and occupied the trenches and rifle-pits during the whole day and night of the thirteenth, under furious and incessant cannonading from sixty pieces of heavy artillery. At the earnest request of their colonels, their regimental flags were kept flying over our trenches, though they offered a conspicuous mark to the enemy. *The coolness, courage and cheerfulness of these troops, exposed for two nights and a day to the furious fire of the enemy at short range, and to the severe storm which raged during the whole night of the thirteenth, are beyond all praise, and delighted and astonished every officer who witnessed it.* The division of Gen. Stanley, consisting of the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-ninth, Forty-third and Sixty-third Ohio regiments, supported the battery from two o'clock A.M., on the thirteenth, to daylight on the fourteenth, exposed to the full fury of the cannonade, without being able to return a shot, and the severe storm of that night, and displayed coolness, courage and fortitude worthy of all praise. In fact, the conduct of all the troops of this command so far exceeded my expectations, that I was astonished and delighted, and feel very safe in predicting for them a brilliant career in arms.

To General Stanley, who commanded in the trenches on the thirteenth, and to Gen. Hamilton, who relieved him on the morning of the fourteenth, I am specially indebted, not only for their efficient aid on the last days of the operations here, but for their uniform zeal and coöperation during the whole of the operations near this place.

Brig.-General Plummer, commanding at Point Pleasant, is entitled to special commendation for the bold and skilful manner in which he effected a lodgment at that place, under fire of the enemy's gunboats, and for the determined persistence

with which he maintained himself and the blockade of the river for days, under a heavy fire of the enemy.

Capt. Mower, first United States infantry, who, with two companies of his regiment, (A and H,) had charge of the batteries and served the guns, I desire to present to your special notice. A more gallant and efficient officer is not to be found with this command, and his eminent services during the reduction of this place, entitle him to special notice. Col. J. W. Bissell, engineer regiment, rendered me most valuable service, both before and during the bombardment of the place. He conducted the erection of the heavy batteries, and remained in them until the enemy evacuated the place. Major Lothrop, Chief of Artillery, has distinguished himself throughout the operations.

My personal staff, Major Butler, Assistant Adjutant-General, Major C. A. Morgan, and Capt. L. H. Marshall, Aids-de-Camp, and Major Corse, Inspector-General, were prompt and efficient in conveying my orders under fire of the enemy.

I transmit, enclosed, the reports of division and brigade commanders immediately concerned in the final operations, as also of Capt. Mower, commanding in the batteries, and of Major Lothrop, Chief of Artillery. Col. J. W. Bissell, Engineers, has been too incessantly occupied to make a written report, but desires to mention the following officers of this regiment who displayed unusual gallantry:

Lieut.-Col. Adams, Captains Dean, Hill, and Tweeddale, and Lieuts. Odenbaugh, Randolph, and Besier.

Our whole loss during the operation was fifty-one killed and wounded. A detailed list will be transmitted as soon as it can be made. The enemy's loss cannot be ascertained. A number of his dead were left unburied, and over a hundred new graves attested that he must have suffered severely.

I am, General, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN POPE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Brig.-Gen. G. W. CULLUM,

Chief of Staff and of Engineers,
Department of the Mississippi, St. Louis.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERAL POPE AND
REBEL OFFICERS.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
NEW-MADRID, March 17, 1862. }

CAPTAIN: I transmit the enclosed correspondence between Major-General McCown, commanding confederate forces, and myself, for the information of the General commanding the department.

Respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN POPE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Capt. A. H. McLEAN,

Assistant Adjutant-General Department of the Mississippi.

HEADQUARTERS MADRID BEND, March 17, 1862.

GENERAL: I have many sick. Humanity demands that they should be placed where they can receive treatment away from the conflict of arms. Dr. Yandall, Medical Director, is commissioned

to propose measures for their relief. Your obedient servant,

J. P. McCOWN,

Major-General Commanding Confederate Forces.

HEADQUARTERS NEW-MADRID, March 17, 1862.

Brigadier-General Schuyler Hamilton, U.S.A.:

You will please repair to the upper redoubt and ascertain from Dr. Yandall, who brought me the enclosed letter, what measures he proposes in regard to the sick, and obtain from him such other information as will enable me to act understandingly. Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

JOHN POPE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

NEW-MADRID, March 17, 1862.

At my request General McCown allowed me to take the present step for the purpose of removing some of our sick from Madrid Bend. I wish only to remove those who are too sick to bear transportation by wagon, and also, if it be allowed, to remove the women and children from Madrid Bend. No army stores or private property will be carried on the boat, save provisions for the persons on board. Madrid Bend is the same port as Island No. Ten.

SANFORD P. YANDALL, JR.,

Medical Director Gen. McCown's Division, C.S.A.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, }
NEW-MADRID, March 17, 1862. }

SIR: Your note of this date, sent through Dr. Yandall, is before me. It is proposed to me that the sick of your command be permitted to pass down on the river to some place of safety.

This seems to me a singular request under the circumstances. After a successful reduction of this place for the simple purpose of blockading the river, I am asked to suspend the blockade in order that you may disembarrass yourself of the sick and disabled of your command during an attack which you must have anticipated long enough to remove them in advance.

I do not feel justified in acceding to your request, as I do not propose to suspend the blockade under any circumstances, until the operations above me are concluded. I am, sir, respectfully,

your obedient servant, JOHN POPE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Major-General J. P. McCOWN,
Commanding C.S.A., etc.

COL. J. KIRBY SMITH'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, CAMP NEAR
NEW-MADRID, Mo., March 15, 1862. }

GENERAL: In compliance with your instructions, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Second brigade of your division, under my command, in the action of the day before yesterday, (thirteenth instant.)

The brigade reached a point in front of the enemy's lower fort, and within supporting distance of our siege-batteries, a little after daylight, and was then placed in position, the Forty-third Ohio in the road leading west from the town, and the Sixty-third in the lane by which we marched to the position.

Soon after the opening of the fire from the enemy, in response to one of our batteries, the brigade was moved forward a short distance, and placed under a low bank which ran at that point nearly parallel to the road, and forty or fifty yards in advance of it, and a company was deployed as skirmishers in front of the right. The ground between the road and the bank was wooded; in front and rear it was open.

The men were here sheltered from a direct fire from the lower fort, but exposed to an enfilading fire from gunboats, and apparently from some light pieces placed in or near the edge of the town. This fire of rifle-shells of large calibre, and twelve-pound spherical shot and shell, was exceedingly well aimed and heavy, and may, I think, be considered a fair test of the coolness and courage of the men composing the brigade. They received it in their exposed position with entire composure.

The Forty-third having lost some men, and the fire increasing in severity, I withdrew the regiment to the road before mentioned, on the edge of the wood, about forty yards in rear of the bank, but the movement was evidently seen by the enemy, and their fire was directed with a good deal of precision upon the new position. I then placed this regiment in the corn-field on the left of the lane, about one hundred yards in rear of the Sixty-third, and caused the men to lie down. Their position here not being visible to the enemy, they were exposed only to the direct fire from the fort at our batteries. The position of the Sixty-third seemed to be concealed from the enemy, as the enfilading fire from our left did them no damage, but the direct fire, which was at times very heavy, passed close over their heads during the entire day. The position of the brigade was not changed until it was relieved by a portion of General Hamilton's division on the morning of the fourteenth.

Early in the night of the thirteenth, three companies of the Forty-third, under Major Herrick, of that regiment, were moved to the right and front and deployed as skirmishers, the left resting near the right of the batteries, and the right reserved and a line of sentinels was then thrown in advance of them. Three companies, except a small reserve, occupied a strip of forest in front of the right of position.

About daylight, the brigade having been relieved, in accordance with your instructions, I withdrew it to camp.

I take great pleasure in saying that the officers and men who composed my command, without exception, merit high praise for their coolness under fire, but especially for their cheerfulness and soldier-like endurance of the fatigue of remaining thirty hours under arms, a large part of the time exposed to fire, and for some hours of the night of the thirteenth inst., to a drenching rain. It would be unjust to omit mention of the fact that companies A, D, G, F, and C, of the Forty-third Ohio, composing the right wing of that regiment, under command of Major W. F. Herrick, Forty-

third Ohio volunteers, were at work in the trenches during a great part of the night before the attack, and that no word or sign of complaint or discontent was heard or seen from any officer or soldier of these companies during the thirty-six hours of unremitted exposure and exertion.

COL. JOHN GROESBECK'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
DISTRICT OF THE MISSISSIPPI. }

NEW-MADRID, Mo., March 15, 1862.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report to the General commanding the First division the part taken in the late action before New-Madrid by the brigade under my command, consisting of the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth regiments Ohio infantry, under Col. Fuller and Lieut.-Col. Gilbert, respectively.

On the afternoon of the twelfth inst. I detailed companies A and F, Twenty-seventh, and I and H, Thirty-ninth Ohio, under command of Lieutenant-Col. Kennett, Twenty-seventh Ohio, to drive in the pickets of the enemy, hold an advanced position, and cover the parties detailed to plant our heavy artillery. He drove in the pickets and took the position assigned him within eight hundred yards of the enemy's gunboats and principal fort.

At three o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth, I moved forward with my brigade, and took position on the right of our artillery. The enemy's skirmishers immediately commenced firing upon us, but without doing any injury. A few minutes afterward our artillery opened the engagement, and my brigade was ordered to fall back some two hundred yards, which it did, in good order, under a heavy fire of shot and shell.

While lying there, five companies of the Twenty-seventh Ohio were detached, to take a position several hundred yards to the left, upon a road leading past the lower fort, to guard against any flank movement.

I then moved the brigade a hundred yards to the left, and took position within easy supporting distance of the artillery, where the sloping bank of a bayou afforded considerable protection to the men. We remained thus placed during the day.

The firing ceased about sunset. Having thrown out a company of pickets in front of the extreme left, we remained in our position till daylight, when my brigade was relieved.

I take pleasure in mentioning the good conduct of my command. It behaved with great coolness, although exposed the whole day to a heavy fire. Considering the closeness and rapidity of the firing, the casualties were remarkably few, consisting of one killed and three badly wounded in the Twenty-seventh, and one very slightly wounded in the Thirty-ninth regiment. I am, Captain, very respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN GROESBECK,
Colonel Commanding.

Captain GEORGE D. KELLOGG,
A. A. General First Division, District of the Mississippi.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

NEW-MADRID, Mo., March 14, 1862.

I did not intend to write you again until success crowned our efforts. To-day I can say our victory is complete and overwhelming. Ten days ago we arrived here, and opened up a little entertainment for the chivalry, strongly intrenched at New-Madrid. We had nothing but a few batteries of light artillery, while they played on us with from five to six gunboats, and eight thirty-two pounders upon the walls of two forts. Gen. Pope at once saw his position, and sent back to Cairo for four siege-guns—twenty-four-pounders. He kept, in the mean time, constantly harassing the enemy, without exposing his own men, awaiting the arrival of his guns. He likewise, during the darkness of one night, had rifle-pits dug, and a battery of Parrott guns planted upon the river-bank at Point Pleasant, seven miles below New-Madrid.

Gen. Plummer was placed in command. The first introduction to the chivalry were a few twelve-pounders and a shower of musket-balls, well aimed, at a couple of fine transports well laden with luxuries and comforts for New-Madrid and Island No. Ten. They suddenly wheeled about and left for Dixie. Such an insult must be wiped off the bank of the confederate river, and forthwith a gunboat was despatched to shell Plummer out of his holes. But the gunboat came a little too near and forthwith port-holes and pilot-house received hundreds of musket-balls from the sharp-shooters; and it speedily moved to the opposite side of the river, in easy shelling distance, and for seven days from one to three gunboats have done their best to dislodge the gallant Plummer, and without success.

The honor of this patent method of whipping gunboats should be given to Gen. Pope, as but few officers had any idea it would succeed. This little timely thought has prevented the enemy carrying troops or munitions of war on transports, either up or down the river, and left us all the rich supplies we to-day found at New-Madrid. But of the fight and the flight.

On Wednesday, March twelfth, our four guns arrived. We drove in their pickets at sundown, and a thousand spades were noiselessly making trenches and preparing hasty protections for the guns. They were in position before daylight, and as the fog lifted from the marshes and the river, four shells were gently thrown over into the upper fort, much to the astonishment and indignation of the gentlemen from Dixie. In a few moments nine gunboats were in position, some of them throwing sixty-four pound shells, and eighteen thirty-two pounders upon the two forts now doing their best to send us all, as the boys say, "to the happy land of Canaan."

The Tenth and Sixteenth Illinois were placed in the trenches as sharpshooters, and the Thirty-ninth, Twenty-seventh, Sixty-third, and Forty-third Ohio regiments were placed on the flanks and in the rear to support the battery. The First Regular U. S. infantry, under Capt. Mower, manned the guns. Fortunately they had been well drilled as artillerists, and behaved admirably.

Col. Bissell's engineer regiment were most valuable aids. While I have no desire to puff any regiment, I must say the Thirty-ninth and Twenty-seventh Ohio regiments deserve great credit for their coolness and bravery. On Wednesday evening, two companies of the Twenty-seventh and two of the Thirty-seventh, all under Lieut.-Col. Kennett, were ordered to drive in the pickets of the enemy without firing a gun, if possible, so that the engineers could lay out the earthworks and prepare for the guns. They came upon the rebel pickets and drove them in without firing a gun.

The rebel pickets, as they retreated, fired volley upon volley, but did not wound a man. These four companies took position, and remained upon the field until this morning, making thirty-six hours. The balance of these regiments took position at four o'clock on Thursday morning and remained at their posts until this morning. They were just in range of the guns from the fort and battery, so they flew at the guns they supported, and for twelve hours the shot and shell flew about and over them like hail. The two regiments were protected by a low bluff of a slough; besides, with pocket-knives and bayonets they scooped out the dirt, so that as small an amount of Ohio humanity as possible should be exposed. It is perfectly safe to say that one hundred shot and shell struck within from four to six feet of the Thirty-ninth without killing a single man. I heard men, this morning, proverbially profane say: "Well, it's no use talking, but God was with the Ohio boys yesterday."

The casualties that occurred I append below. Three of the Twenty-seventh had their legs shot off with the same ball. Col. Fuller saw the ball he thought almost spent, and remarked it might break some poor fellow's leg; yet it broke through the fence, knocked off three legs, and continued on its way. One thirty-two pound ball struck the ground, bounded and struck the knapsack of a soldier of the Thirty-ninth as he lay flat upon the ground, knocked the breath out of him, and leaped on its onward journey. The fellow recovered himself soon enough to see his vanishing visitor. Another ball struck a bayonet, bending it double, as it hung by the side of a soldier, and distributed his day's rations in his haversack to the company generally, much to his dissatisfaction.

A gun in the hands of a member of the Twenty-seventh was struck and bent at right angles. Shells frequently buried so near that, exploding, would cover with dirt twenty men. Gens. Pope and Stanley rode down and witnessed for a time the firing, and they remarked that it was a miracle that so few were killed or wounded. One round-shot from the enemy struck one of our large guns on the muzzle and knocked a piece out of it six inches long, unfitting it for further service, at the same time killing two men and wounding two or three more. The boys, toward evening, got tired of lying flat; and if the firing ceased for a moment, every fellow would jump up and yell so as to be heard a mile.

The day was delightful, the warm spring air, the first-fruits of mother earth in sweet spring flowers opening their buds amid the green grass-blades. But as night approached the sun sank in the red horizon, and before midnight there came on a most terrific thunder-storm. The lightning blinded you by its brightness, and left you bewildered, while the thunder put to blush the puny columbiads that had all day jarred upon our ears. Amid this storm our men stood to their posts, and moved still nearer to their enemies. Amid the same storm, while Jupiter hurled his thunderbolts with such fury, the evacuation of fort and barracks took place; for lo! as daylight appeared, not an enemy was seen upon the works. Our flag was soon floating at both forts, and as I write the sound comes to me from a band, with "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," while the boys catch the song, and loud, prolonged cheering is taken up camp by camp.

Gen. Pope and staff rode over the ground this morning, and were astonished at the great strength of the works and the splendid prize of guns and ammunition left behind. Eighteen thirty-two pound guns were upon the walls spiked—so hastily was it done that Yankee ingenuity in a few hours removed sixteen of the spikes, and turned their grinning mouths to look for gunboats from Island No. Ten. There was a large stock of ammunition of every kind, sabres, guns, clothing, cooking-utensils, suppers on the table not eaten, whole baskets of champagne and claret unopened—wagons, three hundred horses and mules, and tents to accommodate six thousand men—left standing.

One side of the fort was filled in by sacks of shelled corn—enough to make mush for all Ireland for one year. Many fine pieces of light artillery were tumbled over the banks.

Derricks have been rigged, and we will raise most of them to-morrow. We got a large number of flags which belonged to the various regiments. But in the great haste in which I am compelled to write you this, I cannot enter into detail; suffice it to say, it is a rich haul. They have suffered to the tune of five hundred thousand dollars, at a very low estimate. Beside, by their own hands the town, a very pretty one, has been laid in waste. Whenever a building interfered with their guns, it was forthwith burned. The shrubbery and forest-trees were cut for a like reason.

Two men were found asleep in the fort this morning, not knowing their friends had, during the night, left for Dixie. They, you may judge, were a couple of astonished individuals. A canoe-load likewise came up to the wharf and landed, tied up their boat, and were dumbfounded that of all the gay chivalry they left the evening before, not a knight remained. The dwellings were all vacated—negroes and all, save and except the dogs. The last-named bristled up and barked, and snorted at you from under ruin of porch and from kennel where so lately they had been petted and fed. What ruin and desolation these men are bringing on their loveliest and most fertile

spots. This is one of the wealthiest counties in the State.

The houses in the suburbs are, many of them, elegant, and splendidly fitted up. Their parlors, with fine pianos and rosewood and mahogany furniture, all left. The fireside around which so many fond recollections cluster, desolate. All these luxuries and comforts, and the multiplied blessings that have crowned their lives, were accumulated and enjoyed under the old flag; but they wished simply to wipe out some of the stars and a few of the bars, and possibly they have got wiped out instead. Well, they shot at me several times, and I am not much in a mood to pity them. Well, it is a great victory, and shows as much generalship as in any battle yet fought. Gen. Pope could have taken the fort the first day of his arrival; but he told his officers, "It would be at a sacrifice of one thousand of my men," but, says he, "I will take it and lose but few. My conscience will not permit me to sacrifice uselessly the lives of the men entrusted to me."

He sent messengers to Cairo for larger guns, and in thirty-four hours after they were loaded at Cairo, they were playing upon the forts at New-Madrid, behind safe breastworks, which the enemy never dreamed were built under their very noses. To a rash general, desirous of glory, this was a strong inducement to go in and win the laurels. The General's reply to some of the anxious officers, "Gentlemen, you shall have the fort; but my conscience will not permit me to uselessly sacrifice the lives of my men," gives an insight into what I call true generalship, and really requires more bravery to carry it out than the man who, for fear of public opinion, or desirous to make a name, rushes headlong at the first sight of his adversary. But what puzzled many was, how four guns of twenty-four pounds could take two forts, with eighteen thirty-two pounders, and five or six gunboats in the bargain. But it has been done.

An order has just been issued that Gen. Stanley's division, consisting of the four Ohio regiments mentioned, together with the First Regular infantry and Bissell's engineers, "in view of the distinguished part" they took in gaining the recent victory, be allowed to march through the fortifications and over the field of battle to-morrow morning. Our boys will accept it as a mark of distinction and favor, as many of them have not yet had a near view of the implements that for ten days have ministered almost as much to their amusement as discomfort.

I have not spoken of regimental officers nor of division and brigade commanders. I can say Ohio need be ashamed of none of them. Of the men, I have spoken not half complimentary enough. They have proved soldiers in the truest and best acceptance of the term.

I will now give you as perfect a list as I can of the killed and wounded—my list of the wounded is full. The killed did not come under my observation, and will not be reported by name until to-morrow morning:

Peter Nord, Co. F, Twenty-seventh Ohio, shot in both hands by a shell; died in six hours.

Jos. Adams, Co. H, Twenty-seventh Ohio, amputation above the knee; is quite comfortable to-day.

John Clark, Co. H, Twenty-seventh Ohio, amputation above the knee; doing well.

Jos. Estell, Co. H, Twenty-seventh Ohio, amputation above the knee.

W. J. Breed, Co. I, Forty-third Ohio, fracture of the leg; doing well.

Isaac A. Davis, Co. E, Forty-third Ohio, fracture of the leg; doing well.

John Friend, Co. E, Forty-third Ohio, amputation below the knee; quite restless, shock great; will, I think, recover.

Jos. Pearce, Co. E, Forty-third Ohio, amputation above the knee; very restless to-day; will recover, I think.

— Clark, Co. A, First Regular infantry, bad flesh-wounds in face, shoulder, and arm.

Corporal Rosey, Co. A, First Regular U. S. infantry, compound comminuted fracture of clavicle and scapula; serious.

Wm. Peacock, Co. A, First Regular U. S. infantry, four flesh-wounds; serious.

John Johnson, Co. A, First Regular U. S. infantry, penetrating wound of abdomen; will likely die.

— McGown, brought into the hospital dying; lived six hours after losing a teacupful of brains.

Wm. John, Co. A, First Regular U. S. infantry.

All the regulars were at the guns, and injured by the one shot, as mentioned, striking the gun.

A private of the Eleventh Ohio battery was killed by a round-shot, name lost. Three other deaths reported, but not from Ohio regiments, and names not remembered. Many others received slight wounds, not requiring treatment. The Lieut.-Col. of the Forty-third Ohio had his horse killed by a round-shot, a moment after dismounting.

We found on entering the fort that we had done them far more damage than they had us. We had knocked over three of their heaviest guns and one small one, shot through the boiler of one of their boats, and played smash with them generally. Of their number of killed we do not know correctly, and I will not guess. There were many fresh graves; we found two unburied, and a grave begun and spades and picks left, it unfinished.

And so ends the battle of New-Madrid. We control the river, and no guns or stores leave Island No. Ten for Dixie. Tell Com. Foote to send them along this way. There are large supplies at No. Ten. Neither men nor supplies will reach Dixie until the war closes.

A large transport hove in sight this morning from Island No. Ten, but, seeing the Stars and Stripes and the guns ready to work, wisely turned about, and landed above and on the opposite side, and I suppose her troops are skedaddling through the Kentucky woods for better society.

Com. Hollins commanded the rebel gunboats. Gens. Stuart and McGown commanded the land forces. Gen. Stuart was a class-mate and roommate of Gen. Pope at West-Point, and was so impolite as to leave this morning without saying good-by.

O. W. N.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

NEW-MADRID, Mo., March 15.

On the anniversary of the birthday of George Washington, the army of the Mississippi, under command of Major-Gen. John Pope, left St. Louis to commence its momentous journey down the river. The force was a small one, compared with the vast aggregation of men composing the armies on the Potomac and of Kentucky, but it included some of the best troops in the Federal service, men originally of fine physical and moral constitution, and disciplined by a long course of arduous and trying service. They were well appointed and equipped in all points, and were led by officers of experience and tried merit.

The army landed at Commerce, on the twenty-fourth day of February, and on the twenty-eighth took up their line of march toward New-Madrid, where the rebels were reported to be fortified in considerable force. Up to this time no incident of importance had occurred.

On the second day after leaving Commerce, however, the advance guard reached Hunter's farm, a place of some notoriety in connection with rebel operations in this section, and learned that the notorious Jeff. Thompson had just left there, having been for several days in the neighborhood with a force of cavalry for the purpose of watching, and if possible, obstructing the movements of our forces. On learning the approach of our troops he had, as usual, fled, and although immediate chase was given, he could not be found.

On the following morning, however, two companies of the Seventh Illinois cavalry, under Capt. Webster, suddenly came upon Jeff., who was attempting to make a stand against Capt. Noleman's independent company of cavalry, which had previously been upon his track. The rebel force consisted of about two hundred mounted men, with three pieces of artillery. These were very advantageously posted at the extremity of a long causeway, where the road led through a dense swamp. After several ineffectual attempts on the part of our men to outflank the rebels, which were uniformly defeated by their changing position, Capt. Webster determined, although the rebel force somewhat exceeded his own, to charge upon them; and placing himself at the head of his own and Capt. Noleman's commands, led them in a dashing charge toward the foe. As he neared them, however, the heart of Jeff. failed him, and wildly delivering one scattering volley, which went far over the heads of our men, he and his command turned tail and fled. Our cavalry closely pursued them, and there ensued a scene which has scarcely been equalled since the days of Chevy Chase. The rebels dashed on at the utmost

speed of their horses through the mud, occasionally turning to discharge their shot-guns at their pursuers, who replied with carbines and revolvers. Every now and then squads or scattering individuals of the rebels would break into the woods on either hand, hiding behind trees to fire at our men as they passed, until barely one fourth the original force of the enemy were left together. The road was strewn with guns, blankets, hats, and coats, lost or thrown away by the rebels in their frantic flight. Among them was the famous hat of Jeff. Thompson himself, with its white plume, almost as well known in this region as was that of Henry of Navarre to his followers. His three pieces of artillery also were all run down and captured. Thus for nearly twenty miles the flight and pursuit swept on until they approached New-Madrid, and the remnant of the flying foe sought the shelter of its friendly guns. Beside the artillery and small arms, our men captured six prisoners, two of whom were officers, and killed and wounded several of the enemy, besides most effectually dispersing them. It was reported afterward by prisoners taken in the fort at the time of its capture, that Jeff. entered the town at a tearing gallop, his horse almost exhausted by the race, and immediately applied to Col. Gautt, commanding the post, for two regiments of infantry and a field-battery, to go out and give battle to the audacious Federals. On being refused, some high words ensued between him and Col. Gautt, when Jeff., in high dudgeon, called his men together and left the fort, nor has he been seen in the neighborhood since.

On the following day the main column arrived in the vicinity of New-Madrid, and not knowing exactly the position of the enemy, three regiments, with a battery of light artillery, pushed on toward the river to reconnoitre. On emerging from the woods into an open field, they were met by a volley of shells from the gunboats lying in the river, which, however, passed over their heads without doing any harm. The column immediately fell back out of range, and encamped. On the next day they took positions surrounding the town and the rebel fortifications.

Nothing of remarkable note took place for several days after the arrival of our troops at their respective positions. Several skirmishes occurred between pickets and reconnoitring parties on either side, but without serious loss to either. Gradually, however, our lines were advancing nearer, until every available spot not actually swept by the enemy's cannon, was occupied.

Several persistent attempts were made by our field-batteries to drive away the enemy's gunboats, but without effect. Fearing that the rebels might receive reinforcements from below, Gen. Pope despatched a force under Colonel (now Brigadier-General) J. B. Plummer, to plant a battery at Point Pleasant, some ten miles below, for the purpose of stopping reinforcements or supplies coming to the enemy from that direction, and also of cutting off their retreat by that route.

On Monday, the tenth, Gen. Pope, finding that

our gunboats were not likely soon to arrive to his aid, and that the field-batteries which he had with him were unable to cope successfully with the heavy artillery of the enemy, despatched Col. Bissell, of the Engineer regiment, to Cairo, for some heavier guns, preferring, as he himself expressed it, to spend a little more time in reducing the place by siege than to sacrifice the lives of the men under his command, in an attempt to carry it by assault. Col. Bissell procured three thirty-two pound siege-guns and an eight-inch mortar. These were taken across the river to Bird's Point, thence by railroad to Sykestown, and then overland to their place of destination. Immediately on their arrival there, a force was sent out to drive in the enemy's pickets, and under cover of the darkness two parapets, eighteen feet in thickness and five feet high, were thrown up three hundred yards apart, with a curtain twelve feet thick connecting them, and flanked on each side by a breastwork and rifle-pits one hundred yards long. The platforms of hewn timber which had been previously fitted were laid down, the guns placed in position, and ere daylight they were in readiness to commence their work. It is an instructive illustration of what the efforts of one energetic man can accomplish, that in thirty-five hours from the time when the guns were loaded upon the cars at Bird's Point, they opened upon the enemy.

During this time they had been carried twenty miles by railroad, unloaded from the cars and placed upon carriages, drawn twenty miles more over a rough road, through mud in some places almost impassable for teams, the enemy's pickets had been driven in, these extensive earthworks thrown up, the gun-platforms placed and the guns put in position within twelve hundred yards of the enemy's entrenchments, and all so quietly that the enemy had no idea of what was going on; and when at daylight some of their pickets opened fire upon what they evidently supposed to be a simple breastwork for sheltering our infantry, they were answered by the boom of a thirty-two pounder, which sent them scurrying back to the fort in the wildest alarm.

No sooner did the enemy discover the presence of these new batteries, than, evidently fearing their effect, they opened upon them from the gunboats and the fort. Our gunners replied briskly, directing their fire chiefly at the boats. The air seemed filled with smoke and fragments of bursting shells. Some of our field-pieces were also brought into requisition, and for a time probably not less than sixty guns were being worked to their fullest capacity. After a time, the fire on our side was slackened to allow the guns to cool, and for a while the rebels seemed equally willing to allow a cessation of hostilities; but ere long it was renewed with all its original fury, and thus it continued, with occasional intervals, during the entire day. The gunboats would run down the river until they were hidden by trees from the sight of our gunners, and there re-loading, would steam back to a good position, and hurl their broadsides in quick succession at our batteries.

These replied most gallantly, and in spite of inferiority of numbers, managed to return almost gun for gun with their heavier armed adversaries. Our guns were handled by companies A and H of the First United States regular infantry, under command of Capt. Mower. The firing on both sides was generally accurate. Early in the day one of our guns was struck fairly in the muzzle by a shot from the enemy, breaking off a large piece from the side and killing and wounding no less than eight men, and during the day their shells and shot fell all around our guns, and ploughed up the parapet and the ground around in every direction; but, fortunately, this shot was the only one which took effect within the batteries. Another shot, however, passed through the line of the Twenty-seventh Ohio regiment, as they were marching in column behind the batteries, and took off the legs of three men. I saw the poor fellows at the hospital. They were all young, fine-looking men, of the best class of our volunteers, and my heart ached for them.

Our cross-fire was apparently not less effective. Several of our shots were distinctly seen to strike the gunboats, and it is probable that one or two of them were seriously injured. Early in the day one of the boats, shortly after receiving one of our shots, hauled off and was not seen afterward. Later in the day, immediately following a volley from our guns, a cloud of white steam was observed to burst from another of the boats, completely hiding her from view, and when next seen she was apparently floating with the current and soon disappeared behind the trees. In the lower fort, also, as we afterward found, three of their guns had been struck by our shot, and two of them disabled.

During the afternoon of Thursday, an attempt was made by the enemy to flank our batteries. Two or three regiments were sent out from the upper fort with directions to pass around to the right, and if possible get behind and capture our batteries. In the course of their route in the woods they came suddenly upon one of our field-batteries, which was posted there, supported by an Indiana regiment, and which opened upon them so fiercely with grape and canister that they retired in confusion to their works, nor did they attempt another sortie during the engagement.

All day Thursday there had been indications of an approaching storm, and shortly before midnight it burst upon us with frightful fury. I think I never saw lightning more fierce or thunder more sharp and apparently near. The whole sky was one sheet of lurid flame, across which sharp tongues and spires of yet more vivid brightness dashed and darted in every direction, while the earth fairly trembled with repeated crashes of thunder, and the rain seemed to fall in solid masses of water. During all this terrible commotion of the elements, the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Ohio, and the Tenth and Sixteenth Illinois regiments, were on duty guarding the batteries and rifle-pits. Notwithstanding that they had been under arms since three o'clock of the previ-

ous morning, and had lain all day in the trenches, exposed to the terrible fire of the enemy, enduring a strain upon the nervous system unappreciable by one who has never been under fire, not a man of them flinched. Like statues they stood there—each wrapped in his blanket, motionless as marble, and chiefly solicitous to keep their muskets and ammunition dry.

As they stood there, muffled in their dark blankets, from which the rain was dripping, alternately revealed and hidden as the vivid flashes came and went, they scarcely seemed creatures of flesh and blood, and the mind involuntarily went back to some of those old stories in the Arabian Nights, in which whole armies are suddenly turned to stone by the power of enchantment, and a vague feeling of wonderment came over us, whether after all these stories might not be true and the phenomenon actually before us. And I doubt not that if any, even the bravest rebel in the enemy's entrenchments, had looked forth and beheld them standing there so firm and immovable, he might have felt a wholesome dread of meeting on the battle-field men who for an entire day had so patiently endured the storm of their iron hail, and at night could as coolly face the conflict of heaven's artillery.

We little thought then that while our men were thus patiently enduring the storm, to guard themselves from a surprise, our frightened foes were hurrying on board their vessels, to flee away and leave the labor of months and thousands of dollars of property behind them. This discovery came later.

About daylight, most of the troops who had been under arms during the night, were relieved and marched back into camp for breakfast. We were fairly in the midst of the enjoyment of that meal, the men were grouped about their campfires, eating, drinking, laughing and joking after the fatigues of the night, when we were startled by a series of uproarious cheers in the direction of the fort. We listened. The cheers were repeated. What could it mean? Presently a rumor began to circulate that the enemy had evacuated their works during the night, leaving everything behind them. Could it be possible? Yes, for the next moment there comes a messenger confirming the fact. In a very few minutes your correspondent is mounted, thanks to the kindness of Major Noyes, of the Thirty-ninth, and in company with the Major and some other friends, is on his way to view the works of our late adversaries.

I have hitherto in my letter spoken of the fort, as if there were but one, for until after the evacuation, I, in common with most others, had supposed that to be the case. There are, however, two, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the upper one might be called an intrenched camp, protected by a ditch and breastwork, and mounting four heavy guns. This is situated just in the edge of the village, at its upper side, and on the bank of the river. It encloses perhaps two acres of ground, and is nearly filled with tents, which had evidently been abandoned in

the greatest haste. The place more resembles a den of thieves than an encampment of a civilized army. It is strewn with the wrecks of all sorts of household and domestic property, evidently the plunder of the stores and houses in the village. Carpets, parlor and cooking-stoves, mirrors, tables, chairs, crockery, and glassware, were mingled in promiscuous confusion with old muskets, broken shot-guns, dilapidated wearing-apparel, hats and caps, rusty knives and swords, worn-out harness, leaky canteens, and odds and ends of every description. The village had evidently been totally abandoned by its original inhabitants, and completely gutted by the rebel soldiery, who, when they abandoned their camp, had thrown everything in confusion in endeavoring to select the most portable articles to carry with them. They had also thrown a large quantity of articles of every kind into the river, including a number of wagons and several pieces of cannon. They had raised such a mound of these things that the top of it projected above the water, and no doubt most of the more valuable articles, including the cannon, will be recovered when the river falls.

The lower fort is a much more complete work than the upper one. It is a square earth-work, with flanking-bastions on each corner, and is capable of holding a thousand men. It mounted twelve guns, as follows:

Five twenty-four-pound siege-guns, four thirty-two-pound columbiads, one eighteen-pound field-piece, one long eighteen pound siege-gun, one brass rifled six-pound field-piece.

In addition to these there was, at least, one field-battery, which the rebels took away with them. These guns were all spiked by the rebels before they left, but so imperfectly that in less than three hours after our troops entered the lower fort, the mechanics of Col. Bissell's regiment had extracted the spikes from nearly all, cleaned them and loaded them for action. The places of two or three, which could not immediately be made fit for service, were supplied by our own guns, and in twelve hours from the time the rebels quitted the fort—having rendered it, as they supposed, useless for a time at least—it was again in perfect order, and garrisoned by a detachment of Federal troops. It is supposed that the most of the rebel steamers passed up the river to Island Number Ten, with their loads on, and Gen. Pope proposes to give them a warm reception, should they attempt again to pass down the river.

The fort, like all their river-fortifications, is situated at a bend in the river, and commands the channel for a distance of several miles in either direction.

Below the lower fort, on the river-bank, is a camp capable of accommodating several thousand men. It is well built, with cabins and tents of good quality, and very comfortably furnished, but presents no remarkable features. Like the other, it was evidently vacated in great haste, as everything in the tents is left standing, just as the owners last used it. Near the camp is a

wagon-yard and a corral containing probably two hundred mules and horses. Very few wagons, however, were found. These had either been removed some time previously or were thrown into the river by the rebels when they left.

I had intended to give you some idea of the present appearance of the town itself as left by the secession soldiery, and also some incidents of the siege and bombardment, but my letter has already reached an unconscionable length, and my time is exhausted, so I must reserve them for a future letter. I append the list of killed and wounded so far as I have been able to obtain them. The list is correct so far as it goes, and I believe it is about full. TELEMAQUE.

KILLED.—Capt. Carr, Tenth Illinois; privates Lewis Nine, company B, Thirty-ninth Ohio; Peter Ward, company F, Twenty-seventh Ohio; Wm. Peacock, company A, First United States infantry; John Johnson, company A, First United States infantry; Wm. McGann, company A, First United States infantry; Timothy Nelligan, company A, First United States infantry.

WOUNDED.—Corporal Chas. Laney, company A, First United States infantry; privates Michael Clark, company A, First United States infantry; Wm. Jahr, company A, First United States infantry; Wm. Van Horn, company G, Thirty-ninth Ohio; Joseph Adams, company H, Twenty-seventh Ohio; John Clark, company H, Twenty-seventh Ohio; Joseph Estell, company H, Twenty-seventh Ohio; W. J. Breed, company I, Forty-third Ohio; Isaac A. Davis, company E, Forty-third Ohio; John Friend, company E, Forty-third Ohio; James Pierce, company E, Forty-third Ohio.

Doc. 94.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL McCLELLAN TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, VA., March 14, 1862. }

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed, and instructed; the formidable artillery you now have had to be created; other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your General, are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit; the Army of the Potomac is now a real army—magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed—your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks, I see in your faces the sure presage of victory; I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you.

The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you, where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle-field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children; and you know that your General loves you from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care, as it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss; but I know that, if it is necessary, you will willingly follow me to our graves, for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us, victory attends us, yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be attained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you; you have brave foes to encounter, foemen well worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, privations, perhaps. We will share all these together; and when this sad war is over we will return to our homes, and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 95.

BATTLE OF NEWBERN, N. C.,

FOUGHT MARCH 14, 1862.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, }
NEWBERN, March 16, 1862. }

General L. Thomas, Adjutant-General United States Army:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, after embarking the troops with which I intended to attack Newbern, in conjunction with the naval force, on the morning of the eleventh, a rendezvous was made at Hatteras Inlet. Flag-Officer Goldsborough having been ordered to Hampton Roads, the naval fleet was left in command of Com. Rowan. Early on the morning of the twelfth, the entire force started for Newbern, and that night anchored off the mouth of Slocum's Creek, some eighteen miles from Newbern, where I had decided to make a landing. The landing commenced by seven o'clock the next morning, under cover of the naval fleet, and was effected with the greatest enthusiasm by the troops. Many, too impatient for the boats, leaped into the water, and waded, waist-deep, to the shore, and then, after a toilsome march through the mud, the head of the column marched within a mile and a half of the enemy's stronghold, at eight P.M., a distance of twelve miles from the point of landing, where we bivouacked for the night, the rear of the column coming up with the boat-howitzers about three o'clock next morning, the detention being caused by the shocking condition of the roads, consequent upon the heavy

rain that had fallen during that day and the whole of the night, the men often wading knee-deep in mud, and requiring a whole regiment to drag the eight pieces which had been landed from the navy and our own vessels.

By signals agreed upon, the naval vessels, with the armed vessels of my force, were informed of our progress, and were thereby enabled to assist us much in our march by shelling the road in advance.

At daylight, on the morning of the fourteenth, I ordered an advance of the entire division, which will be understood by the enclosed pencil sketch. Gen. Foster's brigade was ordered up the main country-road, to attack the enemy's left; Gen. Reno, up the railroad, to attack their right, and Gen. Parke to follow Gen. Foster, and attack the enemy in front, with instructions to support either or both brigades.

I must defer, for want of time, a detailed account of the action. It is enough to say that, after an engagement of four hours, we succeeded in carrying a continuous line of field-works of over a mile in length, protected on the river-bank by a battery of thirteen heavy guns, and on the opposite bank by a line of redoubts of over half a mile in length, for riflemen and field-pieces, in the midst of swamps and dense forests, which line of works was defended by eight regiments of infantry, five hundred cavalry, and three batteries of field-artillery, of six guns each. The position was finally carried by a most gallant charge of our men, which enabled us to gain the rear of all the batteries between this point and Newbern, which was done by a rapid advance of the entire force up the main road and the railroad, the naval fleet meantime pushing its way up the river, throwing their shots into the forts and in front of us.

The enemy, after retreating in great confusion, throwing away blankets, knapsacks, arms, etc., across the railroad-bridge and country-road, burned the former, and destroyed the draw of the latter, thus preventing further pursuit, and causing detention in occupying the town by our military force; but the naval force had arrived at the wharves, and commanded it by their guns. I at once advanced Gen. Foster's brigade, to take possession of the town, by means of the naval vessels, which Com. Rowan had kindly volunteered for the purpose. The city was set on fire by the retreating rebels in many places; but, owing to the exertions of the naval officers, the remaining citizens were induced to aid in extinguishing the flames, so that but little harm has been done. Many of the citizens are now returning, and we are now in quiet possession of the city. We have captured the printing-press, and shall at once issue a daily sheet. By this victory our combined force have captured eight batteries, containing forty-six heavy guns, and three batteries of light artillery, of six guns each, making in all sixty-four guns; two steamboats, a number of sailing vessels, wagons, horses, a large quantity of ammunition, commissary and quartermaster's stores, forage, the entire camp equipage of the rebel

troops, a large quantity of rosin, turpentine, cotton, etc., and over two hundred prisoners.

Our loss, thus far ascertained, will amount to ninety-one killed, and four hundred and sixty-six wounded, many of them mortally. Among these are some of our most gallant officers and men. The rebel loss is severe, but not so great as our own, they being effectually covered by their works.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the officers and men for their untiring exertion, and unceasing patience, in accomplishing this work. The effecting of the landing, and the approach to within a mile and a half of the enemy's works on the thirteenth, I consider as great a victory as the engagement of the fourteenth.

Owing to the difficult nature of the landing, our men were forced to wade ashore waist-deep, march through mud to a point twelve miles distant, bivouac on low, marshy ground, in a rain-storm, for the night, engage the enemy at daylight in the morning, fighting them for four hours, amid a dense fog, that prevented them from seeing the position of the enemy, and finally advancing rapidly over bad roads upon the city. In the midst of all this, not a complaint was heard; the men were only eager to accomplish their work. Every brigade, and in fact every regiment, and I can almost say every officer and man of the force landed, was in the engagement.

The men are all in good spirits, and, under the circumstances, are in good health.

I beg to say to the General commanding that I have under my command a division that can be relied upon in any emergency.

A more detailed report will be forwarded as soon as I receive the brigade-returns. The Brigadier-Generals, having been in the midst of their regiments, whilst under fire, will be able to give me minute accounts. I beg to say to the General commanding the army, that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations; I only hope that we may in future be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign. The only thing I have to regret, is the delay caused by the elements.

I desire again to bear testimony to the gallantry of our naval fleet, and to express my thanks to Com. Rowan, and the officers under him, for their hearty and cheerful coöperation in this movement. Their assistance was timely and of great service in the accomplishment of our undertaking.

I omitted to mention that there was a large arrival of reinforcements of the enemy in Newbern during the engagement, which retreated with the remainder of the army by the cars and the country-roads.

I have the honor, General, to be

Your obedient servant,

A. E. BURNSIDE,

Brigadier-General Commanding Department of North-Carolina.

P. S.—I enclose the names of killed and wounded, as far as received. The Third brigade being

so far distant, it is impossible to communicate with it in time for this mail.

COMMANDER ROWAN'S REPORT.

U. S. FLAG-STEAMER PHILADELPHIA, }
OFF NEWBERN, N. C., March 16. }

Flag-Officer L. M. Goldsborough, commanding North-Atlantic Blockading Squadron, etc.:

SIR: I have the honor to report the capture of all the rebel batteries upon the Neuse river, the complete defeat and rout of the enemy's forces in this vicinity, and the occupation of the city of Newbern by the combined forces of the army and navy of the United States on yesterday, Friday, at noon. The incidents of the expedition, briefly stated, are these:

The fleet under my command, and that of the army, left Hatteras Inlet at half-past seven, on Wednesday morning, the twelfth inst., and arrived, without accident or delay, on the point selected for disembarking the troops, and within sight of the city of Newbern, at sunset on the evening of the same day, where we anchored for the night.

On Thursday morning I hoisted my pennant on board the steamer Delaware.

At half-past eight A.M. our gunboats commenced shelling the woods in the vicinity of the proposed place of landing, taking stations at intervals along the shore, to protect the advance of the troops.

At half-past nine A.M. the troops commenced landing, and at the same time six naval boat-howitzers, with their crews, under the command of Lieut. R. S. McCook, of the Stars and Stripes, were put on shore to assist the attack. The army commenced to move up the beach at about half-past eleven A.M., the debarkation of troops still continuing. In the mean time our vessels were slowly moving up, throwing shell in the wood beyond.

At a quarter-past four P.M. the first of the enemy's batteries opened fire on the foremost of our gunboats, which was returned by them at long range. The troops were now all disembarked, and steadily advancing without resistance. At sundown the firing was discontinued, and the fleet came to anchor in position to cover the troops on shore.

At half-past six A.M. on Friday, the fourteenth inst., we heard a continuous firing of heavy guns and musketry inland, and immediately commenced throwing our shells in advance of the position supposed to be held by our troops. The fleet steadily moved up, and gradually closed in toward the batteries. The lower fortifications were discovered to have been abandoned by the enemy. A boat was despatched to it, and the Stars and Stripes planted on the ramparts.

As we advanced, the upper batteries opened fire upon us. The fire was returned with effect, the magazine of one exploding.

Having proceeded in an extended line as far as the obstructions in the river would permit, the signal was made to follow the movements of the flag-ship, and the whole fleet advanced in order,

concentrating our fire on Fort Thompson, mounting thirteen guns, on which rested the enemy's land defences. The army having with great gallantry driven them out of those defences, the forts were abandoned.

Several of our vessels were slightly injured in passing the barricades of piles and torpedoes which had been placed in the river.

The upper battery having been evacuated on the approach of the combined forces, it was abandoned, and subsequently blew up.

We now steamed rapidly up to the city. The enemy had fled, and the place remained in our possession.

Upon our approach, several points of the city were fired by the enemy where stores had been accumulated. Two small batteries, constructed of cotton-bales, and mounting two guns each, were also fired by them. Two small steamers were captured, another having been burnt. A large raft composed of barrels of pitch and bales of cotton, which had been prepared to send down upon the fleet, was fired, and floating against the railroad-bridge, set it on fire, and destroyed it. In addition to the prizes, a quantity of cotton, pitch, tar, a gunboat, and another vessel on the stocks, several schooners afloat, and an immense quantity of arms and munitions of war, fell into our hands.

At about four P.M., I sent several of our vessels to the right bank of the Trent River, to carry Gen. Foster's brigade to occupy the city of Newbern.

I am respectfully,

S. C. ROWAN,

Com. U. S. Naval Forces in Pamlico Sound.

GEN. FOSTER'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS GEN. FOSTER'S BRIGADE,
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA,
NEWBERN, March 20, 1862.

Capt. Lewis Richmond, Assist. Adjt-General:

I have the honor to report that in pursuance of the orders of Gen. Burnside, and in accordance with the plan of operations agreed upon, I proceeded to land my brigade, on the thirteenth inst., at Slocum's Creek. I took on board the Pilot-Boy about five hundred men of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, and towing the boats of my brigade, carrying about six hundred more, reached the mouth of the creek, and landed without molestation.

I landed with the first detachment, and instructed Captain Messinger to remain on the Pilot-Boy, and land the balance of the brigade.

I had sent orders to form the Twenty-fourth, and advance a short distance on the main road, and on landing I took command and moved on, giving the advance to the Twenty-first regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, of Gen. Reno's brigade, by orders of Gen. Burnside, assigning the advance to Gen. Reno. I left an aid to form the regiments as they landed, and to order them to follow.

I advanced on the main road, throwing out skirmishers and an advance-guard of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, and at a distance of six miles

I heard from Capt. Williamson, of the Topographical Engineers, the result of a daring reconnaissance made by him, accompanied by Lieuts. Pell and Fearing, of Gen. Burnside's staff, and by Lieuts. Strong, Pendleton, and Strong, of mine, discovering an abandoned breastwork. I then pushed on, and entered the work, accompanied by Gen. Reno, who had shortly before come up, and assumed command of the Twenty-first Massachusetts.

The work was found to be a breastwork well constructed, and running in a straight line from the railroad to the river—a distance of about one mile; having a flank facing the railroad, and a fort on the river-flank. There were four flanking bastions for guns, and the fort was prepared for four guns. None were mounted, however.

The troops were halted inside the fort to rest and eat.

Gen. Burnside then coming up, I, agreeably to his orders, advanced my brigade about three o'clock, on the country road—Gen. Reno being ordered to take the railroad-track, which ran off to the left of the country road.

We marched about four miles, halted, and bivouacked for the night near the enemy's position.

At daylight of the next morning, (the fourteenth,) I advanced my brigade by order of Gen. Burnside, until I came to the enemy's position, (Gen. Parke was ordered to the left by General Burnside,) and made the following dispositions: the Twenty-fifth was thrown to the extreme right, followed in order by the Twenty-fourth in line of battle, their left resting on the country road, just on the left of which I placed the howitzer from the Highlander, under command of Capt. Dayton, supported in line of battle on the left by the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, and opened fire. On the arrival of the navy boat-howitzers, under command of Lieut. McCook, they were placed in line on the left of Capt. Dayton's gun, and the Twenty-third was ordered to the left of the Twenty-seventh. The firing was incessant and very severe from the breastwork and within a very short range.

Gen. Burnside arriving, I communicated to him the dispositions I had made, which he approved, sending over to Gen. Parke to push on the enemy's right, and leaving me to hold the front, he rode off to reach Gen. Reno's position.

The Tenth regiment Connecticut Volunteers having arrived, were ordered to the left of the Twenty-third, and to support them if rendered necessary by want of ammunition. This being the case, they formed on and to the left of the position of the Twenty-third, and opened fire. Hearing from the Twenty-seventh that they were very short of ammunition, I ordered the Eleventh Connecticut, of Gen. Parke's brigade, which had just come up by order of Gen. Burnside, to their support, and sent one of my aids to conduct them to their position. The Twenty-seventh Massachusetts then retired in good order, with orders to lie in a hollow, out of the fire, with fixed bayonets, and wait further orders.

The ammunition of the naval howitzers being nearly exhausted, and one piece disabled, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts was ordered to march by the flank, and form so as to support the guns, leaving the Twenty-fourth on the extreme right. About twenty-five minutes from this time the head of Gen. Parke's column, the Fourth Rhode Island, had reached the breastwork at the railroad-crossing, and after a brisk fire, pushed on and entered the breastwork in an opening left for the railroad-track, and where the enemy's fire had much slackened in consequence of the steady and constant fire of the Twenty-third Massachusetts and Tenth Connecticut. This position of affairs being discovered, I ordered an advance along the line, which was promptly obeyed, the enemy retreating with great precipitation. On entering the breastwork, sharp firing was still heard to the right of the enemy's position, and hearing from Gen. Parke that he was engaged with the enemy's forces in their works on the right of the railroad, I led the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts to their support, and received the surrender of Col. Avery and one hundred and fifty men.

The breastwork we had entered was similar in construction to the abandoned one, running from Fort Thompson, at the river, to the railroad-track, a distance of a mile and a quarter, and from the railroad-track, rifle-pits and detached intrenchments, in the form of curvettes and redans, followed each other for the distance of a mile and a quarter, terminated by a two-gun battery. Fort Thompson, a flanking-bastion, mounting thirteen guns, all thirty-two-pounders, (two rifled,) four of which were turned so as to bear on our lines. The breastwork was mounted with two complete field-batteries, besides several small pieces of heavy artillery, and manned by about six thousand men. The force in men and artillery of the other defences I am unable to give, they not coming under my observation.

Pressing forward, then, with my brigade, I reached the railroad-bridge at Newbern, which, being burnt to prevent our following up the flying enemy, I rested the men on a field on the east bank of the Trent. By order of Gen. Burnside, who had continued up with me, I shortly after crossed with my brigade over the river and encamped the regiments, with the exception of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, in the camp of the enemy at the fair grounds, the enemy having left all his camp equipage, and from appearances must have fled very precipitately; the Twenty-fifth being quartered in the town for police duty.

The fatigue and hardships of the march from Slocum's Creek I need not mention; the horrible state of the road, the wearying labor it cost to drag for twelve miles the howitzers, the severity of the storm, and the wet ground of the soldiers' bivouac for the night, you well know.

I must mention in my brigade, where all behaved bravely, with particular praise the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts and the Tenth Connecticut. The former, under a severe fire from musketry in the front, and exposed to a flanking fire of grape

and canister from Fort Thompson, unprotected by the trees, behaved with marked coolness and steadiness; the latter advanced close under the enemy's fire, in line of battle, fired with the most remarkable steadiness, and stood steadily up, giving and taking the most severe fire.

The howitzers, under the command of Lieut. McCook, Acting Masters Daniels and Hammond, Captain's Clerk Meeker, Captain Rowan's Clerk Gaberdan, Lieuts. Tillotson and Hughes, of the Union Coast Guard, were most admirably served during the day, and when their ammunition was exhausted, they lay down by their pieces rather than withdraw from their position. Capt. Dayton volunteered again to land and command the gun from the Highlander. His gun was first in position, and he served it as before, with steadiness and efficiency. Lieut. Tillotson, whose gun was disabled, rushed ahead after the action, in pursuit, with such speed as to be captured by the enemy.

From the joy of victory I must turn to the price it cost, in the soldier's death of Lieut.-Col. Merritt, of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, who fell early in the action while urging and cheering the men on, and of Lieut. J. W. Lawton, of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, shot dead in the field.

Major Robert H. Stevenson, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, was wounded in the leg, but stood up encouraging his men till forced to leave the field. Adjutant W. L. Horton, of the same regiment, was severely wounded by a grape-shot in the shoulder while in the active performance of his duties; and Lieuts. Daniel Sargent and James B. Nichols were each slightly wounded.

Capt. V. V. Parkhurst, of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, had his leg fractured.

Lieuts. J. S. Aitchison and J. W. Trafton, of the Twenty-seventh, were slightly wounded. Capt. R. R. Swift also severely wounded, and Lieut. George Warner had a foot shot off.

Capt. Wesley C. Sawyer and William B. Alexander, of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, were both wounded, the former severely in the leg, rendering amputation necessary, and the latter in the hand.

Lieut. T. W. B. Hughes, of the Union Coast Guard, was also wounded.

Enclosed I hand you the returns of killed and wounded, showing a total of thirty-nine killed and one hundred and fifty-three wounded.

It is with much pleasure that I can report all of my staff as uninjured. They consisted during the day of Brigade-Surgeon J. H. Thompson, who volunteered in the early part of the fight to carry any order for me, and he did so till called elsewhere by his duties, under the hottest fire; Capt. Southard Hoffman, A. A. G.; Capt. Edward E. Potter, A. C. S.; Lieutenant John F. Anderson, A. D. C.; Lieut. J. M. Pendleton, A. D. C.; Lieut. James H. Strong, A. D. C.; Lieutenant Edward N. Strong, A. D. C.; and Lieuts. J. L. Van Buren and R. T. Gordon, of the Signal Corps, who were used as aids. And I most cordially bear my testimony to the conduct of the above-mentioned

officers as a most worthy and gallant set of gentlemen. They were indefatigable in carrying orders, urging on men, and in placing the regiments, coolly and correctly obeying every order, and always under the heaviest fire.

Without drawing any distinctions in the staff, I would take advantage of this opportunity to mention the names of Lieutenants James M. Pendleton and James H. and Edward N. Strong, as being volunteers who, without commission or emolument, have acted during the entire campaign as aids, and performed every duty zealously and satisfactorily, and whose conduct during the day I have already spoken of, and to suggest that, under these circumstances, their services deserve a recognition if not award from the Government.

I also desire to return my thanks to the colonels for the able assistance they rendered, in promptly and correctly obeying, with the regiments under their command, my orders during the day. They were: Col. Edwin Upton, of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts; Col. Thomas G. Stevenson, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts; Colonel Horace C. Lee, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts; Col. John Kurtz, Twenty-third Massachusetts; Lieut.-Col. Albert W. Drake, Tenth Connecticut; Lieut.-Col. Charles Mathewson, Eleventh Connecticut.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Brigadier-General U. S. A.

COLONEL KURTZ'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS MASSACHUSETTS TWENTY-THIRD, }
NEWBERN, NORTH-CAROLINA, March 15, 1862. }

To his Excellency John A. Andrews, Governor and Commander-in-Chief M. V. M. :

DEAR SIR: On the morning of the thirteenth instant, I received orders to disembark my regiment and land upon the shore sixteen miles below this post. One of my vessels was three or more miles from shore, and as I had nothing but five small surf-boats to use, the matter was somewhat tedious; however, at half-past two o'clock, we had all landed, together with the twelve-pounder howitzer. We marched up toward Newbern on the worst road I ever saw, many places sinking knee-deep in a soft blue clay, making it somewhat difficult to get your feet out after once getting in.

About ten o'clock at night, we reached the place where our regiment had bivouacked for the night, and ascertained we had marched ten miles. We formed in column by division in the woods, by the side of the road, stacked our arms, built fires, posted sentinels, and then retired for the night upon the wet ground. In the course of the night we had what the people out here call a "right smart rain," and it drenched us to the skin.

At daylight we received the order to march, and after a march of two miles we found ourselves in front of an intrenchment that looked very much like a railroad embankment, and about a quarter of a mile in length, with a flank battery upon either end, and mounting in all fourteen heavy guns, and defended by five thousand rebels. The

morning was quite hazy, making it difficult to make out the position. The Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, with my own, were formed in a line in front of the work, and had hardly got into position before the enemy opened a murderous fire upon us along the whole line, which we returned as fast as we could.

My regiment did not flinch, but stood up to the work like veterans, and after continuing the fire for one and a half hours, we having expended all our ammunition, (forty rounds,) I sent to the rear for a fresh supply. In the mean time, fixed bayonets, closed ranks, and lay down, watching the next move of the enemy.

In a few moments the Tenth and Eleventh Connecticut came to our relief; we retired in good order ten paces, while they occupied our place in front, opened their fire and poured in a lively fusillade, until we received the order to charge, when the whole line charged batteries and intrenchments, and the enemy took the road for Newbern as fast as their legs would carry them.

My regiment was ordered to follow them, while the others were sent to the right and left through the woods. We met, after an hour's march, at the railroad, about two miles from this post, Gen. Foster, with the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, and had not gone far in this direction before we discovered the enemy had set on fire the beautiful bridge over the River Trent, to prevent our following in his rear too closely.

This prevented our taking them prisoners, as they filled everything in the shape of cars, and took the road to Goldsboro'. They made several attempts to destroy the city by fire, but our gunboats threw a few shells at them, and they did not stop to finish the work. The market-house and one or two turpentine-factories were all they succeeded in destroying. When we arrived, (using the boats of the fleet,) the negroes were pillaging where they pleased, but we soon put a stop to all such proceedings, and have now good order generally.

Our brigade occupy the camp that the enemy left to attack us on the morning of the fourteenth, and which they were in too much of a hurry to visit in their late trip through the city, and we have very comfortable quarters. From the reports of the people here, there must have been twelve thousand troops in this vicinity, and, with their works, ought to have given us a week's job, as our men were very much fatigued with their march through the mud the day before; but we came down here to win, and if possible we will do it.

We shall move on some other point in a day or two. Our loss must be considerable in killed and wounded, but I am not at present able to give more than that of my own regiment, which I enclose.

It is with the most sincere regret that I have to report the loss of Lieut.-Col. Henry Merritt, who was killed by the first shot from the enemy's artillery, while bravely and gallantly executing an order I had given him a moment before. His loss is a severe one to the regiment and the

service, as well as to myself. He was a gallant officer and a firm friend, and the kindest-hearted comrade I ever had, and I am sensibly affected by the casualty. I have detailed Sergt.-Major Daniel Johnson to accompany his remains home to his family, and they will be sent by the first vessel.

It gives me great pleasure to say that the regiment under my command behaved gallantly, and particularly companies A, B, C, D, F, G and H, and their officers and men deserve the thanks of their countrymen.

With sentiments of high regard, I have the honor to be,

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

JOHN KURTZ,

Colonel Twenty-third Massachusetts Volunteers.

P. S.—I omitted saying that Major Elwell and Adjutant Chambers both behaved in the most gallant manner, and rendered me the most efficient aid during the whole engagement. J. K.

I have just learned that the intrenchments above referred to were nearly a mile in length, and that the battery on the right had twelve guns, the one on the left fifteen guns, and the front fourteen guns. J. K.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" NARRATIVE.

NEWBERN, N. C., March 15, 1862.

Our arms have again been crowned with victory. The city of Newbern with its entire line of defences has been captured, and the routed enemy have fled to Goldsborough, leaving their cannon, camps, immense quantities of ammunition, equipage, horses, provisions, and stores of all kinds in our hands. The battle has been more severe than that at Roanoke, the victory more important.

The field of operations was so extensive that, with every desire to be fair and in giving a comprehensive sketch of the whole to do justice to each of the brave regiments engaged, it is simply impossible to avoid errors. Every man of the division is jaded and worn out by the long march and the desperate battle, and we are to be allowed barely a few hours of rest before our forward march is to be resumed.

Burnside fights like no sluggard, and now that he has tried the mettle of his troops in two such battles as Roanoke and Newbern, his blows are likely to be struck as quickly as prudence dictates and circumstances permit.

At daylight on Thursday morning the rain was falling heavily, and it seemed as if we were to have every disadvantage of weather added to the obstacles which lay in the path of our advance on the city. By eight o'clock, however, patches of blue sky were to be seen here and there, and in a little time the rain ceased. The signal to prepare for landing hoisted on each of the brigade flag-boats was greeted with cheers throughout the fleet, and it was not long before the different regiments were in the launches, ready for the signal to land.

At nine o'clock the Patuxent, laden with troops, headed for the mouth of Slocum's Creek, followed by the Alert with fourteen boats in tow,

the Union, with the Fourth Rhode Island aboard, the Pilot-Boy with twelve launches, Levy with thirteen, and the Alice Price, Gen. Burnside's flag-boat. The Price, steaming past the others, led the advance, and, running to within a few yards of the shore, stopped and signalled the Pilot-Boy to follow in her wake. From the transport fleet to shore the boats sailed in a long, graceful sweep, with flags flying, bands playing, and five thousand bayonets flashing in the sunshine, which now streamed over the fleet. The picture was really beautiful, artistically speaking, while the solemn nature of the business before us lent to the pageant an air of grandeur peculiar to itself.

It was almost ten o'clock when the Alice Price stopped near the shore. Her paddles had hardly ceased their revolutions when a small boat, containing Sergeant Poppe and three men of Capt. Wright's company of the Fifty-first New-York, put off from her side, and carried the Stars and Stripes to land. When the Color-Sergeant planted his colors, and the dear flag was given to the breeze, one long, loud shout went up from the flotilla and fleet. The signal to cast off tows was now given, and the swarm of boats made the best of their way to the beach; but the water shoaled so gradually to the westward of the creek that they grounded while yet sixty yards away. In a moment the soldiers were over the gunwales, and the water was swarming with them, as they waded to land, carrying their pieces and ammunition under their arms to keep them dry. The crowd was so great, that some boats containing portions of the Eighth Connecticut and one of the Massachusetts regiments headed for the opposite bank of the creek, and the men were all ashore before the error was seen and an order could be sent them to land with the others. Back to their boats they had to wade, and thus before they rejoined their regiment, they had had to go three times further in water than if the foolish mistake had not been made. In view of the long, muddy march of sixteen miles, from Slocum's Creek to Newbern, it seemed a great pity that a way had not been provided to land the troops dry-shod. Here, if anywhere, it would seem as if Field's floating-bridge could have been easily and profitably employed, and as it was on a schooner in the fleet, the failure to use it was an oversight.

In the boat-flotilla there were six navy barges with mountain howitzers, the whole battery being under command of Lieut. McCook of the Stars and Stripes, and the guns respectively of J. B. Hammond, (Acting Master,) of the Hetzel; E. C. Gabaudan (Commodore Rowan's clerk) of the Delaware; Lieut. Tillotson, (Union Coast-Guard,) of the Perry; Lieut. T. W. B. Hughes, (Union Coast-Guard,) of the St. Lawrence; C. H. Daniels, of the Decatur, and Mr. E. P. Mecker, (Commodore Goldsborough's secretary,) of the Ohio. Each gun was drawn by twelve sailors, assisted, as occasion required, by soldiers who stepped from the ranks and lent a hand with cheerful alacrity. Beside this battery of navy-guns, two Wiard rifled twelve-pounders were

landed from the transports—one from the Cossack, under command of Capt. J. W. Bennett, and the other from the schooner Highlander, under Capt. E. G. Dayton. The Cossack's gun was worked, in action, by Mr. Stroud, the second officer of the ship, with great gallantry and precision.

Along the river, by the mouth of the creek, the ground is marshy, and while not so much so as the landing-place at Roanoke Island, was still miry enough to make the labor of dragging the field-pieces very heavy. Our path led for little distance through a fringe of woods, in which the Spanish moss was hanging from almost every tree—a sad-colored drapery, but quite appropriate, I thought, for the journey to spirit-world that many were then treading. I recollect standing beneath a thick canopy of this moss with the gallant young Hammond, who fought so bravely at Roanoke, to watch the men as they labored to get his gun through a bit of mire, and thinking which of these twelve would meet his death before we got to Newbern. Alas! every man of them was killed or wounded.

After leaving the woods, we came upon a strip of beach, and, after marching a mile through the sand, ankle-deep, struck across a piece of fallow land, and came upon the county road. One of the finest sights of the day was the march of the column diagonally across this clearing, the thick-set hedge of bayonets shining like frosted grass in the sunshine, and the long line of blue-clothed men undulating like a great snake over the inequalities of the ground. A little way up the road we found extensive cavalry barracks, some distance back, in a wooded ravine. So great had been the hurry of leaving that the officers had left their breakfast untouched—the men theirs in the mess-tins. Furniture, books, clothing, all the conveniences of camp-life, were strewn about the cantonment, and in the stables one solitary little pony was found tied, and appropriated by an aide-de-camp, whose undignified appearance when mounted elicited many a jest and laugh from his friends of the several staffs.

The rains of the week preceding had brought the county road into a sad plight, and our troops marched for five miles through mud and water, such as one would hardly expect to find this side of the heavy clays of Yorkshire. There was no straggling or hanging back, however, for the officers met every loiterer with the order to close up ranks and keep together. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, having the right of the First brigade, was, of course, at the head of the column; the Eleventh Connecticut brought up the rear of the Third brigade. We had proceeded, perhaps, five miles when the skirmishers came upon a clearing with a line of breastworks and batteries apparently a mile in extent. The column was immediately halted, and a reconnoissance being made by Capt. Williamson, Topographical Engineer on Gen. Burnside's staff, it was found deserted. The work must have required the labor of a thousand men for a month, being constructed

in the most thorough and scientific manner. A deep and wide moat extended along the front, and an abattis of felled timber had been made on both flanks. No guns had been mounted, the enemy probably thinking the division was to move first on Norfolk, and that no great haste was required in preparing the nice little thing for our reception.

A mile further on, a road crossing our line of march ran down to the river. Thinking that the enemy might have a fortification on the beach, with a large supporting body of infantry, a reconnoissance was ordered by Gen. Foster, and Lieutenants Strong, Pendleton, Captain Hudson, and other of his aids riding down, found a large battery, which had been deserted in haste. They waved a white handkerchief as a signal to the gunboats, and a boat put off immediately from the Delaware, and the National flag was hoisted on the parapet.

All the afternoon it had been raining by showers, the intervals being filled with a continuous drizzle, which alone would have wetted the men to the skin, so that when night was approaching without our having met the enemy, it is not strange that we should have looked with anxiety for the order to halt. Gen. Reno's brigade had been turned off on the railroad, at the first point where the county road crossed it, with the view of flanking the enemy, while the main body attacked them in front. The two bodies met at another crossing, and here a man coming on horseback from Newbern was arrested, and gave us the information that Manassas was evacuated. The joyful news was passed along the column from regiment to regiment, and was hailed with such a tempest of cheers as made the welkin ring indeed. Imagine the cheering of a whole army, itself on the march to a battle, on hearing such joyful tidings as these! Whether true or false, the effect of the story was excellent, for when the order "FORWARD" was given, the men sprang into their places with a cheerful alacrity which could hardly have been expected of jaded men.

At six o'clock we had advanced to within a mile of the enemy's line of fortifications, and a halt was ordered. Generals Burnside and Foster and their staffs were riding some distance in advance, even of the skirmishers of the Twenty-fourth, and I certainly expected that we should all (for I happened to be with the party for an hour or so) be bagged by some marauding squadron of rebel cavalry, who would dash out and take us in the rear. Capt. Williamson and Capt. Potter and Lieut. Strong were sent ahead to reconnoitre, and after riding half a mile came upon some cavalry pickets, by whom they were hailed and whom they challenged in return. On their reporting to Gen. Burnside, the column was ordered to halt and bivouac for the night on both sides of the road. It was a wet, miserable night, the rain-drops showering down upon us from the trees, and the sodden leaves and woods-mould making anything but a comfortable couch. However, we cut down some yellow pine-trees for fuel,

and by the genial warmth of bivouac-fires, were soon smoking pipes and making feeble attempts to forget our weariness and wetness.

In the morning, at six o'clock, all the generals were in their saddles, and at seven the column was in motion. The column of Gen. Reno, on the railroad, was the first to move, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, as the right-flank regiment, leading the advance. (In its appropriate place I would here mention that Reno's brigade bivouacked alongside the track, two companies of the Twenty-first having been thrown out as pickets.) The regiment had not proceeded far before, on turning a curve in the road, they saw a train of cars, which had brought reinforcements to the enemy, standing on the track. In front of the locomotive, on a platform-car, had been a large rifled-gun, which was evidently to be placed in position to rake the road. Our men, however, advanced at the double-quick, and poured in a volley with such accuracy of aim, that the enemy, who had already rolled the gun and caisson off the car, did not stop to unload the carriage, but ran into the intrenchments, and the train was backed toward Newbern, leaving the platform-car standing on the track. The Twenty-first had got within short range before discovering the formidable nature of the enemy's earthworks, but now fell back, and, forming line of battle in the woods, opened fire. The Fifty-first New-York was moved to the left and ordered forward to engage a series of redans, the Ninth New-Jersey occupying the left of the line, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania held in reserve, in rear of the Ninth, a little to the left.

Meanwhile Gen. Foster's brigade had advanced up the main road to the clearing, when the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts was sent into the woods to the right of the road, and opening a heavy fire on the enemy, commenced the action of the First brigade. The Twenty-seventh was sent to their left to support them, and news being received that the enemy were trying to out-flank us on the right, the Twenty-fifth was sent out to resist the movement. The Twenty-third being moved to the front next in line of battle, opened fire upon the enemy, which was replied to by very heavy volleys, and a cannonade from a park of field-pieces behind the breastwork. The very first cannon-shot killed Lieutenant-Col. Henry Merritt of the Twenty-third, the ball passing through his body. As he fell he threw up his arms and said: "O dear! O dear!" Gen. Foster's line of battle was completed by moving the gallant Tenth Connecticut to the extreme left, to a position where they had to fight under the most discouraging disadvantages. The ground was very wet, swampy, and cut up into gullies and ravines, which mostly ran toward the enemy, and, of course, while offering no protection from his fire, exposed them on elevations and in valleys. The regiment had shown at Roanoke, however, the behavior of veterans, and nothing else could have been expected at this time but that they would stand their ground to the last.

Gen. Parke's brigade, which had followed the First brigade up the main road, was placed in line between the Tenth Connecticut and Twenty-first Massachusetts, the Fourth Rhode Island holding the right of line, the Eighth Connecticut the next place, the Fifth Rhode Island next, and the Eleventh Connecticut on the left. Our line of battle was now complete, the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts on the extreme right and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania at the extreme left, and extended more than a mile. The naval battery was in position at our centre, with Capt. Bennett's and Capt. Dayton's rifles alongside, and were all worked with the greatest gallantry throughout the day. The officers in charge of the pieces, without exception, I believe, displayed perfect coolness, and stood by their guns in some cases when a single man was all the assistance they had to work them. This was the case with Acting Master Hammond of the Hetzel, and Lieut. T. W. B. Hughes of the Union coast-guard, the former losing every man, and the latter all but one. The few hours which have elapsed since the battle, have not permitted my seeing the naval officers in person, to obtain particulars of their part of the action, and a complete list of killed and wounded. It was my fortune to assist Lieut. Hughes to a trifling extent after he was wounded, and I can testify to the coolness with which he bore his injury. Acting Master Hammond lost both his shoes in the tenacious clay of the road, and for several hours was compelled to walk in stocking-feet through mud and mire.

The battle had waged for something less than an hour, when the Twenty-first lost one of its noblest officers, in the person of Adjutant Frazar A. Stearns, the young man who bore himself so bravely in the difficult and dangerous charge on the right of the enemy's battery on Roanoke Island. Poor Stearns received a bullet in his right breast, and fell dead in his place. He was the son of the President of Amherst College, and possessed the love of his commanding officer and the whole regiment. Lieut.-Col. Clark, who is in command of the Twenty-first, was affected to tears when relating the circumstances of his untimely death, for he felt almost the love of a father for the young man.

The fire of the enemy was now telling so severely upon the Twenty-first, that Col. Clark ordered the regiment forward on a double-quick, and at the head of four companies, entering the breastworks from the railroad-track in company with Gen. Reno, the colors were taken into a frame house which stood there, and waved from the roof. The men at the nearest guns seeing the movement, abandoned their pieces and fled, and the four companies being formed again in line of battle, charged down the line upon the battery. Col. Clark mounted the first gun and waved the colors, and had got as far as the second, when two full regiments emerged from a grove of young pines and advanced upon our men, who, seeing that they were likely to be captured or cut to pieces, leaped over the parapet and retired to their position in the woods. At this time Capt. J. D.

Frazer of company H, was wounded in the right arm, and dropped his sword, but taking it in his left hand, he attempted to escape with his company, fell into the ditch, and was taken prisoner, and dragged inside again over the parapet. A guard of three men was placed over him, his sword was taken, but his revolver being overlooked, he seized the opportunity offered by a charge of the Fourth Rhode Island, and by the judicious display of his pistol, captured all three of his guard.

On being driven from the battery, Col. Clark informed Col. Rodman of the Fourth Rhode Island of the state of affairs inside, and that officer, unable to communicate with Gen. Parke in the confusion of the fight, acted upon his own responsibility, after consultation with Lieut. Lydig, one of the General's aids, and decided upon a charge with the bayonet. As the Fourth was one of the most prominent regiments in the action, it will be well to go back a little in our narrative, and trace them up to that point. Their position in the line of battle, as ordered by Gen. Parke, was in front of a battery of five guns, and the rifle-pits or redans which were situated immediately in the rear of and protected the right flank of the main battery of nine guns. Until the charge was decided upon by Col. Rodman, the regiment had been firing, like the rest of the line, by companies and otherwise. When the command was given to charge, they went at the double-quick directly up to the battery, firing as they ran, and entering at the right flank, between a brick-yard and the end of the parapet. When fairly inside, the Colonel formed the right wing in line of battle, and at their head charged down upon the guns at double-quick, the left wing forming irregularly, and going as they could. With a steady line of cold steel, the Rhode Islanders bore down upon the enemy, and, routing them, captured the whole battery, with its two flags, and planted the Stars and Stripes upon the parapet. The Eighth Connecticut, Fifth Rhode Island, and Eleventh Connecticut, coming up to their support, the rebels fled with precipitation, and left us in undisputed possession.

Gen. Reno's brigade were still attacking the redans and small battery on the right of the railroad, and the firing was very heavy. The Twenty-first was engaging the battery of five small pieces, the Fifty-first New-York the first of the redans, the Ninth New-Jersey the next two, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania were still in reserve. Lieut.-Col. Robert B. Potter, of the Fifty-first New-York, when in advance with Capt. Hazard's company of skirmishers, was shot through the side and fell, but making light of the wound, he got his servant to put on a bandage, and in a few minutes had returned to his place and was cheering on his men. The regiment was drawn up in a hollow or ravine, from which they would move up to the top of the eminence, discharge their volleys, and retire to such cover as the inequalities of the ground might furnish. Gen. Reno, becoming impatient at the loss of life which his regiments, and particularly Col. Ferrero's, was suffer-

ing, wished the regiment to advance as soon as possible, so Lieut.-Col. Potter took a color over the brow of the hill into another hollow, and from here charged up an acclivity and over brushwood and abattis into the redan. The Fifty-first Pennsylvania, for a long time held in reserve, was ordered up to participate in the decisive charge of the whole brigade upon the line of redans, and passing through the Fifty-first New-York, as it was lying on the ground, after having exhausted all its ammunition, came under the heaviest fire, and without flinching or wavering, moved to its place, and rushed, with the other regiments, upon the defences of the enemy. The movement of Col. Hartranft's regiment was executed in the most deliberate manner, and proved a complete success.

The movement of the Third brigade was supported by a charge of the Fourth Rhode Island from the captured main battery upon the works which were being assailed, and the enemy, already demoralized by the breaking of their centre, fell back before the grand charge upon the left and front of their position, and fled in confusion. On our extreme right the brave Twenty-fourth and its supporting regiments had been advancing inch by inch, standing up against the enemy's musketry and cannonade without flinching, and at about the time when the Fourth Rhode Island charged in at the right flank, the colors of the Twenty-fourth were planted on the parapet at the left, and the whole of the First brigade poured into the fortification. The whole line of earthworks was now in our hands, and the cheers of our men, from one end of it to the other, broke out with fresh spirit as each new regimental color was unfurled on the parapet.

While all the regiments engaged in the battle are deserving of high praise for their steadiness under fire, the spirit with which they surmounted the most formidable obstacles, and the fidelity with which they obeyed the commands of their generals, certain regiments, by the peculiarity of their distribution, perhaps, were made more prominent for their gallantry. These were the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Fourth Rhode Island, Tenth Connecticut, Twenty-first Massachusetts, and Fifty-first New-York. When the charge of the Fourth Rhode Island had been made, and the colors were carried along the whole length of the main battery, Gen. Burnside asked some one what regiment that was. On being told the Fourth Rhode Island, he said: "I knew it. It was no more than I expected. Thank God, the day is ours."

Beside the casualties already referred to in this narrative there were a vast number more, many of them of a lamentable nature. In the Fourth Rhode Island, one of the saddest cases is that of Capt. Chas. Tillinghast of company H, who was killed in the charge made in support of Gen. Reno's brigade. Only the day before the landing at Slocum's Creek he received news of the death of a favorite brother, and on Wednesday evening and Thursday morning he seemed sad and abstracted, as if a presentiment of his own death

were weighing upon him. In the excitement of the advance upon the enemy his cheerfulness returned, and all through the fight he kept at the head of his company, cheering his men, and setting them the example of unflinching courage. He was a fine officer of a fine regiment, and is deeply regretted by the officers and men of his regiment. Capt. William S. Chase, of company E, severely wounded in the cheek and neck, but for whose recovery hopes are entertained, is also a fine officer and genial companion. When he was struck he was waving his sword over his head and calling to his men to follow him. Of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Major Robert B. Stevenson was wounded in the thigh, but made so light of the matter, that when he turned to Capt. Pratt, of company C, who was lying beside him and said he was wounded, the Captain thought he was joking. Adjutant William L. Horton, one of the most gallant fellows in the division, is severely if not mortally wounded, a grape-shot having passed through his left shoulder, shattering the bones. Major Charles W. Le Gendre, of the Fifty-first New-York, mortally wounded, was shot in the swamp, in the attack on the redans. Capt. D. R. Johnson, of the same regiment, a most intrepid officer, and one who distinguished himself at Roanoke, was shot in the swamp at about the same time as Major Le Gendre, the ball entering his stomach and passing through his body. He remarked to-day that he would willingly die if it could be the means of suppressing this wicked rebellion and restoring peace to his country.

I regret that my memoranda of the casualties in the First brigade should be so meagre, but it has been impossible for any one man to collate all the details of so desperate a battle as this in the few hours at his disposal before the sailing of the despatch-boat.

The approaches to Newbern were defended by a line of water-batteries or forts communicating with field fortifications of the most extensive nature. The lower fort is about six miles from the city; the next communicates with the unfinished batteries and breastworks passed on our march, and the others distributed at about equal distances along the shore. The line of fortifications attacked and stormed in the brilliant engagement of yesterday was some three miles in extent. At the river-bank a hexagonal fort, or water-battery, with a large bomb-proof and thirteen heavy guns, commanded not only the river approach, but by means of pivot-carriages the cannon could be turned upon an advancing land-force, and even to sweep the line of breastworks itself in case the garrison should be driven out. The fire of this fort would have proved very destructive to us after the batteries were stormed if the gunners had not deserted their pieces. From the fort to the centre of the line, a well-made breastwork extended, with a deep moat in front. At the centre was a bastion and sally-port, after which the breastwork was continued to the railroad embankment, which was itself made to contribute a means of defence. Beyond the railroad, but

completely protecting the right flank of the main battery, was a small battery of irregular shape, communicating with a system of thirteen redans, or rifle-pits, each pair of which were constructed on a knoll rising between ravines, the conformation of the ground furnishing in itself a most admirable basis for field-works. The locality was chosen with rare judgment, and all that engineering skill could devise was done to make these fortifications an impassable barrier to our troops. From the railroad westward, a swift, deep brook with muddy bottom, and a wide border of swamp on both sides, ran in front of the redans, and on our side of approach, the timber was so very heavy that, when felled, it presented a barricade which would seem enough of itself to stop an army of French Zouaves. On the brow of each mound brushwood had been piled with regularity to the height of four feet in front of the redans, to make it extremely difficult to take them by assault from the front. The redans were constructed of heavy timbers covered with at least five feet thickness of earth, while an interior ditch of say three feet in depth gave complete protection to the garrison from volleys of musketry, or discharges of grape or canister-shot.

Inside, the battery presented a most revolting appearance. Beneath the parapet, in the ditch, on the open ground, under the gun-carriages, lay the dead bodies of rebels, some mangled in the most shocking manner. On every side were the bleeding carcasses of artillery-horses, all, so far as I noticed, killed by musket or rifle-balls. Here and there a broken gun-carriage, or caisson, lay tilted into the mud. Stores of all kinds were scattered over the ground or trampled in the black mire. Muskets with broken stocks or bent barrels thrown about in every direction. Pools of blood where the wounded had lain, and stripes of it along the ground in the direction in which they had been carried; but it is as distasteful as it is unnecessary to paint the horrors of a battle-field, and I forbear.

We did not know with certainty that there was not another battery as formidable as this still further up the road, but thinking it best to feed the panic which had seized upon the enemy, Gen. Burnside ordered an advance. Gen. Foster immediately sent forward the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh, and the whole brigade by the straight road. In the charge on the rifle-pit battery, about one hundred rebels, among them the Colonel of the Thirty-third North-Carolina, and a number of commissioned officers, were captured. When these were secured in an old brick-kiln and placed under guard, Gens. Reno and Parke removed their brigades after Gen. Foster's, the former going before up the railroad-track, and the latter by the country road. The march to Newbern was quite unobstructed, the enemy having apparently all he could do to get away from us, and early in the afternoon our forces reached the bank of the river, immediately opposite the city. Long before we came in sight of it, however, dense volumes of smoke were seen rising in that direction, and the suspicion that

the place had been fired by the enemy was fully realized when its steeples and houses were in view. Newbern had been fired in seven different places, and if the wind had not mercifully subsided, there would hardly have been a house left standing by nightfall. The splendid railroad-bridge, seven hundred and fifty yards long, had also been set on fire by a scow-load of turpentine which had drifted against it, and the great structure was wrapped in one grand sheet of flame. Preparations were immediately made by Gen. Foster to cross his forces, and this was accomplished by the assistance of a light-draft stern-wheel steamer, which had been captured with four or five small side-wheel boats, by the naval gunboats, which by this time were quite up to the city wharves.

To the eastward of the city a very large rebel camp, with barracks and tents, was found deserted, and taken possession of. Stragglers from different regiments wandered through the city, and some acts of depredation were committed, but a strong provost-guard was called out; all liquor-casks were staved in, and by midnight the streets of the city were as quiet as if one army had not just fled from it in one direction, and another entered it from the other.

The great majority of the inhabitants had left town, doubtless under the impression that the whole was to be given up to the flames; the stores were closed without exception, and if it had not been for the negroes and a few whites, one might have thought some dreadful plague was raging in the city. The Washington Hotel and Market-House were the principal buildings burned, and the number of private residences will not probably exceed a dozen. The nefarious plan of the rebel military officers and political demagogues was resisted by the better class of citizens, but to no purpose. The hotel was fired by a hot-headed secessionist lawyer, who applied the torch at an angle in the courtyard, with his own hands. The railroad-bridge was fired by accident; but a toll-bridge, the only remaining means of transit for vehicles and pedestrians from shore to shore, was about being set on fire, when the incendiaries were fired upon from a navy-boat and driven off.

Newbern is a very ancient place, but its appearance is made more venerable by the lichens and mosses which cover most of the houses. The streets are wide and mostly bordered by large trees. There are one or two large churches, some banks, a theatre, and two or three newspaper-offices. I made it one of my first duties to go to the office of the scurrilous *Newbern Progress*, in search of Southern exchanges, but found nothing but a beggarly account of empty lockers, the contents having already been appropriated by straggling soldiers or mischievous negroes. On a table, however, was lying a gilt penholder, with an ebony handle. It may be interesting to the editor to know that, as a piece of retributive justice, his penholder is in my hand at this moment of writing. If we should have a couple of days to spare, it is not improbable that one

number at least of a good sound Union paper may be issued from the office of *The Newbern Progress*.

The officers of the different staffs deserve credit for the manner in which they executed the orders of their commanders on the march and in the field. Young men bred in luxury, who never have or could have seen a day of active service, cheerfully undertook the arduous duties of the staff, in most cases, without a cent of pay, and with only nominal rank. In action, they exposed themselves whenever necessary, and so far as I could see or hear, showed no more tremor when cannon-shots roared by, or bullets whistled about them, than veteran campaigners. I was standing at one time on the main road, in conversation with Lieut. Fearing, of General Burnside's staff, when a thirty-two-pound shot flew between his horse's legs, barely escaping his belly by an inch or two. Beyond giving a look to see if the animal was safe, Fearing showed no consciousness that anything unusual had happened, and went on with the conversation.

Special mention has been made by Gen. Burnside of the reconnoissances by Capt. Robert Williamson, of the regular army, Topographical Engineer on his staff. On every occasion when called upon, he executed his orders with the most perfect self-possession and courage. His services were extremely valuable, and his arrival most opportune. All the members of the different staffs escaped unhurt.

The brigade and regimental surgeons were sadly in need of help on the field and in hospital, the number of wounded being so large, and their own force reduced by absences on leave, and those left in charge of the hospitals at Roanoke Island. The brigade hospitals were in charge respectively of Dr. Thompson, Dr. Cutter, of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, and Dr. Rivers, of the Fourth Rhode Island. The number of our own wounded was such that our surgeons could not give much attention to the enemy's till this afternoon. To-day the rain is pouring in torrents on dead and dying on the field of battle, but it cannot be helped. Mr. Vincent Colyer, of the Young Men's Christian Association, who has followed the army here, was active in distributing the hospital supplies so generously contributed by the charitable. New supplies are now needed, and, especially in view of the imminence of another battle, should be forwarded at once to Mr. Colyer, in care of Dr. Church, Division Surgeon, Newbern, N. C. Any vessels coming from New-York or Fortress Monroe, will bring them here free of charge, by Gen. Burnside's special order. Mr. Colyer has gone to considerable pains to collect the names of the killed and wounded, and has laid me under obligations for the list hereto annexed.

As I have given you the general order issued from headquarters before the battle, it will be interesting to subjoin No. 17, just published:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORTH-CAROLINA,
"NEWBERN, March 15, 1862."

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 17.

"The General commanding congratulates his

troops on their brilliant and hard-won victory of the fourteenth. Their courage, their patience, their endurance of fatigue, exposure and toil, cannot be too highly praised. After a tedious march, dragging their howitzers by hand through swamps and thickets, after a sleepless night passed in a drenching rain, they met the enemy in his chosen position, found him protected by strong earth-works, mounting many heavy guns, and although in open field themselves, they conquered. With such soldiers, advance is victory. The General commanding directs, with peculiar pride, that, as a well-deserved tribute to valor in this second victory of the expedition, each regiment engaged shall inscribe on its banner the memorable name, 'Newbern.'

"By command of Brig.-Gen. A. E. BURNSIDE.

"LEWIS RICHMOND,
"Assistant Adjutant-General."

And here is another, which will serve to show the quality of man that Gen. Burnside is :

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, }
"NEWBERN, March 15, 1862. }

"SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 51.

"4. Brig.-Gen. J. G. Foster is hereby appointed Military Governor of Newbern and its suburbs, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

"5. Brig.-Gen. J. G. Foster, Military Governor of Newbern, will direct that the churches be opened at a suitable hour to-morrow, in order that the chaplains of the different regiments may hold divine services in them. The bells will be rung as usual.

"By command of Brig.-Gen. A. E. BURNSIDE.

"LEWIS RICHMOND,
"Assistant Adjutant-General."

It has always been the General's practice to avoid unnecessary labor on Sunday, and he never starts on any expedition on that day when it can possibly be avoided. What a commentary is this General Order for the observance of the day, on the scurrilous stories spread by rebel leaders among the deluded people of these Southern States!

The number of the enemy in the batteries actually opposed to us has not been ascertained, but from the statements of rebel officers it could not have been less than eight regiments. It is stated at headquarters that there were two more regiments at the Newbern camp.

The value of the public property captured here is enormous, consisting of fifty-three heavy cannon and field-pieces, ammunition, quartermaster's and commissary stores, camps and camp equipage, horses, transportation, and naval stores in large quantities, cotton, etc. Probably two million dollars would not purchase the articles at first hand. But the victory is the more important from the fact that it places Beaufort and Fort Macon at our mercy, and opens up to us by railroad the direct lines of communication between the rebel army and the country which supports it. Perhaps the public North can give a shrewd

guess as to our next place of destination. We can here, but we will not divulge it until the next mail, which will leave here in a few days. By that opportunity I hope to send a correct map of the field of battle, with the positions occupied by the several regiments of this victorious army.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE GUNBOATS.

NEWBERN, March 16, 1862.

To return to the movements of the gunboats of the expedition, and the attacks on the rebel batteries, we will leave the point where the troops landed, and follow the Delaware, (Commodore Rowan's flagship,) which took the advance, followed by the Southfield, Hetzel, Brinka, Stars and Stripes, Louisiana, Underwriter, Commodore Perry, Picket, Vidette, and a few others whose names it is impossible for me to call to mind at the present moment. The reason of Commodore Rowan being in command was, that as soon as the news reached the fleet of the attack by the Merrimac on our vessels at Fortress Monroe, Commodore Goldsborough was so uneasy, that he immediately returned to Old Point, leaving the direction of the naval movements in the hands of the next officer in rank. Commodore Rowan consequently took charge, and he is deserving of the highest praise for the splendid manner in which every thing relating to the gunboats was conducted.

Immediately below the city of Newbern the rebels had placed an almost impassable barrier to the passage of vessels, hoping thereby to prevent the fleet from coming to the city. It was situated about six miles below Newbern, and consisted of a number of sunken vessels, placed in such a position and locked so firmly together as to make it appear a matter of the utmost impossibility to do anything with them, or to make an attempt to pass them; but Commodore Rowan was not to be deterred by anything that could be accomplished by human means only, and he made up his mind to pass the obstructions, and pass them he did. In the centre of the river is a shoal, which required no guarding, its light depth being its best protection; but on the right and left sides there is a deep channel, and these the rebels closed up, or at least tried to do so, by the following means: On the right-hand side, approaching Newbern, were sunk, in a direct line, twenty-four vessels, of different size and rig. There were two brigs, three barks, and nineteen schooners, ranging from fifty to two hundred tons. As I mentioned before, these were locked into one another, stem and stem, and, with their long masts pointing in every conceivable direction, was as effective a blockade as could be got up for the occasion. Their running and standing rigging was in almost every case perfect, and the vessels themselves appeared to be of a much better class than it is customary to use for such purposes; but probably they did not stop to consider such trifles, but laid their hands on the first they could get, to put an end to the dreaded approach of the "Yankee hordes." On the left-hand side there were no vessels sunk, but a much

more deadly and effective means was adopted to stop us. The vessels one could see and avoid ; but the others were intended to take us unawares, and sink or destroy our fleet, or such of it as should attempt to pass them. A number of thick, heavy spars were sunk in the channel and pointed down the stream ; the tops were strongly coated with iron, sharpened so as to run into the bows or sides of a vessel coming toward them ; and not content with these for a defence against vessels approaching the city, they had a species of torpedo constructed to blow up our vessels, a slight description of which will be interesting, showing as it does, the desperate efforts that the rebels made to prevent us from taking the city of Newbern ; and it is really astonishing how they were beaten so easily, and they with every means in their power, both natural and artificial, to defend themselves against the small force brought against them.

The infernal machines, or torpedoes, were constructed out of three heavy pieces of timber, placed in the position as shown above, at the bottom of which was placed a box, filled with stone, old iron, etc., so as to sink in its place ; and, after being sunk, it was inclined forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, by means of ropes and weights. This, formidable as it was in itself, was capped by a cylinder of about ten inches in diameter, made of iron, into which fitted a shell, heavily loaded—the shell resting on springs, so arranged that a pressure upon the cylinder by any portion of a vessel, would discharge a percussion-cap, explode the shell, and carry death and destruction to the craft so unfortunate as to come into collision with it. Their labor was entirely thrown away, as none of our vessels went near them, and certainly none touched them. Several of these torpedoes were found in a ship-yard after the possession of Newbern by the Union forces.

Before the fleet of gunboats reached this obstruction two batteries were encountered, and as a matter of course were silenced. The first was known as Fort Dixie, and mounted four guns. But little resistance was made to our fire before the rebels deserted the fortification—the shot and shell pouring in rather too fast for them from the gunboats. A small force was landed by means of yawls, and the glorious old Stars and Stripes waved proudly over the spot lately guarded by the rebel standard, saluted by the enthusiastic cheers of the men engaged in the conflict.

Just about this time, a force of rebel cavalry was discovered a little back of the woods on the shore, and boats were instantly despatched to fire into them. A few shell from the boats scattered them like chaff before the wind—the horses being compelled by their riders to make double-quick time out of the reach of danger.

The fleet then continued on its way, led by the flag-ship Delaware, and a short distance ahead another rebel battery was discovered, mounting some fifteen guns. This was called Fort Thompson, and, like the other battery, needed but a few shots to effectually silence it, and make its defend-

ers (?) beat a hasty retreat. The greatest surprise and disappointment were manifested at the little courage displayed on the part of the occupants of these forts, two or three well-directed shots sufficing to frighten them into a retreat. Here again a force was landed in small boats, and the "flag of the Union" floated defiantly above that of the cowardly rebels. Night approaching, it was deemed advisable to stop any further operation until the next day, when the victory would be continued with the same success. Tired out with the day's exertion, the men slept soundly, with the exception of those who were on picket duty, naval vessels being chosen as guards.

The next morning, (Sunday, the fourteenth inst.,) a very heavy fog lay upon the surface of the water, rendering objects but a short distance from you invisible. It lasted but a short time, however, lifting sufficiently to enable the gunboats to proceed on their way to Newbern. The great trouble now was to pass the obstruction in the channel, which I have already described, and at the same time to engage Fort Brown and the rebel fortification, much stronger than the two preceding ones. It contained two powerful columbiads, brought so as to bear upon any vessel that might be impaled upon the beams placed there for the purpose, or that might be otherwise stopped, and it was also bomb-proof, rendering it very difficult to subdue. The blockade had to be forced, and every moment was precious. This was a moment of suspense, but it lasted only for a short time, as Commander Rowan signalled for the rest of the boats to follow his lead, and run the Delaware straight ahead, taking the risk of an accident, and the steamers passed over this fearfully dangerous ground in perfect safety, with the exception of the Stars and Stripes and the Picket, both being slightly injured in the hull, but not sufficiently so as to prevent them from proceeding ; the torpedoes which were destined to do such terrible execution among the vessels being left behind, still lying harmless in the beds in which they were planted. A very brisk fire was kept up by the two guns from Fort Thompson, but as far as I could discover, without the least effect upon our gunboats. This firing was suddenly put a stop to by the well-directed shot from our side, which struck one of the columbiads on the muzzle, throwing it from its carriage and spreading consternation amongst the men. This was the finishing stroke. The rebels left the battery in double-quick time, and another fort was ready for the victorious Stars and Stripes to float over. Still another fortification lay before us, and still another defeat for the enemy. Fort Ellis mounted nine guns, and it was understood that quite a force had collected there from the batteries that we had silenced on the way up. A brisk fire was kept up here on both sides for a short time, until a shell from one of the gunboats went through the magazine, exploding it with a terrific report and killing many inside the Fort. It was afterward claimed by some of the rebels that the shell that did the execution was one of their own

that burst by accident; but I have very good proof that such is not the case. A panic was now created, the rebels flying in all directions, leaving the Fort to us, without injury in the least. One more little fort lay before us; that passed, and the city of Newbern would be at our mercy, and in a few minutes more in our possession. We carefully approached Fort Lane, expecting a hard fight, the men on all the vessels only too anxious to show how they could handle a gun, and much elated by their previous victories. But a bitter disappointment awaited us; the rebels had seen quite enough of the way in which we handled them and offered little or no resistance. Fort Lane was small and well built, and had the rebels a particle of pluck, they might have annoyed us exceedingly. As it was, on we went to the city, and as we approached, we could plainly see the light of a large fire in the northern extremity, which, upon examination, we found proceeded from a number of large scows that had been filled with turpentine and other combustible articles. It was intended that these should be used against our vessels to try and burn them; but when they wanted to float them away to us, not an inch would they move, but burned away most vigorously on the spot where they were lighted. As we neared the city, trains could be seen crossing the railroad-bridge, and several shells were thrown at them, but without any effect, the cars passing over in safety. Had we arrived twenty minutes earlier, we might have cut off the retreat of the rebels and captured a large number of them; but as it was, they escaped. We then shelled the depot, and the track as far as possible, and the Delaware and two other vessels passed off to the right side of the Neuse River, and moving round in a circle to the north part of the city, fired a few shells at some vessels lying there. A white flag was soon raised and the vessels given up. The gunboats now had but very little to do, as shortly after the troops crossed over to the city and took possession of it.

It is somewhat singular that with the number of forts captured by the fleet, and the immense amount of firing done, the navy did not lose a single man or sustain any injury of consequence to the vessels. All the officers and men acquitted themselves nobly, and it is only to be regretted that they had not a foe better worthy of their steel to contend against.

—*N. Y. Herald*, March 19.

REBEL NARRATIVES.

From various North-Carolina papers we take the following particulars of the battle:

The enemy's gunboats first appeared in sight on Wednesday afternoon, at a point known as Slocum's Creek, and commenced shelling the woods in every direction. A company of cavalry, Capt. Evans commander, stationed here as pickets, were forced to retire. Two of his men were wounded—one in the heel.

Thursday the fleet advanced as far as Fort Dixie, a strong fortification, mounting four heavy guns, distant from Newbern about five miles. This fort was surrounded by a breastwork, and

though shelled for three or four hours during the afternoon by the enemy's gunboats, was manfully defended until dark, when the enemy's fire ceased. At night it was discovered that the enemy were landing in heavy force. One estimate is that they sent ashore twenty thousand infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and thirty pieces of field-artillery. It was deemed impossible to hold this post against such a force, aided by the gunboats, so the guns were spiked and the position abandoned.

Friday morning the fighting was commenced at early dawn, and continued until half-past ten o'clock, when our forces, being almost completely surrounded by an army outnumbering them at least three to one, splendidly armed, disciplined, equipped and officered, were compelled to retreat. The retreat, we hear, was well conducted at first, and in good order, but finally became a rout.

Fort Thompson was the most formidable fortification on the river. It was four miles from Newbern, and mounted thirteen heavy guns, two of them rifled thirty-two pounders.

Fort Ellis, three miles from Newbern, mounted eight heavy guns. It was commanded by Capt. Edelin's company B, First Maryland regiment. Finding that the other fortifications had fallen, Capt. E. ordered his guns to be dismounted, (having no spikes,) and they were thrown down the embankment.

Fort Lane, mounting eight guns, two miles from Newbern, was blown up, Capt. Mayo losing his life by remaining to fire the magazine. He was killed by the explosion.

Union Point battery, one mile from Newbern, mounted two guns. It was manned by the Confederate Minstrels, under the command of Charles O. White, manager. This battery fired but twice, and then with but little effect, the enemy being out of range. Three of the Minstrels are missing. It is thought they were taken prisoners. Their names are given us as Prof. Iradella, James Wood and Frank Hineman.

Col. Avery's regiment, the Thirty-third, suffered severely, and fought well. Col. Avery and Major Hoke are reported killed. We trust that it is not so, but fear that it is. Col. Lee was reported killed, but we learn that this is not so. His horse is said to have been killed under him, and this, no doubt, gave rise to the report that he had been killed. His regiment also stood as long as standing was possible. Col. Vance's regiment was so placed, we think, that it did not get into the main battle, but also so that it had to cut its way out by some of the hardest kind of fighting. It did do so. Our cavalry, we fear, did not do as they ought to have done. They did no good at all. Perhaps they did harm. They were not in the fight at all.

Our loss in persons known to be killed and wounded is, perhaps, one hundred to one hundred and fifty. The enemy's is reported at anything from six hundred to sixteen hundred. The first panic reports, which represented a large number of our people as being taken prisoners, appear to be almost wholly without foundation. The whole number of prisoners will not reach two hundred.

It is said that the enemy was piloted through a swamp on our left by a mulatto; at any rate, they were piloted by somebody who knew the country, and there is not wanting suspicion attaching itself to some white person or persons. The artillery companies behaved well. Of course our heavy guns had to be abandoned, and some of our field-guns also. Latham's battery is said to have worked great havoc among the enemy. Bremen's battery lost some of its pieces, as did Latham's. We believe the horses were killed.

The all-sufficient explanation of our defeat was, want of men. With the militia, they outnumbered us nearly five to one; leaving out the militia, they outnumbered us nearly six to one. After Sinclair's regiment left, those who bore the brunt of the battle were outnumbered fully seven to one. That, under these circumstances, we could hold our position permanently, was not in the range of possibility. Whether it was worth while to make a fight at all, with such a disparity of force, is a question.

The railroad-bridge across Neuse River, was not burned until all our troops had crossed, except those whose escape had been effectually cut off by the Yankees. The railroad-bridge is said to have been an elegant structure, and of a most substantial character. It was burnt by a raft, upon which were piled two hundred barrels spirits of turpentine and one hundred and fifty bales of cotton. The torch was applied, and the raft set adrift, and in a few moments it lay alongside the piers of the bridge, and the costly fabric was wrapped in flames from end to end.

The turnpike-bridge across the river was also burnt by our forces.

The Gaston House, the Washington Hotel, many churches, and the greater portion of the town, is in ashes. A lad, who left Friday night, and reached Petersburg yesterday morning, says the Yankees were busily engaged in endeavoring to check the progress of the flames, and it was thought that some few houses would be saved, at least enough to shelter the demons who have invaded the place.

All the cotton, about two hundred bales, and one thousand five hundred barrels of rosin and turpentine, besides naval stores, were destroyed.

The theatre, it is said, escaped destruction. Here the Yankees secured about twenty-five kegs of gunpowder, which had been stored there for the manufacture of cartridges.

The steamer Post-Boy was destroyed by the confederates, but the Albermarle, with a schooner in tow, loaded with commissary stores, was taken by the gunboats of the enemy.

It is said that Burnside sent in a couple of officers, under a white flag, to declare to the people that they would not be molested, nor would their property be interfered with. It was stated, however, that all soldiers, or other persons, found with arms in their hands, would be arrested.

The *Daily Progress* office falls into the hands of the enemy; but the proprietor, Mr. Pennington, had thrown all the type into pi, and so disabled the press that it could not be used.

Seven trains left Newbern for Goldsboro Friday forenoon, all crowded to overflowing. A shell from the enemy's gunboats fell within twenty-five feet of the last train as it moved off.

All the rolling stock of the railroad was saved, and but few persons remained in the town. Women and children were overtaken by the trains many miles from Newbern, some in vehicles of various kinds, and many on foot. The people, with but few exceptions, say they prefer death to living in Newbern under Yankee rule.

The obstructions which had been placed in Neuse River gave the Yankees no annoyance whatever. They had skilful pilots, and threaded the channel with as much facility as our own boats.

GOLDSBORO, Wednesday, March 19.

A flag of truce boat brings information that the confederate loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, during the recent battle, was five hundred. *Burnside admits that the Yankee loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was one thousand five hundred.* Major Carmichael, of the Twenty-sixth North-Carolina regiment, was the only field-officer killed. Col. Avery was made prisoner.

Doc. 96.

FIGHT AT POUND GAP.

MARCH 16, 1862.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cincinnati Gazette* gives the following account of this fight:

PIKETON, March 19, 1862.

For some time it has been known to Gen. Garfield that an irregularly organized body of rebels, amounting to some four hundred or five hundred, were holding the pass through the Cumberland Mountains, known as the Pound or Sounding Gap. Though, militarily speaking, they were of little account, owing to their loose, imperfect organisation, and their harum-scarum guerrilla character, yet this, under the circumstances, rendered them even more troublesome, so that a perfect reign of terror prevailed throughout a large area, of which their rendezvous was the centre.

Some fifteen days ago a small scouting party of our troops was sent out, which penetrated to the waters of Elkhorn Creek, encountered their pickets, dispersed them with a loss of one man on each side, and after making some valuable observations, returned to camp.

A party was immediately detailed from the Twenty-second Kentucky regiment, the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio, beside one hundred cavalry, under command of Major McLaughlin, amounting in all to about seven hundred, to make an assault upon the main body at the Gap, and wipe out the foul den of miscreants at a blow. Sounding Gap is situated about forty miles south-east from Piketon, and is connected, by a good turnpike-road, with Gladesville and Abingdon, Va.

A road has been cut through the Gap, which is now entirely obstructed on the western slope

by large trees, fallen across it by the rebels. Being the only channel of communication for wagons between South-eastern Kentucky and South-western Virginia, it was of course an important point in the strategic policy of General Marshall.

Our march occupied two entire days, and was attended with the severest labor. The nature of the roads, being merely paths, following the creeks and rivulets, the constant rain and snow soaking both officers and men to the skin, and the fathomless, endless mud, formed a combination of untoward circumstances, difficult to overcome.

Nevertheless, after two days of wading and splashing, the whole expedition arrived safely at Elkton Creek, two miles below the Gap, about ten o'clock on Saturday night. Several circumstances now modified General Garfield's preconceived plan of attack, but without hesitation he sent the cavalry up the road, to appear in front of the enemy's position, and by skirmishing attract their attention, while himself, with the infantry, should climb the mountains at a point a mile and a half below the Gap, and thence filing along the summit of the range, attack the rebel camp by the flank.

At ten on the morning of Sunday, the ascent commenced, and by twelve o'clock we had reached the summit, two thousand feet above the valley. Turning to the right, our guide led the column along the soaring crags, until, when within a quarter of a mile from their camp, a rebel picket was discovered only a few rods ahead of our van. He started to run, when several of our boys fired upon him, but with no other effect than to add a new impetus to his flight.

The column was now pressed rapidly forward, until, emerging from the woods, the rebels were observed forming on the opposite hill, between which and the one we occupied lay the camp of the rebels, in a deep gorge or ravine, through which the road is built.

Conceiving the rebels about to make a permanent stand, Gen. Garfield drew up his line in front of them, with his right resting on the summit of the mountain, and the left stretched away down the eastern slope. About this time, however, the rebel lines seemed to be melting away, as though they were gradually falling back into the woods. Fearing the results of a loss of time, Gen. Garfield immediately ordered his men forward to scale the hill, and, if necessary, carry it at the point of the bayonet.

A loud echoing shout burst from the long line, as with fixed bayonets it swept down through the ravine and up the hill. There was no backbone for us to contend with, however, for as our bayonets appeared over the hill, scarce an enemy was in sight. A few straggling ones could be seen tearing through the laurel underbrush, and we sent a ringing volley after them, killing one and wounding several.

We were now ordered back to camp, as the nature of the country precluded any possibility of our ever overtaking them. It being suspected, however, that a large proportion had retreated

before our arrival, by the road toward Abingdon, our cavalry was brought up the hill and sent in pursuit.

We now turned in to ransack their camp. It comprised sixty log huts, or barracks, capable of accommodating about a dozen men each, besides ten commissary buildings, and one large house, occupied as headquarters by the commandant of the post. The huts were well provided with bedding, blankets, cooking utensils, and rude furniture, and contained beside a large quantity of clothing, arms, and promiscuous articles of personal property. There being no means at Gen. Garfield's disposal, by which any part of this vast quantity of effects could be transported to camp, the men were allowed to take whatever they chose, and the remainder, together with the buildings, were burned.

Late in the afternoon, laden with trophies, our troops descended the mountain to the camp of the previous night, and on the morning following began our long, weary return-march.

Two more days of floundering through mud and water, and we are again in camp.

Though the expedition lacks the *éclat* of a brilliant and bloody engagement, it was admirably planned and ably executed, and will, it is hoped, be permanent in its effects.

LOUISVILLE "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

PIKETON, PIKE Co., KY., Friday, March 21.

In my last I informed you that we were about starting out on a scouting party, consisting of four hundred from the Twenty-second Kentucky, and about an equal number from the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio, and one hundred cavalry of the First Ohio squadron, making a force of nearly nine hundred, all under the direct command of Brigadier-Gen. Garfield. We started on Friday, the thirteenth instant, and after two and a half days of the hardest marching that ever any force undertook or went through, we made Pound Gap on Sunday, the fifteenth, at noon. Although our troops were completely broken down and foot-sore, from having to wade creeks from the very beginning to the time we reached the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, we climbed the hill, drove in the pickets, and made short work of it in driving the thieving rascals from their boasted stronghold.

When we got to the foot of the Cumberland, the whole force was divided into three divisions. The first, cavalry, under Major McLaughlin; the second under Col. Cranor, of the Fortieth Ohio, and the third under Gen. Garfield. The cavalry took the main road, or old State road, as it is called, running straight into the Gap; the other two divisions took a short cut and came in the enemy's rear. The plan was for both forces to get at the Gap at the same time—for the cavalry to present themselves in the front of the rebels' breastworks, and as soon as the attack was made, for the infantry to come in on their rear, and take the whole force prisoners. But the plan didn't work *exactly*, for the cavalry carried out the first part of the programme full an hour before we

got there. They had an engagement which lasted for over a half-hour, and our cavalry, to save their horses from destruction—having been penned in by the obstructions previously thrown across the road by the rebels—and the infantry, “failing to come to time,” had to retreat to a safe distance, when the enemy formed on a hill, on the opposite side, in line of battle. But the infantry, making their appearance about that time on the other hill, and making for them on a “double-quick,” and at a “charge-bayonets,” they came very suddenly to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor, and run like dogs, without firing a shot at us. But our boys were not so easily satisfied; for we fired on them, and succeeded in bringing down two of the foe while “on the wing,” and wounding six others. We pursued them for several miles, but as they knew the mountains better than we, they succeeded in evading our search for them. They left everything in their hasty flight. The camp was made up of log-cabins, built in the same style as the inhabitants of this section, and looked as if they thought it was an absurd idea for them ever to be routed from their snug and comfortable quarters. We captured two large flags, guns, ammunition, provisions, all their camp equipage, clothing, bedding, baggage, and in fact everything they had, even to unfinished letters, one actually that had been commenced after the retreat of the cavalry, which (as far as it went) was boasting of a glorious victory over the “cowardly Lincolmites.” We were sorry to have to disturb the poor fellow; for it was about as far in the letter-writing line as he will ever get again toward telling of a victory.

Our forces occupied the Gap the rest of that day and night, feasting on the half-cooked meat they had left behind them on the fire, picking out such good clothing, guns, quilts, blankets, etc., etc., as suited the fancy of our boys, and then burnt up everything else.

Doc. 97.

ESCAPE OF THE NASHVILLE.

THE following letter gives the particulars of the escape of the Nashville:

UNITED STATES BARK GEMSBOK, }
BLOCKADING OFF BEAUFORT, N. C., March 18, 1862. }

We think it but right to let the public know the situation of this blockade, and especially so since the rebel steamer Nashville has run the blockade of this harbor in and out again. When the Nashville ran in on the morning of the twenty-eighth of February last, there was only the State of Georgia on this blockade to protect three entrances—which it is impossible for one steamer to do. Three days after the Nashville had run in this vessel arrived here from Hampton Roads, and we found to our mortification such to be the case. The State of Georgia being short of coal could remain here but a few days. She despatched at once the facts of the case to the

nearest blockading station—Wilmington. The Mount Vernon then left there, and proceeded to Hampton Roads with the intelligence. The Cambridge was ordered down here in consequence, and reached here on the morning of the eleventh of March, making three vessels on this blockade.

The State of Georgia was compelled to leave for reasons already stated. She left on the sixteenth. The Nashville had steamed down from her former position in the harbor, and on the day previous to running out was lying close under the guns of Fort Macon. We kept a sharp lookout for her fore and aft, and with good glasses, to watch her movements.

Between the hours of seven and eight P.M., on the seventeenth of March, a dark object was noticed coming out of the channel. She had chosen the darkest part of the night to elude us, and it was only the utmost vigilance that enabled us to see her as quick as we did.

Capt. Cavendy, of this vessel, at once got her ready for action, sent up a signal to the Cambridge, lying some distance south of us, and hoisting the foretopsail and jib, swung the ship, by a spring on the cable, broadside to the channel where she must come out. We lay about one mile from the entrance of the channels. There being no wind at the time, it was useless to think of getting under way to chase one of the fastest steamers afloat; so we endeavored with all our will to do the utmost with the guns.

Apparently, when first seen, she was feeling her way along slowly, till roused by the report of the bow-gun and the ascent of the rocket, telling him of his discovery. Then at full speed she flew toward the offing amid our shells, which were delivered at him as fast as we could throw them in the guns. We fired twenty guns in twenty minutes. Whether we hit him or not we don't know, but from indications which he showed at one time, by the lights flying around the ship, we think he must have been damaged considerably.

The Cambridge fired three or four guns at her. We continued firing as long as she was within range. When the moon arose and dispelled the darkness that had covered the scene, the rebel steamer had escaped, and ere now is a long way on her errand of destruction.

It is our belief that had our commander been in charge of a steamer, instead of a sailing vessel, that, with his unwavering determination to avenge the insults of an outraged flag, and assisted by his officers and men, the course of the Nashville would have been run.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A letter from an officer of the sailing bark Gemsbok to a friend in Boston, gives the following account of the escape of the Nashville:

OFF BEAUFORT, N. C., Friday, March 21.

On Monday last, about seven o'clock in the evening, it being at that time quite dark, a black-looking object was seen from the quarter-deck of this vessel, slowly moving past the fort about

two miles distant. The "rattle" was sprung, calling all hands to quarters, and at the same time a rocket was fired, a signal to the Cambridge that the enemy was coming out. We now began to fire our broadside at the Nashville, which vessel had approached to within a mile and a half from us, feeling her way out the channel farthest from us—we lying almost at the entrance to one. The Cambridge was close by us at the time and seemed as if she was never to move. We continued firing at the rebel until she escaped from the channel, when she went out of sight in a "twinkling" almost. It was dead calm at the time, making it impossible for us to get under way. The Cambridge finally started off in the direction of our shells, but almost before she left us the Nashville was gone.

We fired some twenty-one guns, the Cambridge four; but to crown all, she fired them at what she knew not.

Unfortunately, she could not see the rebel, but fired probably because we did. If we had had a steamer instead of a sailing vessel, the privateer would not have escaped so easily; or if the Cambridge had seen her, and run down to the channel as soon as we made signals to her, there would have been an opportunity to head her off, and perhaps drive her back or capture her.

As it was, I hardly think she escaped without some damage, because our shells appeared to burst all around her. The captain of her laid his plans admirably, and in the same manner executed them. The time selected for her escape could not have been more opportune; it was just before the moon rose, and a heavy bank of clouds lined the eastern horizon, making it very difficult for any object between it and us to be seen.

I suppose the papers will rub us pretty hard, when it becomes known. It needs four steamers, or at least three, to effectually blockade this port, because there are two channels a mile apart.

Doc. 98.

THE FIGHT AT SALEM, ARKANSAS.

THE following is General Halleck's official despatch to Secretary Stanton, announcing the result of the fight at Salem, Arkansas:

ST. LOUIS, March 18, 1862.

To Secretary Stanton:

A scouting party, under Lieut.-Col. Wood and Major Drake, consisting of about two hundred and fifty men of the Sixth Missouri and Third Iowa cavalry, encountered near Salem, Arkansas, about one thousand of the enemy, under Cols. Coleman, Woodsides, and McFarland. After a severe fight the enemy was defeated, with the loss of Col. Woodsides, and about one hundred killed and wounded, and a considerable number of prisoners. Our loss was twenty-five killed and wounded.

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General.

Doc. 99.

EXPEDITION TO GALLATIN, TENN.

COLONEL MORGAN'S REPORT.

SHELBYVILLE, TENN., March 19.

Major-Gen. W. J. Hardee, Commanding First Division:

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of a portion of my command on the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth inst. At about four o'clock P.M., on the fifteenth inst., with Col. Wood and a detachment of forty men, I left Murfreesboro for Gallatin, having learned that no Federal forces remained at that place. The chief objects of the expedition were to intercept the mail, to destroy the rolling-stock on the road, to make prisoners, and to obtain information of interest to the service.

Our destination was kept secret, and the command having been sent from Murfreesboro in separate parties, by different roads, to unite at some distance from town, it was impossible that the enemy could be apprised of the movement until after the blow was struck. A citizen of Murfreesboro, whose zeal and loyalty is undoubted, made the necessary arrangements of runners to keep us perfectly posted as to any movements that might be made with the view to cutting us off.

Our first march, conducted mostly at night, carried us about two miles beyond Lebanon. Early next morning we continued the march, crossing the Cumberland at Canoe Branch Ferry, and reached Gallatin about four P.M. Leaving the command just outside the town, Lieut.-Col. Wood, of Wirt Adams's cavalry, *myself and the men disguised as Federals*, entered and took possession. The colonel, myself, and two men galloped to the dépôt, and secured the telegraph-operator, his instruments, books, etc. Among the papers found are several orders of Gen. Buell's, some in cipher, which please find enclosed.

We secured also, a few minutes after, as it came in, an engine and tender, carrying a number of carpenters to repair the road; they were made prisoners, but were released as we left the town. As soon as the citizens were made aware *that we were confederate troops, facility was afforded us to carry out our plans*. Upon securing the engine, we at once commenced to accumulate all the rolling-stock (a large quantity) on the main track, preparatory to burning. When this was complete the fire was applied, and in the course of an hour all except the engine was rendered permanently useless. That night, having picketed securely, we remained in Gallatin. The next morning we destroyed the water-tank, and taking the engine, the colonel and myself proceeded some miles up the road, with a view of discovering any approach of the enemy or the mail-train. In the mean time, a lieutenant and four privates of Grider's regiment, (Federals,) on their way to Nashville, were taken prisoners by our pickets. The mail-train being some hours behind time, and learning that our presence might have become known, we concluded to withdraw and return to Murfreesboro.

We were made acquainted, just before reaching

the town, that a body of Federal cavalry had ridden through the evening before, and that the enemy was in large force near by. We remained about twelve miles from town, long enough to ascertain their exact locality, and then passed safely through, within two miles of their infantry. We reached Shelbyville, about four o'clock P.M., to-day, the men and horses a good deal jaded. Yesterday several transports passed down the Cumberland, carrying the remnant of Gen. Thomas's division. As our party had not entirely crossed, we did not fire into them. From all we could learn, the enemy has commenced to move. A large body of cavalry was seen on the road to Columbia. It is believed that the enemy have sent a large force down the Tennessee by boats, and will also move in force across the country. It is reported in Nashville that they intend to end the campaign before June. The prisoners will be sent forward in the three o'clock train tomorrow.

Shortly after leaving Gallatin, we learned that a party of twenty of the enemy, in charge of three prisoners, were approaching Gallatin by the Scottsville road. It was determined to cut them off. Pushing the prisoners, with a guard, across the Cumberland, we returned to effect the capture. We had taken our position on the road so as to secure the capture of all, but, unfortunately, when within half a mile of them, they were warned of danger by a negro, and fled precipitately to the woods—Capt. Austin, in command of the party, making his escape on a horse cut from a buggy. It being too dark to follow, we remained, picketing the road until morning. No further opportunity offering, we resumed our march, and, after travelling about sixty miles, reached Murfreesboro about two o'clock next morning.

I have omitted to mention that before leaving Gallatin, the engine was destroyed, thus leaving but one on the road.

I have ascertained, beyond doubt, that Love, a man of my command, who was taken prisoner in the affair of the eighth inst., (since dead,) was shot by the enemy after being taken.

The whole country through which we passed turned out in masses to welcome us. I have never before witnessed such enthusiasm and feeling. Men, women, and children, never wearied in their efforts to minister to our wants. All expressed themselves gratified at the presence of Southern soldiers in their midst. A handsome flag was presented us by the ladies of Gallatin, and some accompanied us even to the ferry.

Upon our return a number of Col. Bates' regiment were enabled to accompany us.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding.

Doc. 100.

MEETING AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

HELD MARCH 20, 1862.

The following are the minutes of the meeting :

At a meeting of the loyal citizens of the United States of America, held in Jacksonville, East-Florida, March twentieth, 1862, at half-past ten o'clock A.M., C. L. Robinson, acting as Chairman, and O. L. Keene as Secretary.

Col. Jno. S. Sammis, Jno. W. Price, S. F. Halliday, Paran Moody, and Philip Fraser were appointed a Committee to draft resolutions to lay before said meeting, the following being a true copy of the same, which were unanimously received and adopted :

We, the people of the city of Jacksonville and its vicinity, in the county of Duval, and State of Florida, embraced within the territory and jurisdiction of the United States of America, do hereby set forth our declaration of rights, and our solemn protest against the abrogation of the same by any pretended State or other authority :

First. We hold that government is a compact in which protection is the price of allegiance ; that when protection is denied through weakness or design, allegiance is no longer due.

Second. We hold that our established form of government cannot be changed or abrogated, except by the will of the people, intelligently and clearly expressed, and fairly ratified.

Third. We hold that no State of the United States has any legal or constitutional right to separate itself from the government and jurisdiction of the United States.

Fourth. We hold that the act of the Convention of the State of Florida, commonly known as the Ordinance of Secession, is void, being in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and never having been submitted to the people for ratification.

Fifth. We hold that the State of Florida is an integral part of the United States, and subject to the constitutional jurisdiction of the same, and we have reason to believe that thousands of her citizens would hail with joy the restoration of the authority of the Government, bringing deliverance from the terrors of an unrestrained popular and military despotism.

We solemnly protest against all the acts and ordinances of the Convention of the State of Florida, which were designed to deprive us of our rights as citizens of the United States. We protest against the despotism fostered by the State and other authorities claiming jurisdiction over us, which has denied to us the rights most dear to freemen—freedom of speech and a free press.

We protest against the exactions which have been imposed upon us—forced contributions of money, property and labor, and enlistments for military service, procured by threats and misrepresentations.

We protest against the tyranny which demands of us, as a measure of revolutionary policy, the abandonment of our homes and property, and the exposure of our wives and children to sickness, destitution, gaunt famine, and innumerable and untold miseries and sorrows.

We protest against the mad and barbarous policy which has punished us for remaining in our own homes, by sending a brutal and unre-

strained soldiery to pillage and burn our property, and threaten and destroy our lives.

We protest against the denunciations of the Governor, who threatens to hang us because we do not tamely submit to such indignities and "lick the hand just raised to shed our blood."

From such a despotism, and from such dangers and indignities, we have been released by the restoration of the government of the United States, with the benign principles of the Constitution. The reign of terror is passed, and law and order prevail in our midst.

It belongs now to the citizens of this State, who hold to their allegiance under the Constitution of the United States, to reestablish a State government according to those provisions of the Constitution of the State which are not in conflict with or repugnant to the provisions of the United States. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we adopt the foregoing declaration of rights and protest, and recommend that a convention be called forthwith of all loyal citizens, for the purpose of organizing a State government for the State of Florida.

Be it further resolved, That the chief of the proper military department of the United States be requested to retain at this place a sufficient force to maintain order and protect the people in their persons and property.

All of which has been respectfully submitted.

PHILIP FRAZER,
Chairman.

I acknowledge the above to be a true copy.

C. L. ROBINSON,
Chairman.

O. L. KEENE,
Secretary.

Doc. 101.

SURRENDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

COMMANDER RODGERS' REPORT.

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP WABASH, }
OFF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 12, 1862. }

SIR: Having crossed the bar with some difficulty, in obedience to your orders, I approached St. Augustine under a flag of truce, and as I drew near the city a white flag was hoisted upon one of the bastions of Fort Marion.

Landing at the wharf and enquiring for the chief authority, I was soon joined by the Mayor and conducted to the City Hall, where the municipal authorities were assembled. I informed them that having come to restore the authority of the United States, you had deemed it more kind to send an unarmed boat to inform the citizens of your determination, than to occupy the town at once by force of our arms; that you were desirous to calm any apprehension of harsh treatment that might exist in their minds; and that you should carefully respect the persons and property of all citizens who submitted to the authority of the United States; that you had a single purpose to restore the state of affairs which existed before the rebellion. I informed the municipal authority that so long as they respected

the authority of the Government we serve, and acted in good faith, municipal affairs might be left in their hands, so far as might be consistent with the exigencies of the times.

The Mayor and Council then informed me that the place had been evacuated the preceding night by two companies of Florida troops, and that they gladly received the assurance I gave them, and placed the city in my hands.

I recommended them to hoist the flag of the Union at once, and in prompt accordance with the advice, by order of the Mayor, the national ensign was displayed from the flag-staff of the Fort.

The Mayor proposed to turn over to me the five cannon mounted at the Fort, which are in good condition and not spiked, and also the few munitions of war left by the retreating enemy.

I desired him to take charge of them for the present, to make careful inventories, and establish a patrol and guard, informing him that he would be held responsible for the place until our force should enter the harbor.

I called upon the clergymen of the city, requesting them to reassure their people, and to confide in our kind intentions toward them.

About fifteen hundred persons remain in St. Augustine, about one fifth of the inhabitants having fled. I believe that there are many citizens who are earnestly attached to the Union, a large number who are silently opposed to it, and a still larger number who care very little about the matter. I think that nearly all the men acquiesce in the condition of affairs we are now establishing. There is much violent and pestilent feeling among the women. They seem to mistake treason for courage, and have a theatrical desire to figure as heroines. Their minds have doubtless been filled with the falsehoods so industriously circulated in regard to the lust and hatred of our troops. On the night before our arrival, a party of women assembled in front of the barracks and cut down the flag-staff, in order that it might not be used to support the old flag. The men seemed anxious to conciliate us in every way.

There is a great scarcity of provisions in the place; there seems to be no money, except the wretched paper currency of the rebellion, and much poverty exists.

In the water-battery at the Fort, are three fine army thirty-two-pounders of seven thousand pounds, and two eight-inch sea-coast howitzers of fifty-six hundred pounds, with shot and some powder. There are a number of very old guns in the Fort, useless and not mounted. Several good guns were taken away some months ago, to arm batteries at other harbors.

The garrison of the place went from St. Augustine, at midnight on the tenth, for Smyrna, where are said to be about eight hundred troops, a battery, the steamer Carolina, and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition.

It is very positively stated that the Governor has ordered the abandonment of East-Florida, and proposes to make a stand near Apalachicola.

Mr. Dennis, of the Coast Survey, who accompanied me, rendered me much valuable aid.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
C. R. P. RODGERS,
Commander.

Flag-Officer S. F. DU PONT,
Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Doc. 102.

BOAT-FIGHT AT MOSQUITO INLET, FLA.

COMMANDER DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, OFF MOSQUITO INLET, FLA., }
March 24, 1862. }

SIR: I have to report to the Department some casualties that have occurred to officers and men belonging to two of the vessels of my fleet—casualties as painful as they were unexpected; but the loss of gallant lives has expiated the error of judgment which enthusiastic zeal had induced.

The Department was informed, after the capture of Fernandina, that so soon as I should take possession of Jacksonville and St. Augustine, I would give my attention to Mosquito Inlet, fifty miles south of the latter, which, according to my information, was resorted to for the introduction of arms transhipped from English ships and steamers at the British colony of Nassau into small vessels of light draught.

I accordingly ordered the Penguin, Acting Lieut. Commanding T. A. Budd, and the Henry Andrew, Acting Master S. W. Mather, to proceed to this place—the latter to cross the bar, establish an inside blockade, capture any rebel vessels there, and guard from incendiarism large quantities of live-oak timber on the Government lands, cut and ready for shipment, to which the Department had called my attention.

On reaching here myself on the twenty-second, I was boarded by the executive officer of the Penguin, and informed that Lieut. Commanding Budd, with Acting Master Mather, had organized an expedition from the two vessels, and had moved southward through the inland passage leading into Mosquito Lagoon, passing Smyrna, with four or five light boats, carrying in all some forty-three men.

Soon after this report, which I heard with anxiety, the results were developed. It appears that after going some fifteen or eighteen miles, without any incident, and while on their return and within sight of the Henry Andrew, the order of the line being no longer observed, the two commanding officers quite in advance, landed under certain earthworks, which had been abandoned or never armed, now a dense grove of live-oak with underbrush. A heavy and continuous fire was unexpectedly opened upon them from both these covers. Lieut. Commanding Budd and Acting Master Mather, with three of the five men composing the boat's crew, were killed; the remaining two were wounded and made prisoners.

As the other boats came up they were also fired into, and suffered more or less. The rear boat of all had a howitzer, which, however, could

not be properly secured or worked, the boat not being fitted for the purpose, and could, therefore, be of little use. The men had to seek cover on shore, but as soon as it was dark Acting Master's Mate McIntosh returned to the boats, brought away the body of one of the crew who had been killed, all the arms, ammunition, and flags, threw the howitzer into the river, passed close to the rebel pickets, who hailed, but elicited no reply, and arrived safely on board the Henry Andrew.

On hearing of this untoward event, I directed Commander Rogers to send off the launch and cutters of this ship to the support of the Andrew. The boats crossed the bar at midnight, and the next morning the vessel was hauled close up to the scene of the late attack, but no enemy could be discovered.

The bodies of Lieut. Budd and Acting Master Mather were received under a flag of truce. The commanding officer, a Capt. Bird, who had come from a camp at a distance, made some show of courtesy by returning papers and a watch, as if ashamed of this mode of warfare; for these were the very troops that, with sufficient force, means, and material for a respectable defence, had ingloriously fled from St. Augustine on our approach.

I enclose a copy of my instructions to Acting Lieut. Budd, the original of which was found on his person, and was one of the papers returned by the rebel officer.

Lieut. Commanding Budd and Acting Master Mather were brave and devoted officers. The former commanded the Penguin in the action of the seventh of November, and received my commendation. The latter, in the prime of life, was a man of uncommon energy and daring, and had no superior probably among the patriotic men who have been appointed in the navy from the mercantile marine.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

S. F. DU PONT,
Flag-Officer Commanding South-Atlantic
Blockading Squadron.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
OFF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, March 25, 1862. }

SIR: The following casualties occurred in the attack upon the gunboat expedition under Acting Lieut. Budd:

Acting Lieut. T. A. Budd, Penguin, killed; Jas. Marlow, (O. S.,) do. do.; Walter Burch, (O. S.,) do. do.; John Dennis, Master's Mate, do., wounded in shoulder; William Twaites, (O. S.,) do., wounded in the hand; Acting Master S. W. Mather, Commanding Henry Andrew, killed; Lewis Delous, (O. S.,) do. do.; John Bates, (S.,) do. do.; James Arnold, (S.,) do. do.; Wm. Brown, (O. S.,) do. do.; A. W. Kelsey, Acting Assistant Paymaster, do., wounded in hand; Walter Bradley, Acting Third Assistant-Engineer, do., wounded in forehead; Thomas Welch, (O. S.,) do., wounded and a prisoner; Henry C. Rich, (O. S.,) do. do.; James T. Allen, (O. S.,) do., wounded in thigh.

I herewith enclose Dr. Clymer's report of the wounds received by Lieutenant Budd and Acting Master Mather.

Very respectfully, etc.,

S. F. DU PONT,
Flag-Officer.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

Doc. 103.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, VA.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. SHIELDS.

HEADQUARTERS SHIELDS' DIVISION,
WINCHESTER, VA., March 29, 1862. }

To Major-General Banks:

SIR: I have the honor to report that during my reconnoissance of the eighteenth and nineteenth instant, in the direction of Mount Jackson, I ascertained that the enemy under Jackson was strongly posted near that place, and in direct communication with a force at Luray and another at Washington. It became important, therefore, to draw him from his position and supporting force if possible. To endeavor to effect this, I fell back to Winchester on the twentieth, giving the movement all the appearance of a retreat. The last brigade of the First division of Banks' *corps d'armee*, Gen. Williams commanding, took its departure for Centreville by way of Berryville, on the morning of the twenty-second, leaving only Shields' division and the Michigan cavalry in Winchester. Ashby's cavalry, observing this movement from a distance, came to the conclusion that Winchester was being evacuated, and signaled Jackson to that effect. We saw their signal-fires and divined their import. On the twenty-second, about five o'clock P.M., they attacked and drove in our pickets. By order of Gen. Banks, I put my command under arms and pushed forward one brigade and two batteries of artillery to drive back the enemy, but, to keep him deceived as to our strength, only let him see two regiments of infantry, a small body of cavalry, and part of the artillery. While directing one of our batteries to its position I was struck by the fragment of a shell, which fractured my arm above the elbow, bruised my shoulder and injured my side. The enemy being driven from his position, we withdrew to Winchester. The injuries I had received completely prostrated me, but were not such as to prevent me from making the required dispositions for the ensuing day. Under cover of the night I pushed forward Kimball's brigade nearly three miles on the Strasburg road. Daum's artillery was posted in a strong position to support his brigade, if attacked. Sullivan's brigade was posted in the rear of Kimball's, and within supporting distance of it, covering all the approaches to the town by Cedar Creek, Front Royal, Berryville, and Romney roads. This brigade and Broadhead's cavalry were held in reserve, so as to support our force in front at any point where it might be attacked. These dispositions being made, I rested for the night, know-

ing that all the approaches by which the enemy might penetrate to this place were effectually guarded.

I deem it necessary in this place to give a brief description of these approaches, as well as of the field, which next day became the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Winchester is approached from the south by three principal roads—the Cedar Creek road on the west, the Valley Turnpike road leading to Strasburg in the centre, and the Front Royal road on the east. There is a little village called Kernstown, on the Valley road, about three and a half miles from Winchester. On the west side of this road, about half a mile north of Kernstown, is a ridge of ground which commands the approach by the turnpike and a part of the surrounding country. This ridge was the key-point of our position. Here Col. Kimball, the senior officer in command on the field, took his station. Along this ridge Lieut.-Col. Daum, chief of artillery, posted three of his batteries, keeping one of his batteries in reserve some distance in the rear. Part of our infantry was first placed in position in the rear and within supporting distance of these batteries, well sheltered in the windings and sinuosities of the ridge. The main body of the enemy on the ridge was posted in order of battle about half a mile beyond Kernstown, his line extending from the Cedar Creek road to a little ravine, near the Front Royal road, a distance of about two miles. This ground had been so skilfully selected that, while it afforded facilities for manœuvring, it was completely masked by high and wooded ground in front. These woods he filled with skirmishers, supported by a battery on each flank, and so adroitly had this movement been conducted, and so skilfully had he concealed himself, that at eight o'clock A.M., on the twenty-third, nothing was visible but the same force under Ashby, which had been repulsed the previous evening. Not being able to reconnoitre the front in person, I despatched an experienced officer, Col. John T. Mason, of the Fourth Ohio volunteers, about nine o'clock A.M., to the front, to perform that duty and to report to me, as promptly as possible, every circumstance that might indicate the presence of the enemy. About an hour after Col. Mason returned, and reported to me that he had carefully reconnoitred the country in front and on both flanks, and found no indications of any hostile force except that of Ashby's.

I communicated this information to Major-Gen. Banks, who was then with me, and after consulting together, we both concluded that Jackson could not be tempted to hazard himself so far away from his main support. Having both come to this conclusion, Gen. Banks took his departure for Washington, being already under orders to that effect. The officers of his staff, however, remained behind, intending to leave for Centreville in the afternoon. Although I began to conclude that Jackson was nowhere in the vicinity, knowing the crafty enemy we have to deal with, I took care not to omit a single precaution. Between eleven and twelve o'clock A.M., a message from Col. Kimball informed

me that another battery on the enemy's right had opened on our position, and that there were some indications of a considerable force of infantry in the woods in that quarter. On receiving this information I pushed forward Sullivan's brigade, which was placed, by order of Col. Kimball, in a position to oppose the advance of the enemy's right wing. The action opened with a fire of artillery on both sides, but at too great a distance to be very effective. The initiative was taken by the enemy. He pushed forward a few more guns to his right, supported by a considerable force of infantry and cavalry, with the apparent intention of enfilading our position and turning our left flank. An active body of skirmishers, consisting of the Eighth Ohio, Col. Carroll, and three companies of the Sixty-seventh Ohio, was immediately thrown forward on both sides of the valley road to resist the enemy's advance. These skirmishers were admirably supported by four pieces of artillery under Capt. Jenks and Sullivan's gallant brigade. This united force repulsed the enemy at all points, and gave him such a check that no further demonstration was made upon that flank during the remainder of the day. The attempt against our left flank having thus failed, the enemy withdrew the greater part of his force to the right, and formed it into a reserve to support his left flank in a forward movement. He then added his original reserve and two batteries to his main body, and then, advancing with this combined column, under shelter of the bridge on his left, on which other batteries had been previously posted, seemed evidently determined to turn our right flank or overthrow it. Our batteries on the opposite ridge, though admirably managed by their experienced chief, Lieut.-Col. Daum, were soon found insufficient to check, or even retard, the advance of such a formidable body. At this stage of the combat a messenger arrived from Col. Kimball, informing me of the state of the field, and requesting direction as to the employment of the infantry. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and gave positive orders that all the disposable infantry should be immediately thrown forward on our right to carry the enemy's batteries, and to assail and turn his left flank, and hurl it back on the centre. Col. Kimball carried out these orders with promptitude and ability. He entrusted this movement to Tyler's splendid brigade, which, under its fearless leader, Colonel Tyler, marched forward with alacrity and enthusiastic joy to the performance of the most perilous duty of the day. The enemy's skirmishers were driven before it and fell back upon the main body, strongly posted behind a high and solid stone wall, situated on an elevated ground. Here the struggle became desperate, and for a short time doubtful; but Tyler's brigade being soon joined on the left by the Fifth Ohio, Thirteenth Indiana, and Sixty-second Ohio, of Sullivan's brigade, and the Fourteenth Indiana, Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, seven companies of the Sixty-seventh Ohio, and three companies of the Eighth Ohio, of Kimball's brigade, this united force dashed upon the enemy with a cheer and yell that rose high up above the roar of bat-

tle, and though the rebels fought desperately, as their piles of dead attest, they were forced back through the woods by a fire as destructive as ever fell upon a retreating foe. Jackson, with his supposed invincible stone-wall brigade and the accompanying brigades, much to their mortification and discomfiture, were compelled to fall back in disorder upon their reserve. Here they took up a new position for a final stand, and made an attempt for a few minutes to retrieve the fortunes of the day; but again rained down upon them the same close and destructive fire. Again cheer upon cheer rang in their ears. A few minutes only did they stand up against it, when they turned dismayed and fled in disorder, leaving us in possession of the field, the killed and wounded, three hundred prisoners, two guns, four caissons and a thousand stand of small arms. Night alone saved him from total destruction. The enemy retreated above five miles, and, judging from his camp-fires, took up a new position for the night. Our troops, wearied and exhausted with the fatigues of the day, threw themselves down to rest on the field.

Though the battle had been won, still I could not have believed that Jackson would have hazarded a decisive engagement at such a distance from the main body without expecting reinforcements. So, to be prepared for such a contingency, I set to work during the night to bring together all the troops within my reach. I sent an express after Williams's division, requesting the rear brigade, about twenty miles distant, to march all night and join me in the morning. I swept the posts and route in my rear of almost all their guards, hurrying them forward by forced marches to be with me at daylight. I gave positive orders also to the forces in the field to open fire on the enemy as soon as the light of day would enable them to point their guns, and to pursue him without respite and compel him to abandon his guns and baggage or cut him to pieces. These orders were implicitly obeyed as far as possible. It now appears that I had rightly divined the intentions of our crafty antagonist. On the morning of the twenty-third a reinforcement from Luray of five thousand reached Front Royal, on their way to join Jackson. This reinforcement was being followed by another body of ten thousand from Sperryville; but recent rains having rendered the Shenandoah River impassable, they found themselves compelled to fall back without being able to effect the proposed junction. At daylight on the morning of the twenty-fourth, our artillery again opened on the enemy. He entered upon his retreat in very good order, considering what he had suffered. Gen. Banks, hearing of our engagement on his way to Washington, halted at Harper's Ferry, and with remarkable promptitude and sagacity ordered back Williams's whole division, so that my express found the rear brigade already *en route* to join us. The General himself returned here forthwith, and after making me a hasty visit, assumed command of the forces in pursuit of the enemy. The pursuit was kept up with vigor, energy and activity, until they reached Woodstock, where the enemy's retreat became flight, and the

pursuit was abandoned because of the utter exhaustion of our troops.

The killed and wounded in this engagement cannot even yet be accurately ascertained. Indeed, my command has been so overworked, that it has had but little time to ascertain anything. The killed, as reported, are one hundred and three, and among them we have to deplore the loss of the brave Col. Murray, of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell at the head of his regiment while gallantly leading it in the face of the enemy. The wounded are four hundred and forty-one, many of them slightly, and the missing are twenty-four. The enemy's loss is more difficult to ascertain than our own. Two hundred and seventy were found dead on the battle-field. Forty were buried by the inhabitants of the adjacent village, and by a calculation made by the number of graves found on both sides of the valley-road between here and Strasburg, their loss in killed must have been about five hundred, and in wounded one thousand. The proportion between the killed and wounded of the enemy shows the closeness and terrible destructiveness of our fire—nearly half the wounds being fatal. The enemy admit a loss of between one thousand and one thousand five hundred killed and wounded. Our force in infantry, cavalry and artillery, did not exceed seven thousand. That of the enemy must have exceeded eleven thousand. Jackson, who commanded on the field, had, in addition to his own stone-wall brigade, Smith's, Garnett's and Longstreet's brigades. Generals Smith and Garnett were here in person. The following regiments were known to have been present, and from each of them were made prisoners on the field: the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third, Thirty-seventh and Forty-second Virginia; First regiment Provisional Army, and an Irish battalion. None from the reserve were made prisoners. Their force in infantry must have been nine thousand. The cavalry of the united brigades amounted to one thousand five hundred. Their artillery consisted of thirty-six pieces. We had six thousand infantry, and a cavalry force of seven hundred and fifty, and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

I cannot conclude this report without expressing thanks and gratitude to officers and soldiers of my command, for their valuable conduct on this trying day. It was worthy of the great country whose national existence they have pledged their lives to preserve. Special thanks are due to Col. Kimball, commanding First brigade, and senior officer in the field. His conduct was brave, judicious, and efficient. He executed my orders, in every instance with vigor and fidelity, and exhibited wisdom and sagacity in the various movements that were necessarily entrusted to his direction. Col. Tyler, commanding Third brigade, has won my admiration by his fearless intrepidity. His brigade is worthy of such an intrepid leader. This brigade, and the regiments accompanying it, achieved the decisive success of the day. They drove the forces of the enemy before

them on the left flank, and by hurling this flank back upon the reserve, consummated this glorious action. High praise is due to Col. Sullivan, commanding Second brigade, for the manner in which he contributed to the first repulse of the enemy in the morning. To him and Col. Carroll of the Eighth Ohio volunteers, who commanded the skirmishers, is the credit due of forcing back the right wing of the enemy, and of intimidating and holding him in check on our left during the rest of the day. The chief of artillery, Lieut.-Col. Daum, deserves high commendation for the skilful manner in which he managed his batteries during the engagement. This skilful management prevented the enemy doubtless from using effectually his formidable artillery. The cavalry performed its duty with spirit in this engagement, and, with its gallant officers, exhibited activity which paralyzed the movements of the enemy. The commanders of regiments are also entitled to especial mention, but sufficient justice cannot be done them in this report. I must, therefore, refer you on this head to the report of the brigade commanders. The officers of my staff have my thanks for the fidelity with which they discharged the trying duties that devolved upon them. They had to penetrate the thickest of the fight to bring me intelligence of the state of the field, and performed their perilous duty throughout the day with cheerful alacrity. It affords me pleasure, as it is my duty, to recommend all the officers whose names I have specially mentioned to the consideration of the Government.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

JAS. SHIELDS,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

REPORT OF ACTING BRIG.-GEN. KIMBALL, COMMANDING SHIELDS' DIVISION.

HEADQUARTERS SHIELDS' DIVISION,
CAMP NEAR STRASBURGH, VA., March 26, 1862. }

Major H. G. Armstrong, A. A. A. General:

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle which was fought near Winchester, Va., on Sunday, the twenty-third inst., between the forces composing this division, which I had the honor to command, and the rebel forces under Gen. Jackson.

Early in the morning of the twenty-third, the enemy commenced the attack, advancing from Kernstown, and occupying a position with their batteries on the heights to the right of the road, and the wood in the plain to the left of the road, with cavalry, infantry, and one battery. I at once advanced the Eighth Ohio, Col. Carroll, with four companies, taking the left, and Lieut.-Col. Sawyer, with three companies, taking the right of the turnpike-road. Col. Carroll advanced steadily, coming up with two companies of the Sixty-seventh Ohio, who had been out as pickets, and uniting them with his command, drove one of the enemy's batteries, which had opened a heavy fire upon him, and after a sharp skirmish, routing five companies of the infantry which were posted behind a stone wall, and supported by cavalry, holding this position during the whole day, thus frustrating the attempt of the enemy to turn our left.

The right of the Eighth Ohio remained in front until about four o'clock P.M., when they were recalled to support one of our batteries on the heights. The Sixty-seventh Ohio was thrown on a hill to our right, to support Jenks' battery, which had been advanced to a position commanding the village of Kernstown and the wood on the right.

The Fourteenth Indiana was sent forward to support Clark's battery, which advanced along the road. The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania was thrown over the hills to the right, to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. The Second brigade, commanded by Col. Sullivan, composed of the Thirteenth Indiana, Fifth Ohio, Sixty-second Ohio, and Thirty-ninth Illinois, were sent to the left, supporting Carroll's skirmishers, a section of Davis's battery, and Robinson's First Ohio battery, and to prevent an attempt which was made to turn that flank. We had succeeded in driving the enemy from both flanks and the front until four o'clock P.M., when Jackson, with the whole of his infantry, supported by artillery and cavalry, took possession of the hillside on the right, and planted his batteries in a commanding position, and opened a heavy and well-directed fire upon our batteries and their supports, attracting our attention whilst he attempted to gain our right flank with his infantry. At this juncture, I ordered the Third brigade, Col. E. B. Tyler, Seventh Ohio, commanding, composed of the Seventh and Twenty-ninth Ohio, First Virginia, Seventh Indiana, and One hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, to move to the right, to gain the flank of the enemy and charge them through the woods to their batteries posted on the hill. They moved forward steadily and gallantly, opening a gallant fire on the enemy's infantry.

The right wing of the Eighth Ohio, the Fourteenth and Thirteenth Indiana, Sixty-seventh and Fifth Ohio, and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, were sent forward to support Tyler's brigade, each one in its turn moving forward gallantly, sustaining a heavy fire, from both the enemy's batteries and his musketry. Soon all the regiments above named were pouring forth a well-directed fire, which was promptly answered by the enemy, and after a hotly-contested action of two hours, just as night closed in, the enemy gave way, and were soon completely routed, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, together with two pieces of their artillery and four caissons. Our forces retained possession of the field, and bivouacked for the night. The batteries, under their chief, Lieut.-Col. Daum, were well posted and admirably served during the whole action.

I respectfully refer you to the several accompanying reports for the details of the engagement. I regret to report the loss of the gallant Col. Murray, of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, who fell while bravely leading forward his men amidst a fearful storm of shot and shell. When all have done so well, both officers and men, and achieved so much, it would be seemingly invidious to particularize any individual officer, yet I can say, without doing injustice to others, that Col. Tyler deserves the highest commendations for the gal-

lant manner in which he led his brigade during the conflict, and the gallant Carroll, Harrow, Foster, Lewis, Patrick, Thoburne, Sawyer, Buckley, Cheek, and Creighton, deserve well of their country. Col. Sullivan, Candy's brigade, on the left, was not attacked in force. His batteries and skirmishers engaged the enemy and prevented the turning of that flank: and he, too, merits the highest commendation. NATHAN KIMBALL,

Colonel Commanding Shields' Division.

ACTING BRIG.-GEN. TYLER'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
CAMP NEAR STRASBURGH, March 22. }

Nathan Kimball, Colonel Commanding Shields' Division:

SIR: My command left Camp Shields at eleven o'clock A.M., twenty-third March, reaching the Toll-Gate south of Winchester just as our batteries were opened upon the enemy. Remaining in column a short time, I received your order to strike the enemy on his left flank with my brigade, composed of the Seventh Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Creighton; Twenty-ninth Ohio, Col. Buckley; First Virginia, Col. Thoburne; Seventh Indiana, Lieut.-Col. Cheek, and One hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, Col. Lewis. The order was executed with the Seventh Ohio on the right, Twenty-ninth Ohio on the left, First Virginia in the centre, Seventh Indiana on the right wing, and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania on the left wing, advancing in column of divisions. When within easy musket-range, the enemy opened fire upon us with his infantry force, consisting of nine regiments. The reception was a warm one, and so heavy firing was it, that I ordered up the reserve at once, when the action became general. The fire of the enemy was poured in upon us from behind a stone wall with terrible effect; yet the column moved forward, driving them from their cover into an open wood, when our men gave them a shower of leaden hail. The timely arrival of the Fourteenth Indiana, Lieut.-Colonel Harrow, in this unequal contest, was of immense service, followed as they were soon after by the Eighth Pennsylvania, Col. Murray; Thirteenth Indiana, Lieut.-Col. Foster, and still later by the Sixty-seventh Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Votis, and the Fifth Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Patrick, routing the enemy just as twilight was fading into night, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. We took from him one six and one twelve-pounder gun, with their caissons, and about three hundred prisoners. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded could not have been less than five hundred.

To speak of the heroic acts of those engaged in the battle would require too much space in this brief report. The officers and men behaved as gallantly as ever men did, and are entitled to great credit. The field-officers of different regiments exerted themselves manfully, many of them having their horses shot under them early in the engagement, and others seriously injured. They pressed forward with their men, determined to conquer or die. When all did so well, and show-

ed so much daring bravery, it would be unjust to mention one without mentioning all. That officers and men discharged their duty, the result plainly shows, and to them belongs the victory.

To Acting Asst. Adjt.-Gen. E. S. Quay, and Aid-de-camp Lieut. Henry Z. Eaton, of my staff, I am greatly indebted for the prompt performance of their respective duties.

Herewith I hand you a report of the dead and wounded of my command.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

E. B. TYLER,

Col. Commanding Third Brigade, Shields' Division.

BATTLE-FIELD NEAR WINCHESTER, }
March 23, 8 o'clock P.M. }

Acting Brigadier-Gen. Nathan Kimball, commanding Gen. Shields' Division:

SIR: In accordance with your instructions, I struck the enemy's left flank with my command, and after contesting vigorously for two hours and forty minutes, he left the field, two guns, one six and one twelve-pounder, with caissons, and over five hundred of his dead and wounded. My command, with the reinforcements sent me, rest on their arms in the fields occupied by the enemy.

E. B. TYLER.

COMPLETE LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, O.V.I.

Co. A—Charles Stern, killed; Corporal Ed. Kelley, Corporal Wm. Saddler, Fred. Hoffman, Daniel Clancey, Leander Campbell, Joseph Miller, Hampton Gardner, Arthur Lappin, Thomas Fresher, wounded; Wm. Kehl, missing.

Co. B—Jas. Carroll, Jas. Creiglow, Allen C. Lamb, Stephen W. Rice, killed; Duncan Reid, Jos. Smith, Albert E. Withers, Charles Fagan, badly wounded; Sergeant A. H. Fitch, Corporal Wm. E. Smith, and five others slightly wounded.

Co. C—Ord. Sergeant A. C. Danforth, E. G. Sackett, killed; O. H. Worcester, W. Coleman, Stephen Kellogg, Jno. Gardner, F. M. Palmer, F. A. Warner, Daniel Kingsberry, Richard Winsor, wounded.

Co. D—Corp. A. C. Griswold, Reuben Burnham, Louis Carver, killed.

Co. E—Corp. Geo. Blandin, John Milliman, John Atwater, Geo. Anness, wounded.

Co. F—Elias Hall, killed; Capt. A. C. Burgess, Corporal Benjamin Gridley, Fred. Bethel, Chas. W. Minnick, Moses Owens, Arba Pritchell, Edward Thompson, Edward E. Tracy, wounded; Anson Pritchard, missing.

Co. G—John Fram, killed; Sergeant E. M. Lazony, wounded.

Co. H—Fred Groth, killed; Capt. J. F. Asper, wounded; A. A. Cavanaha, wounded; S. Bishop, wounded; Owen Gregory, wounded; James Hunt, wounded; W. McClurg, wounded; H. M. McQuiston, wounded; D. O'Connor, wounded; P. Tenny, wounded; Archibald Wise, missing.

Co. I—James Bliss, killed; Lieut. Samuel

McClelland, wounded; Sergeant A. J. Kelley, wounded; Richard Phillips, wounded; T. B. Danon, wounded; Wm. Birch, wounded; Henry Clemens, wounded.

Sergeant-Major J. P. Webb and A. J. Kelly, were mortally wounded and died on the night of the twenty-seventh.

REPORT TO GOVERNOR MORTON.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, GEN. SHIELDS' DIVISION, }
CAMP NEAR EDINBURGH, April 10, 1862. }

To His Excellency the Hon. O. P. Morton, Indianapolis, Indiana:

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by the Indiana troops under my command in the engagement at Winchester, on the twenty-third of March, 1862. Owing to the constant movement of our forces, I have been compelled to delay this report until now.

The Seventh Indiana infantry formed a part of the Third brigade of Gen. Shields' division, and at the time, was under the command of Lieut.-Col. Cheek, in the absence of Col. James Gavin, on important private business. The engagement was opened early in the day, and kept up by the artillery until about three o'clock P.M. The enemy had possession of a hill on their extreme left, which commanded our right, on which they had their batteries, supported by infantry, and was playing upon us with considerable effect, when the Third brigade was ordered to turn their flank and charge their batteries. The Seventh Indiana was the second regiment in line, and with the first received the opening fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, and a moment after a volley from the entire line; yet our men moved forward until they received orders to deliver their fire, which they did, accompanied with a terrific yell, which none but Western men can give. The effect met fully my expectations. We found the enemy greatly outnumbering us, posted behind rocks and a stone wall running parallel with our advancing line. Still with the advantage of position and nearly or quite double our force, they were compelled to retire after contesting sharply for two hours and forty minutes, leaving their dead, wounded, and two pieces of artillery on the field.

I desire to call your attention particularly to the Seventh regiment, which was under a galling fire during the entire engagement, fully sustaining the reputation of Indiana's gallant soldiery, standing up against such fearful odds with unequalled bravery. To Lieut.-Colonel Cheek and Major Shaw great credit is due for the manner in which each discharged his respective duties, fearlessly and without a fault.

The line officers, so far as I observed, did their *whole duty* as gallantly as any other in the conflict, and deserve much credit for their daring bravery. At one time, had they given way, the battle must have been lost to us. The whole regiment, officers and men, merit special notice.

The Fourteenth Indiana, Lieut.-Col. Harrow, and the Thirteenth Indiana, Lieut.-Col. Foster,

were sent to reënforce us in a very critical moment, and I cannot speak in too high commendation of these gallant officers and their commands. Nobly did they discharge their duty, deserving well the title of Indiana's brave soldiers, and will receive no doubt, at your hands, and of the State, as Indiana men always have, full credit for their hard-earned fame.

Well may Indiana be proud of her noble sons, and they of her.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. B. TYLER,

Col. Commanding Third Brigade, Shields' Division.

REPORT OF LIEUT.-COL. CHEEK.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLS., }
NEAR STRASBURG, VA., March 28. }

Col. E. B. Tyler, Commanding Third Brigade, S. D. :

SIR: I respectfully submit the following report of the part taken by the Seventh regiment Indiana Volunteers in the battle at Winchester, Virginia, on the twenty-third instant. About one o'clock P.M., pursuant to your order, the regiment was formed, took position in the brigade, and by a forced march reached Kernstown (three miles south of Winchester) at half-past two P.M.

I was then ordered to the support of Colonel Daum's battery, which was then in position and playing upon the enemy. Soon after the enemy changed the position of his batteries to an elevation to our right, and opened upon us a well-directed fire of shot and shell. At once my command was placed farther to the right of our batteries, under cover of woods. Here we remained until four o'clock P.M., when orders were received from you to take position in column, to charge and take the enemy's pieces.

Your order was promptly obeyed, and the column proceeded under cover of timber to within a short distance of the enemy's left, when the enemy (concealed from us, and sheltered behind a stone fence and other temporary works) opened upon us a destructive and blinding fire of canister and musketry. About this time an order was given to deploy column, (the several regiments being then in column of division,) but amid the din of musketry, and the roar of artillery, no order could be heard by the men. Our forces partly avoided the fire of the enemy by falling down and taking advantage of a ridge between us and the stone fence. The fire of the enemy was returned with telling effect, our men giving deadly aim wherever the enemy could be seen.

The fierceness with which our forces withstood the fire from a vastly superior force, for two hours and forty minutes, demands the greatest praise.

Upon the appearance of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania and the Fourteenth Indiana regiments, which were ordered to our support, a rout of the enemy commenced, which soon became complete, many throwing down their arms and retreating in the greatest confusion.

My command was soon in line, and following the Seventh Ohio, pursued the enemy a short

distance, when darkness intervened, and we were ordered to halt and bivouac upon the ground so hotly contested by the enemy.

Early in the action, my horse and that of Major B. C. Shaw were shot. The Major was severely hurt by being thrown against a tree, and was taken from the field. Up to that time he rendered me valuable service, exerting himself to perfect the lines as we advanced.

Adjutant Lostutter, although wounded in the early part of the action, remained with me, executing orders, and giving aid in rallying and encouraging the men. Without disparagement to other officers, it is but justice that I should speak of those who were with me and about me at all times—namely, Capts. Will. C. Banta, Sol. Waterman, Merit C. Welch, Jesse Armstrong, and Wilson C. Lemert; and Lieuts. George C. Watson, (commanding company A,) David M. Hamilton, Acting Quartermaster, Comar Chrisman, and Benjamin Abrams, by their brave examples gave cheer to the men, and by untiring exertions contributed greatly to our success.

The result, to my regiment, was nine killed and thirty-five wounded, a list of whom, with name, grade and company, is herewith submitted. Many have slight wounds, which are not reported among the wounded.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN F. CHEEK,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding Seventh Indiana.

COLONEL FOSTER'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

CAMP SHIELDS, HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH INDIANA, }
FOUR MILES SOUTH OF STRASBURG, VA., March 26, 1862. }

Col. J. C. Sullivan, Acting Brig.-Gen. Commanding Second Brigade:

SIR: In obedience to your order, I herewith submit the following report of the part taken by the Thirteenth regiment Indiana Volunteers, in the action of the twenty-second and twenty-third of March, near Winchester, Va.

I was ordered by you to withdraw my command, (which was stationed on picket duty on the Front Royal and Cedar Creek road,) and to report to you at the toll-gate on the Strasburg pike. Collecting my command, I proceeded immediately to join you, and reached the toll-gate about ten A.M., and marched forward on the right of your brigade, and took position in front of and on the enemy's right, which position we occupied until five P.M., under a heavy fire of shell and round-shot from his batteries, which were stationed in the edge of a wood. At five P.M., you ordered me to the enemy's left, to support a part of the First and Second brigades. We marched over the hills on the right, exposed to a heavy fire of grape and shell.

We took position on the left of the Fourteenth Indiana, which had been pressed back by the overwhelming numbers brought into action by the enemy, immediately in front and on their left. Here it was that the Thirteenth Indiana suffered most, being exposed to the fire of a whole brigade posted behind a stone fence and in an open wood. Inch by inch the brave and gallant men of my command, the Thirteenth, pressed

them back. The Fourteenth Indiana's left rallied promptly to our support, and I gave the command to "Forward — charge bayonets!" Here it was that the two remnants of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana regiments went in with a yell and drove from the field a whole brigade, which proved to be Loring's celebrated Irish brigade of the provisional army, and completely routed them. We should have captured their colors had it not been that night was coming on, and for fear of firing into our own men I ordered a halt. It was so dark that we could pursue them no further.

After gathering up the wounded on our own and on the rebel side, we slept on our arms until daylight, when I proceeded, to join you on the advance toward Strasburg in pursuit of the enemy, and have arrived at this camp, after sharing the honors of being in the advance with your brigade, and driving the enemy beyond this place a distance of twenty-two miles.

Before closing this report, I must refer to the officers and men of the Thirteenth regiment. All alike acted nobly and fought bravely, adding new laurels to those already won in Western Virginia. Lest I should be thought to prefer one above another, I forbear making any personal mention, as they all, both officers and men, fought with a coolness and desperation that proved them not inferior to our brave Hoosiers who are battling in other localities for our holy cause.

The medical staff, and more particularly of our own Assistant Surgeon, require of me a mention. Dr. Gall, principal, having been detailed during the early part of the action to take charge of the wounded, who were being sent to Winchester, left Dr. W. C. Foster alone on the field, and he was in the thickest and hottest of the fight, with the members of the Thirteenth's band, carrying off the killed and wounded as they fell on the field, and but for him our list of dead would have been greater than it is.

We captured a number of commissioned officers, some of whom are wounded. Among them are a major and an aid to the rebel Gen. Jackson, a number of lieutenants and privates, and a quantity of small arms, all of which I will report to you as soon as I can ascertain the exact number of each.

Our loss is about forty or fifty killed and wounded. Among the wounded are Major Dodds and Capt. Sales, of company G. Circumstances and orders to move forward prevent me from giving you a more detailed account at this time. Enclosed find a list of killed and wounded.

I am respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT S. FOSTER,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding Thirteenth Indiana.

R. C. SHRIBER'S REPORT.

WINCHESTER, March 26, 1862.

To Brig.-Gen. James Shields, Commanding Second Division, Fifth Army Corps.

GENERAL: I beg respectfully to report to you that after having received, on Sunday last, the twenty-third of March, at nine o'clock A.M., an

order to report for duty as Aid-de-Camp on your staff, I left headquarters for Kernstown, and assisted Colonels Kimball, Tyler, and Sullivan in their efforts as commanders of brigades, fighting the enemy under Gen. Jackson, and to insure an unity of action of their three respective commands.

I reported at half-past nine A.M., to Col. Kimball, Acting Brigadier, and senior officer on the field, who was stationed on a hill almost one half mile west of Kernstown, which latter place is intersected by the turnpike leading to Strasburgh. There I informed myself as to the events which had transpired previous to my arrival, and understood that the enemy who, in endeavoring to drive in our pickets the day before, had been repulsed, had opened with his artillery about eight o'clock A.M., upon our forces again; and that since the time we were engaged responding to his battery of four guns, which he then had in play, and in endeavoring to repel his small but harassing attacks of cavalry upon our chain of sentinels.

Reconnoitring the ground surrounding me, I found that between the hill upon which I now stood with Col. Kimball and the hill opposite us, upon which the enemy's battery was posted, about half a mile distant, a ravine was lying, running from east to west, which is entirely free of wood; when about half a mile to the east a forest connected both hills, through the centre of which passes a mud road, and is bounded on its extreme right by another mud road leading to Cedar Creek. The country to the left (west) of the turnpike is flat and comparatively little wooded.

We placed in position a six-gun battery, commanded by Captain Jenks' First Virginia artillery, to oppose the enemy's four guns, which latter were soon reinforced by a whole battery, whereupon Capt. Clark's regular battery was put in prolongation of the former named. Both batteries were fought by Col. Daum, Chief of artillery of Gen. Shields' division, in person. Our fire from the two batteries became too hot for the enemy, and they brought a third battery in the direction of their right wing, in such position upon our two batteries on the hill, that they enfiladed them, but with this manœuvre exposed their battery to a raking fire of one of the Ohio batteries placed near Kernstown to defend the pike, and they were necessitated to limber to the rear with all their batteries, but continued their fire.

In the mean time the infantry regiments were moving up to the support of our batteries, and formed into line of battle about a thousand yards to the rear of our batteries, when at once the enemy's heavier battery moved to the front, and threw, in rapid succession, a number of well-aimed shell into our batteries and the cavalry and infantry stationed upon the interior slope of the battery-hill, and the necessity to storm and take their guns became evident.

In conjunction with Colonels Kimball and Tyler, the following infantry regiments were drawn up in mass, parallel with each other: The right, resting upon the mud road passing through the forest, was held by the Seventh Ohio, the Sixty-

seventh and Fifth following, and the Thirteenth Indiana, and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, and Twenty-ninth Ohio a little to the rear; thus leaving the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania and the three companies of the Eighth Ohio in reserve. During the time these arrangements were made a messenger was sent to you, General, to have your approval as to this flank movement, and I personally apprised all the commanders in the rear and flanks of our intentions, so as to keep then on the alert.

Col. Daum was enjoined to keep his artillery in lively fire, so as not to direct the attention of the enemy from him, and when the order came to move on everything was ready to respond. Gen. Tyler moved his column by the right flank as far as the Cedar Creek road, rested his right upon the same, and the left upon the before-mentioned mud road, pushing forward upon both roads some cavalry, changed direction to the left, right in front, and moved silently but steadily upon the enemy's left through the woods for almost half a mile, when, coming upon a more sparsely wooded ground, he made half a wheel to the left, and came to the face of the extreme flank of the enemy, who received him behind a stone wall at about two hundred yards' distance with a terrific volley of rifled arms; but still on went the regiments without a return fire, and then threw themselves with immense cheering and an unearthly yell upon the enemy, who, receiving at fifteen yards our first fire, fell back across the field, thus unmasking two six-pound iron-guns, which hurled, on being cleared in front, death and destruction into our ranks with their canister.

But still onward we went, taking one gun and two caissons, and making there a short stand. Again the enemy unmasked two brass pieces, which at last drove us back by their vigorous fire. But I saw that the captured gun was tipped over, so that the enemy, in regaining the ground, could not drag it away. The Fifth Ohio and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania threw themselves forward once more with fixed bayonets, the former losing their standard-bearer four times in a few minutes. Capt. Whitcomb at last took the colors up again, and cheering on his men fell also. So, too, Col. Murray, while gallantly leading on his Eighty-fourth regiment. In fact that ground was strewn with dead and wounded. Gen. Tyler lost there his aid, Lieut. Williamson of the Twenty-ninth Ohio.

I hurried back to bring up the One Hundred and Tenth and Fourteenth Indiana, by a right oblique movement through the woods, and the enemy, receiving all the combined shock, retired and left us in possession of our dearly-bought gun and caissons.

United, onward we pressed; again the enemy's two brass pieces and musketry poured in their fire. Three companies of the Eighth Ohio reinforcing us, we gained our brass piece and its caisson, and compelled the enemy to fall back.

This was at seven P.M. I moved to the right flank, and caused the cannon to go forward on the

now fast retreating enemy, when I met with six of Ashby's cavalry—who shot down my orderly and killed his horse—one of their bullets piercing my cap. I was compelled to use my sword to kill one of them.

The cavalry captured two hundred and thirty-nine prisoners, and met only with little resistance from the enemy's cavalry.

At eight P.M. the musketry ceased. A few more cannon-shots from their extreme left were fired, so as to withdraw our attention from the retreating foe, and all was over. Our men remained on the field of battle picking up the wounded, and slept upon their arms, and awoke for the pursuit of the enemy on the morning of the twenty-fourth, who fell rapidly back beyond Newton, when at nine o'clock of the morning of that day Major-Gen. Banks took command, and I reported back to you.

General, I have the honor to be ever ready to serve in so glorious a body of soldiers, under your able leading.

Your most obedient, humble servant,

R. C. SHRIBER.

GEN. SHIELDS' ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

The following letter from Gen. Shields, to a friend in Washington, gives the General's informal account of the battle of Winchester:

HEADQUARTERS GENERAL SHIELDS' DIVISION, }
WINCHESTER, VA., March 26, 1862. }

I will give you a brief account of our late operations. My reconnoissance beyond Strasburg, on the eighteenth and nineteenth inst., discovered Jackson reënforced in a strong position, near New-Market, within supporting distance of the main body of the rebels under Johnston. It was necessary to decoy him from that position. Therefore I fell back rapidly to Winchester on the twentieth, as if in retreat, marching my whole command nearly thirty miles in one day. My force was placed at night in a secluded position, two miles from Winchester, on the Martinsburg road.

On the twenty-first the rebel cavalry, under Ashby, showed themselves to our pickets, within sight of Winchester. On the twenty-second all of Gen. Banks's command, with the exception of my division, evacuated Winchester, *en route* for Centreville. This movement and the masked position of my division made an impression upon the inhabitants, some of whom were in secret communication with the enemy, that our army had left, and that nothing remained but a few regiments to garrison this place. Jackson was signalized to this effect. I saw their signals and divined their meaning. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-second, Ashby, believing that the town was almost evacuated, attacked our pickets and drove them in. This success increased his delusion. It became necessary, however, to repulse them for the time being. I therefore ordered forward a brigade, and placed it in front between Winchester and the enemy.

I only let them see, however, two regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a small

force of cavalry, which he mistook as the whole force left to garrison and protect the place. In a little skirmish that evening, while placing the artillery in position, I was struck by a fragment of a shell, which broke my arm above the elbow, injured my shoulder, and damaged me otherwise to such an extent that I have lain prostrate ever since. I commenced making preparations for any emergency that might occur that night or the next morning. Under cover of the night I ordered an entire brigade (Kimball's) to take up a strong position in advance. I pushed forward four batteries, having them in a strong position to support the infantry. I placed Sullivan's brigade on both flanks, to prevent surprise and to keep my flanks from being turned, and I held Tyler's brigade in reserve, to operate against any point that might be assailed in front. In this position I awaited and expected the enemy's attack next morning.

My advance brigade was two miles from the town, its pickets extending perhaps a mile farther along the turnpike leading to Strasburg. About eight o'clock in the morning, I sent forward two experienced officers to reconnoitre the front and report indications of the enemy. They returned in an hour, reporting no enemy in sight except Ashby's force of cavalry, infantry and artillery, which by this time had become familiar and contemptible to us. Gen. Banks, who was yet here in person, upon hearing this report, concluded that Jackson could not possibly be in front, or be decoyed so far away from the main body of the rebel army. In this opinion I too began to concur, concluding that Jackson was too sagacious to be caught in such a trap. Gen. Banks, therefore, left for Washington. His staff-officers were directed to follow the same day, by way of Centreville. Knowing the crafty enemy, however, I had to deal with, I omitted no precaution. My whole force was concentrated, and prepared to support Kimball's brigade, which was in advance. About half-past ten o'clock it became evident we had a considerable force before us; but the enemy still concealed himself so adroitly in the woods that it was impossible to estimate it.

I ordered a portion of the artillery forward, to open fire and unmask them. By degrees they began to show themselves. They planted battery after battery in strong position, on the centre and on both flanks. Our artillery responded, and this continued until about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, when I directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left flank and to assail that flank, which was done promptly and splendidly by Tyler's brigade, aided by some regiments from the other brigades. The fire of our infantry was so close and destructive, that it made havoc in their ranks. The result was the capture of their guns on the left and the forcing back of their wing on the centre, thus placing them in a position to be routed by a general attack, which was made about five o'clock by all the infantry, and succeeded in driving them in flight from the field.

Night fell upon us at this stage, leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns and four caissons, three hundred prisoners, and about one thousand stand of small arms. Our killed in this engagement cannot exceed one hundred men—wounded, two hundred and thirty-three. The enemy's killed and wounded exceed one thousand. The inhabitants of the adjacent villages carried them to their houses as they were removed from the field of battle. Houses between the battle-field and Strasburg, and even far beyond, have since been found filled with the dead and dying of the enemy. Graves have been discovered far removed from the road, where the inhabitants of the country buried them as they died. General Banks, in his pursuit of the enemy beyond Strasburg afterwards, found houses on the road twenty-two miles from the battle-field filled in this manner, and presenting the most ghastly spectacle. The havoc made in the ranks of the rebels has struck this whole region of country with terror.

Such a blow had never fallen on them before, and it is more crushing because wholly unexpected. Jackson and his stone-wall brigade, and all the other brigades accompanying him, will never meet this division again in battle. During the night they managed to carry off their artillery in the darkness. We opened upon them by early light next morning, and they commenced to retreat. Gen. Banks returned from Harper's Ferry between nine and ten o'clock A.M., and placed himself, at my request, at the head of the command, ten miles from the battle-field, pursuing the enemy. Reinforcements, which we had ordered back from Williams's division, and which I had ordered forward during the night, now came pouring in, and with all these we continued the pursuit, pressing them with vigor and with repeated and destructive attacks as far as Woodstock, where we halted from mere exhaustion.

The enemy's sufferings have been terrible, and such as they have nowhere else endured since the commencement of this war; and yet such were their gallantry and high state of discipline, that at no time during the battle or pursuit did they give way to panic. They fled to Mt. Jackson, and are by this time no doubt in communication with the main body of the rebel army. I hope to be able in a few days to ride in a buggy, and place myself at the head of my command; but I have neither sufficient force nor sufficient rank to do that service to the country that I hope and feel I am capable of. No man could be better treated than I am by Gen. Banks; and yet if he and his command had been here on the twenty-third, you would have heard nothing of a fight, because our wily enemy would not have been entrapped. I want an efficient cavalry regiment—the Third United States cavalry, for instance—and additional infantry. I wish you would see the Secretary of War, for instance, in relation to this matter. I can do the country service if they give me a chance.

JAMES SHIELDS.

SECRETARY STANTON'S DESPATCH.

The following despatch was telegraphed to Gen. Shields :

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 26, 1862.

BRIG.-GEN. SHIELDS: Your two despatches relative to the brilliant achievement of the forces under your command have been received. While rejoicing at the success of your gallant troops, deep commiseration and sympathy are felt for those who have been victims in the gallant and victorious contest with treason and rebellion. Your wounds, as well as your success, prove that Lander's brave division is still bravely led, and that wherever its standard is displayed, rebels will be routed and pursued.

To you and the officers and soldiers under your command, the Department returns thanks.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The following is Gen. Banks's general order relative to the battle :

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS, }
STRASBURG, March 26. }

The Commanding General of the Fifth Army Corps congratulates the officers and soldiers of General Shields' division, and especially its gallant commander, on the auspicious and decisive victory gained over the rebels on the twenty-third inst. The division has already achieved a renown against superior forces, and a subtle and barbarous enemy.

(Signed) N. P. BANKS.

HEADQUARTERS GEN. SHIELDS' DIVISION, }
WINCHESTER. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 11.

Brig.-Gen. Shields congratulates the officers and soldiers of his division, upon the glorious victory achieved by them on the twenty-third inst., near Winchester, Va. They defeated an enemy whose forces outnumbered theirs, and who were considered the bravest and best disciplined of the confederate army.

He also congratulates them that it has fallen to their lot to open the campaign on the Potomac. The opening has been a splendid success. Let them inscribe 'Winchester' on their banners, and prepare for other victories.

(Signed) BRIG.-GENERAL SHIELDS.

HEADQUARTERS SHIELDS' DIVISION, }
WOODSTOCK, VA., April 12, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 19.

The General commanding the division directs that the special thanks of himself and command be tendered to Capt. Ambrose Thompson, Division Quartermaster, for the energy, industry, and efficiency with which he has conducted the affairs of his department, previous to and during the battle of Winchester, and in his untiring and successful efforts since, to employ every means which judgment and activity could devise to furnish this division with everything required to render it efficient in the field. This order will be published to the command as an assurance of our

appreciation of his ability, and a copy of the same will be furnished Capt. Ambrose Thompson.

By command of Brig.-General SHIELDS.

H. G. ARMSTRONG,
Major Fifth Ohio Volunteers, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

GOVERNOR CURTIN'S OFFICIAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS P.M., }
HARRISBURGH, April 4, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 20.

The Governor congratulates the members of the Eighty-fourth and One hundred and tenth regiments Pennsylvania Volunteers upon their gallantry in the recent severe and brilliant action at Winchester. Their bearing upon that occasion, under the formidable attack of a bold and desperate foe, was worthy of the high reputation already won by the soldiers of Pennsylvania on the memorable fields of Dranesville, Roanoke Island, and Newbern. The Governor is proud to recognise the enviable distinction thus gained by the troops of the commonwealth, and trusts that to the end of the present wicked rebellion they may be distinguished by similar deeds of valor and endurance, and that, whenever called to meet the enemies of their country, they may prove their fitness to sustain its flag.

The example of the gallant Colonel Murray, of the Eighty-fourth, who fell at the head of his regiment in the conflict at Winchester, with that of the noble men of his command, who there gave their lives a willing sacrifice to their country, must stimulate all who have enlisted in her service to increased devotion, while their memory will be cherished by every patriot and add honor to the arms of Pennsylvania and the Union.

The Governor directs that "Winchester, twenty-third of March, 1862," be inscribed on the flags of the Eighty-fourth and One hundred and tenth regiments, and that this order be read at the head of all the regiments of Pennsylvania volunteers.

By order of A. G. CURTIN, Governor and Commander in Chief.

A. L. RUSSELL,
Adjutant General P. M.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" NARRATIVE.

WINCHESTER, April 1.

The excitement and smoke of battle having now cleared away, I am enabled to send you a full and concise history of the late terrible battle of Winchester.

On the eighteenth and nineteenth ultimo, Gen. Shields made a reconnoissance in the direction of Mount Jackson, and there ascertained that the enemy under Jackson was strongly posted near that place, and in communication with a large force at Luray and Washington.* He deemed it important to draw him from his position and supporting force if possible. To effect this, he fell back upon Winchester on the twentieth, giving his movement all the appearance of a hasty retreat. The last brigade of the First division of Gen. Banks's *corps d'armee* left Winchester for Centreville by the way of Berryville, on the morning of the twenty-second, leaving only Shields' division and the Michigan cavalry.

The enemy's scouts, observing this movement,

signaled Jackson, with fires upon the hill-tops, that Winchester was being evacuated by the Federal forces, and about five o'clock P.M., the brigand Ashby with some of his cavalry drove in our pickets.

The Federal troops immediately sprung to their arms, and two regiments of infantry, accompanied by two batteries of artillery, pushed forward and drove back the enemy, who retreated after a short resistance to a little distance beyond Kernstown, a small village on the Valley Turnpike, about three and a half miles southernly from Winchester. It was during this attack that Gen. Shields, while directing one of the batteries to its position, was struck by a fragment of a shell, which burst near him, breaking his arm above the elbow, and for the time entirely paralyzing one side of his body. No one around him supposed him injured, for the old hero gave no word or sign of having been wounded, but continued to give his orders, through his staff-officers, as coolly and deliberately as if nothing had happened, until everything had been arranged to his satisfaction. The same shell killed an artilleryman near him, and barely missed Major H. G. Armstrong, Assistant Adjutant-General. The General, divining the attack of the enemy to be only a ruse to make him show his strength, kept the rest of his forces out of sight; and though prostrated by the injuries he had received, set to work to make the requisite disposition of his force for the ensuing day. Under cover of night he pushed forward Kimball's brigade nearly three miles on the Strasburg road. Daum's artillery was posted in a strong position, to support this brigade if attacked. Sullivan's brigade was posted in the rear of Kimball's, and within supporting distance of it, covering all the approaches to the town from the east, south, and west. Tyler's brigade and Broadhead's cavalry were held in reserve, so as to support our force in front at any point where it might be attacked. These dispositions being made, the General rested for the night as well as his wounds would permit.

A brief description is here necessary of the approaches to Winchester and of the field which the next day became the scene of one of the most bloody and desperately fought battles of modern times. Winchester is approached from the south by three principal roads. These are the Cedar Creek road on the west, the Valley Turnpike leading to Strasburg in the centre, and the Front Royal road on the east.

On the Valley Turnpike, about three and a half miles from Winchester, is a little village called Kernstown; about a half a mile north of this village and west of the Valley Turnpike, is a ridge of high hills commanding the approach by the valley road and a part of the surrounding country.

This ridge was the key-point of our position, and on this Col. Kimball, the senior officer in command of the field, took his station. Along this ridge Lieut.-Col. Daum, Chief of Artillery, posted three of his batteries, keeping one battery in reserve some distance in the rear. Part of

the Federal infantry was posted on this ridge, within supporting distance of the artillery, and sheltered by the irregularities of the hills.

The main body of the enemy was posted in order of battle, about half a mile beyond Kernstown, his line extending about two miles from the Cedar Creek road on his left, to a ravine near the Front Royal road on his right. The enemy had so skilfully selected his ground that, while it afforded facilities for manœuvring, he was completely masked by high and wooded grounds in front, and so adroitly did he conceal himself, that at eight o'clock A.M., of the twenty-third, nothing was visible but the same force which had been repulsed the evening previous.

Being unable in consequence of his wound to reconnoitre the point in person, Gen. Shields despatched an officer to perform that duty, who returned about an hour after, reporting that there were no indications of any hostile force, except that of Ashby's cavalry. Gen. Shields and Gen. Banks, after consulting together, came to the conclusion that Jackson was nowhere in the vicinity, and therefore Gen. Banks took his departure for Washington. Although the conclusion had been reached that Jackson was not before Winchester, yet Gen. Shields, knowing the crafty enemy he had to deal with, did not neglect a single precaution.

About half past ten o'clock A.M., another battery opened against our position, and Col. Kimball saw in that quarter indications of a considerable force in the woods. Informing General Shields of this fact, Sullivan's brigade was immediately pushed forward and placed in a position to oppose the advance of the enemy's right wing. The action opened by a fire of artillery on both sides, but at too great a distance to be very effective. The advance was made by the enemy, who pushed forward a few more guns to his right, supported by a considerable force of infantry and cavalry, with the apparent intention of enfilading our position and turning our left flank. An active body of skirmishers, consisting of the Eighth Ohio, Col. Carroll, and three companies of the Sixty-seventh Ohio, under Major Bond, was immediately thrown forward on both sides of the valley road to check the enemy's advance. These skirmishers were supported by four pieces of artillery and Sullivan's brigade, and this united force repulsed the enemy at all points. The attempt against our left flank having failed, the enemy withdrew the greater part of his force on the right and formed it into a reserve to support his left. He then added his original reserve and two batteries to his main body, and under shelter of a hill on his left, on which he had already posted other batteries, he advanced their formidable column, with the evident determination of turning our right flank or overwhelming it. Our batteries on the opposite hill were soon found insufficient to check or even retard him. A message was sent to Gen. Shields informing him of the state of the field. Not a moment was to be lost. "Throw forward all your disposable infantry, carry his batteries, turn

his left flank, and hurl it back on the centre," were his orders, and Col. Kimball executed them with rapidity and vigor. The movement was entrusted to Tyler's splendid brigade, and following their intrepid leader, they pressed forward with enthusiasm to the performance of this perilous duty. The enemy's skirmishers were as chaff before the wind. Steadily onward it went until within a few yards of a high stone wall, behind which the enemy was securely posted, when it was met by a fire so fierce and deadly that its ranks melted away like frost before the morning sun. They wavered but for a moment, then rushed forward to the desperate struggle. At this juncture Col. Tyler was reinforced by five companies of the Fifth Ohio, the Thirteenth Indiana, and Sixty-second Ohio, of Sullivan's brigade, and the Fourteenth Indiana, Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, seven companies of the Sixty-seventh Ohio, and three companies of the Eighth Ohio, of Kimball's brigade; and with a cheer and a yell that rose high and loud above the roar of battle, drove the enemy from their shelter, and through the woods, with a fire as destructive as ever fell upon a retreating foe. The rebels fought desperately, as their piles of dead attest, and, to their chagrin and mortification, Jackson's "invincible stone-wall brigade" and the accompanying brigades were obliged to fall back upon their reserve in disorder. Here they took up a new position, and attempted to retrieve the fortunes of the day. But again rained down upon them the same close and destructive fire. Again cheer upon cheer rang in their ears. But a few minutes did they stand against it, when they turned and fled in dismay, leaving their killed and wounded on the field. Night alone saved them from total destruction. The enemy retreated about five miles, and took up a new position for the night. Our troops threw themselves down upon the field to rest and to partake of the first food since early dawn.

Although the battle had been won, still Gen. Shields could not believe that Jackson would have hazarded a decisive engagement at such a distance from the main body of the enemy without expecting reinforcements. So to be prepared for any contingency, he brought together all the troops within his reach, and sent an express for Williams's brigade, now twenty miles distant, to march all night and join him in the morning. He gave positive orders to the forces in the field to open fire upon them as soon as daylight would enable them to point their guns, and to pursue the enemy without respite, and compel him to abandon his guns and baggage or cut him to pieces.

It appears that Gen. Shields had rightly divined the intentions of his crafty antagonist, for on the morning of the twenty-third a reinforcement of five thousand men from Luray reached Front Royal, on their way to join Jackson. This reinforcement was being followed by another body of ten thousand from Sperryville, but recent rains having rendered the Shenandoah River

impassable, they were compelled to fall back without effecting the proposed junction.

At daylight on the twenty-fourth our artillery again opened upon the enemy. He entered upon his retreat in good order, considering what he had suffered. Gen. Banks, hearing of the engagement on his way to Washington, halted at Harper's Ferry, and ordered back a part of Williams's division. Gen. Banks himself returned, and after making a hasty visit to Gen. Shields, who was confined to his bed with his wounds, assumed command of the forces in pursuit of the enemy in person.

The pursuit was kept up with vigor until they reached Woodstock, where the enemy's retreat became fright, and the pursuit was abandoned, because of the utter exhaustion of our men.

The killed, as reported, are one hundred and three. Among them the country will deplore the loss of the brave Col. Murray of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania volunteers, who fell while gallantly leading his regiment in the face of the enemy. The wounded are four hundred and forty-one, many of them slightly, and the missing twenty-four.

The enemy's loss is difficult to ascertain. Two hundred and seventy were found dead on the battle-field, forty were buried by the inhabitants of the adjacent village, and by a calculation made from the number of graves on both sides of the valley road, between Winchester and Strasburg, their loss in killed must have been about five hundred, and in wounded a thousand. The proportion of the killed and wounded of the enemy shows the closeness and terrible destructiveness of our fire—nearly half the wounds being fatal.

The enemy admit a loss of between a thousand and fifteen hundred. Our force in infantry, cavalry, and artillery did not exceed seven thousand. That of the enemy must have been more than eleven thousand.

Jackson, who commanded in the field had, in addition to his own "stone-wall" brigade, portions of Smith's and Loring's brigades.

Their force in infantry must have been nine thousand. The cavalry of their united brigades amounted to fifteen hundred, and they had thirty-six pieces of artillery.

The Federals had six thousand infantry, seven hundred and fifty cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of artillery.

The thanks and commendations of the country are due the officers and soldiers for their noble conduct on that trying day. It was worthy the great people whose national existence they had pledged their lives to sustain. Col. Kimball, commanding the First brigade, and the senior officer in the field—cool, brave, and judicious, executing orders with vigor and sagacity. Col. Tyler, commanding the Third brigade, winning the admiration of the army by the fearless intrepidity with which he led his gallant brigade, and achieved the decisive movement of the day.

Col. Sullivan, commanding the Second brigade, with the gallant Col. Carroll of the Eighth Ohio,

presenting for the whole of that eventful day an impassable barrier between the enemy's right wing and the goal of their hopes.

Lieut.-Col. Daum, chief of artillery, sending his messages of death with unerring certainty, and all the brave officers and soldiers, who knew their duty and performed it, earned for themselves the gratitude of a great nation.

The incidents of the day, if written out, would fill volumes, but a few may serve to show the temper of the men in whose hands the fate of Union is held. The color-bearer of the Fifth Ohio volunteers was three several times shot down, when Capt. George P. Whitcomb, of the color-company, seizing the colors, pressed forward. He, too, soon fell, when they were upheld by a wounded corporal unable to rise from his knees.

Lieut.-Col. Voris, commanding the Sixty-seventh Ohio Volunteers, although himself wounded in the thigh, caught the colors from the hands of the dying sergeant, and calling on his men to follow him, pressed forward where the fight was fiercest. This same man covered a wounded rebel soldier from the chill night air with his overcoat, as soon as the flying enemy left him time to look around him.

It should not be forgotten that a large proportion of the officers and men engaged in this fight were "raw" troops, having never before heard the screaming of shells, the whistling of bullets, or met an enemy in deadly conflict, and that they were opposed to that "stone wall" of Jackson's, which has never before turned their backs upon the Union army in battle.

The officers of Gen. Shields' staff are entitled to the gratitude of their countrymen for the fidelity with which they discharged the trying duties that devolved upon them. They had to penetrate the thickest of the fight to carry to their General intelligence of the state of the field, and they performed their duties throughout the day with fearless alacrity.

The following is a list of officers of Gen. Shields' staff who were present and participated in the battle:

Major H. G. Armstrong, O. V., Assistant Adjutant-General.

Major R. C. Shriver, Capt. E. D. Mason, O. V., Lieut. J. S. Jones, O. V., Aids-de-Camp.

Capt. Ambrose Thompson, Quartermaster.

Henry Bryant, Acting Medical Director.

Our troops are now beyond Woodstock, where they are stopped for the present by the burning of a bridge by the rebels. This will be repaired in a few days, when we will follow up the good results attained by the battle of

"WINCHESTER."

NEW-YORK "WORLD" ACCOUNT.

WINCHESTER, March 24, 1862.

We are most unexpectedly called upon to report another battle which has added one more to the list of those brilliant successes which have lately attended our advancing columns—a victory more brilliant in the fact that not even the most distant suspicion of an approaching foe and an

impending battle was for a moment entertained. Jackson had been driven away in an inglorious retreat, and abandoned his strongholds which he had held for six months in security, his baggage had been transported previous to the removal of his forces, as if the retreat had been carefully provided for, and he had been pursued by the Federal troops several miles beyond Strasburg, where the chase was abandoned, the forces withdrawn to Winchester, and Jackson left to pursue his course down the valley of Virginia.

This task having been fully accomplished, as we supposed, the whole column was being removed to Fairfax Court-House, upon the turnpike which leads directly from this place to Alexandria, and the greater part of the Fifth *corps d'armee* was on its way, some having proceeded upon the march across the Shenandoah over the pontoon which had been constructed, as far as the village of Snickersville, a distance of nineteen miles from Winchester, and four miles beyond the river. Of those which had not crossed, a large number were encamped on this side, and nearly the whole force had withdrawn or were preparing to do so.

In such a condition, and with such preparations, did Jackson make this bold and unexpected onset, which resulted disastrously to his command, and conferred additional testimony to the intrepidity and coolness of our soldiers.

The military bridge across the Shenandoah broke down on Sunday, as the first of a brigade was attempting to cross, and half a day was employed in repairing the damage. Had this accident occurred twelve hours later, after nearly all had passed the river, the remnant might have been sadly exposed to attack from Jackson, having no means of escape and no means for being reënforced. It is rumored among secessionists that this attack of Jackson was to prevent the reënforcement of Gen. McClellan by Gen. Banks's column. If so, he has probably succeeded, for it certainly cannot be spared at once from this vicinity. It seems more probable that, supposing more of our division to have gone to Fairfax, he made this dash expecting to capture some prisoners and force the few remaining to wage an unsuccessful battle with him.

On Saturday our forces had started upon the Alexandria turnpike, and nearly half of them had reached the Shenandoah, when very heavy and continued firing was heard in the direction of Strasburg. Little attention was paid to it, however, and nothing was known either of the skirmishing on Saturday, or of the battle on the following Sunday, until too late to return and engage in it, and when they had arrived, the battle had been fought and won by Gen. Shields' division, who alone participated in the fight.

The first notice of the enemy's approach was received at nine o'clock A.M. of Saturday. Major Copeland, of Gen. Banks's staff, with about twenty-five of the Michigan cavalry, kept skirmishing with the guerrillas of Col. Ashby, from the time of their first appearance until five o'clock in the evening, when, ascertaining the approach of Gen.

Jackson in force, he sent word to Gen. Shields of the threatened attack upon the town. Upon this information, Col. Kimball's brigade and Capt. Huntington's battery, First Ohio, were immediately advanced upon the Strasburg road, the direction from which the enemy were approaching, and only a mile from the outskirts of the town met the enemy's battery in position at the right of the road, upon a hill, their guns all pointing down the turnpike. Capt. Huntington's battery was immediately placed in position likewise, at the right of the road and in a hollow; and Gen. Shields, with his staff, rode to the front, and himself gave the order to fire, when a shell from the enemy's battery exploded near him, a fragment striking his arm and causing a fracture of the long-bone, not making the slightest rupture of the skin. The skirmish closed at dusk, the only other accident of which was the killing of one of the artillerymen and one horse.

During the fight Gen. Shields continued to give his orders as if nothing had happened, and in reply to an officer who asked, "You are hit, General, are you not?" he said, "Yes, I am, but say nothing of it," and he continued to issue his commands with firmness and apparent unconcern, until the severity of his wound caused faintness, and he was necessarily removed from the field.

Four times has the General now received wounds which have endangered his life—three times in Mexico, and now again.

From early morning our pickets were engaged with the cavalry of the enemy, who rode up and down, in the woods and on the road, shooting at our men both from the saddle and dismounted. The firing brought out our artillery again to the position where the enemy had commenced to harass our pickets.

The whole battle was conducted by General Shields, who issued his orders from his sick-room, two miles distant, at his headquarters in Winchester.

The artillery, who had encamped near the place where the skirmish had occurred on the previous evening, were ordered to be reënforced by the entire command of Gen. Shields, composed of three brigades of infantry, the first commanded by Col. Nathan Kimball, of Indiana; the second by Col. I. C. Sullivan, of Indiana, and the third by Col. E. B. Tyler, of Ohio, whose command, leading the right wing, appeared most conspicuously throughout the battle.

There were also engaged four and a half batteries of artillery, commanded by Lieut.-Col. P. Daum, and sixteen companies of cavalry, commanded by Col. Broadhead, of Michigan. Our pickets, whom the cavalry of the enemy had annoyed so much in the morning, were of the Eighth Ohio, and the remainder of their regiment was the first to come to their assistance, who engaged in a promiscuous fight with the enemy until the arrival of the full reënforcement of Gen. Shields' division, already enumerated, who immediately were put in line of battle, extending from a point a short distance to the left of the Strasburg turnpike, to a point two miles distant upon the right.

The position chosen by our forces was nearly a mile from the rebel batteries, which they had posted upon the hills near the little town of Kernsville, like our own troops, mostly at the right-hand side of the road, a few guns only being posted upon the left. Tyler's brigade had the right wing, Kimball commanded the middle, and Sullivan the left wing. All of them were protected from the fire of the enemy by the intervening hills, upon which were placed our artillery, confronting the rebel batteries upon the top of the opposite hills, with about a mile distance between them. The cavalry was disposed in squadrons in reserve.

There is a road which turns to the right away from the turnpike, and bends forward in the direction of the enemy—a poor, clay road—and as it approaches the enemy's lines, is covered with thick woods on either side. It was behind these woods that the enemy had placed their infantry and cavalry, and several pieces of artillery were in position commanding the road, extending also, as above described, as far as and even beyond the turnpike. From this position of the forces, the rebel infantry and cavalry being concealed by the woods opposite our right flank, it was evident that most was to be feared from the enemy in that quarter. Their first and heaviest fire was, however, opened by their artillery upon our left, they hoping by that means to draw our attention and forces in that direction, and by a sudden onset and charge of their infantry and cavalry upon our right, to outflank us. The attempt was entirely unsuccessful, and the fire was directed against the right.

The forces thus placed were under a continual fire of the batteries of the enemy, returning the same most vigorously and constantly, while our men dropped down one after another, and the groans of the wounded were added to the roar of the artillery through five long hours, from half-past ten to half-past three. From that onward until dark the fight was one of musketry—of close hand-to-hand conflicts, of hazardous charges and of desperate slaughter. The order was given to the whole right wing to charge, and led on by Col. Tyler, they rushed fearlessly and fought bravely till the enemy was forced to retreat.

We cannot attempt to give due credit to all who fought well, but those who most distinguished themselves must be mentioned, and among them the Fifth Ohio. When ordered to advance, they marched forward unflinching, supported by the Fourteenth and Thirteenth Indiana, and when in the very face of the enemy's cannon, and when they could almost touch them with their bayonets, a fire was opened upon them which killed instantly fifteen of them, and brought many of them wounded to the earth. The man who bore the colors was shot down, but another seized them and he was also killed, and the third had fallen, when Capt. Geo. B. Wilcomb took them and bore them onward, and was also killed. In this gallant onset a colonel was killed—Colonel Murray, who, while leading his regiment to the charge, fell dead from the shot of the enemy. The Seventh

Ohio suffered terribly while debouching through the woods which skirted the right-hand side of the narrow clay road. The enemy never exhibited themselves to view, but shot from behind their cover of stone walls or forest-trees; and it is very significant that among those of their dead who were left upon the field, not one but was shot through the head.

The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania suffered more than any other. This regiment, of which there were only three hundred engaged, lost twenty-three in killed and sixty-three in wounded, one third of them falling from the bullets of the enemy, and among them Colonel Murray, already alluded to, and Capt. Gregory and Lieut. Ream. Another of the unfortunates was Col. Thoburn, wounded in the arm and breast, not dangerously, however.

The firing ceased, and the enemy fell rapidly back towards Newton. Gen. Banks had been called away to Washington, and was not present during the battle, but arrived this morning early, and resumed the command, and now follows up the enemy most vigorously, driving him very rapidly before him, and is to-night in Strasburg, expecting that the enemy will make a stand, so as to cover their baggage-trains.

The Federal loss as ascertained thus far, is less than one hundred killed and two hundred wounded. The enemy's loss was much greater. Engaged in the battle on that side were twelve regiments of infantry, twenty-six pieces of artillery, and Ashby's cavalry, a magnificent regiment, and vastly superior to our own it must be acknowledged. Of these forces two hundred prisoners were taken, seized near the enemy's right wing by our Michigan cavalry, under Col. Broadhead. Ambulances were bringing in the wounded all the night and day, and of the enemy, those who were not taken off the field amounted to one hundred and fifty wounded. Not less than three hundred of the enemy were killed. Many have said that the severity of the battle was greater than that of Bull Run, and even Stonewall Jackson, in his retreat, declared to the country folks as he passed that he never had seen such fighting before. It was indeed terrific to behold, and I am told by one of the officers who mingled in the thickest of the fight, and who was himself through all the Crimean war, that he had never seen so terrible a fight.

The number of surgeons was insufficient to attend to the wounded. Our experience was similar in North-Carolina, and a deficiency in the surgical department has been felt in every quarter of the army, whenever a large number of wounded fall in battle. Among those whom we have of the enemy's dead, the highest in rank is a major. Four wounded officers are prisoners; one of them has both eyes shot out. Hundreds of the enemy's muskets were taken, of every variety, from the very finest to altered flintlocks.

Those who fought were all Virginians except an Irish regiment, who are said to have thrown down their arms twice and to have taken them

again when Gen. Jackson ordered them to be fired into.

RICHMOND, VA., "WHIG" ACCOUNT.*

The subjoined account of Gen. Jackson's brilliant encounter with the enemy in the lower valley of Virginia should have reached us several days ago. It is from a distinguished and thoroughly reliable source, and we give it insertion, notwithstanding much of the information it imparts has been anticipated.

STAUNTON, March 31.

To the Editor of the Whig:

I send you such particulars as I have been able to gather of the bloody battle near Winchester. It is impossible to get accurate accounts of the details of the conflict, as those engaged can only speak of what occurred in the range of their observation, and they were kept too busy to look much around them. From all accounts it was the most desperate contest of the war. Many who participated in both engagements think that Manassas was child's play compared with Winchester, and from the fact that the loss on our side was twenty per cent of the whole number engaged, and that of the enemy still greater, I am inclined to think their opinion is well founded.

Gen. Jackson's official report will give the only reliable account of the battle as a whole; but we have gathered some facts from those engaged, and civilians, who left Winchester since the fight, which will shed some light on the subject.

I learn from a reliable source that the number of infantry engaged on our side was two thousand two hundred. In addition to these were the Rockingham and Augusta batteries, and probably some others, making an aggregate force of about two thousand five hundred. The force of the enemy was about twelve thousand.

For many hours our little band of heroes maintained their stand against the overwhelming hosts of the enemy, and finally withdrew in good order, when the increasing numbers of the foe threatened to surround them.

The first rumor was, that Jackson had been caught in a trap, and dreadfully worsted. But this is altogether a mistake. Jackson was duly apprised of the movements of the enemy, and acted with his eyes wide open in the whole affair. His object was to give the enemy a foretaste of what they had to expect in the valley, and if they were satisfied with the result, I am sure "Old Stonewall" is.

I learn through a gentleman who left Winchester on Tuesday, that Mr. Philip Williams and other gentlemen applied to the Federal commander for permission to bury our dead. This was granted, and the pious duty was performed in a suitable manner. The number of our dead was eighty-three, which has been increased by subsequent deaths to about ninety. Our whole loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was four

* This battle is called by the rebels, the battle of Kernstown.

hundred and sixty-five. Of these about two hundred were wounded. Most of the wounded have been brought to Staunton, where they are comfortably quartered and are cared for in the hospital, which has been established in the spacious and commodious buildings of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind. I am happy to say that much the larger proportion of the wounds are slight, involving no permanent disability. The wounded are cheerful and anxious to be sufficiently restored to their respective commands.

Reliable advices from Winchester represent the loss of the enemy in killed at near one thousand five hundred, and the wounded at a much larger figure. It is said that about three hundred and sixty dead bodies were brought to Winchester for transportation Northward. These, as we suppose, were the *elite*, whose friends were able to incur the cost of removal. The mass, of course, were buried in the neighborhood of the battle-field.

Upon inquiring as to the cause of the disparity of the casualties in the two armies, I learn from some of our men that the enemy were so thick that it was impossible for our men to miss. Every shot took effect—if missing the column at which it was aimed, it was sure to hit in the rear.

The most deadly strife occurred near the boundary of two fields which were separated by a stone wall. One of our regiments was in one field and six Yankee regiments in the other. At first they fired across the wall, but after a while each party advanced on a run, to get the benefit of the shelter of the wall; our men reached it first, and the Yankees were then about forty yards distant. Our men immediately dropped on their knees, and, taking deliberate aim, fired deadly volleys into the advancing lines of the enemy. The effect was terrific, and it is said that an Ohio and a Pennsylvania regiment, which were in advance, were almost annihilated. It is said that after this fire not more than twenty men of one of these regiments were left standing.

I learn that the regiments engaged in this terrible contest were Burke's and Fulkerson's, which greatly distinguished themselves. Col. Echols is said to have acted with signal courage, coolness and ability, and I am happy to add that Col. Allen had an opportunity of putting the stamp of falsehood on the slanders that were circulated against him at Manassas. My informant remarked: "He had covered himself all over with glory." In referring to these gentlemen, I do not wish to be regarded as, by imputation, disparaging others. Every man did his duty nobly, and I learn that Gen. Jackson expressed the opinion that they were a band of heroes. The Fifth Virginia regiment was held in reserve, and did not participate actively in the earlier part of the fight, but was called in to perform the perilous task of covering the retreat. This duty it performed nobly, losing many of its gallant members, but dealing death and destruction upon the enemy, who were kept at bay.

We lost two guns in the battle—one from the Rockbridge and one from the Augusta battery. The Rockbridge gun was struck by a cannon-ball and disabled. The loss of the other was caused by the killing of one of the horses, which frightened the others, and caused them to turn suddenly and capsize the carriage. The enemy were close upon us, and left no time to replace it. Our men, however, cut out and secured all the horses but one, and he was cut out by the enemy, and escaped from them, and came galloping to our camp. It would seem as if even the horses were infected with the spirit of rebellion and hatred to the Yankees.

Col. Echols' left arm was broken by a rifle or musket-ball, about four inches below the shoulder. He was quite comfortable when I visited him, and I hope will save his arm.

The report here is, that the enemy lost eight or nine colonels, and a large number of officers of inferior grade.

A large proportion of the Augusta militia went to join Jackson this day week, and the residue, who required a few days to make their preparations, are rapidly assembling to leave, this afternoon. As I write, the spirit-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife are calling them to their rendezvous. They are a noble set of men, and will give a good account of themselves. When they reach their destination Augusta will have in the field three regiments, besides Imboden's and Walter's batteries, and Patrick's and Sterrett's companies of cavalry.

All the troops engaged in the battle near Winchester were, I believe, from Virginia, except a company or two from Maryland.

I do not know all the regiments engaged. They were nine in number, but reduced to skeletons by furloughs. Among them were Allen's, Harman's, Fulkerson's, Patton's, Echols', Cummin's, Burke's, and Preston's, (now Moore's.) Allen's, Fulkerson's, Burke's, and Echols', I believe, suffered most.

Doc. 104.

THE EXHUMATION AT BULL RUN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Belvidere Press*, who accompanied Gov. Sprague to the field of Bull Run, to recover the mortal remains of those gallant Rhode Islanders who there found their graves, gives the following graphic description of some of the sorrowful scenes the party witnessed:

The cavalry pushed on over the Warrenton turnpike, while the Governor and staff went down to the memorable bridge where the Second battery were obliged to leave their guns. The object of this visit was to see if any graves were thereabouts, as it was in the slaughter that occurred at this spot Capt. S. J. Smith is supposed to have lost his life. But no sign of a grave could be discovered, no marks of a burial were discovered in the vicinity, and the bridge itself was blown up and destroyed. The party then crossed the fields to the fording place near Sudley Church, there went

through the stream, and joined the cavalry in the vicinity of the battle-field, near the little house to the left of the church where Slocum and Ballou died, and in the garden of which they were interred. Mr. Richardson at once recognised the spot, and pointed out the graves of the heroes, and the preparations for exhuming were at once commenced, under the direction of Mr. Coleman.

During this time, the Governor, accompanied by Mr. Clark and the remainder of his staff, rode in search of the place where poor Tower lay. And now occurs an incident which I am almost afraid to pen. It causes a shudder to hear or to relate. But it is true—alas! too true.

The party had but just commenced digging, the troopers had lifted out but one or two shovelful of earth, when a negro girl came down through the woods from a house near by on the hill, and watched the proceedings. Suddenly she came up by the side of the grave, and asked if they were not digging for Col. Slocum's body. On being answered in the affirmative, she said: "You're too late. The Georgia regiment have dug him up a good many weeks ago to procure his bones for trophies. [It sickens me to write the revolting account.] That his body had been burnt for this purpose, and finding the bones consume with the flesh, and the stench intolerable, they had thrown dirt on the fire to extinguish it."

She pointed out the place where the cannibal rites occurred, and there, in the midst of coal and cinders, the horror-stricken party saw verified the woman's almost incredible narration. She also guided the party to a spot a little farther down on the banks of the brook, and in the water, stopped by a little clump of bushes, the blanket and shirt stripped from the body were floating in the current. The calico shirt, from its pattern and figure, was at once pronounced by Mr. Richardson, who nursed him in his last moments, to be that of Major Ballou, and not of Col. Slocum. After circumstances also proved that the ghouls had mistaken the object of their vengeance, and that the fate intended for the remains of Col. Slocum was received by those of the heroic and unfortunate Major Ballou.

I write this with a trembling hand and a burning heart. I would have spared you the pain of such a narration, but a calm, clear version of this fiendish outrage must be given, and sensibility laid aside for the moment.

The ashes and bones were gathered with scrupulous care, and, wrapped in the blanket, were with the clothes laid carefully in the coffin.

The body of Col. Slocum was discovered to be unmutilated. It was enveloped in his blanket, and had been contained in a rude box. So well-defined were the distinguishing traits, that none of the party failed to recognise instantly and with certainty the identity of the remains.

With uncovered heads, the body was laid in the burial-case, which in each case was marked with the name and date of disinterment.

For the purpose of gleaning further intelligence about this horrible affair, the Governor and Col.

Arnold visited the house from whence the colored girl had issued, and there conversed with the occupants, who corroborated every word the girl had said. Mr. Coleman also made inquiries at another house in the neighborhood, and held a long conversation with a white woman on the premises, who had nursed our sick and wounded at Sudley Church. She assured him that she herself had witnessed the whole affair, and had expostulated, begged and entreated that the dead should be held sacred, but the savages mocked at her; and then, finding all endeavors useless, she had saved a lock of his hair, and preserved it for his friends, who she was confident some day would appear, and this lock of hair she gave to Mr. Coleman. The men who performed this hellish deed were members of the Twenty-first Georgia regiment; and it will be remembered that it was the Georgia regiments that the Second Rhode Island had met and vanquished on the battle-field.

On through the woods again, across brooks the horses waded and floundered, the mire was deep, and night had set in, but on went the little band, until the cavalcade emerged on the battle-ground of Bull Run. The tired horses, shivering and trembling, were picketed to the fences, and by the flaring candles, for no lanterns were to be obtained, the search was commenced for Capt. Tower at eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Clark, by looking from a window in the house where he lay wounded on the day of the battle, and now occupied by Mr. Mathews, pointed out the spot where the Captain was interred.

The ground was wet and marshy, and as often as a spadeful of earth was thrown from the grave the water would trickle in.

The work was therefore reluctantly deferred until the morrow, and the party, tired and mournful, clustered in the little white hospital-building in which our wounded men were carried on the twenty-first of July. All wrapped themselves in their blankets, and, with saddles for pillows, sought repose on the hard floor.

On the morning of Saturday the water stood in pools on the surface of the ground, for it had rained heavily in the night, and a ditch was dug around the graves to facilitate digging, and the bodies were again uncovered.

The dead were all found buried with their faces downward, as a mark of foul indignity, and thus lay in "one red burial blent." Poor fellows! the tears gushed from the eyes of the troopers as they reverently gazed upon their dead comrades in arms.

The body of Capt. Tower was identified by Col. Arnold, who stood by the side of the grave, and who was one of the most earnest among all the saddened group in his endeavors to recognise his remains. It is a matter of congratulation that, guided by the directions of Messrs. Richardson and Clark, the precise locality of each of the remains recovered was satisfactorily determined, and it is to be regretted that the party who, as I am informed, left Rhode Island for the purpose of identifying the remains of Lieut. Prescott, fail-

ed, for some reason, to join this expedition, and consequently no guide was at hand to aid in finding his remains.

Doc. 104 $\frac{1}{2}$.

CAPTURE OF UNION CITY, TENN.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following minute account of this affair:

ABOVE ISLAND No. TEN, Monday, March 31, 1862.

SINCE my last I have had the extreme pleasure of seeing the clearing out of that pestiferous centrepôt of treason, Union City.

It may, perhaps, be recollected that when the National fleet first came down here, it found Hickman in possession of a company of confederate vagabonds, who plundered, insulted and outraged the citizens of Hickman, under the pretence of serving the Dixie government. For a week or so after this they held possession of the place, and compelled all who had shown any evidence of satisfaction at the arrival of the National fleet to leave the town. The gunboat Louisville, Capt. Dove, about this time went up and anchored abreast of the town. This, together with a battalion of the Twenty-second Missouri, under Col. Foster, that took possession of the town, convinced the rebels that thereafter there would be more danger than profit in remaining to insult and plunder the inhabitants; hence, true to their instincts, they sought a less exposed locality.

Dr. Catlett and some other citizens of Hickman, last week visited Commodore Foote, and asked reinforcements, as they feared that a body of rebels at Union City were being largely reinforced, and might eventually prove troublesome. The request was acceded to, and on Sunday two transports arrived at the levee, bringing up the Twenty-seventh Illinois, under Colonel Buford, and the Fifteenth Missouri, Colonel Hogg. The thing was managed very quietly, so much so that no one at No. Ten suspected the destination of the regiments, nor were even the Union citizens of Hickman admitted into the plans of the worthy commander, Col. Buford. By mere chance I had gone up to the town in the morning, and thus was present when they arrived, without suspecting the object of their coming.

Soon after arriving, Col. Buford gave out that he had come to the town merely to show the people a specimen of National troops; and furthermore that, a little after noon, he would treat the citizens to a grand review of all the National forces in the town. This information being circulated, aroused the curiosity of everybody, and had the effect to send all who could walk down to the levee to witness the grand display.

Just as soon as they were all there, a battery of six rifled pieces, under Capt. Spastmon of the Second Illinois artillery, and some two hundred Second Illinois cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. Hogg, that were encamped on the outskirts of the town, quietly limbered and saddled and pushed along the "lower road" in the direction of Union City.

An hour or so after they had gone, the forces on the transports were disembarked, and, together with the battalion under Colonel Foster, marched around town to the inspiring music of a couple of excellent martial bands. About three P.M., conceiving that the cavalry and artillery had obtained a sufficient start, Col. Buford struck for Union City, under the pretence of giving the men a little march into the country after their long confinement on the boats. Col. Foster remained behind, with orders to allow no one to leave the city on any pretence until the result of the expedition should become known.

I may say here that the secessionists in Hickman, for the last week, have been throwing out hints of trouble from Union City; giving our forces to understand that the gallant chivalry would be in some morning for breakfast in Hickman, after giving themselves an appetite therefor by demolishing utterly the Hessians that profaned the sacred soil with their presence.

We pushed on after the cavalry and artillery, and a little after sundown overtook them about four miles from Union City. It was determined to camp there for the night, and make the attack early in the morning. The men, who had one day's rations in their knapsacks, took a "cold bite" for supper, and then, after posting a strong guard, wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down on their arms to sleep. No fires were of course allowed, but the night was as warm as the evenings of August in our more northern latitudes.

About four A.M., the troops were quietly gotten in order, and the march resumed. Great caution was observed to prevent our falling into an ambushade, which it was more than probable might be found at any step of our progress. The country is favorable for such an operation. The road, the whole distance from Hickman, leads through a densely wooded country, broken here and there by clearings, on which the wheat and grass are already growing in green and velvety luxuriance.

A small cavalry force kept a short distance in advance, and carefully examined the country on either side of the road as we proceeded. Not the slightest symptom of hostility showed itself till we reached a point about two miles this side of Union City. Here, just where the road crosses the railway, our advance encountered a strong picket force of the rebels. Both parties immediately opened at long range; but after firing some twenty shots, the enemy turned and disappeared in a cloud of dust of their own raising, as they fled in to give the alarm. The National column immediately pushed on after them so vigorously that they had scarcely given the alarm to the main body ere our men were on them.

Union City is at the junction of the railroads from Columbus and Hickman, and consists of a dépôt, a dozen indifferent wooden buildings, the whole situated in a clearing less than a mile in diameter. As we reached within a half-mile or so of this clearing, the road widened somewhat, the trees became thinner, enabling one to see the settlement. As we reached this point, we first no-

ticed the white tents of the rebels to the left of the town, and next the rebels themselves drawn up in line of battle across the road, with his wings extending into the timber on either side.

The column was instantly thrown into line of battle across the road, skirmishers pushed in advance, the cavalry sent off to the left to make a detour, and get in the rear of the enemy, while the artillery turned to the right of the road and took position on a little eminence in a wheat-field. The battery went into position on a gallop, and almost as soon as I have written it, they unlimbered and opened on the rebels.

Alas! for the chivalry—alas! for those brave and chivalrous souls who profess to eat up five-fold their number in Yankees, and to die in the last ditch. The whiz of their first rifled shot affected them unpleasantly—the second made them worse, and then, as they looked and saw a regiment of steel coming straight at their breasts, and a force of cavalry creeping around to their rear, and reflected for a moment how unpleasant were the sensations caused by bayonet, sabre and cannon-shot, they turned tail and ingloriously fled, without firing a gun!

It would have amused an admirer of speed to have seen these “natural lords of the soil” travel—to have seen these chivalrous scions—these “dying-in-the-last-ditch” fellows—these warm-blooded, gallant sons of the sunny South drop their old shot-guns, drop their variegated blankets, and shoot with straight coat-tails as fast as long legs, and be-threshed and be-spurred horses could carry them, and all this from a force not half their own in numbers! The platform seemed to be, “A fair start, or any start, and the devil take the hindmost;” the bull-calf, to which Falstaff was likened, never so ran and roared as did these valiant haters of Yankees—these bowie-knife, whiskey-brave, nobly-descended sons of the Huguenots. *Jamais arrière* seemed to be the motto of all; and frantic and superhuman were the efforts made by each to bring no disgrace upon so worthy a sentiment.

Some seven individuals, who were swindled in getting a fair start, were cut off by our cavalry, and preferring surrender to death, quietly laid down their arms and gave themselves up. These were all the prisoners taken; the balance made good their escape, and probably ere this are safe in Memphis, and are rejoicing the hearts of the rebels there by relating how they slew hecatombs of Yankees, and after demolishing them completely, fell back in accordance with a “previous order.”

The haste of the rebels was such in leaving, that they left all their tents standing and their personal property untouched. There was a large amount of stores at the dépôt, but these had been placed on a train several days before, and were run off early Monday morning. The only articles found were the tents and baggage, and a mail-bag full of letters that had apparently just arrived, and had not been distributed.

Our forces advanced, preserving the line of battle, until they reached the centre of the clearing.

The artillery was then brought forward, and placed in a position so as to command the country in every direction; after which, guards being stationed, a leisurely examination was made of the town. There were a few people left, who expressed the greatest joy at the sight and success of the Union troops. As a matter of course they were Union—always had been Union—and were only kept from a free expression of their sentiments by the presence of the Southern soldiers. These expressions of loyalty were not taken at par; in fact, I have the assurance that there is not a loyal soul in the whole place, except, it may be, among the negroes.

These came around in great numbers, and seemed mightily pleased at the pageantry afforded by the military gathering. One gaily-dressed female, who is blacker than a stormy midnight, remarked to another ebony damsel in my hearing, that “Dem Yankees is a heap better lookin’ dan de Suthen fellows!” She further remarked that she was “gwine to hev a dress made of red, white and blue,” which, of course, would be a compliment of the highest character to the National cause, and together with black, would afford a highly artistic grouping of colors.

The rebel force holding this place was composed as follows: Twenty-first Tennessee, Lieut.-Col. Tilman, and seven companies of cavalry, Lieut.-Col. Jackson.

The Twenty-first Tennessee numbered six hundred and sixteen men, and is the regiment formerly commanded by Col. Pickett. The cavalry was commanded by Col. Logwood, but since the affair at Columbus, he from some cause, has concluded to resign. The entire force, in round numbers, was about one thousand men. The infantry were well armed, having in a majority of cases either Minie muskets or French rifles; the cavalry had sabres, carbines, and generally navy revolvers.

Several flags and guidons were left behind. One of the latter is marked “C. S.,” and beneath this “M. L. D.,” either Memphis or Mississippi Light Dragoons. The usual number of shot-guns, blankets and other rebel equipments, were found lying around loose, and were, in the case of the first-named, loaded into a wagon and carried off. The blankets were discreetly let alone, as it is a very generally well-known fact, that rebel clothing is about as full of a certain nameless insect as the rebels themselves are full of chivalry and superiority to the balance of human kind, especially that portion known as Yankees.

The tents and barracks were committed to the flames, the mail-bag hoisted into a wagon, and soon after the National column started for Hickman, which place they reached about three o’clock this afternoon. Our arrival was the occasion of no little rejoicing to the Union citizens, and of chagrin to the disloyal. During our absence it was confidently predicted by the latter that we would “catch —” at Union City; and so certain did some of them feel of it, that they got pretty drunk, so as to have a good start on a big drunk as soon as the news of our defeat should arrive.

Thus on Sunday and Monday, did Col. Buford cleanse one of the sinks of treason in a style that will effectually prevent the necessity of a repetition of the treatment. The National troops did not lose a single man. The rebels suffered to the extent of two. One man had both his legs torn off by a cannon-shot, and the other was struck in the breast; both were killed almost instantly.

Soon after our arrival, the Louisville ran upstream and fired a cheery salute, which found an echo among the vivacious huzzas of the land forces, and the sullen curses of the discontented secessionists.

Doc. 105.

FIGHT AT BLACK JACK FOREST, TENN.

REPORT OF MAJOR SUNGER.

CAMP SHILOH, HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, U.S.A.,
WEST-TENNESSEE, March 28, 1862.

SIR: The expedition set on foot for the purpose of intercepting communication on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, started about six o'clock, on the evening of the sixteenth, and proceeded from Pittsburgh Landing, on the road toward Corinth, in the following order:

Major S. M. Bowman having the right in command of a detachment of the Fourth Illinois cavalry, eighty-six men, company M, Captain George Dodge, at the head of the column, followed by company I, Lieut. Hopeman commanding, and a part of company L, Lieut. Merriman commanding; and all followed by a detachment of the Fifth Ohio cavalry, three hundred and fifty men, in regimental order, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Thomas T. Heath; Lieut. Charles Chapin, with a platoon of company L, of the Fourth Illinois, preceded the column as advance-guards.

Col. Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth Illinois, and the undersigned, accompanied the expedition, Lieut.-Colonel Heath having the chief command.

The march was conducted with the utmost caution, to guard against surprise, and had proceeded without interruption a distance of about five miles, when at a place known as Black Jack Forest, about nine o'clock, the presence of the enemy was discovered by Lieut. Chapin, across and near the road, with their pieces ready to fire on the advance-guard. Lieut. Chapin, with great presence of mind, instantly discharged his pistol, and was immediately seconded by the discharge of a carbine by one of the men, which had the effect to frighten the horses of the enemy and disconcert his fire, and thereby save the advance-guard from the raking fire of buckshot and balls prepared for them.

Major Bowman, with the utmost promptitude, deployed his entire command into line, and advanced rapidly on the enemy, driving him as far as he could be seen.

After retreating a short distance into the forest the enemy made a stand, partly in front and

partly on our right flank. Thus far the only force engaged was company M, commanded by Capt. Dodge, and it is but just to say that this officer, aided by Lieut. Allshouse, conducted this advance upon the enemy amidst all the difficulties of the night-time, and through the forest in a most fearless and gallant style, and that his men behaved with all the coolness and bravery of veterans.

By this time company I, and the remainder of company L, came up in perfect order, ranging in front of that part of the enemy's force which had formed on our right, and within thirty yards of his line. But it was impossible to tell, even at that distance, whether we might not be looking at our friends instead of the enemy, and our fire was reserved for that reason.

We were not, however, long kept in doubt on that subject, for very soon the enemy poured his fire into our ranks and over our heads, making the woods luminous along the whole line, to which a response was made by our carbines, such as caused him to break and run in every direction, leaving us in possession of the field.

Company I received the heaviest part of this fire, and in reply delivered their charge, which first broke the enemy's line.

If it is difficult to conduct an action by night, on horseback, and in a forest, it is much more hazardous to pursue, under like difficulties, an unrelenting foe in his own country and on his own ground. It was therefore deemed prudent not to pursue. We took two prisoners on the spot. Four of our men were wounded—none severely—and none killed. Two of our horses were killed and several wounded. Our guide, upon whose knowledge of the country we were wholly dependent, was wounded at the first fire, and rendered incapable of going on. The Fifth Ohio cavalry, being in the rear, had no good opportunity of engaging in the action, and were not employed.

We had no means of knowing the amount of the enemy's force, or the full result of the action, until the next day, when it was ascertained, from the concurrent testimony of the inhabitants on the road over which the enemy had passed, and from the prisoners taken, that his force was five hundred strong. It was also ascertained that he imagined himself met by a large force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery; that he fled with the utmost precipitation, without any regard to roads, leaving the evidences of his flight scattered for miles around.

It was further ascertained that he contemplated a night attack on our encampment at Pittsburgh Landing, which design was thus completely frustrated.

We recovered several horses at least four miles from the battle-ground, which had been mired down in a swamp, and abandoned by their riders, in their extraordinary flight.

We could not ascertain the number of the enemy killed and wounded. Nor is it important. The great moral fact is palpable, that a small force of eighty-six cavalry met, on his own

ground, five hundred of the enemy's cavalry, and put him to rout.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. D. SUNGER,

Major Fifty-fifth Illinois.

Aid-de-Camp to Gen. W. T. SHERMAN.

To Brig.-Gen. S. A. HURLBUT, Commanding, etc.

A correspondent writing from Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., March twenty-first, gives the following account of this affair:

On Sunday last Major Bowman, with about seventy of his battalion, reconnoitred westward, on the road to Purdy, and when about six miles out overhauled and chased a force of the enemy's cavalry, about one hundred strong, killing an officer by the name of W. R. Roper, and wounding several others. Roper is believed to have been a native of South-Carolina, and was in the rebel service at Pensacola, as shown by papers found upon his person. He was shot through the head, and died instantly. In this little encounter the rebels fled without firing a shot; consequently nobody was hurt on our side.

The following night an expedition was started, for the purpose of destroying a portion of the Charleston and Memphis Railroad, in the vicinity of Juca, distant from this point some twenty-three miles, and thus cut off communication between Memphis and the East. Our force consisted of three hundred and fifty cavalry and a part of Major Bowman's battalion, eighty-six men, the whole under the command of Lieut.-Col. Heath. The expedition was started at seven o'clock in the evening, and intended making the whole journey before daylight the next morning. It appeared that the enemy was at the same time organizing a night attack against our encampment and the transports, which were then disembarking troops at this place, and, as the sequel shows, but for the most unexpected meeting of forces which ensued, there is no telling the injury we might have sustained; for our forces at the boats were in a disorganized state at the time, and were scattered about in a manner quite inviting to the enemy; and had the enemy, with his large force of cavalry, rushed in upon us in the night, the consequence might have been a disastrous stampede of our troops.

The rebel forces, as learned from some prisoners taken, consisted of five hundred cavalry. They rendezvoused at Pea Ridge, and advanced on us over the Corinth road, the same road taken by our expedition, and when out about six miles from here the heads of the columns met. It is evident, however, that the enemy had the first notice of the approach of the crisis; for they had halted, were prepared to receive us, and delivered the first fire. The collision occurred at Black Jack Forest, five miles this side of the Mississippi line. The first intimation our forces had that the enemy were upon us, was from a fierce fire into our advance-guard, which wounded the guide and several horses. The advance-guard, however, stood firm and returned the fire immediately. Major Bowman instantly threw

his command into line of battle, and advanced rapidly, the enemy falling back, firing as he went, while our forces returned the fire with the greatest promptitude. They fell back farther and farther into the forest, and finally seemed to make a stand; and when they discharged their double-barrelled shot-guns, loaded with buckshot and balls, they revealed, by the glare of their fire, a long line immediately in front, and not exceeding sixty yards from us. Their fire was on every occasion returned with the carbines of our cavalry—that is, Bowman's portion of it—which threw their lines into confusion, and they retreated apparently in great disorder, making the wood fairly ring from the clatter of their sabres and trappings as they plunged through the thickets, followed by a continuous fire from the carbines of our men. Major Bowman maintained his ground, thinking the enemy might return; but he gave no signs of it, as the clatter of sabres and pattering of their horses grew fainter and fainter until they died entirely away.

The damage on our side was one guide and four soldiers wounded—none seriously—two horses killed and several wounded. Of course we could not tell what loss the enemy had sustained; but it must have been considerable. We took two prisoners, who stated that they saw quite a number of their side fall; but whether they were killed or only dismounted they did not know.

It was finally agreed upon by our force to return with the wounded, as we were then without a guide, and, our plan of advancing upon the railroad being discovered, it might result in our loss, if our men were to advance.

The following day a small body of cavalry and a force of infantry marched over the same road close to Pea Ridge, where the enemy had kept a considerable force. Upon examining the battleground in the afternoon, it was discovered that the rebels had left the field in extraordinary haste, leaving their hats, guns, pistols, sabres, saddles, and horses scattered in every direction for six miles beyond; that in some cases the brave cavaliers had dashed their steeds down steep precipices, against the roots of upturned trees, and into swamps, where they remained until extricated by order of the General. In short, it appeared, by the evidence palpable by daylight, and by the concurrent testimony of all the inhabitants in the vicinity of Pea Ridge, that the rout was the most extraordinary ever heard of. The brave, chivalrous, daring rebel cavalry, who never asked anything better than to be pitted against the cowardly Northerners in the proportion of one to five, (being, in fact, more than five to one,) were driven back and frightened out of their wits, and actually destroyed themselves, like the herd of swine who ran down into the sea, "being possessed of the devil."

There is something in the battle of Black Jack Forest, calculated to attract the attention of the reader. In the first place, the meeting of the two forces was wholly accidental; in the second

place, it was at night—and who ever heard of a night action between two bodies of cavalry? In the third place, the enemy was on his own ground, having selected his own position to begin the fight. Again, the action was a spirited one, carried on for half an hour in the woods, by the light of the moon: and, finally, the enemy, five hundred strong, as confessed by themselves, were whipped and put to rout by less than one hundred of our troopers—the balance of our force being out of sight and taking no part in the action.

Major Bowman, the hero of Black Jack Forest, is a New-Yorker, a lawyer by profession, and recently practised in New-York City.

Doc. 106.

UNIONISM AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

AGREEABLY to adjournment, the citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity met at the court-house, on Monday, the twenty-fourth of March, at ten o'clock A.M., C. L. Robinson in the Chair, O. L. Keene, Secretary. On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed by the Chair to prepare business for the meeting, to wit: John W. Price, P. Fraser, J. T. Mitchell, C. S. Emery and J. Remington. Said Committee reported the following, which was accepted and adopted unanimously:

Whereas, For the security and happiness of the people of the State of Florida, it is necessary that a State government be formed, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and of the State of Florida, as it existed previous to the passage of the ordinance of secession; therefore,

Resolved, That, in order to facilitate the formation of such a government, a convention of the people be called, to meet at the city of Jacksonville, on the tenth day of April, 1862, to establish a State government, elect a Governor and other State officers, a representative to Congress, or, in their sovereign capacity, to provide therefor as they shall deem best for their interest.

Be it further resolved, That all the counties and precincts of the State, which shall think proper, be requested to send delegates to said convention.

Be it further resolved, That the counties of St. John, Nassau, Putnam, Clay, Volusia, Orange and Brevard, be specially requested to send delegates to said convention.

Be it further resolved, That, under the benign influence of the Government of the United States, as it now exists over us, our property and lives are secure from the incendiary and assassin, and that we invite the citizens of the State to return to their allegiance to the United States, and enjoy the protection and peace which are now ours.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be distributed throughout the State, as extensively as possible.

All of which has been respectfully submitted.

JOHN W. PRICE,
Chairman.

On motion of P. Fraser, the following was received and adopted unanimously:

That the citizens of the several counties and precincts will, on Monday, April seventh, 1862, elect delegates to attend the convention to be holden at Jacksonville, April tenth, 1862.

On motion of P. Fraser, Esq., the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

C. L. ROBINSON,
Chairman.

O. L. KEENE,
Secretary.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA, March 26, 1862.

Doc. 107.

EXPEDITION UP PAMLICO SOUND, N. C.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COM. MURRAY.

UNITED STATES STEAMER LOUISIANA, }
WASHINGTON, N. C., March 26, 1862. }

SIR: In obedience to your orders of the twentieth inst., I proceeded to this place, arriving at the obstructions, about five miles below, on the morning of the twenty-first. The naval column consisted of this vessel, the Delaware, Lieutenant Commanding Quackenbush, and the Commodore Perry, Lieut. Commanding Flusser. We were accompanied to the obstructions by the steamer Admiral, army transport, with eight companies of the Twenty-fourth regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel Stevenson, and a small tugboat. We met with no resistance, the batteries having been abandoned, and their armament removed by blasting and other processes. We soon forced a channel through the piles, though they had been driven very deep in triple row, and cut off three feet below the surface.

At eleven o'clock last night we arrived off the town, the Delaware bringing up from the transport the field-officers, two companies, and the regimental band. The authorities, with many of the citizens, met us on the wharf, where I briefly explained to them the object of our visit. The military formed, and we proceeded to the court-house, where, with all the ceremonies, we hoisted the "Flag of the Union." The troops returned to the Delaware with unbroken ranks.

I found, on further consultation with the authorities, on whom I made my demand for the restoration of the Hatteras Light property, that underlying an apparent acquiescence of the people of the town and neighborhood, in permitting the building of gunboats, and the construction of batteries, to repel the approach of the Federal forces, was a deep-rooted affection for the old Union, and not a little animosity for its enemies; the latter element not being diminished by the importation of troops from a distant State. The result of this state of affairs was, as could be anticipated, the abandonment of its defences by the troops, followed by the destruction of what remained of confederate property by the people. The launched gunboat had been towed several miles up the river, loaded with turpentine, and fired the night of our arrival. A few hundred

bushels of meal and corn left in the commissary store, were distributed to the poor by my orders. The most valuable part of the Hatteras Light property, the lenses, have been taken to Farborough, but I have hopes of their recovery, through the instrumentality of the people of Washington. The rest of the property is secured, with channel-buoys and moorings.

In addition to the batteries on either side of the obstructions, the enemy has thrown up breast-works east of the town, joining and extending half a mile. They also had fortified their camp, which commanded the high road. A sketch of the river, from the obstructions to the bridge above the town, is enclosed; it includes all the fortifications.

The woods and swamps in this and Hyde County are represented as being alive with refugees from the draft; many of them, encouraged by our presence, came in. They are deep and bitter in their denunciations of the secession heresy, and promise a regiment, if called, to aid in the restoration of the flag.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. MURRAY,

Lieutenant Commanding Column.

To Commander S. C. ROWAN,

Commanding Naval Forces Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, North-Carolina.

Doc. 108.

CAPTURE OF SKIDAWAY ISLAND, GA.

FLAG-OFFICER DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, }
OFF PORT ROYAL, S. C., March 27, 1862. }

SIR: On being boarded this afternoon, while entering Port Royal harbor, by Com. Gillis, of the Seminole, I had the satisfaction to hear that formidable batteries on Skidaway and Green Islands had been abandoned by the rebels, the guns having been withdrawn in order to be placed nearer Savannah.

The abandonment of these batteries gives us complete control of Warsaw and Ossibaw Sounds, and the mouths of Vernon and Wilmington Rivers, which form important approaches to that city.

I enclose the report of Com. Gillis, and also memoranda of information given by a contraband, which may be of some interest to the Department.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,

Flag-Officer Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

HON. GIDEON WELLES,

Secretary of the Navy.

COMMANDER GILLIS'S REPORTS.

UNITED STATES STEAMER SEMINOLE, }
ABREAST SKIDAWAY BATTERY, }
WILMINGTON RIVER, GA., March 25, 1862. }

SIR: In obedience to your order dated second inst., we proceeded from Cumberland Sound to Warsaw Sound, Ga., to blockade, as directed.

Having waited some days for weather to settle and wind to lull, we this afternoon felt our way with the lead up the narrow channel of Wilming-

ton River, to the battery on Skidaway Island, accompanied by the Norwich, Lieutenant Commanding J. M. Duncan, and Wyandotte, Lieut. Commanding W. D. Whiting.

I sent our launch, with howitzer and crew, under charge of Master McNair and Acting Master Steel, alongside the Norwich, and went on board of her; she being the shortest vessel, and of lightest draught, was sent ahead. After firing a shell or two at some horsemen near the house on the left, and a picket-guard at the fort, as we approached, I proceeded in the gig, with Paymaster Sands, to the shore, followed by the launch, and found the battery a strong bastioned work for ten guns, with bomb-proofs, trenches, etc. The enemy had abandoned it, leaving imitation guns, covered with canvas, in position. Other boats from the vessels coming on shore, we destroyed the works, boats, lighters, etc., of the enemy; and, having hoisted the Union flag over the fort and house with red cupola, we returned on board our respective vessels.

I learn that the confederate battery on Green Island is abandoned. Several houses in sight are burning this morning, the red cupola house included.

I send to Port Royal a prisoner taken in the marshes by the Release. His statement accompanies this.

I am, sir, respectfully, etc.,

JOHN P. GILLIS,

Commanding.

Flag-Officer S. F. DU PONT.

U. S. STEAMER SEMINOLE, }
NASSAU SOUND, GA., March 26, 1862. }

The following statement is derived from London Middleton, a contraband, picked up this P. M. by the Norwich and sent on board this ship, namely:

His master was Wm. P. Fulton, of Savannah; he left that city on the twenty-second instant, (Saturday,) coming by way of White Bluff and Green Island to Raccoon Keys, from whence he expected to reach a saw-mill which, it was said, we had on Wassaw Island, with three thousand troops.

All provisions are scarce at Savannah, and very dear, particularly bacon, rum, liquors, and "such like." Fresh beef is more plenty, but costs twenty-five to thirty cents for what used to sell at six, eight, and ten cents per pound; eggs were at fifty cents per dozen; chickens one dollar and fifty cents a pair; tea scarce; coffee selling at one dollar and fifty cents to one dollar and seventy-five cents per pound. They are "very bad off" for rum and liquors, "almost have to give them up," and these, with bacon, they had expected "from the West"—somewhere where the Federals now hold possession.

Folks are "going and coming"—some who had left are returning, and they are sending "the negroes and cotton" inland, and are moving "all the cash money" to Macon. They threaten to burn the city if they should be unable to hold it, and are in daily expectation of our attack.

They had given up the idea of defending the Savannah River by "torpedoes," because one of the principal men who was sinking them got

drowned while down in a diving-bell, and now talk of piling the river across. He knows of a *raft* near Fort Jackson, near which Tatnall is, on board the Savannah, (late Everglade.)

When he was last near Thunderbolt (some time since) they had eight guns mounted. There is a battery (number of guns unknown) at "Costan's Bluff," and they said that they were mounting guns at "the old fort" above Fort Jackson, below the "gas-house," and near the first ferry wharf; but he knows little of this part of the river, having been a fisherman around about "White Bluff" and "Green Island," but more recently "waiting on the soldiers."

All the approaches to the city — not only main, also the by-roads — are being "fortified," and "they told" that they had one hundred thousand men.

Green and Skidaway Islands are abandoned, except by a few cavalry. The guns from Green Island were taken to fortify "Benley," and those from Skidaway to "Montgomery," (a part of Benley, but about three quarters of a mile separate,) both on the "Wyningberg" river, which runs from Race Keys up, making Green Island the first land to the north-east going up, and thence running up to Benley, Montgomery, and White Bluff.

They expect us to cross Skidaway Island, and have guns and pickets at the two bridges to cut them away, and fight our forces on their arrival. The first bridge is reckoned to be five miles across, from the "Cupola House" (last night burnt by the rebels,) near Skidaway (abandoned) battery. Respectfully, etc.,

JOHN P. GILLIS,
Commander.

Flag-Officer S. F. DU PONT.

NEW-YORK "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT

U. S. STEAMER SEMINOLE, }
WARSAW SOUND, GA., March 25. }

To-day at twelve M., signal was made by the senior captain, John P. Gillis, commanding the Warsaw squadron, for the vessels in the harbor, consisting of the Wyandotte, Norwich and Seminole, to get under way. The Norwich drawing the least water, Captain Gillis boarded her and led the way in line of battle, and stood up Wilmington River to attack the batteries at Skidaway Island, which have been building for some time. All hands in the squadron were delighted at the prospect, particularly after having arrived again at Warsaw from our bloodless victory at Cumberland Sound, and the hope of a little work before us animated both officers and crew of these noble ships.

When we arrived within a mile of the batteries, the Norwich fired a shell from her Parrott gun into a body of cavalry that were seen near them. The horsemen curveted about in utter confusion and fled. Proceeding up a quarter of a mile further, the Norwich sent the rebels a couple more shells into their encampment, that was a little back in the woods, which routed them all out. As they did not seem inclined to return our fire, we drew up quietly in front of the battery and let them have a broadside, which

cleared them all out, and keeping up a raking fire upon them on their retreat, our boats were manned and formal possession taken of the fort, the flag being planted on the highest rampart by Captain Gillis in person.

Acting Master Steel, with a picket of eight or ten men, then went to the rebel headquarters, tore down the dirty secession dish-cloth flying there, and nailed the glorious old gridiron — the Stars and Stripes — to the staff in its place, never to be removed, amid salvos of musketry. The rebels left everything behind them in their haste to get away, even to their dinners, which were still cooking over a hot fire.

Captain Gillis then ordered all the works of the enemy to be destroyed, as we had not troops with us to hold them, and accordingly they were fired. The sight was beautiful — the flames bursting forth in every part, utterly destroying everything. All the flatboats, scows and other means of transport, belonging to the enemy, were also destroyed; but the private property and buildings were humanely spared by order of Captain Gillis, although after we left, the rebels, fearing our occupation, themselves destroyed them. During the destruction of the works the enemy fired on us from behind the trees in a wood three quarters of a mile distant, but killed no one. One of our men was slightly wounded by a Minie ball passing between his legs and grazing the flesh on the inner side of his thigh. During the fire of the enemy our men displayed great coolness and bravery. Captain Duncan should be especially mentioned for his coolness, courage and energy in the destruction of the works amid the fire of the enemy.

The works on Skidaway Island extend for about half a mile along the Wilmington River, and are built well and very powerful. Had the enemy remained and fought, our squadron would have had much trouble; but our gunboats seem to strike terror into them at every approach, and their only resource is ignominious flight. The success of this achievement was great more on account of its dash and daring, and shows what our noble sailors will do when led by a brave commander. The channel of Wilmington River, as well as Skidaway Island, is now thrown into our hands. Our glorious cause is still blessed under our arms victorious.

After the complete destruction of all their works, that had taken three months for the rebels to put up, the squadron returned to its former anchorage. Yesterday we took a prisoner, who for some time was sullen and would not answer questions, but he finally came round and told us "Savannah was in a bad way, and was short of provisions." By a Savannah paper that he gave us, we learned that they were trying to raise money to build a ram, for the destruction of Captain Gillis's squadron at Warsaw. This prisoner was taken in a small boat, trying to run the blockade to Fort Pulaski — it is supposed with a mail, but the letters were thrown overboard when he was taken. From this quarter there is no further military news.

Doc. 109.

BATTLE OF McMINNVILLE, TENN.

FOUGHT MARCH 26, 1862.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from Nashville, Tenn., under date of April second, says:

Feeling greatly alarmed lest an insurrection of the whites should occur in portions of the country around McMinnville, certain conservators of "Southern Rights" despatched messengers, not long since, to Decatur, praying for confederate aid. In answer to their entreaties, Capt. McHenry and Bledsoe were sent up with two companies of Tennessee cavalry, to dragoon the threatening populace into submission. About the time they reached McMinnville, last Wednesday, Capt. Hastings was within four miles of the place, with fifty Ohio cavalry, giving some attention to the railroad between McMinnville and Murfreesboro. Capt. McHenry, who commanded the confederates, will be remembered as Governor Harris's Adjutant, in command at this city last summer and fall. Capt. Hastings, who directed our little band, was a refugee from this place, and is in the quartermaster's department, I believe.

When Capt. Hastings's presence was known among the leading secesh at McMinnville, they conceived the brilliant idea of bagging his entire command. Hon. Andrew Ewing, the invincible pike-man, Judge Ridley, and Judge Marchbanks, engineered the plot, and Andrew Ewing, who has determined, I suppose, like Gov. Harris, to "take the field," actually got on the outside of a horse, with a single-barrelled shot-gun for his weapon, and personally went with the expedition. They were confident of surrounding the unguarded Hastings, and conveying into captivity all his force they did not slaughter. The attack was to be made in the night.

But our boys had timely intimation of the fell intent, and prepared to have a little sport of their own. Capt. Hastings ordered his men to build their camp-fires as if they anticipated no danger, but instead of placing themselves by them, as usual, to take position under cover of a thick clump of cedars, and there await the enemy.

On came the confederates, with Mr. Ewing in their midst. When they had advanced to the point at which they formed their line of battle, the valiant Nestor harangued them in his happiest style, filling their hearts with the ardor of his own dauntless soul. They were within a mile or two of complete victory, and he would have them strike till the last armed foe expired, or till all surrendered.

When they had surrounded the unfortified camp-fires, and were in a position to see no armed enemy, and to be well seen themselves, Captain Hastings gave the word to fire, and a volley was poured upon them from the carbines of his men, which threw them into hopeless confusion. Then the Yankees drew their repeaters, and began a peppering which sent them off in a frightful panic. Sabres, guns, and whatever else impeded

the stampede, were scattered along the various paths of their flight. Mr. Ewing's shot-gun was found in a creek, hard by the scene of his great achievement, the barrel separated from the stock by the furious manner in which he threw it away. When he arrived in McMinnville his valor was all gone. Making but a brief stay, to recruit his broken wind, he disappeared, and has not been heard of since. The confederate cavalry who shared his glory on the field, were last seen in Franklin County, on their way back to Decatur by forced marches.

Doc. 110.

OCCUPATION OF BIG BETHEL, VA.

NEW-YORK "EVENING POST" ACCOUNT.

IN CAMP, NEAR LITTLE BETHEL, VA., }
March 27, 1862. }

THE reconnoissance of our troops towards Big Bethel has just been completed with the most satisfactory results. Preparations had been made for a movement in force against the enemy at that point, on the supposition that we might encounter a stubborn resistance, but the sudden flight of the rebels left an easy prey to our soldiers. A strong detachment of cavalry, infantry and artillery, was detailed for this service; two companies of Berdan's sharpshooters marching in the advance. The expedition was under command of Gen. Fitz-John Porter.

Yesterday our skirmishers reported the presence of rebel spies at various points on the road to Big Bethel, and during the march we kept a sharp eye upon every bush and log-house where an enemy might have been concealed, but the rebels carefully avoided us, and nearly all the houses along our route were occupied only by the women and children. A few Union farmers, honest-looking, fat and lazy, regarded our force with interest, as we passed, but said nothing.

The face of the country over which we marched was level and beautiful. The road was smooth and solid; so good, in fact, that a rail-track could be laid upon it with little trouble. Several fine mansions, surrounded by spacious grounds, dotted the landscape at intervals, but they were invariably deserted, their owners having taken service in the rebel army or fled at our approach, leaving only the house-servants to take charge of the premises.

As we emerged from a stretch of forest through which the highway ran, we saw the red sand-banks of the rebel earthworks at Big Bethel on our left. Information of the flight of the enemy was instantly conveyed to us, and we marched quietly in to take possession. Big Bethel was captured without a blow.

The fortifications erected by the enemy were five in number. Three of them were breast-works, each a few rods in length, and mounting one gun. Two others were of greater dimensions, and mounted six guns each. The works were all erected on the left side of the main road, and were flanked on the right by a grove. In

front there is a broad space, sloping to the river, fully commanded by the guns of the works. The place was thoroughly defensible, and had the rebels made a stand, we should have had no little difficulty in dislodging them.

A small party of rebels having been observed on the opposite side of the river, our sharpshooters were deployed to pick them off. At the same moment our right flank reached its destination and sent a few shots among the enemy, causing a stampede. Away went the rebels, pell-mell, each for himself. In their retreat they stopped long enough to try to tear up the planks of the bridge, but the bullets of our sharpshooters again fell among them, and the flight was suddenly resumed. Our men followed fast, soon replaced the two or three planks that had been torn up, and tore after the flying men, but the chase was ineffectual. The rebels ran well, and were soon beyond reach.

A search of the houses in the village resulted in one curious discovery. Our soldiers entered a small cottage, and were assured that "a sick woman" lay in a chamber; but, having reason to suspect a trick, they explored the premises, and discovered a rebel soldier snugly hidden between the sheets. He was clothed in a gray uniform, and had retired without taking the trouble of removing his boots, which were covered with mud and water. He was seized as prize of war, and conveyed to headquarters, when he acknowledged that he had served in the rebel army from June to October, and had recently been assigned to duty in the works at Big Bethel.

Our forces are now in full possession of the place. The force of fifteen hundred rebels who were so summarily driven out, have left the results of their labors for our benefit; and our soldiers, although quite disgusted that they had no chance to fight, are in the full enjoyment of the enemy's resources.

Doc. 111.

GENERAL HUNTER'S ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, {
PORT ROYAL, S. C., March 31, 1862.

I. MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, having arrived at this post, hereby assumes, in accordance with the order of the War Department, the command of the Department of the South, consisting of the States of South-Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

II. For the convenience of military operations, and the administration of department affairs, this department is divided into three districts, to be constituted as follows:

1. The first, to be called the Northern District, will comprise the States of South-Carolina, Georgia, and all that part of Florida north and east of a line extending from Cape Canaveral north-west to the Gulf coast, just north of Cedar Keys and its dependencies, and thence north to the Georgia line. The headquarters of this district will be at

Port Royal, South-Carolina, and Brigadier-Gen. H. W. Benham (who will relieve Brigadier-General Sherman) is appointed to command this district, and the troops therein, which troops will constitute a division, to be called the First division of the Department of the South. General Benham will receive from General Sherman all charts, maps, plans, reports, moneys, etc., with all official records, returns, etc., appertaining to the expeditionary command in this district.

2. The second, to be called the Southern District, will comprise all of Florida and the islands adjacent, south of the said line from Cape Canaveral, extending north-west to the Gulf coast, just north of Cedar Keys. The headquarters of this district and the troops will remain as at present, under the command of Brigadier-General J. M. Brannan.

3. The third, to be called the Western District, will comprise that part of Florida west of the line before described as running north from Cedar Keys to the Georgia line. The headquarters of this district will remain at Fort Pickens, as at present, with Brigadier-General L. G. Arnold, commanding.

III. The usual reports, returns, etc., will hereafter be made to the generals commanding districts, and every senior officer of every separate command within the district named, whether brigade, regimental, or post, will immediately forward to district headquarters detailed reports showing the actual condition of their commands, the number of officers and men for duty, the number sick, quantity and quality of supplies, including arms, ammunition, clothing, tents, camp equipage, horses and horse equipments, mules, and transportation, quartermaster and commissary stores; and will also state what supplies of all kinds will be necessary to perfect their organization, and place them in a condition of full efficiency for active service. Returns of the effective forces present will in all cases be rendered as soon they can be prepared, without being delayed for the completion of the other reports called for in this paragraph.

These reports, when received by district commanders, will be consolidated and transmitted to the General commanding the department, for his information and action.

IV. The staff of the Major-General commanding the department will consist of the following named officers:

Major Charles G. Halpine, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant E. W. Smith, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Colonel J. W. Shaffer, Chief Quartermaster; Captain J. W. Turner, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.

Major R. M. Hough, Major Edward Wright, Captain D. W. Thompson, Captain W. R. Dole, Lieutenant S. W. Stockton, Lieutenant Chas. E. Hay, Lieutenant A. M. Kenzie, Lieutenant A. O. Doolittle, Aids-de-Camp.

(Official copy.)

D. HUNTER,

Major-General Commanding.

CHARLES G. HALPINE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, }
PORT ROYAL, S. C., March 31, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.

In relieving Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman, from duty in this department, pursuant to orders of the War Department, dated "A. G. O., Washington, March fifteen, 1862," the Major-General commanding desires to express to Brigadier-General Sherman his full appreciation of the amount and importance of the services rendered by the expedition under General Sherman's command; and his thanks for the full, reliable and valuable information as to the condition of the troops, defences, etc., in this portion of the Department of the South, which General Sherman has furnished.

By command of

Major-General D. HUNTER.

CHARLES G. HALPINE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, }
PORT ROYAL, S. C., April 3, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 3.

The following-named officers are hereby announced as additional members of the staff of the Major-General commanding Department of the South, and will report accordingly:

Surgeon George E. Cooper, (Medical Department, United States Army,) Medical Director.

Captain Louis H. Pelouze, (Fifteenth infantry, United States Army,) Acting Inspector-General.

First Lieutenant Francis J. Shunk, (Ordnance Department, United States Army,) Chief of Ordnance.

First Lieutenant James H. Wilson, (United States Topographical Engineers,) Chief Topographical Engineer.

First Lieutenant E. J. Keenan, (Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers,) Chief Signal Officer.

By command of

Major-General D. HUNTER.

CHARLES G. HALPINE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Doc. 112.

COLONEL ROBERTS' EXPLOIT.

FLAG-OFFICER FOOTE'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES FLAG STEAMER BENTON, }
OFF ISLAND NO. TEN, April 2, 1862. }

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

LAST night an armed boat expedition was fitted out from the squadron and the land forces at this point, under command of Col. Roberts, of the Forty-second Illinois regiment. The five boats comprising the expedition were in charge of First Master J. V. Johnson, of the St. Louis, assisted by Fourth Master G. P. Lord, of the Benton; Fourth Master Pierce, of the Cincinnati; Fourth Master Morgan, of the Pittsburgh, and Master's Mate Scamill, of the Mound City, each with a boat's crew of ten men from their respective vessels, carrying in all one hundred men, exclusive of officers, under the command of Col. Roberts.

At midnight the boats reached the upper or No. Ten fort, and, pulling directly on its face, carried it, receiving only the harmless fire of two

sentinels, who ran on discharging their muskets, while the rebel troops in the vicinity rapidly retreated; whereupon Col. Roberts spiked the six guns mounted in the fort, and returned with the boats uninjured.

The commanding officer represents all under his command, from their coolness and determination, as being ready to perform more hazardous service, had it been required, to the fulfilment of the object of the expedition.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, etc.,
your servant,

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

ON BOARD STEAMER V. F. WILSON, }
OFF ISLAND NO. TEN, April 2, 1862. }

The fleet this morning is exulting over a most daring and brilliant exploit, performed last night by Col. Roberts, of the Forty-second Illinois, at the head of a small expedition. In order to appreciate more thoroughly its character and difficulties, I must preface it with a brief meteorological statement. The night was intensely stormy. During the day the wind had blown strongly from the south, with occasional hot gusts. Heavy clouds, bank upon bank, piled up in the most fantastic shapes upon the distant horizon, gradually as night approached, drifted towards the zenith, in dark threatening tufts and whirls. The barometer fell rapidly. Everything indicated, even to the most experienced weather prophet, the advent of a terrible storm. During the evening the wind freshened, accompanied by frequent spatters of rain, which drove against the hurricane-deck like a sudden shower of shot. The river ripples were augmented into turbulent waves, whose white caps gleamed with phosphorescent sparkles in the gathering darkness. At midnight the storm burst upon us with fearful fury. The rain came down, not in drops, but in sheets, accompanied by the most terrific thunder and lightning I have ever witnessed. The Cimmerian darkness of the night rendered it all the more appalling. The gale developed at midnight into a raging tornado, tearing madly through the woods, snapping off branches like pipe-stems, and hurling them in every direction. The Swallow and Pike, lying near the point, lost their chimneys and other head-gear, and several other transports had their funnels and escape-pipes carried away. About one o'clock, signal-whistles of distress sounded through the storm, twice or thrice repeated. The Swallow had parted her lines and was fast drifting out into the stream. Unfortunately she was not coaled and had no steam. Every moment was growing more and more precarious, when fortunately, after drifting about a quarter of a mile, she struck against the Cincinnati and was made fast until morning. The storm lasted about four hours, raging with terrible vehemence, and tossing the steamers about on the mad waves like cockle-shells. Luckily the Swallow was the only one blown from her moorings.

It was during the height of this storm that Col. Roberts performed his daring mission. Yester-

day morning, the flag-officer, Capt. Phelps, Col. Buford, Secretary Scott, and other officers, held a conference upon the flag-ship, at which it was decided to make a night reconnoissance of the upper battery, the details of which were left to Col. Buford. He selected Col. Roberts and forty picked men of his regiment to be the chosen few. Each gunboat furnished a yawl, manned by six of their hardiest seamen. At two o'clock, in the thickest of the storm, the little party embarked. The flag-officer and his subordinates, with Col. Buford, stood upon the deck of the Benton, giving the final orders. The yawls set out on their perilous journey, and they retired anxiously to await the result.

Col. Roberts had previously made several very close reconnoissances at night by pulling through the overflowed brush, and had ascertained the locality of the battery.

The boats were manned as follows:

St. Louis cutter, John V. Johnson, commander.

Cincinnati cutter, John Pierce, commander.

Benton cutter, Geo. P. Lord, commander.

Mound City cutter, — Scoville, commander.

Pittsburgh cutter, —, commander.

Each of the cutters also carried a coxswain, and was manned by ten men. The boats were all in charge of First Master Johnson, of the St. Louis. The soldiers were picked men of company A, each man armed with a five-shooter Colt rifle.

The following was the plan laid out: The boats were to approach the battery in line, pulling slowly till at the point of the bar, after which, when five hundred yards, the St. Louis, Benton, and Pittsburgh, should run abreast, the Cincinnati and Mound City in the rear as reserves; and this plan was carried out to the very letter.

With muffled oars, and under cover of the friendly darkness, the boats advanced cautiously along the edge of the bank. Owing to the furious violence of the storm, and the darkness, they passed the bend unperceived, until they were within a few rods of the battery. For one instant, a blinding flash of lightning glared across the water, revealing to the rebel sentinels dark objects approaching them. The next instant the impenetrable darkness closed in. The sentinels fired wildly three or four times, the shots passing over the boats without doing any damage, and then incontinently fled to their tents, which were pitched upon a high ridge some distance back from the battery, evidently impressed with the alarming idea that the whole Lincoln fleet was upon them, and that immediate annihilation stared them in the face. Our boats made no reply. Not a word was spoken. In two or three minutes they touched the slope of the earthworks. The boys swung over the parapet, sledges and files were busy, and a few vigorous strokes told the tale. In less than three minutes' time all the guns in the battery were spiked completely and thoroughly. They were six in number, all of large calibre—two sixty-fours, three eighties, and one of them a splendid nine-inch pivot-gun with cushion-lock, which received the personal atten-

tion of Col. Roberts' brawny arm. It was undoubtedly the Lady Davis. In an inconceivably short time, the boats were on their way back, ploughing a path through the surging waves at the imminent risk of submersion, as the current was washing against them with fearful velocity. All arrived safely, however, at the gunboats, exultant over the glorious accomplishment of their important and dangerous mission.

The extreme darkness prevented learning the plan of defence. It was found, however, that the embankments were very high, affording good protection. There were no casemates, however, nor any protection against shell.

Doc. 113.

THE DEFEAT OF QUANTREL,

NEAR INDEPENDENCE, MO., MARCH 22, 1862.

A WRITER gives the following account of this fight, in the *Leavenworth Conservative*:

CAMP BLAIR, NEAR SHAWNEE,)
Sunday, March 23. }

The bloody Second is on the tapis again. We have had a skirmish with those desperadoes under Quantrel, who have been committing so many outrages of late on the peaceful inhabitants of our State.

Reliable information having been given to Col. Mitchell that Quantrel and his band were within some twelve or fifteen miles of our camp, after burning the bridge on the Little Blue yesterday, and killing two men, Col. M., with his usual promptness, immediately started with three hundred of our men in pursuit of them, in three separate divisions, taking command of one himself, and Majors Fisk and Pomeroy the other two. When within three miles east of Little Santa Fe, from information from our scouts, we found they had ensconced themselves in a large log-house, owned by a man by the name of Tate. He being away from home, his house was taken forcible possession of, and his family compelled to supply their wants; however, Col. Mitchell has brought him in prisoner, in case it should not turn out to be correct.

Major Pomeroy was ordered with the detachment under his command, about seventy men, to proceed to Tate's house, and arrest him and all others found there. When within a mile of the place he ordered them to dismount and proceed on foot. When within a few rods of the house, about ten P.M., they found it occupied by a force of some twenty-three men, judging from the horses, twenty-three in number, already saddled, which they immediately appropriated for the benefit of Uncle Sam, and then started them off under an escort for camp, which arrived safely here this morning.

The fight then commenced from the building, our men returning it with tremendous effect through the windows. Several were seen to fall. Women and children came rushing out, when Major Pomeroy, anxious to save their lives, exposed himself to the fire of those concealed in the house, and received a very serious wound in the

thigh, the ball passing completely through. One of our soldiers, named George Wills, of Captain Moore's company, was very seriously wounded, one ball passing through the arm, and receiving one buckshot in each thigh. However, our Assistant Surgeon, Dr. G. B. Wood, of Wyandott, by the foresight of Colonel Mitchell, having been taken with the command, in case of an attack, was then ready to administer to the wounded. An ambulance was started down to bring them up this morning, and they arrived at eight o'clock this evening, doing as well as could be expected, although both very low from the loss of blood. When Major Pomeroy fell, the order was given to fire the building, which was done instantly, with the purpose of driving them out. We captured nine prisoners, and from them learned that seven or eight were killed inside, and the building becoming enveloped in flames, it was found impossible to get them out. They were left to their fate—a just and terrible retribution to all who follow in their career. The remainder, some eight, including Quantrel, escaped, as he was seen again this morning, running his horse at a furious rate through a corn-field, in a southerly direction.

It seems there are several bands of these highway robbers infesting this section of country. The inhabitants seem to be terror-stricken when they hear of Quantrel being in their vicinity. I think their career is short, if the Kansas Second remains here much longer.

Doc. 114.

BATTLE AT PITTSBURGH LANDING, TENN.

FOUGHT APRIL 6-7, 1862.

GENERAL GRANT'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DIST. WESTERN TENNESSEE,
PITTSBURGH, April 9, 1862.

To Capt. N. H. McLean, A. A. G., Department
of Mississippi, St. Louis:

CAPTAIN: It becomes my duty again to report another battle fought between two great armies, one contending for the maintenance of the best government ever devised, and the other for its destruction. It is pleasant to record the success of the army contending for the former principle.

On Sunday morning our pickets were attacked and driven in by the enemy. Immediately the five divisions stationed at this place were drawn up in line of battle to meet them.

The battle soon waxed warm on the left and centre, varying at times to all parts of the line. There was the most continuous firing of musketry and artillery ever heard on this continent, kept up until nightfall.

The enemy having forced the centre line to fall back nearly half-way from their camps to the landing, at a late hour in the afternoon a desperate effort was made by the enemy to turn our left and get possession of the landing, transports, etc.

This point was guarded by the gunboats Tyler

and Lexington, Capts. Gwin and Shirk, commanding, with four twenty-four-pounder Parrott guns, and a battery of rifled guns.

As there is a deep and impassable ravine for artillery or cavalry, and very difficult for infantry at this point, no troops were stationed here except the necessary artillerists and a small infantry force for their support. Just at this moment the advance of Major-Gen. Buell's column and a part of the division of Gen. Nelson arrived, the two generals named both being present. An advance was immediately made upon the point of attack, and the enemy was soon driven back.

In this repulse, much is due to the presence of the gunboats Tyler and Lexington, and their able commanders, Capts. Gwin and Shirk.

During the night the divisions under Generals Crittenden and McCook arrived.

Gen. Lew. Wallace, at Camp Landing, six miles below, was ordered, at an early hour in the morning, to hold his division in readiness to move in any direction it might be ordered. At eleven o'clock, the order was delivered to move it up to Pittsburgh, but owing to its being led by a circuitous route, did not arrive in time to take part in Sunday's action.

During the night all was quiet, and, feeling that a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party, an advance was ordered as soon as day dawned. The result was the gradual repulse of the enemy at all points of the line, from nine until probably five o'clock in the afternoon, when it became evident the enemy was retreating.

Before the close of the action the advance of Gen. T. J. Wood's division arrived in time to take part in the action.

My force was too much fatigued, from two days' hard fighting and exposure in the open air to a drenching rain during the intervening night, to pursue immediately.

Night closed in cloudy and with a heavy rain, making the roads impracticable for artillery by the next morning.

Gen. Sherman, however, followed the enemy, finding that the main part of the army had retreated in good order.

Hospitals with the enemy's wounded were found all along the road as far as pursuit was made. Dead bodies of the enemy and many graves were also found. I inclose herewith a report of Gen. Sherman, which will explain more fully the result of the pursuit, and of the part taken by each separate command.

I cannot take special notice in this report, but will do so more fully when the reports of the division commanders are handed in.

General Buell, commanding in the field with a distinct army long under his command, and which did such efficient service, commanded by himself in person on the field, will be much better able to notice those of his command who particularly distinguished themselves, than I possibly can.

I feel it a duty, however, to a gallant and able officer, Brigadier-Gen. W. T. Sherman, to make special mention. He not only was with his com-

mand during the entire two days of the action, but displayed great judgment and skill in the management of his men; although severely wounded in the hand on the first day, his place was never vacant. He was again wounded, and had three horses killed under him. In making this mention of a gallant officer no disparagement is intended to other division commanders or major-generals, Jno. A. McClernand, and Lewis Wallace, and Brigadier-Generals Hurlbut, Prentiss, and W. H. L. Wallace, all of whom maintained their places with credit to themselves and the cause. Gen. Prentiss was taken prisoner on the first day's action, and Gen. W. H. L. Wallace was severely, and probably mortally wounded. His Assistant Adjutant-General, Capt. Wm. McMichael, is missing, and was probably taken prisoner. My personal staff are all deserving of particular mention, they having been engaged during the entire two days in carrying orders to every part of the field. It consists of Colonel J. D. Webster, Chief of Staff; Lieut.-Col. J. B. McPherson, Chief of Engineers, assisted by Lieuts. W. L. B. Jenny and Wm. Kossac; Capt. J. A. Rawlings, Assistant Adjutant-General; W. S. Hilger, W. R. Rawley, and C. B. Lagon, Aids-de-Camp; Col. G. Pride, Volunteer Aid, and Captain J. P. Hawkins, Chief Commissary, who accompanied me upon the field. The medical department, under direction of Surgeon Hewitt, Medical Director, showed great energy in providing for the wounded and in getting them from the field, regardless of danger.

Col. Webster was placed in special charge of all the artillery, and was constantly upon the field. He displayed, as always heretofore, both skill and bravery. At least in one instance he was the means of placing an entire regiment in position of doing most valuable service, and where it would not have been but for his exertions. Lieut.-Col. McPherson, attached to my staff as Chief of Engineers, deserves more than a passing notice for his activity and courage. All the grounds beyond our camps for miles have been reconnoitred by him, and the plans carefully prepared under his supervision give the most accurate information of the nature of the approaches to our lines. During the two days' battle he was constantly in the saddle leading the troops as they arrived to points where their services were required. During the engagement he had one horse shot under him.

The country will have to mourn the loss of many brave men who fell at the battle of Pittsburgh, or Shiloh more properly.

The exact loss in killed and wounded will be known in a day or two.

At present I can only give it approximately at one thousand five hundred killed and three thousand five hundred wounded.

The loss of artillery was great, many pieces being disabled by the enemy's shots, and some losing all their horses and many men. There were probably not less than two hundred horses killed.

The loss of the enemy in killed and left upon

the field was greater than ours. In the wounded an estimate cannot be made, as many of them must have been sent to Corinth and other points.

The enemy suffered terribly from demoralization and desertion.

A flag of truce was sent in to-day from Gen. Beauregard. I inclose herewith a copy of the correspondence. I am respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GENERALS BEAUREGARD AND GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF MISSISSIPPI,
MONTEREY, April 8, 1862. }

SIR: At the close of the conflict of yesterday my forces being exhausted by the extraordinary length of the time during which they were engaged with yours, on that and the preceding day, and it being apparent that you had received and were still receiving, reinforcements, I felt it my duty to withdraw my troops from the immediate scene of the conflict. Under these circumstances, in accordance with the usages of war, I shall transmit this under a flag of truce, to ask permission to send a mounted party to the battle-field of Shiloh, for the purpose of giving decent interment to my dead. Certain gentlemen wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity to remove the remains of their sons and friends, I must request for them the privilege of accompanying the burial-party; and in this connection I deem it proper to say I am asking what I have extended to your own countrymen under similar circumstances.

Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,
P. G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

To Major-General U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding U. S. Forces Pittsburgh Landing.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN FIELD,
PITTSBURGH, April 9. }

To General P. G. T. Beauregard, Commanding
Confederate Army on Mississippi, Monterey,
Tenn.:

Your despatch of yesterday is just received. Owing to the warmth of the weather I deemed it advisable to have all the dead of both parties buried immediately. Heavy details were made for this purpose, and it is now accomplished. There cannot, therefore, be any necessity of admitting within our lines the parties you desired to send on the grounds asked. I shall always be glad to extend any courtesy consistent with duty, and especially so when dictated by humanity.

I am, General, respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION U. S. FORCES,
DISTRICT OF WEST-TENNESSEE,
PITTSBURGH LANDING, April 12, 1862. }

Capt. John A. Rawlins, A. A. General:

SIR: Sunday morning, sixth inst., my brigades, three in number, were encamped, the First at

Crump's Landing, the Second, two miles from that Landing, and the Third, at Adamsville, two miles and a half further on the road to Purdy.

The Eleventh Indiana, Col. Geo. F. McGinnis; Eighth Missouri, Lieut.-Col. James Peckham; and Twenty-fourth Indiana, Colonel Alvin P. Hovey, composed the First brigade, Colonel Morgan L. Smith commanding.

The First Nebraska, Lieut.-Colonel W. D. McCord; Twenty-third Indiana, Col. W. L. Sander-son; Fifty-eighth Ohio, Col. V. Bausenwein; and Fifty-sixth Ohio, Col. P. Kinney, composed the Second brigade, Col. John M. Thayer command- ing.

The Third brigade consisted of the Twentieth Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel M. F. Force; Seventy-sixth Ohio, Colonel Charles R. Woods; Seventy-eighth Ohio, Col. M. D. Leggett; and the Sixty-eighth Ohio, Col. S. H. Steadman, Col. Charles Whittle- sey commanding.

To my division were attached Lieut. Thurber's Missouri battery, and Capt. Thompson's Indiana battery, also the Third battalion Fifth Ohio cav- alry, Major C. T. Hayes, and the Third battalion Eleventh Illinois cavalry, Major James F. John- son.

Hearing heavy and continuous cannonading in the direction of Pittsburgh Landing, early Sunday morning, I inferred a general battle, and in anti- cipation of an order from Gen. Grant to join him at that place, had the equipage of the several bri- gades loaded in wagons, for instant removal to my first camp at the river. The First and Third brigades were also ordered to concentrate at the camp of the Second, from which proceeded the nearest and most practicable road to the scene of battle.

At half-past eleven o'clock the anticipated or- der arrived, directing me to come up and take po- sition on the right of the army, and form my line of battle at a right angle with the river. As it also directed me to leave a force to prevent sur- prise at Crump's Landing, the Fifty-sixth and Sixty-eighth Ohio regiments were detached for that purpose, with one gun from Lieut. Thurber's battery.

Selecting a road that led directly to the right of the lines, as they were established around Pitts- burgh Landing on Sunday morning, my column started immediately, the distance being about six miles. The cannonading, distinctly audible, quickened the steps of the men. Snake Creek, difficult of passage at all times, on account of its steep banks and swampy bottom, ran between me and the point of junction. A short distance from it Capts. Rawlins and Rowley, attached to Gen. Grant's staff, overtook me. From them I learn- ed that our lines had been beaten back; that the right, to which I was proceeding, was then fight- ing close to the river, and that the road pursued would take me in the enemy's rear, where, in the unfortunate condition of the battle, my command was in danger of being entirely cut off. It seem- ed, on their representations, most prudent to carry the column across to what is called the "river road," which, following the windings of

the Tennessee bottom, crossed Snake Creek by a good bridge close to Pittsburgh Landing. This movement occasioned a counter-march, which de- layed my junction with the main army until a little after nightfall.

About one o'clock at night my brigades and batteries were disposed, forming the extreme right wing, and ready for battle. Shortly after daybreak Capt. Thompson opened fire on a rebel battery posted on a bluff opposite my First bri- gade, and across a deep and prolonged hollow, threaded by a creek, and densely wooded on both sides. From its position, and that of its infantry supports, lining the whole length of the bluff, it was apparent that crossing the hollow would be at heavy loss, unless the battery was first driven off. Thurber was accordingly posted to assist Thompson by a cross-fire, and at the same time sweep the hiding-places of the enemy on the brow of the hill. This had the desired effect. After a few shells from Thurber, the enemy fell back, but not until Thompson had dismounted one of their rifled guns. During this affair Gen. Grant came up, and gave me my direction of attack, which was forward at a right angle with the river, with which my line at the time ran almost parallel.

The battery and its supports having been driv- en from the opposite bluff, my command was pushed forward, the brigades in echelon, the first in front, and the whole preceded by skirmishers. The hollow was crossed, and the hill gained al- most without opposition. As General Sherman's division, next on my left, had not made its ap- pearance to support my advance, a halt was or- dered for it to come up.

I was then at the edge of an oblong field that extended in a direction parallel with the river. On its right was a narrow strip of woods, and beyond that lay another cleared field, square, and very large. Back of both fields, to the north, was a range of bluffs overlooking the swampy low grounds of Snake Creek, heavily timbered, broken by ravines, and extending in a course di- agonal with that of my movement. An examin- ation satisfied me that the low grounds afforded absolute protection to my right flank, being im- passable for a column of attack. The enemy's left had rested upon the bluffs, and as it had been driven back that flank was now exposed. I re- solved to attempt to turn it. For that purpose it became necessary for me to change front by a left half-wheel of the whole division. While the movement was in progress, across a road through the woods at the southern end of the field, we were resting by, I discovered a heavy body of rebels going rapidly to reënforce their left, which was still retiring, covered by skirmishers, with whom mine were engaged. Thompson's battery was ordered up, and shelled the passing column with excellent effect, but while so engaged was opened upon by a full battery, planted in the field just beyond the strip of woods on the right. He promptly turned his guns on the new enemy. A fine artillery duel ensued, very honorable to Thompson and his company. His ammunition

giving out in the midst of it, I ordered him to retire, and Lieutenant Thurber to take his place. Thurber obeyed with such alacrity that there was scarcely an intermission in the fire, which continued so long and with such warmth as to provoke an attempt on the part of the rebels to charge the position. Discovering the intention, the First brigade was brought across the field to occupy the strip of woods in front of Thurber. The cavalry made the first dash at the battery, but the skirmishers of the Eighth Missouri poured an unexpected fire into them, and they retired pell-mell. Next the infantry attempted a charge. The First brigade easily repelled them. All this time my whole division was under a furious cannonade, but being well masked behind the bluff, or resting in the hollows of the wood, the regiment suffered but little.

General Sherman now moved forward a handsome line of battle to engage the enemy posted in front of his command. Simultaneously mine was ordered to advance, the First brigade leading. Emerging from the woods, it entered the second field I have mentioned, speedily followed by the Second brigade, when both marched in face of the enemy aligned as regularly as if on parade.

Having changed front as stated, my movement was now diagonal to the direction originally started on, though the order was still in echelon, with the centre regiment of each brigade dropped behind its place in line as a reserve. While thus advancing, Colonel Whittlesey, as appears from his report, in some way lost his position, but soon recovered it.

The position of the enemy was now directly in front, in the edge of the woods, fronting and on the right of the open field my command was so gallantly crossing. The ground to be passed getting at them, dipped gradually to the centre of the field, which is there intersected by a small run well fringed with willows. Clearing an abrupt bank beyond the branch, the surface ascends to the edge of the woods held by the enemy, and is without obstruction, but marked by frequent swells that afforded protection to the advancing lines, and was the secret of my small loss. Over the branch, up the bank, across the rising ground, moved the steady First brigade; on its right, with equal alacrity, marched the Second, the whole in view, their banners gaily decking the scene. The skirmishers in action all the way cleared the rise and grouped themselves behind the ground swells, within seventy-five yards of the rebel lines; as the regiments approached them, suddenly a sheet of musketry blazed from the woods, and a battery opened upon them. About the same instant, the right of Sherman's division fell hastily back. To save my flank I was compelled to order a halt. In a short time Sherman repulsed the enemy, and recovered his lost ground. My skirmishers, meanwhile, clung to their hillocks, sharp shooting at the battery. Again the brigades advanced, their bayonets fixed for a charge, but pressed by Sherman, and so threatened in front, the enemy removed their guns and fell back from the edge

of the woods. In the advance Lieut.-Col. John Gerber was killed, and it is but justice to say of him, "no man died that day with more glory, yet many died, and there was much glory." Capt. M'Griffin and Lieutenant Southwick of the same regiment, also fell—gallant spirits, deserving honorable recollection. Many soldiers, equally brave, perished, or were wounded in the same field.

It was now noon, and the enemy having fallen so far back, the idea of flanking them further had to be given up. Not wishing to interfere with General Sherman's line of operations, but relying upon him to support me on the left, my front was again changed, the movement beginning with the First brigade taking the course of attack precisely as it had been in the outset. While the manoeuvre was being effected, a squadron of rebel cavalry galloped from the woods on the right to charge the flank temporarily exposed. Colonel Thayer threw forward the Twenty-third Indiana, which, aided by an oblique fire from a company of the First Nebraska, repelled the assailants with loss.

Scarcely had the front been changed, when the supporting force on the left again gave way, closely followed by the masses of the enemy. My position at this time became critical, as isolation from the rest of the army seemed imminent. The reserves were resorted to. Col. Woods, with his regiment, was ordered into line on the left. The remnant of a Michigan regiment sent me by Gen. McClelland was despatched to the left of Woods. Thurber galloped up, and was posted to cover a retreat, should such a misfortune become necessary. Before these dispositions could be effected, the Eleventh Indiana, already engaged with superior numbers in its front, was attacked on its left flank, but backward wheeling three companies of his endangered wing, Col. McGinnis gallantly held his ground. Fortunately, before the enemy could avail themselves of their advantage by the necessary change of front, some fresh troops dashed against them, and once more drove them back. For this favor my acknowledgments are especially due to Col. August Willich and his famous regiment.

Pending this struggle, Col. Thayer pushed on his command and entered the woods, assaulting the rebels simultaneously with Col. Smith. Here the Fifty-eighth Ohio and Twenty-third Indiana proved themselves fit comrades in battle, with the noble First Nebraska. Here also the Seventy-sixth Ohio won a brilliant fame. The First Nebraska fired away its last cartridge. In the heat of the action, at a word, the Seventy-sixth Ohio rushed in and took its place. Off to the right, meanwhile, arose the music of the Twentieth and Seventy-eighth Ohio, fighting gallantly in support of Thurber, to whom the sound of rebel cannon seemed a challenge—no sooner heard than accepted.

From the time the wood was entered, "forward!" was the only order, and step by step, from tree to tree, position to position, the rebel lines went back, never stopping again—infantry, horses and artillery—all went back. The firing was

grand and terrific. Before us was the Crescent regiment of New-Orleans; shelling us on the right was the Washington artillery of Manassas renown, whose last stand was in front of Col. Whittlesey's command. To and fro, now in my front, then in Sherman's, rode Gen. Beauregard, inciting his troops and fighting for his fading prestige of invincibility. The desperation of the struggle may be easily imagined. While this was in progress, far along the lines to the left the contest was raging with equal obstinacy. As indicated by the sounds, however, the enemy seemed retiring everywhere. Cheer after cheer rang through the woods, and each man felt the day was ours.

About four o'clock the enemy to my front broke into rout and ran through the camps occupied by Gen. Sherman on Sunday morning. Their own camp had been established about two miles beyond. There, without halting, they fired tents, stores, etc. Throwing out the wounded, they piled their wagons full of arms, (Springfield muskets and Enfield rifles,) ingloriously thrown away by some of our troops the day before, and hurried on. After following them until nearly nightfall, I brought my division back to Owl Creek and bivouacked it.

The conduct of Col. M. L. Smith and Col. John M. Thayer, commanding brigades, was beyond the praise of words; Col. Whittlesey's was not behind them. To them all belong the brightest honors of victory.

The gratitude of the whole country is due Col. George F. McGinnis, Lieut.-Col. James Peckham, Col. Alvin P. Hovey, Lieut.-Col. W. D. McCord, Col. W. L. Sanderson, Col. Valentine Bausenwein, Lieut.-Col. M. F. Force, Col. Charles R. Woods, Col. M. D. Leggett, and their field, staff and company officers. Aside from the courage they all displayed, one point in their conduct is especially to be noted and imitated. I mean the skill each one showed in avoiding unnecessary exposure of his soldiers. They are proud of what the division achieved—and, like myself, they are equally proud that it was all done with so little loss of their brave men.

Of my regiments I find it impossible to say enough: excepting the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Indiana and Twentieth Ohio, all had participated in the battle of Donelson. But this was a greater than Donelson, and consequently a more terrible ordeal in which to test what may be a thing of glory or shame—the courage of an untried regiment. How well they all behaved I sum up in the boast—not a man, officer or soldier, flinched; none but the wounded went to the Landing. Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and Nebraska, will be proud of the steadfast Third division, and so am I.

Capt. Thompson and Lieut. Thurber and their officers and men have already been spoken of.

My acknowledgments are again given the gallant gentlemen of my staff—Capt. Fred. Knefler and Lieutenants Ross and Ware. To them I add Capt. E. T. Wallace, of the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers, acting aid. The courage and judgment of all of them were many times severely tried.

After the battle, Gen. Nelson took pleasure in honorably mentioning two of my orderlies; one of them, Thomas W. Simpson, of company I, Fourth U. S. cavalry. I again call attention to his gallantry, as deserving reward. Along with him I place Albert Kaufman, a sergeant in the same company, who was of great service to me, and has every quality that goes to make a practical officer.

Finally, it is so rare to find one of his grade in the constant and full performance of his peculiar duties that, as a matter of justice, a passing tribute is due the Rev. John D. Rogers, chaplain of the Twenty-third Indiana. After the battle he was unwearied in his attention to the wounded, and that the resting-places of the dead of his regiment might not be forgotten, he collected their bodies and buried them tenderly, and with prayer and every religious rite, and in this, as far as my knowledge goes, he was as singular as he was Christian.

Herewith you will find a statement of the dead and wounded of my division.

Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

LEW. WALLACE,
Commanding Third Division.

BRIG.-GEN. ROUSSEAU'S REPORT.

BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH, April 12, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report to you, as commander of the Second division of the army of the Ohio, the part taken by my brigade in the battle at this place on the seventh inst.

After a very arduous march on Sunday, the sixth inst., during much of which I was forced to take the fields and woods adjacent to the highway from the narrowness of the latter, and its being filled with wagon-trains and artillery, and for me at that time impassable, we reached Savannah after dark. Under your orders and superintendence, we at once embarked on steamboats for this place. We reached the Landing here at daylight, and soon after reported to you as ready for action. Under your order, and accompanied by you, we marched out on the field of the day before, a little after six o'clock A.M. Soon after, Gen. Buell came up and directed you to deploy and form line of battle, our left resting on Gen. Crittenden's right, and our right extending in the direction of Gen. McClelland's division, and to send out a company of skirmishers into the woods in front. This was done at once—Major King detaching Captain Haughey for that purpose. Within half an hour after this, you looked over the ground, and decided to take a position some two or three hundred yards to the front, on the crest of a piece of rising ground. I moved up the brigade accordingly, taking the new position indicated. In this line, a battalion of the Fifteenth United States infantry, Capt. Swain, and a battalion of the Sixteenth United States infantry, Capt. Townsend, both under the command of Major John H. King, were on the right; a battalion of the Nineteenth infantry, Major Carpenter, on the left of King; First Ohio, Colonel B. F. Smith, on Carpenter's left; and the Sixth Indiana, Colonel

Crittenden, on the left flank; while the Louisville Legion, Colonel Buckley, was held in reserve, a hundred and fifty paces in the rear of the line.

Thirty or forty minutes after this line was formed, Capt. Haughey's skirmishers were driven in, several of his men were shot, and my command fiercely assailed by the enemy. The attack lasted, perhaps twenty minutes, when the enemy were driven off. In this contest, Capt. Acken, of the Sixteenth United States infantry, was instantly killed, and many others of my brigade killed and wounded. The enemy soon rallied, and returned to the attack more fiercely than before, but was met by a very rapid and well-directed fire from the commands of Majors King and Carpenter, and Colonel Smith, the Sixth Indiana being out of range on the left. This attack also was, after a severe contest, repulsed, and the enemy driven off—our loss being much more than before. We were ignorant of the ground in front occupied by the enemy, as it was covered with timber and thick undergrowth, but were informed that it was more open than where we were. I decided to advance my lines after this attack, and at once cautiously felt my way forward, but had not gone far, when I again encountered the enemy in heavy force, and again drove him off after a yet severer contest than any before. About this time I received several messages, announcing that the United States forces to our right and front, after very hard fighting, which we had heard all the morning, were giving way, leaving the centre of the army exposed. I at once decided to move forward the whole brigade to the open ground, except the Sixth Indiana, which had a most important position on our left flank, which position the enemy had menaced in strong force for several hours. I ordered Col. Buckley, with the Louisville Legion, to move up to the right and front and engage the enemy, who had rallied all his available forces and was moving down upon us. At the same time, Majors King and Carpenter and Col. Smith were ordered to advance in line with Col. Buckley. The advance was admirably made and with alacrity.

The brigade steadily, briskly, and in excellent order, moved forward. I afterward learned from wounded prisoners that the force at this time opposed to us consisted of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Kentucky regiments, and several others from various States. We advanced about two hundred yards to the front, when we came in collision with the enemy. He was stronger at this point than in either of his previous encounters, and the fire of musketry was the heaviest I ever heard. My line, when fired upon, halted of itself and went to work. The issue was important, as my brigade was directly in the road of the enemy to the landing, and they were evidently pressing for that point. I was more fully impressed with the importance of driving the enemy from this position by your words to me when you ordered a change to the front of your original line of battle, which were, in substance, that my position was in the centre, and must be

held at every hazard, and that you would support me with the balance of your division, as it arrived on the field.

The fight lasted about forty minutes, when the enemy gave way, and were at once pursued by the whole line up to the open ground in front, my brigade capturing several cannon, retaking a battery of ours captured by the enemy the previous day, and retaking the headquarters of Gen. McClernand. We also took three flags from the enemy. At this time the forty rounds of cartridges in the boxes of the men were exhausted, and the line was halted.

Before I resolved to advance my whole brigade to the front, I looked for the promised support, and found Col. Kirk with his brigade in my rear, within short supporting distance. He told me he was there, by your order, to support me, and was ready for anything. He and his men were eager to move up with me. I requested that he would follow at the proper distance, which he did.

After we had exhausted our ammunition, I called on Col. Kirk, who was immediately in rear of my lines, and informed him of that fact. He at once gallantly and eagerly offered to take my position in front, and did so, a portion of my command on the right passing quietly through his lines, and halting in his rear. All was done without the least confusion or excitement. I told him that if needed before we received our ammunition, we would support him with the bayonet. The part taken in the fight by Col. Kirk and Col. Gibson, and their respective brigades, after this, and also the part taken by Col. Willich, I leave them to narrate, with the single remark that they and their officers and men behaved most gallantly.

About this time a battery of two or three guns, I do not know whose it was, took position about the centre of my lines, and opened on the enemy in front, then forming for attack. This battery I directed Majors King and Carpenter, and the Sixth Indiana, to support; Col. Crittenden having been just before ordered up from his former position on the left. I may here remark that the Sixth Indiana, in its old position, had been exposed to heavy cannonading on the left and front, and had lost several men in killed and wounded, and I had ordered it back into the woods. The enemy soon after advanced in strong force and menaced the battery, and its commander withdrew it, but the support just named stood firm against several times their numbers and gallantly beat off the enemy. In the mean time a supply of ammunition for the whole command was received.

When thus repulsed, the enemy fell back, and his retreat began: soon after which I saw two regiments of Government troops advancing in double-quick time across the open field in our front, and saw that one of them was the First Ohio, which had been moved to our left to wait for ammunition. I galloped to the regiment and ordered it to halt, as I had not ordered the movement, but was informed that it was advancing by

order of Gen. Grant, whom I then saw in rear of the line with his staff. I ordered the regiment to advance with the other, which it did some two or three hundred yards further, when it was halted, and a fire was opened upon it from one of our camps, then occupied by the enemy. The fire was instantly returned, and the enemy soon fled, after wounding eight men of the First Ohio. This closed the fighting of the day, and a small body of cavalry was sent in pursuit of the enemy.

I need not say to you, sir, that my brigade, officers and men, behaved well, for you were an eye-witness to the gallant conduct of them all; and you will join me in expressing the opinion that men have seldom marched into battle under more unfavorable auspices, and never borne themselves more gallantly. During the whole of the long and terrific battle, neither officer nor man wavered for one moment. When all behaved so well, there is little room for discriminative commendation of any. Many of them had been exposed, after great fatigue, to a heavy rain the night before on the steamboats, and all of them were necessarily greatly crowded, so that they could not sleep, and as they marched from the boats, they passed through and amongst the ten thousand fugitives from the fight of the day before, who lined the banks of the river and filled the woods adjacent to the landing. Within a quarter of a mile of the landing, and directly on the way to our position on the field, lay hundreds of dead men, mostly our own, whose mangled bodies and distorted features presented a horrible sight. Numerous dead horses, and our partially sacked camps, gave evidence of the havoc, and, which was far worse, of the reverses and disasters of the day before. All around them impressed them with the belief that they must fight the battle for themselves. It must not be forgotten that we fought this battle some miles within the lines of the encampment of Gen. Grant's army, and in the camps occupied by his troops, and that it was thereby rendered apparent to the most ignorant soldier that the army had been driven in by the enemy till within a few hundred yards of the river, and that the work before us was by no means easy. Under all these unfavorable circumstances, as you will recollect, sir, the men were in no way appalled, but formed line of battle promptly and with great coolness and precision.

To Majors J. H. King and S. D. Carpenter, of the regular army, who commanded the regular troops in my brigade, I am especially indebted for the valuable aid which their long experience as soldiers enabled them to render. Captains P. Swain and E. F. Townsend, commanding battalions under Major J. H. King, were likewise conspicuous for good conduct. I strongly recommend these officers to the proper authorities as soldiers by profession, who have shown themselves amply fit for higher offices of usefulness. I also return my thanks to Colonels B. F. Smith, T. T. Crittenden, and H. M. Buckley, Lieut.-Colonels E. A. Parrott, W. W. Berry, and H. Prather, and Majors E. B. Langdon, J. L. Treanor and

A. H. Abbott. Lieut.-Col. Parrott was on detached service at the time, but joined his regiment during the action, and remained with it to the close. I also acknowledge my great obligations to Lieuts. Armstrong and Rousseau, my regular Aids; to E. F. Jewett, Esq., of Ohio, volunteer Aid, and to Lieut. John Wickliffe, of the Second Kentucky cavalry, acting Aid during the battle, for valuable services in the field.

Accompanying this report you have a list of casualties incident to the battle, and also the reports of the various commanders of battalions and regiments of the brigade.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

To Brig.-Gen. A. McD. McCook,
Commanding Second Division, Army of the Ohio.

GENERAL BOYLE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION,
ARMY OF THE OHIO,
BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH, TENN.,
IN CAMP, April 10.

*Brigadier-Gen. T. L. Crittenden, Commanding
Fifth Division, Army of the Ohio:*

GENERAL: At a late hour on the night of the sixth instant, I disembarked the four regiments of my command from the fleet of boats, at Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee River, and by your orders marched beyond the crest of the hill, forming into line of battle in rear of the forces of Brigadier-Gen. Nelson, the whole force resting on their arms during the night in a drenching rain. At a few minutes after five o'clock A.M., of the seventh instant, by your orders, I moved my brigade, taking position in the centre, the movement of your whole forces being directed by you in person, forming on the right of General Nelson, who occupied the extreme left. General McCook's division soon came up, and occupied our right in the line of attack. The forces of the Fifth division formed into line of battle, in front of the enemy, under your immediate orders along the centre, the Fourteenth brigade thrown slightly in advance on the left of the centre.

The Nineteenth Ohio, Col. Beatty, formed the right of my brigade; the Thirteenth Kentucky, Col. Hobson, the centre; and the Ninth Kentucky, Col. Grider, on the left, with the Fifty-ninth Ohio, Col. Fyffe, in the rear, as a supporting reserve. In pursuance of orders, we marched steadily forward upon the centre, the Fourteenth brigade being still in advance of my left. I halted my command in sight of the open field, in front of the right wing of my brigade, and by order of Gen. Buell, given in person, I threw forward four flanking companies of the Nineteenth Ohio and Thirteenth Kentucky, as skirmishers, to advance to the open field, or to where the skirmishers could feel and engage the enemy, or await the advance of our line. After capturing a prisoner and sending him in, the skirmishing companies of the Nineteenth Ohio were fired upon and driven back, and I ordered up Col. Beatty of the Nineteenth Ohio, to take position along

the edge of the open field, to repel the advance of the enemy in that direction. At this juncture the enemy turned their forces in the direction of the position occupied by you with the Fourteenth brigade, evidently with the view of driving back our forces and capturing our guns. The Fourteenth brigade, encouraged and led on by you in person at their head, made an impetuous attack on the enemy, driving them back with great loss, saving our guns and advancing our lines. As the regiments of that brigade were withdrawn, I ordered up the Thirteenth Kentucky to their position, and ordered the Ninth Kentucky and Fifty-ninth Ohio to my left, where they were placed in position by you. The Thirteenth Kentucky, led on by Col. Hobson, in a gallant charge upon the enemy, drove them back with great slaughter, forcing them to desert their guns, to which they had rallied, after having been driven back by the Fourteenth brigade under your command. In this charge Col. Hobson, and Major Hobson, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel, and Capt. Towles, Acting Major, and Acting Adjutant Stewart, of the Thirteenth Kentucky, behaved with great coolness and courage; and with the exception of a recoil, caused by a portion of Wisconsin troops breaking through their lines, creating some disorder, they steadily led their brave men forward, driving the enemy before them. Major Hobson had his horse shot dead under him in this charge. Lieutenant-Col. Edmonds of the rebel army, was killed in the attack.

About this time the enemy, with their battery placed in the thickly timbered woods across the open field, opened a fire on the Nineteenth Ohio, Col. Beatty, at the edge of the field, and with small arms from the grounds of the field, and the thick underbrush to the left of the field, which was returned. The Colonel and Captain Manderson—Acting Major—holding their men steady, deported themselves, as did their officers and men, with coolness and courage, until the Colonel ordered them back to a position from under the fire of the enemy's battery. The regiment fell back in good order, with the exception of a few men, and retained the position until the guns of the enemy were silenced by the well-directed fire of Captain Bartlett's battery. Major Edwards, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel, was shot dead from his horse, and a number of privates killed and wounded.

I ordered Col. Beatty from the position which he had taken up to the left, and in advance of the position before occupied by him, into and under cover of the underbrush to the left of the old field, within supporting distance of Captain Bartlett's battery. The enemy seemed to be deflecting his forces and making his attack upon the left of the centre, in the direction of Captain Mendenhall's battery, which had shelled them with fearful destruction, when Gen. Buell in person ordered the Ninth Kentucky, Col. Grider, and the Fifty-ninth Ohio, Col. Fyffe, to advance rapidly and engage and drive back the enemy.

Col. Grider led his men gallantly in the attack, well supported by most of his officers and men. The youthful Lieut. Underwood of that regiment behaved with the gallantry of a veteran soldier, going in advance of his men, and was shot through the sword-arm and lost his sword. In this attack Col. Grider had three of his commissioned officers killed and ten wounded.

The Fifty-ninth Ohio, Col. Fyffe, gallantly and bravely supported Col. Grider in this attack, and sustained a loss of six killed and twenty-one wounded. I refer to the reports from the commanders of these regiments for the details of their operations.

During the engagement on the left of your centre, you ordered me to withdraw the Nineteenth Ohio—Col. Beatty—from his position and advance him to the extreme left to report to and support Gen. Nelson, and ordered him up immediately, when you sent him forward to report to Gen. Nelson, where he remained until the battle was over. I am gratified to state that General Nelson complimented him to me for his gallant bearing, and that of his command while under his orders.

Pending the engagement on the left of your centre, I was commanded by General Buell to order up Lieut.-Col. Maxwell with his regiment re-formed, and a portion of Wisconsin troops formed by my order under a Captain, and placed under command of Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, to advance and support Capt. Bartlett's battery. The enemy being driven back by the gallant soldiers of our army at every point, the firing soon ceased along our whole lines from right to left, making it evident the battle was over, and a great victory won by the army of the Ohio.

It is proper to mention the gallant conduct of Capt. Boyle, my Assistant Adjutant-General and Acting Aid-de-Camp in the field, and my Aids-de-Camp Lieuts. Liggett and Hughes, all of whom displayed coolness and courage, and rendered efficient service. Lieut. Farris, of the Fifth Kentucky cavalry, who had been serving as Regimental Quartermaster, by my permission acted as Aid-de-Camp, deported himself with fearless courage and coolness. Capt. Lyne Starling, of your staff, besides bearing your orders in the midst of the hottest of the battle, rendered me efficient aid, for which I thank him.

For detailed operations of the regiments of this brigade, I refer to the accompanying reports from the commanding officers of the various regiments.

The casualties in my command amounted to two hundred and eight, thirty-seven killed and one hundred and sixty-five wounded. Lists of casualties of the respective regiments are handed herewith.

The officers and men of my command, with a few exceptions, behaved in a manner and spirit worthy of the great cause in which they are engaged and of our country.

J. T. BOYLE,
Brigadier-General, Commanding Eleventh Brigade
Army of the Ohio.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH DIVISION
OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO,
CAMP SHILOH, April 11.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 1.

The battle of Shiloh has made famous forever the army of the Ohio and its commander.

Soldiers of the Fifth division, the General Commanding salutes you with admiration, and with his warmest thanks, for the part you took in that ever-to-be-remembered conflict. The patience with which you endured the uncommon exposure, and the valor you have displayed on the field, merit, and will surely receive, the approbation of your country.

Remember, soldiers, that you have a reputation now, and that discipline cannot be relaxed, even after the battle has been won without tarnishing your fame.

Cherish your fame, study how you can best discharge every duty as soldiers, and peace will follow quickly.

By order of Gen. CRITTENDEN,
LYNE STARLING, A. A. G.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT WILLIAM GWIN.

U. S. GUNBOAT TYLER,
PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 8, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that the enemy attacked our lines on our left, the morning of the sixth, at half-past six o'clock, and by his overwhelming numbers forced our men to fall back in some confusion. At twenty-five minutes past nine o'clock, finding that the rebels were still driving our left wing back, I steamed up to a point one mile above Pittsburgh, taking a good position to support our troops. At forty-five minutes past ten, the Lexington, Lieutenant Commanding Shirk, joined me, having come up from Crump's Landing. After a short time she returned, for the purpose of supporting the command of General Wallace, which occupied that point.

Not having received any instructions from the Commanding General in regard to the service to be rendered by the gunboats, I awaited them patiently, although for an hour or more shot and shell were falling all around us. Feeling that, could some system of communication be established, the Tyler could be of great advantage to our left wing, at twenty-five minutes past one P.M. I sent an officer, requesting that I might be allowed to open on the woods in the direction of the batteries and advancing forces of the rebels. General Hurlburt, who commanded on our left, sent me word to do so, giving me directions how to fire, so that I might do it with no damage to our troops, expressing himself grateful for this offer of support, and saying that without reinforcements he would not be able to maintain the position he then occupied for an hour. Therefore at ten minutes to three o'clock, I opened fire in the line directed, with good effect, silencing their batteries on our left.

At ten minutes to four o'clock, I ceased firing, and dropping down opposite the landing at Pittsburgh, sent Mr. Peters, the gunner, on shore to

communicate with General Grant for further instructions. His response was, to use my own judgment in the matter.

At four P.M., the Lexington, Lieutenant Commanding Shirk, having arrived from Crump's Landing, the Tyler, in company with the Lexington, took position three quarters of a mile above Pittsburgh, and opened a heavy fire in the direction of the rebel batteries on their right, the missiles of which were falling all around us. We silenced them in thirty-five minutes.

At thirty-five minutes past five o'clock, the rebels having succeeded in gaining a position on the left of our line, an eighth of a mile above the landing at Pittsburgh, and a half-mile from the river, both vessels opened a heavy and well-directed fire on them, and in a short time, in conjunction with our military on shore, succeeded in silencing their artillery, driving them back in confusion.

At six P.M., the Tyler opened deliberate fire in the direction of the rebels' right wing, throwing five and ten-second shells, and at twenty-five minutes past six o'clock, ceased firing. At nine P.M., the Tyler again opened fire by direction of General Nelson—who greatly distinguished himself in yesterday's engagement—throwing five, ten and fifteen-second shells, and an occasional shrapnel shell from the howitzer, at intervals of ten minutes, in the direction of the rebel right wing, until one A.M. At this juncture the Lexington relieved us, and continued the fire at intervals of fifteen minutes until five A.M., when our land forces having attacked the enemy, forcing them gradually back, it made it dangerous for the gunboats to fire.

At seven A.M., I received a communication from General Grant, which prevented the gunboats from taking an active part during the rest of the day.

Lieutenant Commanding Shirk deserves the greatest praise for the efficient manner in which the battery of the Lexington was served.

At thirty-five minutes past five o'clock P.M., the enemy were forced to retreat in haste, having contested every inch of ground with great stubbornness throughout the entire day.

The officers and men of this vessel displayed their usual gallantry and enthusiasm during the entire day and night. Your "old wooden boats," I feel confident, rendered invaluable service, on the sixth instant, to the land forces. Gunner Herman Peters deserves great credit for the prompt and courageous manner in which he traversed our lines, conveying communication from this vessel to the Commanding Generals. The rebels had a force of one hundred thousand men; A. S. Johnston, killed—body found on the field—Beauregard, Hardee, Bragg, and Polk, being their Commanding Generals. Governor Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky, is a prisoner in our hands mortally wounded. Loss severe on both sides—ours probably ten thousand. The rebels suffered a much greater one. I think this has been a crushing blow to the rebellion.

I am happy to state no casualties occurred on

either of the gunboats. The Tyler expended one hundred and eighty-eight shells, four solid shots, two stands of grape and six shrapnel.

Inclosed I send you the report of Lieutenant Commanding Shirk.

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM GWIN,

Lieutenant Commanding Division of Gunboats
on Tennessee River.

To Flag-Officer A. H. FOOTE,

Commanding Naval Forces on Western Waters.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT JAMES W. SHIRK.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT LEXINGTON, }
PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 8, 1862. }

SIR: On the morning of the sixth inst., while lying at Crump's Landing, I heard severe cannonading in the direction of Pittsburgh. I got under way and stood up the river to communicate with Lieut. Commanding Gwin, of the Tyler. Upon reaching the place I found that an attack had been made upon our army by the rebels in force. I returned to Crump's to support the division under command of Gen. Lew. Wallace, when I found his division had proceeded to join the main force back of Pittsburgh Landing. I then steamed back to this place, and no instructions reaching the gunboats from the Commanding General on shore, we were forced to remain inactive hearers of the desperate fight until the left wing of our forces having been driven back and completely turned, and the rebels getting so near the river, the missiles from their batteries fell thick and fast over and around us, enabled us to use our great guns with such effect that the fire of the enemy was silenced in thirty minutes. This was between ten minutes past four and forty minutes past four P.M. Again at thirty-five minutes past five P.M., the enemy having gained a position on the left of our lines, within an eighth of a mile of the landing and of the transports, we again, with the Tyler, opened fire upon them, silencing the enemy, and, as I hear from many officers on the field, totally demoralizing his forces and driving them from their position in a perfect rout, in the space of ten minutes. The firing on the part of the land forces then ceased. At eight o'clock I went down to Crump's Landing, and finding that everything was quiet there, returned to this place. At one A.M. on the seventh, I relieved the Tyler, Lieut. Commanding Gwin, in a position immediately above the landing, and fired until daylight a shell every fifteen minutes into the enemy's camp.

Yesterday at daylight the fight recommenced between the two parties on shore, and continued until five P.M., when the enemy left in a hurried retreat. The gunboats, occupying a position on the left of our lines, not being allowed to fire, I spent the morning, and part of the afternoon, in acts of mercy, picking up the wounded who had found their way to the river, and conveying them to the hospital-boats. I must say that the gallantry and good conduct of the officers and men whom I have the honor to command, displayed

upon this occasion, as often before, are beyond all praise. I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES W. SHIRK,

Lieutenant Commanding.

REPORT OF COLONEL REED.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTY-FOURTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, }
PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 9, 1862. }

*Brig.-Gen. J. G. Lauman, Commanding Third
Brigade, Fourth Division Army, West Line:*

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the Forty-fourth regiment Indiana Volunteers, in the actions of the sixth and seventh, near Pittsburgh, Tenn.

We left our encampment about eight o'clock Sunday morning, with an effective force of four hundred and seventy-eight men, and marched forward to support Gen. Prentiss's division, which had been attacked by the enemy. We had gone but a short distance when we met his men retreating in much confusion. We proceeded about one mile, and took position in line of battle in rear of a camp lately occupied by him. We formed our line under fire from the enemy's battery—Col. Croft, Thirty-first Indiana, on our right; Lieut.-Col. Bristow, Twenty-fifth Kentucky, and Col. McHenry, Seventeenth Kentucky, on our left. I sent forward First Lieut. Wayne, company D, and First Lieut. Barton, company B, each with part of their respective companies as skirmishers, in front of our line; they were soon driven in, and the whole line of the Forty-fourth and Thirty-first Indiana furiously assaulted by the enemy and as gallantly met, our men behaving in the coolest manner possible, loading and firing with the utmost rapidity, and with so much zeal did they enter into it, that the officers had only to watch the fight as a matter of interest, but not of duty. The enemy were driven off with immense loss; they were again rallied, and charged up to within a few rods of our line, and were again repulsed. You, General, were with us, and have since gone over the ground so gallantly contested, and have witnessed how terribly destructive was our fire—the ground being literally strewn with their dead. But again he formed in column, and charged over an open field on our left, and in front of the Seventeenth and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, the gallant Col. McHenry commanding, who poured into his ranks a most terrific fire. I immediately wheeled two companies of my left wing to the left, and opened upon his flank; his ranks were mown down at each fire, but still he pressed forward, and as bravely was he received—his front rank went down, leaving a line of dead across his front, when he retreated in good order.

This ending the engagement here, you ordered us to the support of the line on our left about half a mile distant, which had fallen back. We took position on left of and supporting Willard's battery, which soon commenced playing upon the enemy, and we were soon charged upon in large force; and here was the most hotly contested

fight of the day, being in an open field, with the exception of a few scattering trees, the enemy far outnumbering us, and fighting with desperate courage. This fire was fearfully severe, but our officers and men behaved with heroic bravery, never for a moment swerving from their position, pouring in their fire with the coolness of veterans, and driving the enemy before them; but again and again with fresh troops they advanced to the charge. Our ammunition being expended, a part of a regiment was ordered up by you to take our place while our boxes were refilled. In a few minutes we again entered the fight, and charged forward far in advance of our former line. Our color-bearer and guard being either killed or wounded at the same moment, and two other brave men in succession being shot down, our flag riddled with balls, Lieut. Newman, in command of company H, bore it aloft, but soon fell mortally wounded. It was again taken by our brave men, and carried to the front, both officers and men rallying with heroic energy to its support. Capt. Murray, company B, acting Capt. George Weamer, and acting Lieut. Warren Banta, company E, fell mortally wounded. Lieut. Kinmont, in command of company F, and Capt. Cosgrove, company D, were severely wounded. Space will not permit of my mentioning many instances of personal bravery, nor is it necessary where all acted nobly. By this time our cartridges were again expended. You ordered up the Thirty-first Indiana, which had occupied position as a reserve in our rear, to relieve us. We accordingly moved back in good order, and took position near a battery, by order of Gen. Hurlburt. The enemy in tremendous force drove back our lines, when we again changed position to the right, by order of Gen. Hurlburt. Soon after this you rejoined us, and at your suggestion, I drew up in line across the road by which the enemy was advancing, and opened fire upon him. We were here entirely unsupported—our friends having passed on. I moved my regiment by the right of companies to the rear, and retired by the flank to the battery on the hill in our rear, where we again formed in line in support of battery. The enemy made his attack on our left. A fierce contest ensued, in which some of our men were engaged; night coming on, the enemy withdrew. We advanced our line one hundred and fifty paces in front of battery, and rested on our arms during the night.

On Monday morning we were relieved by fresh troops; our men, worn out and drenched to the skin by the pelting storm, (as Gen. Hurlburt knows, having spent the night with us,) having been for twenty-four hours without food or rest. A few hours were given them to prepare for the approaching battle. At about ten o'clock you again called us into line—the Forty-fourth on the right wing. Our brigade, sadly reduced in numbers, but still ready for the fight, were put on march for the battle-field, and were led by you to the extreme right, to support Gen. Sherman's division, where we arrived at a very opportune moment. We found the enemy charging upon and driving our forces to our left and front over

cleared ground, and used as drill-ground by our troops. I immediately brought my regiment into line, and opened fire on the enemy. Our charge took them by surprise. They immediately retreated to the right and rear. Colonel McHenry bringing up the left wing of our brigade, charged forward into the thickest of the fight. The enemy slowly retreated, returning our fire. Their battery also opened upon us. We pursued them for over half a mile, but not knowing the position of our forces, I called a halt. At this moment, seeing Gen. Sherman at a short distance, I rode to him and reported for orders—(you having your horse shot under you, I was unable to find you at the moment.) Gen. Sherman ordered me not to advance further, but form our lines where we were. Our men had become much scattered in the pursuit of the enemy, leaving us but a small force; and fresh regiments coming up to our support—amongst them the gallant Thirtieth Indiana, Col. Bass—the enemy was attacked with renewed energy; and after a fierce and bloody contest of half or three quarters of an hour, were driven from the field.

During the fight of Sunday and Monday, my regiment fired over one hundred and sixty rounds of cartridge at the enemy. No men ever fought more bravely; too high praise cannot be given them. Captain Murray and First Lieut. Barton, company B; Lieut. Newman, commanding company H; Capt. Tannehill and Lieut. Grund, company C; Capt. Williams and Lieuts. Shoemaker and Carey, company G; Captain Cosgrove and Lieut. Wayne, company D; Captain Aldrich and Lieuts. Wilson and Bennett, company K; Acting Captain George Weamer, Lieut. McDonald, and Acting Lieut. Warren Banta, company E; Lieut. Kinmont, commanding company F; and Acting Lieuts. Gunsenhouser and Kinmont of same company; Lieut. Hodges, in command of company I, and Lieut. Curtis of same company; Lieut. Burge Smith and Acting Lieut. Ulam, company A, were all in the thickest of the fight, and no men ever fought more heroically, and justly deserve mention.

I am greatly indebted to Lieut.-Col. Stoughton for his valuable aid; there is no braver man—he had his horse shot under him and was thrown with much force to the ground in the fight on Monday; and to Acting Major Heath, captain of company I, to whom too high praise cannot be given for his bravery and devotion to his duties. Adjutant Colegrove had his horse shot under him. Nor ought I to forget the bravery and devotion to their duties of our surgeons, Drs. Martin and Rerick; they were with the regiment at all times during the fight, caring for the wounded, and were exposed to the enemy's shot, and were both hit with balls. Lieut. Wayne and John Frampton deserve mention for their devotion to our flag in Monday's fight. I cannot refrain from giving expression to my admiration, and bearing testimony to the noble and heroic manner in which Gen. Hurlburt and yourself exposed your lives in your constant and unwearied efforts. Each of you was at all times to be seen at your several

posts directing the battle. No general, in my opinion, ever conducted a fight with more ability or displayed greater bravery.

Our loss in these engagements is thirty-four killed, one hundred and seventy-seven wounded, and one taken prisoner.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HUGH B. REED,

Col. Commanding Forty-fourth Indiana Volunteers.

Recapitulation.—Commissioned officers, killed, three; wounded, eight. Privates, killed, thirty-one; wounded, one hundred and sixty-nine. Total, two hundred and eleven.

COL. GIBSON'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH BRIGADE, }
FIELD OF SHILOH, April 10, 1862. }

Capt. D. McCook, A. A. Gen. Second Division:

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit the following report of the participation of this command in the memorable action of the seventh inst. Reaching Savannah at ten o'clock P.M., of the sixth, and holding the rear of the Second division, we were compelled to await transportation until the next morning, near nine o'clock. After great exertion the entire brigade with two batteries of artillery, were embarked on the steamer John J. Roe. We reached Pittsburgh Landing at near eleven o'clock, and at once hastened forward to the scene of conflict in the centre, where a portion of our division was then engaged.

Col. Willich, with the Thirty-second Indiana, being first to debark and reach the field, was detached from the brigade, and at once placed in position by Gen. McCook in person.

Nothing further was heard from him by me during the day, but his list of casualties shows that he hotly engaged, and the testimony of distinguished officers who witnessed the conduct of his command, justify me in saying that officers and men gave proof of skill and courage worthy the heroes of "Rowlett's Station." Herewith I submit Col. Willich's report for full particulars.

Obedient to orders, the balance of the brigade was deployed in line of battle in the rear of the Fourth, under Gen. Rousseau, then closely engaged. His ammunition being exhausted, the Sixth brigade was ordered to advance, which command was executed promptly and in perfect order.

The enemy's infantry, concealed in tents, behind trees and in dense undergrowth, opened a terrific fire on our line.

Simultaneously he opened upon the left of the Fifteenth Ohio, holding the extreme right, with one battery; with another he annoyed the left of the Forty-ninth Ohio, holding the extreme left; whilst with a third he poured a torrent of grape upon the right and centre of the Thirty-ninth Indiana, holding the centre of the line.

The fire of the enemy's infantry was promptly responded to along our entire line. Our volleys were delivered with rapidity, regularity and effect. The enemy's lines were shaken, and we steadily pressed forward, driving the enemy before us

eighty rods. I then discovered, that under cover of a ravine, the enemy was turning my left, and ordered the Forty-ninth Ohio to change line of battle to the rear on first company, which movement was executed in perfect order, under a heavy fire. Lieut. W. C. Turner, senior Aid-de-Camp of my staff, was despatched to Gen. McCook to inform him of the danger to my left, but the telling fire of the Forty-ninth, from its new position, soon drove back the enemy, and the regiment promptly moved forward into line. The enemy in increased force made a second demonstration on my left, and the Forty-ninth Ohio changed line of battle to the rear, and quickly averted the enemy's advance. Capt. A. Bouton, of Chicago, with two guns of his battery, reached the ground at this juncture, and after silencing the enemy's battery that had annoyed my left, moved to the left of the Fifteenth Ohio, and opened his well-directed fire on the batteries which had up to that time harassed the left of that regiment and the right of the Thirty-ninth Indiana. The enemy's guns were silenced, and Capt. Bouton has my cordial thanks for aid so promptly and skilfully rendered. The Forty-ninth having again moved forward into line, and my left being supported by troops ordered forward for that purpose by Gen. McCook, I again ordered an advance, and our entire line pressed forward in gallant style, driving the enemy before us a full half-mile, taking possession of the camp from which a portion of Gen. Sherman's division had been driven the day previous, including the quarters of the General himself.

Here he abandoned the contest and returned under protection of his cavalry, leaving us full possession of that part of the field, with two of his hospitals crowded with wounded. The Thirty-ninth Indiana captured fifteen and the other regiments captured sixteen prisoners on the field. As the conflict was waged under the immediate supervision of Gen. McCook commanding the division, I cheerfully commit the conduct of the Sixth brigade to his judgment and criticism. Every order was executed promptly, and nothing could exceed the order and firmness with which our entire line moved upon the enemy.

Colonel Dickey and Lieut.-Col. Wilson, of the Fifteenth Ohio, being absent on account of sickness, the command of the regiment devolved on Major Wm. Wallace, who managed his command with promptness and skill, exhibiting throughout the bloody contest the highest traits of coolness, courage and energy. His horse was killed on the field.

He had called Capts. Dawson and Kirby to his aid on the field, and they merit especial praise for their gallantry, in cheering on the regiment under a galling fire of artillery and infantry. Adjutant Taft performed his whole duty regardless of danger, and the entire regiment gave proof of its thorough discipline.

To the Thirty-second Indiana too much praise cannot be awarded. Active and vigilant at every moment, Col. Harrison exhibited skill and the highest courage and coolness, in manœuvring his command. Major Evans was prompt and

courageous in every duty during the day, and every officer and man was so heroic that distinctions would be invidious. Lieutenant Phillips, a most gallant officer, fell at his post of duty, and Lieut. Woodmansee was borne from the field mortally wounded.

The Forty-ninth Ohio was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Blackman, who performed his duty nobly, giving proof of his skill and courage on the field. The manœuvres of his command under fire, as before stated, showed that firmness and discipline so essential to the glory of our army.

Major Drake occupied a most perilous position, but with unshaken courage he cheered on the extreme left under a cross-fire of infantry and shower of shell and grape.

Adjutant Charles A. Norton was constantly at his post of duty, and showed himself a soldier worthy of his position.

I herewith inclose a list of casualties in this command, which shows twenty-three killed, twelve mortally wounded, eighty-four severely wounded, and one hundred and twenty-seven slightly wounded.

Major S. W. Gross, Brigade-Surgeon, was placed in charge of a dépôt of wounded, and merits great praise for the skill and energy with which he treated and provided for the hundreds placed under his care.

The medical officers of the regiments were on the field, giving prompt and skilful aid to the wounded of this and other commands.

I beg leave to name Dr. Rodig, Hospital-Steward of the Fifteenth Ohio, whose industry and attention to the wounded excited general admiration, and Dr. Corey, Hospital-Steward, and John Glick, Ward-Master of the Forty-ninth Ohio, who rendered most valuable service.

To the members of the brigade-staff I am under great personal obligations for valuable suggestions on the field. Captain Henry Clay, A. A. G., ever active and prompt in the performance of duty, gave exhibitions of genius and courage worthy of his ancestors.

Lieut. W. C. Turner, Senior Aid-de-Camp, comprehended the responsibility of his position, and bore my orders to every part of the field with the greatest alacrity, and was exposed throughout the day to fearful danger.

Lieut. E. A. Olis, Junior Aid-de-Camp, though indisposed, kept the saddle, and has my warmest thanks for his activity in bearing orders, and for his valuable assistance in the midst of the hottest fire.

Accidentally in command of the brigade, as ranking officer on duty, I disclaim any credit for its brilliant success. Unfortunately Brigadier-Gen. Johnson was at home, prostrated by sickness; but to the thorough discipline and rigid study exacted by him of officers and men, we are indebted for that success and heroic bearing of the command, which has won for it an honorable page in history.

In the name of the brigade, I must thank Gen. McCook for the labor and energy he has exhibit-

ed in bringing his division to that state of discipline and skill that renders it at once an honor and an ornament to the armies of the Republic.

I am very respectfully,

WM. H. GIBSON,
Colonel Commanding Sixth Brigade.

REPORT OF COL. A. WILlich.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND INDIANA REGIMENT, {
PITTSBURGH LANDING, April 9. }

To His Excellency, O. P. Morton:

SIR: The regiment arrived at ten o'clock A.M., on the seventh of April, at the Landing, and marched up the hill, when I received the order of Gen. Grant to start immediately for the scene of action. The regiment marched as fast as possible, and, having received no special directions, directed its course toward the heaviest firing. Having arrived near the line of battle, General McCook ordered the regiment to form the reserve of the centre of his division, and, in case the enemy should throw our lines into confusion, to advance and charge with the bayonet. The regiment took its position about two hundred yards in the rear of the second line of battle.

About this time, neither party advancing or retreating, I asked Gen. McCook for permission to pass with the regiment to the front, and make a bayonet-charge, which was granted. The regiment passed in double column by the centre, and advanced toward the enemy, and within about two hundred yards of his line, when he retreated without stopping to receive the charge; after which the regiment was deployed in line of battle, to give them the benefit of all our rifles.

The whole division then advanced for some time, the Thirty-second Indiana regiment having formed double column by the centre again, and deployed two companies as skirmishers in advance, until Gen. Beauregard in person brought up his reserve against our forward movements, when, by bad management in our squeezed-up position, our skirmishers received fire from regiments behind, right and left, putting them in imminent danger, which caused them to hastily retreat, bringing disorder into the whole regiments for a few minutes, forcing the commander to order a retreat into a ravine, where it was soon formed again, and marched up in double column by the centre, to charge the enemy, supported by only one regiment on its left. After having advanced some time in this way, the regiment was deployed in line of battle, made a charge with the bayonet, and succeeded, after a short and heavy fire, in checking the enemy's advance until reinforcements came up, falling on both flanks of the enemy, supported by batteries, when the whole of our forces advanced again, and finally drove the enemy back—the Thirty-second Indiana regiment making this last advance with four companies deployed as skirmishers, and double column by the centre following. Then the regiment advanced on the line of retreat of the enemy for a mile, when the complete exhaustion of the men compelled me to give them some rest. Here I received orders to rejoin my division near the

Landing; not succeeding in finding the brigade, the regiment camped in the open field, and joined the brigade on the morning of the eighth.

I cannot but mention honorably the gallant and skilful conduct of Lieut.-Col. von Trebra, particularly in leading the skirmishing, and of Major Schnakenburg, in commanding the left wing of the skirmishers, and in forming the regiment in an efficient manner, when it was thrown into confusion by the fire from behind. Also, of my Adjutant, Lieut. Carl Schmitt, for his coolness and the activity with which he supported me in every duty; of all the company officers, without any exception, for performing skilfully their respective duties; of the non-commissioned officers and men, with very few exceptions, for their bravery and coolness under the hottest fire. As a proof of the latter I will mention, that when their firing became a little "wild," during the last charge, I stopped the firing, and drilled them in the manual of arms, which they all went through as if on the parade-ground; they then opened a deliberate, steady and effective fire.

It was a very unhappy accident for the regiment, that our ambulances had to be left behind, and that I was ordered so rapidly to the scene of action, that our Surgeon could not follow us, which obliged me to weaken the regiment considerably, by having the wounded carried to the hospital.

Lieuts. Cuppell and Bork, against whom I had to prefer charges some time ago, behaved so gallantly, that the whole regiment would feel gratified if those charges could be dropped.

I enclose a list of killed and wounded; of the first we have ten, and of the latter, ninety-two.

I feel proud to express my thanks to the Chaplain of our regiment, Rev. Mr. Fisher, who is also a skilful surgeon, and who with our Surgeon, the accomplished Jeancon, rendered the most effective service.

I have the honor to be your Excellency's very obedient servant,

A. WILlich,
Colonel Commanding Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers.

COLONEL HARRISON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT,
BATTLE-GROUND, PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 11, 1862. }

Col. Gibson, Commanding Sixth Brigade:

SIR: On the seventh instant, the Thirty-ninth regiment of Indiana Volunteers was the last of your command to disembark at Pittsburgh Landing. At half-past ten o'clock, guided by the din of battle, we moved upon the field. After being placed in position by yourself, at half-past eleven o'clock, we moved in line of battle, under a galling fire, driving the enemy a quarter of a mile. Finding our left greatly exposed and in danger of being outflanked, we fell back one hundred and fifty yards in good order, keeping up a constant fire, when we again advanced under a heavy fire, a half-mile, driving the enemy before us, when the rout became universal, we capturing and turning over fifteen prisoners.

I regret to announce that Lieut. William R. Phillips, of company D, fell early in the action.

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at his post. Lieut. Gabriel Woodmansee, of company K, also received a wound, which is thought mortal. Many non-commissioned officers and privates were carried off the field dead or wounded, a list of which is herewith furnished.

I take pleasure in referring to the brave and cool conduct of Major John D. Evans, and all the company officers present. The non-commissioned officers and privates generally exhibited a deportment worthy of heroes. There were, however, a few exceptions, who will be left for punishment to the contempt of their brave comrades.

THOMAS J. HARRISON,
Col. Thirty-ninth Regiment, I. V.

Report of the loss in the Thirty-ninth regiment of Indiana Volunteers in the battle of April seventh, 1862:

Company A—Lieut. E. V. Peterson, commanding. Killed, William Henry. Wounded, Philip Miller, severely; John Jackson, do; Benson Arrick, slightly; Andrew J. Kedder, do.

Company B—Capt. E. Reeves, commanding. Wounded, Corporal Sabin Johnson, slightly.

Company C—Lieut. Crowell, commanding. Wounded, Sergeant James N. Stratton, slightly; Stephen J. Baily, mortally; James Q. Odel, severely; Edward Hoover, slightly; Pembroke S. Bodel, do.

Company D—Capt. Thos. Herring, commanding. Killed, Lieut. Wm. R. Phillips. Wounded, William H. Linder, mortally; Herrick Hoback, severely; Samuel Richey, do.

Company E—Lieut. Jno. F. McClelland, commanding. Wounded, Sergeant David W. Schock, slightly; Freeman S. Garratson, do.; Milton C. Johnson, do.; David Vance, do.; Eli Keffer, do.

Company F—Lieutenant Potts, commanding. Wounded, Bugler Isaac P. Nicholas, severely; Robert O. Richards, slightly.

Company G—Capt. Stephenson, commanding. Wounded, Corporal Titus Hinson, severely; Jasper N. Gillon, slightly.

Company H—Captain Thomas Graham, commanding. Wounded, Sergeant W. H. Ryker, severely; Corporal James Cosley, slightly; Bruce Prindle, do.; George Keller, do.; R. Homkley, do.

Company I—Captain Longly, commanding. Wounded, Sergeant Edward R. Scott, severely; Humphry W. Mount, do.

Company K—Capt. C. A. Gordon, commanding. Wounded, Lieut. Gabriel Woodmansee, mortally; Sergeant John J. Winters, do.; Alonzo Hurrid, slightly; Harrison Waskno, do.; Wm. C. Elliott, do.

Total killed, two; wounded, thirty-four. Total killed and wounded, thirty-six.

THOMAS J. HARRISON,
Colonel Commanding Thirty-ninth Regiment
Indiana Volunteers.

COLONEL CRAFTS J. WRIGHT'S REPORT.

On Sunday morning, April sixth, an order was brought from Col. Morsey, Acting Commander of the Second brigade, Second division, by his

aid, about eight o'clock, ordering us to march at once to guard the Purdy road at a designated point about two and a half miles from Pittsburgh Landing. The regiment, numbering four hundred and fifty officers and men, was promptly formed and marched out without rations or blankets to the place assigned, and took position. By this order the regiment was detached from the brigade, and, not having any instructions as to where it (the brigade) was formed, was left under no brigade or division commander. Hence it was reported to Brigadier-Gen. Sherman for orders.

Standing thus in line of battle for some twenty minutes, we were able to rally to ours, fragments of three regiments, and form them on the left of our own. About nine o'clock General Sherman ordered our regiment to the left of his division to engage in the conflict there going on. As soon as we were in line we commenced firing and advancing. We gradually gained ground that had been lost; but the enemy, being constantly reinforced by fresh troops, obliged us to fall back with others to our first position. During this engagement, the regiment suffered severely, particularly in officers. The Lieutenant-Colonel, Adjutant, Sergeant-Major, two Captains, and others being wounded, retired, or were borne from the field. The Major also—who was struck, as he reports to me, on his breast-plate, stunned, but not wounded—retired, thus leaving me alone without a field or staff-officer, and on foot, my horses having escaped. Capt. Haile, while rallying his men, was severely wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel St. James was mortally wounded while in his place in line, and has since died. The officers and men did their whole duty. Had the regiment been supported, we should have captured the battery which fired so destructively. After advancing and falling back several times, the regiment was forced to retire, with all the others there, to the road which crosses the Purdy road at right angles, near Gen. McArthur's headquarters. We here took up quarters for the night, bivouacking without fires, within four hundred yards of our regimental camp. The rain fell in torrents, and the men, lying in water and mud, were as weary in the morning as they had been the evening before.

In the morning the regiment advanced in line of battle toward their former position. This regiment, by order of Gen. McClelland, was detached and detailed to support a battery of two pieces which were placed under the command of the undersigned, and the fact of detention reported to Gen. Sherman. We were to retain our position in the ravine until further orders. Shortly after an order came to the commanding officer of the battery to advance to the brow of a hill some distance off. A regiment of the same brigade was placed to sustain it, and this regiment (Thirteenth Missouri) proceeded to regain Gen. Sherman's line. After regaining the line we lay immediately behind our batteries, which were firing on the enemy, receiving his fire, killing many in range. We were ordered into line of

battle and advance on the left. The regiment went forward under a heavy fire, and firing as rapidly as possible. The colors were advanced from time to time, by Capt. Wright, some hundred yards, and the regiment moved forward to sustain them. Color-Sergeant Wm. Ferguson was shot down, and Sergeant Beem, of company C, seized the colors before they touched the ground and advanced them still further. When the colors had thus been advanced from time to time an entire distance of about one half-mile, the enemy retreating, and had reached a position several hundred yards in front, unsupported, the ammunition of the command failed and could not be supplied. I then ordered Lieut. Kesner, of company B, forward to command Capt. Wright to advance the colors no further, as he could not be supported, the regiment having no ammunition and not being in strength sufficient to charge. In executing this order the Lieutenant was wounded in the head. We fell back for ammunition behind full regiments in line in our rear, sending word why.

On obtaining a supply of ammunition, the regiment was again advanced; but no more engagements took place after that, the enemy having retired. The regiment bivouacked on the ground in advance without cover, lying in the rain and mud a second night. Tuesday morning we returned exhausted to our camp and brigade.

During these two days all the men of the command were utterly exhausted, and the killed and wounded are as follows:

Lieut.-Col. St. James, wounded mortally, since died.

Adjutant Fay, badly bruised, his horse being killed and falling on him.

Sergeant Major, wounded by the limb of a tree cut off by a cannon-ball.

Major Anderson, stunned slightly, the ball striking his steel breast-plate, as he reports to me.

Capt. Haile, wounded severely.

Capt. Klein, wounded slightly.

Capt. O'Cain, wounded slightly.

Lieut. Kesner, wounded severely.

Lieut. Delavie, wounded severely.

Lieut. Morelen, wounded slightly.

Capt. Klein and O'Cain, and Lieuts. Kesner and Morelen returned to the field as soon as their wounds were dressed.

RECAPITULATION.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

	Killed		Wounded		Missing
	N. C. Off.	Privates.	N. C. Off.	Privates.	Privates.
Co. A,....	2	..	..	11	1
Co. B,....	1	4	2	2	..
Co. C,....	..	..	1	4	..
Co. D,....	..	..	1	2	..
Co. E,....	..	..	4	3	..
Co. F,....	..	..	4	2	1
Co. G,....	..	..	1	3	..
Co. H,....	..	..	1	11	2
Co. I,....	1	1	1	4	..
Co. K,....	1	1	3	4	..
Total,....	5	6	18	46	4

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Field Officers,.....	1	1	..
Staff,.....	..	1	..
Non-commissioned Staff,	..	1	..
Company officers, commanders,...	..	6	..
Company non-commissioned off's,	5	18	..
Privates,.....	6	46	4
Total,.....	12	73	4
Total casualties,.....			89
Also six horses were lost in action.			

CRAFTS J. WRIGHT,
Col. Commanding Thirteenth Missouri Volunteers.
WILLIAM E. FAY,
Adjutant.

COLONEL WHITTLESEY'S REPORT.

CAMP SHILOH, NEAR PITTSBURGH LANDING, }
TENNESSEE RIVER, April 8, 1862. }

*Capt. F. Knefler, A. A. General Third Division
District West-Tennessee:*

SIR: Of the four regiments Ohio volunteers, constituting the Third brigade, under my command, stationed at Adamsville on the sixth inst., the Fifty-sixth, Col. Kinney, was by order left as a guard to the stores on the road to Crump's Landing.

The Twentieth, Lieut.-Col. Force; Seventy-sixth, Col. Woods, and Seventy-eighth, Col. Leggett, received orders to march with their trains about two o'clock P.M., and to advance toward Pittsburgh Landing in advance of the trains, at four o'clock P.M.

These three regiments reached the right of Gen. Grant's camp soon after dark, and formed in line, under the direction of Major-Gen. Wallace, where they remained during the night, supporting Buell's battery, in command of Lieut. Thurber.

The brigade, under Gen. Wallace's direction, kept the extreme right of the line during the action of the seventh inst., with the exception of a short period about eleven o'clock A.M., when it formed in front of the enemy, at the left of Col. Thayer's brigade, to support, by his special request, Col. Stuart, commanding the ——— brigade of Gen. Sherman's division, who was hotly engaged.

About noon, firing being heard to the rear of the right of the line of battle, I was directed by Gen. Wallace to take two regiments there, Col. Woods remaining as last above stated.

I went as directed, to the right, and found that the firing proceeded from the enemy's sharpshooters, who retired as we advanced.

The Twentieth and Seventy-eighth were then formed in rear of a field, which lies on the north side of the Purdy road, on the south side of which the enemy had a battery of two pieces within short range that opened upon us. Some other pieces of theirs, and some infantry, were engaging the Indiana Twenty-third and First Nebraska, on my left.

As a retreat of the enemy appeared close at hand, I advanced the Twentieth regiment a few minutes into the field to take them in flank, and then retired to the edge of the woods. The Seventy-eighth was in close supporting distance in rear of the Twenty-fourth Indiana and Twentieth Ohio, and also under fire of the two-gun battery.

Our infantry making little impression upon this battery, I procured from Gen. Wallace five guns of Lieut. Thurber's command, which came speedily into position, but the pieces against which they were to operate had been withdrawn when Lieut. Thurber arrived.

There being signs of a retreat further to the south, Lieut. Thurber was directed to sweep the ground in our front, which he did with his two howitzers and three smooth-bores in fine style. This closed the engagement in this part of the field at about three o'clock P.M.

Two prisoners, captured near there, one of them an officer of the Creole Guard, state that Gen. Beauregard was endeavoring to form a line for a final and desperate charge on our right, when Lieut. Thurber opened upon him, and the result was a disorderly retreat.

Col. Woods, of the Seventy-sixth, moved along the line as the battle progressed to the westward, and took the place of the First Nebraska while it went for a supply of cartridges. He reports the conduct of his men under fire as all he could desire.

The enemy's sharpshooters annoyed the Twentieth regiment very much, particularly the field officers, wounding Capt. Rogers, of company A, in command of our skirmishers. This regiment, and the right of Col. Leggett's, were exposed nearly an hour to a very precise fire of the two-gun battery, which they bore with remarkable coolness.

Eighteen prisoners were taken by this brigade.

Our loss is two killed; one mortally, eight severely, and twenty-one slightly wounded.

I am your obedient servant,

CHARLES WHITTLESEY,
Colonel Commanding Third Brigade, Third Division,
Army of the Tennessee.

REPORT OF COLONEL BUCKLAND,
Commanding the Fourth Brigade, Sherman's Division.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE,
FIFTH DIVISION, April 9, 1862. }

Gen. W. T. Sherman, Commanding Division:

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the brigade under my command in the battle of Pittsburgh:

Between six and seven o'clock on Sunday morning, I was informed that our pickets were fired upon. I immediately gave orders for forming the brigade on the color-line, which was promptly done. About this time I was informed that the pickets were being driven in. I ordered the Forty-eighth, Col. Sullivan, to advance in support of the pickets, which he did, but discovered that the enemy had advanced in force to the creek, about eighty to one hundred rods in front. I immediately ordered the brigade to advance in line of battle.

We had marched about thirty to forty rods, when we discovered the enemy and opened fire upon him along the whole line, which checked his advance and caused him to fall back. Discovering that he was pushing a column up a narrow ravine which extended to the left of the Seventy-second regiment to the flat at the creek,

bearing somewhat to the right, I ordered the Seventy-second to change front so as to form a line parallel to the ravine, extending down to the flat, company B forming an angle across the head of the ravine. In this position our line was maintained for more than two hours under a deadly fire from the enemy. Officers and men behaved with great coolness and bravery, keeping up a constant stream of fire upon the enemy. He several times recoiled and rallied, but did not advance after the action commenced, until we were ordered to fall back on the Purdy road, which we did in good order. Lieut.-Col. Canfield, in command of the Seventy-second regiment, was mortally wounded early in the engagement, and was carried from the field.

Major Crockett had been taken prisoner on the Friday previous, which left the Seventy-second regiment without any field-officer except myself. The captains of companies A and B, and quite a number of other officers, were sick and unable to go into the action, consequently I remained on the right of the brigade and took command of the Seventy-second regiment, having full confidence that Colonels Sullivan and Cockerill would maintain their parts of the line, which they did gallantly until the regiments on the left of my brigade gave way, and we were ordered to fall back. In this action the Seventy-second had the Lieut.-Col. mortally wounded, (since dead,) Capt. Wegstein, company H, and ten non-commissioned officers and privates killed, three officers and sixty-five non-commissioned officers wounded.

The Forty-eighth had eight privates killed and a large number wounded. The Seventieth regiment had three privates killed and about twenty wounded. The enemy's loss was very heavy in front of this brigade. Eighty-five bodies of the enemy were counted along and at the foot of the ravine flanked by the Seventy-second regiment, among which was the body of Colonel Mouton, of the Eighteenth Louisiana regiment, as I learned from a wounded enemy found at our camp on our return. Large numbers of dead bodies were found on the enemy's line opposite our front to the left of the Eighty-fifth, on the ravine. I think I may safely put the number killed by my brigade, in that action, at two hundred. The number of wounded must have been immense.

We formed in line again on the Purdy road, but the fleeing mass from the left broke through our lines, and many of our men caught the infection and fled with the crowd.

Col. Cockerill became separated from Col. Sullivan and myself, and was afterward engaged with part of his command at McClernand's camp. Col. Sullivan and myself kept together, and made every effort to rally our men, with but poor success. They had become scattered in every direction. We were borne considerably to the left, but finally succeeded in forming a line, and had a short engagement with the enemy, who made his appearance soon after our line was formed. The enemy fell back, and we proceeded to the road where you found us. At this point I was joined by Col. Cockerill, and we there formed in

line of battle, and slept on our arms Sunday night.

Col. Sullivan being out of ammunition, marched to the Landing for a supply, and while there was ordered to support a battery at that point.

The next morning he joined me, and we rallied all the men we could, and advanced, under your direction, to McClernand's camp. At that point we were again brought into action, at a critical time and under heavy fire. The manner in which my brigade came into line and fought was observed by you, and therefore I need not describe it. In this action the Seventy-second lost one Sergeant and one private killed, and five privates wounded. The Forty-eighth had several privates killed; Col. Sullivan and a number of privates wounded. The Seventieth, two privates killed and about ten wounded. In this action we advanced our line upon the enemy to a considerable distance, and my brigade kept up their fire until their ammunition was expended, when we fell back, replenished, and again advanced, but were not afterward engaged, the enemy being in full retreat. We encamped on Monday night in the camp we left on Sunday morning.

On Tuesday morning, the eighth inst., my brigade, with others, marched in pursuit of the enemy, on the road to Corinth, some miles, and when a portion of Hildebrand's brigade engaged the enemy, mine was ordered into line of battle, and came into line in gallant style, although the men were much fatigued in their labors and hardships during Sunday and Monday. The men were eager to engage the enemy again, but we were not called upon to do so. We returned to camp in the evening.

COL. HILDEBRAND'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION,
WEST-TENNESSEE DISTRICT,
CAMP, April 10, 1862.

Gen. W. T. Sherman, Commanding:

I have the honor herewith to submit a report of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of Pittsburgh.

Early on the morning of Sunday, sixth inst., our pickets were fired upon, and shortly after seven o'clock, the enemy appeared in force, presenting himself in columns of regiments at least four deep. He opened immediately upon our camp a heavy fire, following up rapidly with shell. I ordered an advance. The Seventy-seventh and Fifty-seventh regiments were thrown forward to occupy a certain position, but encountered the enemy in force within three hundred yards of our camp. Unfortunately we were not supported by artillery, and were compelled to retire under cover of our camp, the engagement becoming general along the entire front of my command. A battery having been brought to support our right, the Fifty-seventh and Seventy-seventh stood gallantly side by side for four hours, contending with a force of at least four to one. The battery having been forced from its position, and the infantry, both on our right and left, having fallen back, it finally became necessary that the regiments form-

ing part of my command should fall back lest their retreat be effectually cut off.

The Fifty-third regiment, after forming in line of battle, under my order, fired two rounds and fell back into the woods. It appears from the report of Col. Appler, that apprehending a flank movement on his left, he ordered a retreat, but subsequently rallied in the rear of the Eighteenth Illinois. This regiment became separated from my command, and its movements throughout the day were general.

The Fifty-seventh, under command of Lieut.-Col. Rice, united with other regiments during the day, and did good service.

My brigade having thus been broken, I became separated from it, and personally took an active part throughout the day in aiding other regiments. At one time I had the honor of being named by Gen. McClernand as one of his staff. About three P.M. I assumed command of a regiment already formed, composed of fragmentary regiments. I marched in a north-western direction, when I aided in foiling the enemy in an attempt to flank our men. In this movement I aided a regiment of sharpshooters. The night I passed on the battle-field in company with Cols. Buckland, Cocke-rill, Rice and other officers.

On Monday morning I collected my brigade and marched near the field of battle, forming near the rear, holding my force in readiness to enter into action at any moment when called upon. We remained in this position until the enemy had retreated and the victory achieved.

On the eighth inst., in compliance with your order, I marched my brigade, accompanied by a large cavalry force, also by Buckland's brigade, on the Corinth road, about four miles from camp. Halting in an open field, skirmishers were sent forward, who discerned rebel cavalry in considerable force, exhibiting a disposition to fight. The skirmishers immediately fired upon the enemy, when the Seventy-seventh regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. De Hass, was ordered up to support them. Soon after forming in line, a large body of cavalry made a bold and dashing charge on the skirmishers and the whole regiment. So sudden and rapid was the charge, shooting our men with carbines and revolvers, that they had not time to re-load, and fell back, hoping our cavalry would cover the retreat. Unhappily, our own cavalry were not sufficiently near to render essential assistance. The rebel cavalry literally rode down our infantry, shooting, sabring and trampling them under foot.

We sustained a loss, in killed, wounded and missing, of fifty-seven. Nineteen were killed on the spot, thirty wounded, and the balance missing. Of the latter, two captains and one second lieutenant are numbered. Capt. A. W. McCormick and Capt. A. Chandler were meritorious officers. This I may also say of Lieut. Criswell. Having buried the dead and sent the wounded to camp, I returned with my brigade to camp on the same evening before ten o'clock.

I enclose tabular statements of the number killed, wounded and missing from the regiment.

With regard to the officers and men who participated in the battle of Pittsburgh, and the affair of Tuesday, I am happy to bear testimony to the fidelity, bravery and devotion of all—a few having retired without orders, but generally all acquitted themselves with credit.

Major B. D. Fearing and Lieut.-Col. W. De Hass behaved well and exhibited much judgment as well as bravery. Major Fearing, who was immediately in command of the Seventy-seventh regiment, acquitted himself with as much skill, bravery and military bearing, as an old officer of long experience, and was not excelled by any other field-officer who came under my observation. Lieut.-Col. De Hass aided on the field of battle wherever his services could be useful—directing the movement of troops, assisting batteries to form in positions where the most effective service could be performed, and rendering such other aid as was proper and judicious. It is due to Lieut.-Colonel De Hass to say the affair of Tuesday was not responsible to him, he having done his best to rally his men, and behaved throughout with undaunted bravery. The Fifty-seventh, commanded by Lieut.-Col. A. V. Rice, rendered efficient service. Lieut.-Col. Rice behaved with signal bravery, and exhibited much skill in the management of the regiment. Col. Mangen having been sick for several days and confined to bed, was unable to go out. The Adjutant and company officers all behaved well.

The Fifty-third I have referred to already. The regiment, under Col. J. Appler, fell back after two rounds under the order of Colonel Appler. Soon after, as I am informed, he left the field, and was not with the regiment during the day or Monday.

Lieut.-Col. Fulton, in command of the regiment, the Adjutant, and company officers generally, behaved with becoming bravery.

J. HILDEBRAND,
Colonel Commanding.

NOTE.—About six P.M. on Sunday, the Seventy-seventh and Fifty-third regiments took a position near the heavy siege-guns on the hill, which they kept, until the enemy finally fell back. The Fifty-third did good service in the afternoon by operating with other regiments.

J. HILDEBRAND.

REPORT OF MAJOR EZRA TAYLOR.

BATTALIONS ONE AND TWO, CAMP NEAR }
PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 10, 1862. }

J. H. Hammond, Assistant Adjutant-General
Fifth Division U. S. Forces in the Field, Gen.
W. T. Sherman Commanding.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the forces under my command in the affair of the sixth and seventh instant. By instructions from the General commanding the division, the mortar-battery, Capt. Behr commanding, was placed on the Purdy road, in the rear of McDowell's brigade; Taylor's battery, Capt. Barret commanding, to the right and in advance of the chapel on the road leading to Corinth; Capt. A. C. Waterhouse's battery, near the left of the division; four guns on the

right bank of Owl Creek, and two guns on the left bank of Owl Creek.

The enemy appearing in large masses, and opening a battery to the front and right of the two guns advanced across Owl Creek, I instructed Capt. Waterhouse to retire the two guns to the position occupied by the balance of his battery, about which time the enemy appeared in large force in open field, directly in front of the position of this battery, bearing aloft, as I supposed, the American flag, and their men and officers wearing uniforms so similar to ours, that I hesitated to open fire upon them until they passed into the woods, followed by troops wearing an uniform not to be mistaken. I afterward found that the uniform-jackets worn by these troops were black. As soon as I was certain as to the character of the troops, I ordered firing to commence, which was done in fine style, and with excellent precision. After instructing this battery to be cool, and watch all the movements of the enemy, who was throwing large masses of his men into the timber to the left of its position, I went to the position occupied by Taylor's battery, Capt. Barret commanding, and ordered him to open fire with shell, which was done promptly, causing the enemy to take shelter in the timber; under cover of which he advanced to within one hundred and fifty yards of their guns, when they opened a tremendous fire of musketry, accompanied with terrific yells, showing their evident intent to intimidate our men. The only effect it had was to cause them promptly to obey the order given by me to move their guns by hand to the point, and pour in a shower of canister, causing both the yelling and the firing of the enemy to cease for a time. In the mean time the enemy was pushing our forces on the left of both of these batteries—Waterhouse's and Taylor's. Seeing Waterhouse's battery limbering to the rear, and fearing the result of a hasty retreat, I hastened to their position, and finding them resting, I at once ordered them to unlimber and contest every foot of ground, while I sent a messenger to find another battery to come to their assistance. My order was promptly obeyed, and they were soon throwing canister among the enemy. But their bravery alone could not drive back the masses who now swarmed on their left, pushing back the infantry on the left and opening a flank fire of musketry and battery, which they had succeeded in planting in the timber; they were compelled to retire under a galling fire, leaving their guns and entire camp and garrison equipage in the field. I take great pleasure in stating that the conduct of this battery was such as to entitle them to my entire approbation, and I consider too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them for their gallant conduct upon this their first battle-field. Some time after this battery had retired, and the infantry support on the left of Taylor's battery had fallen back, and the enemy had planted his flag on the ground occupied by Waterhouse's battery, I deemed it prudent to order Capt. Barret to limber to the rear, and retire in good order to a new position, which was accomplished with-

out confusion; but owing to a number of his horses being shot, he was obliged to leave two of his caissons on the field, one of which he has recovered. Instructing Capt. Barret to take up a new position near the left of the First brigade in the First division, (Gen. McClelland's,) and taking the responsibility of ordering two guns of Schwartz's battery to form on their left, (Major Schwartz being wounded,) I had not long to wait before I opened fire again, silencing a battery which the enemy had opened with terrific effect. After five hours' fighting in these two positions, losing one man killed and several wounded, our ammunition became exhausted, and I instructed them to retire out of range and get a new supply, after which one section engaged the enemy for an hour and a half, driving him to the cover of the timber. . . . I can state that from my personal observation on the ground in front of this battery during the engagement, I am satisfied the enemy's mortality list has been greatly increased by their *being there*.

I have to report that Capt. Silverparre's battery of four twenty-four pounder Parrott guns has not yet been able to report to this field, owing to some deficiency in his horses and other equipments. I understand, however, that he had done good service near the Landing on the evening of the sixth inst.

I deem it my duty to make honorable mention of the services rendered by company A, Chicago light artillery. How well they conducted themselves during the fight, I refer you to the General himself, who assures me he never saw guns better served.

I have also to mention Capt. Bouton's battery, which I found on Sunday, the sixth, anxious to distinguish themselves, and as good fortune would have it, I got them a good position near Col. McArthur's division, when they did most excellent service in driving the enemy from a very commanding position, both officers and men behaving like veterans. I have the honor to be very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EZRA TAYLOR,
Major and Chief of Artillery.

REPORT OF COLONEL RANSOM.

HEADQUARTERS ELEVENTH INFANTRY.
SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP AT PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 18, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the movements of my command on the sixth and seventh inst.:

At seven A.M. on the sixth inst., my command, consisting of two hundred and twenty-five enlisted men and fourteen commissioned officers (one company being absent on picket duty) formed the right of the brigade—the Twentieth Illinois regiment being on my left. We moved with the brigade to a position in rear of the right of the camp of Gen. Sherman's division, but immediately changed to a position in the centre of said camp, when we formed in line of battle—the right of my regiment resting near and supporting a battery of artillery on the hill at my right.

The enemy were immediately in front of us in greatly superior numbers, advancing in four ranks and in three columns steadily upon us. When in good range we opened our fire upon them, which was responded to by a terrific fire from their lines. This fire was kept up on both sides, and told with fearful effect upon my line. My loss here in ten minutes was very heavy, for during that brief period Capt. Carter was mortally wounded, Lieut. Fields severely wounded, and myself, Major Nevins, Capt. Coats and Lieut. Walrod also wounded.

We remained under this fire in this position for a considerable time, when I noticed the line on my left was falling back. Very soon my own regiment fell back, but they rallied immediately in the rear of the reserve, and moving near our own camp, rejoined the brigade, when we moved to the camps of the First brigade, forming a new line.

I was here joined by Adjutant Phillips, of the Seventieth Ohio and forty of his men, who took the left of my regiment, and fought gallantly with us through the remainder of the day. We immediately moved forward and met the enemy, in rear of the camps of the Eleventh and Twentieth Illinois, when we drove them slowly back under a heavy fire, and while a rebel battery was playing upon us. We still moved gallantly forward; the fire of the Eleventh and Twentieth soon killed and drove away the men and horses of this battery.

We held this position (a few hundred yards from the silenced battery) for a long time, until ordered forward by Gen. McClelland, who was alone bravely rallying and pushing forward an Ohio regiment on my right, (apparently destitute of field-officers.) We moved forward in excellent order a few hundred yards, when the regiment on my right gave way, and retreated in great confusion, leaving my little force of about one hundred and fifteen men almost alone. I immediately fell back to my former position. My horse having been killed in this last attack, and my wound rendering me totally unfit to walk or even to command, I was taken to the rear. Major Nevins, though suffering from a severe wound in the hand, assumed command.

The regiment now having become separated from the brigade, he formed the regiment on the extreme left, where the battle was raging fearfully. His painful wound, however, obliged him to turn over the command to Captain Lloyd D. Waddell, who, with the little remnant of our regiment, now reduced to about eighty men, bore our colors forward into the thickest of the fight, and, with his command, bore a conspicuous and honorable part in the terrible contest that closed the battle of the sixth inst.

On the seventh, Major Nevins became sufficiently recovered to resume command, but the few gallant men left to sustain the honor of the "Eleventh" were held in reserve, by order of Gen. Grant, and bore no conspicuous part in the glorious victory of that memorable day.

Of the noble bearing of the men of my command during the several engagements they were in on the sixth inst., I need not speak. Their numbers were few; they fought long and well, and suffered severely. They added yet brighter laurels to those they so dearly won at Donelson.

I cannot fail to mention the gallant Major Nevins, who, though wounded, bravely performed his duty; and Adj. Dickey, ever cool and courageous, rendered most efficient service. The noble, lamented Carter, Captain commanding company K, who, with his company, so bravely cut his way through the rebel cavalry at Donelson, was among the first to fall on this bloody field mortally wounded. A good man, a true soldier, his loss is irreparable.

Capt. Waddell and McKee, always at their posts, the latter wounded—both men in the gallant fight of the evening, the former commanding the regiment—are deserving of my grateful acknowledgments.

Capt. Coats, who rejoined the regiment on the morning of the sixth, but partially recovered from a severe illness, was wounded and remained with his command, and was particularly distinguished.

Lieut. Field, commanding company A, whose coolness and bravery have always made his command invincible, was borne to the rear during the first engagement, severely and, I fear, mortally wounded.

Lieuts. Doane, McWilliams, Town, Hapeman and Walrod, all distinguished themselves by their bravery and gallant bearing.

Lieut. Dean, commanding company D, added new laurels to those he won at Donelson. When the colors fell from the hand of the wounded bearer, he was first to seize and bear them on with the regiment.

Acting-Quartermaster Goodrich, ever faithful to his trust, a brave soldier, was shot by my side, through the head.

To the gallant Adjutant Phillips, of the Seventieth Ohio, and his forty brave men, I am under obligations for their support to our decimated lines. I need only say their noble bearing, while under my command, is deserving of the highest praise. Their regiment and State may well feel proud of them.

I also desire to mention Sergeant-Major Blake, and the color-guard, for their brave and meritorious conduct.

I cannot close, Sir, without offering my congratulations to the Colonel commanding the brigade, for the glorious victory achieved by our forces here, and the distinguished part borne by himself.

I append herewith a list of casualties in my command on the sixth and seventh instant.

Respectfully submitted.

I have the honor to remain,

Your obedient servant,

T. E. G. RANSOM,

Colonel Commanding Eleventh Illinois Infantry.

To Lieutenant E. P. BOAS,

A. A. A. Gen., Second Brigade, First Division, Illinois Infantry.

	Men.
Killed on the field,	24
Wounded,	74
Total loss,	98

COLONEL COMMANDING HARE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, }
CAMP NEAR PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 8, 1862. }

Major Brayman, A. A. General First Division.

SIR: I have the honor to report the part taken by the First brigade of the First division in the engagement with the enemy on the sixth instant.

Early in the morning of the sixth, upon the alarm being given, the brigade composed of the Eighth and Eighteenth regiments of Illinois infantry, the Eleventh and Thirteenth regiments of Iowa infantry, and Dresser's battery, were formed in an open field in front of their respective encampments. I received orders about eight o'clock A.M. to move three regiments to the left of the Second brigade. The Eighth and Eighteenth Illinois and the Thirteenth Iowa were accordingly ordered to form in line of battle in that position, and moving at double-quick, formed in good order in a skirt of woods bordering on a field, the Eighteenth Illinois on the left and the Thirteenth Iowa on the right; at the same time I was ordered to form a regiment on the right of the Second brigade, which position, by my orders, the Twelfth Iowa, under command of Lieut.-Col. Hall, immediately took, and with a battery formed a reserve. After seeing the order executed, I joined the three regiments at their position on the left, as above stated. Upon arriving at that point, I found this position of my brigade then formed under the fire of the enemy's cannon and musketry; on the right was a battery of our guns supported by infantry still on its right. Against this battery the principal fire of the enemy's cannon was directed, and large bodies of infantry were moving around the field in its direction. A charge being made by three bodies of the enemy's infantry, directed upon the battery and our infantry on the right, they broke and retired in great disorder. Seeing the enemy approaching in great numbers, and our troops on the right having given way—my regiments also broke and retired in confusion; having retired to the distance of about one hundred yards, I succeeded, with the assistance of my regimental field-officers, in rallying them and forming them in line in the same order as before. Here we maintained our position in good order, under a constant fire of the enemy, until after twelve o'clock A.M., when, discovering that the enemy were approaching in great numbers and that our troops on the right and left had retired, I ordered my regiments to retire and take up a new position about two hundred yards to the rear; which they did in good order and without confusion. They remained in this position, repelling charge after charge of the enemy, until half-past four o'clock P.M., all the officers and men behaving with the greatest gallantry. At that hour my regiments having exhausted all their ammunition, and great numbers of them

having been killed and wounded, and the forces on the right and left having retired, I again ordered them to fall back, which they did in as good order as before. At this time I received a severe wound in the hand and arm, which compelled me to retire from the field.

Dresser's battery, and my own regiment, the Eleventh Iowa, I did not see after they took their position in the morning, but I am satisfied that they behaved with great gallantry; and their reports, herewith submitted, fully attest the bravery with which they acted. To Lieut.-Col. Hall, commanding the Eleventh Iowa, great praise is due for the bravery and skill shown by him on the field of action. Major Abercrombie, of the Eleventh Iowa, who was wounded severely during the day, displayed that coolness and courage which mark the good soldier.

To Col. M. M. Crocker, of the Thirteenth Iowa Volunteers, I wish to call special attention. The coolness and bravery displayed by him on the field of battle during the entire action of the sixth, the skill with which he manoeuvred his men, and the example of daring and disregard to danger by which he inspired them to do their duty and stand by their colors, show him to be possessed of the highest qualities of a commander and entitle him to speedy promotion.

His Adjutant, Lieut. Wilson, who accompanied him on the field during the day and shared all the dangers, I wish to mention as the "bravest of the brave." Capt. W. H. Harvey, of Co. K, Eighth Illinois, was instantly killed while commanding his regiment, and died the death of a brave man.

Capt. R. H. Sturges, of Co. H, took command of the regiment and led them gallantly through the day.

Major Samuel Eaton, of the Eighteenth Illinois, was badly wounded while commanding his regiment.

Capt. D. H. Brush, next in command, was soon after also severely wounded.

Capt. Dillou, of Co. C, arrived on the field at this moment and took command, but was almost instantly killed. From that time the regiment was led on by Capt. Anderson, who did his duty nobly.

My thanks are due my volunteer aid, Lieut. Coldwell, of General Ogleby's staff, who assisted me during the day.

And I express my very great obligations to my Adjutant, Lieut. C. Cadel, who accompanied me on the field, and during the whole of the action, by his promptness, energy, and activity, exhibited all the best qualities of a soldier.

Respectfully,

A. M. HARE,

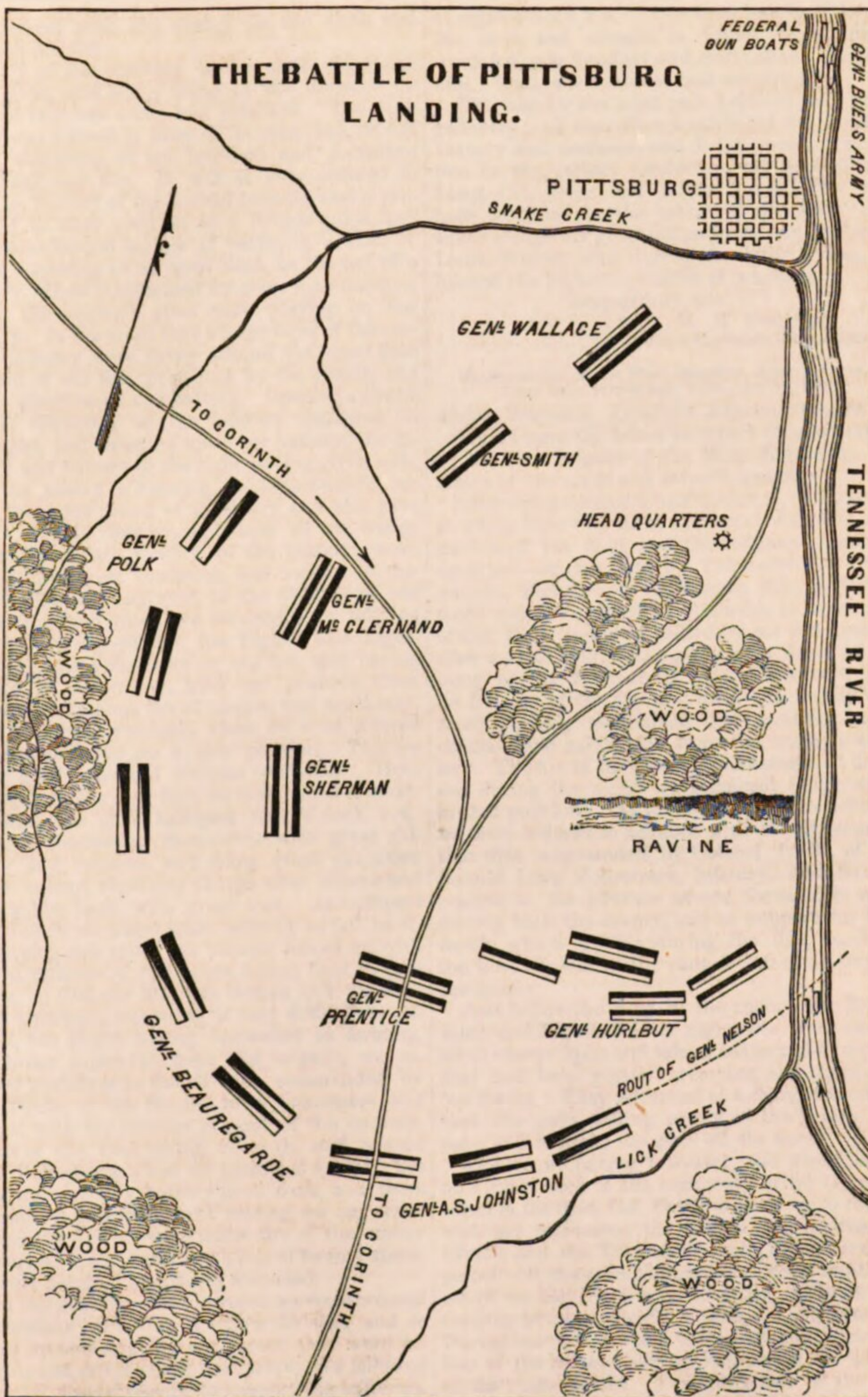
Col. Commanding Brigade.

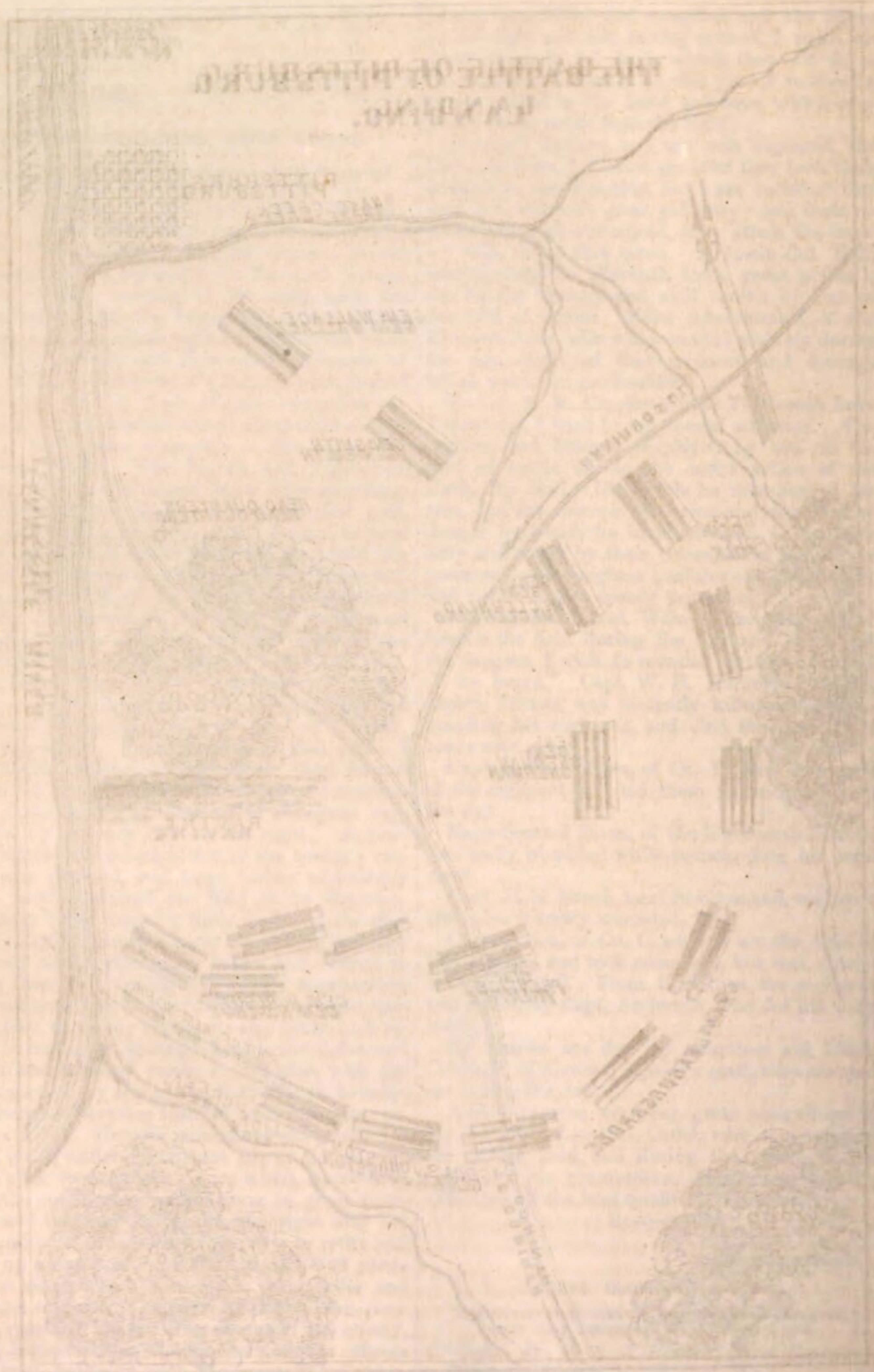
COLONEL CROCKER'S REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT IOWA INFANTRY, }
CAMP NEAR PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 8, 1862. }

C. Cadel, Jr., A. A. General First Regiment,
First Division:

SIR: I have the honor to report the part taken by the Thirteenth regiment Iowa infantry, in the





DOCUMENTS.

engagement with the enemy on the sixth and seventh instant.

Early on the morning of the sixth, the alarm was given, and heavy firing in the distance indicated that our camp was attacked. The regiment was formed in front of its color-line, its full force, consisting of ten hundred and seventeen men rank and file. It was at once ordered to form on the left of the Second brigade, and it proceeded to that position at a double-quick, and was there formed in line of battle, in a skirt of wood bordering on an open field, to the left of a battery. Here it remained for some time inactive, while the enemy's guns were playing on our battery. In the mean time a large force of the enemy's infantry were firing around the open field in front of our line, protected by the woods, and in the direction of our battery. Opening a heavy fire of musketry on the infantry stationed on our right, and charging upon our battery, the infantry and battery to the right having given way, and the enemy advancing at double-quick, we gave them one round of musketry and also gave way. At this time we, as indeed all our troops in the immediate vicinity of the battery, were thrown into great confusion and retired in disorder. Having retreated to the distance of one or two hundred yards, we succeeded in rallying and forming a good line, the Eighth and Eighteenth Illinois Volunteers on our left, and having fronted to the enemy, held our position there under a continuous fire of cannon and musketry, until after twelve o'clock, when we were ordered to retire and take up a new position. This we did in good order and without confusion. Here having formed a new line, we maintained it under incessant fire until half-past four o'clock P.M., the men conducting themselves with great gallantry and coolness, and doing great execution on the enemy, repulsing charge after charge and driving him back with great loss. At half-past four o'clock we were again ordered to fall back. In obeying this order, we became mixed up with a great number of regiments, falling back in confusion, so that our line was broken and the regiment separated, rendering it very difficult to collect it, but finally having succeeded in forming, and being separated from the brigade, we attached ourselves to the division commanded by Col. Tuttle, of the Second Iowa Volunteers, and formed with his division in front of the encampments of the Fourteenth, Seventh, and Second Iowa Volunteers, when we sustained a heavy fire from the enemy's battery until dark, and there remained during the night resting on our arms. During the day we were under fire of the enemy for ten hours, and sustained a loss of twenty-three, and one hundred and thirty wounded.

On the morning of the seventh we were ordered to continue with Col. Tuttle's division, and to follow up and support our forces, that were attacking and driving back the enemy. We followed them up closely, moving to support the batteries, until the enemy was routed; after which we were ordered to return to the encampment that we had left on Sunday morning, where we arrived

at eight o'clock P.M. Our total loss in action of the sixth and seventh is, killed, twenty-four; wounded, one hundred and thirty-nine; missing, nine; total, one hundred and seventy-two.

The men for the most part behaved with great gallantry; all the officers exhibited the greatest bravery and coolness, and I call especial attention to the gallant conduct of my field-officers, Lieut.-Col. Price and Major Shane, who were both wounded in the action of the sixth, and acknowledge my great obligation to my Adjutant, Lieut. Wilson, who, during the entire action, exhibited the highest qualities of a soldier.

Respectfully, etc.,

M. M. CROCKER,
Colonel Thirteenth Iowa Infantry.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT, FIRST DIVISION,
CAMP NEAR PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 8, 1862.

Major Brayman, Assistant Adjutant-General:

SIR: I have the honor to report the part taken by the First brigade of the First division in the action of the sixth and seventh instant:

After a quarter-past four o'clock P.M., of the sixth, at which time Col. A. M. Hare was wounded and carried off the field, and the command devolved upon me—at this time the Thirteenth Iowa Volunteers, Eighth and Eighteenth Illinois Volunteers, retired together, in obedience to command of Col. Hare, and were rallied by me and formed, after we had retired to a position in front of the camp of the Fourteenth Iowa Volunteers, and for the rest of the day and until the enemy was repulsed, they maintained that position, under constant and galling fire from the enemy's artillery. The fire of the enemy's guns ceased at dark, and during the night we remained under arms in that position. On the morning of the seventh we were ordered to advance with the division at that time commanded by Colonel Tuttle, of the Second Iowa Volunteers, infantry, and form a reserve to the advance of our forces that were driving back the enemy, and to support our batteries, which we did during the day, most of the time exposed to the cannon and musketry of the enemy.

Just before the rout of the enemy, the Eighteenth and Eighth Illinois regiments were ordered to charge upon and take a battery of two guns that had been greatly annoying and damaging our forces. They advanced at a charge bayonets, took the guns, killing nearly all the horses and men, and brought the guns off the field.

The enemy having retreated, and there being no further need of the regiments under my command in the field, Col. Tuttle ordered me to return with my regiments, the Eighth and Eighteenth Illinois and the Thirteenth Iowa Volunteers, together with the guns captured, to our encampment, which we had left Sunday morning. This we did, arriving at camp at eight o'clock P.M., of Monday. During the day our loss was small, the principal loss of the brigade having occurred in the action of the sixth instant. The entire loss of the brigade in the action during the two days' engagement was, killed, ninety-two; wounded, four hundred and sixty-seven; missing, eighteen; total

five hundred and seventy-seven. A list of the killed, wounded, and missing is herewith submitted. We went into the action with two thousand four hundred and fourteen men, and came out of it with one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five. Most of the officers and men behaved with great gallantry and coolness. Of Dresser's battery and the Eleventh Iowa Volunteers I can say nothing, excepting that I found what was left of them in camp, upon my return on the evening of the seventh, they having been separated from the brigade during all the time it was under my command.

Respectfully, etc.,

M. M. CROCKER,

Colonel Thirteenth Iowa Regiment, Commanding Brigade.

REPORT OF COLONEL WOODS.

On the morning of April sixth, 1862, the rebels having attacked our advanced lines at Shiloh, Tennessee, the Twelfth Iowa infantry Volunteers was rapidly formed and joined the other regiments, Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth of the Iowa brigade, being the First brigade, under Brigadier-Gen. Tuttle, of the Second division, under Gen. Wallace. The brigade was marched to near the field beyond General Hurlbut's headquarters, and formed in line of battle, the Second and Seventh on our right, the Fourteenth on our left. The Eighth Iowa of Prentiss's division was on the left of the Fourteenth, forming an angle, to the rear with our line; an open field lay in front of our right. Dense timber covered our left; a small ravine was immediately behind us. In this position we awaited the approach of the enemy. Soon he made a bold attack on us, but met with a warm reception, and soon we repulsed him. Again and again, repeatedly did he attack us, trying vainly to drive us from our position. He failed to move us one inch from our position. On the contrary, we repulsed every attack of the enemy and drove him back in confusion.

Thus matters stood in our front until about four o'clock P.M., at which time it became evident, by the firing on our left, that the enemy were getting in our rear. An aid-de-camp rode up and directed me to face to the rear and fall back, stating, in answer to my inquiry, that I would receive orders as to the position I was to occupy. No such orders reached me, and I suppose could not. The Second and Seventh Iowa had already gone to the rear, and on reaching the high ground between our position and Gen. Hurlbut's headquarters, we discovered that we were already surrounded by the enemy, caused by no fault of our own, but by the troops at a distance from us, on our right and left, giving way before the enemy. Seeing ourselves surrounded, we nevertheless opened a brisk fire on that portion of the enemy who blocked our passage to the Landing, who, after briskly returning our fire for a short time, fell back; brisk fire from the enemy on our left (previous right) going on at the same time. Seeing the enemy in front falling back, we attempted, by a rapid movement, to

cut our way through, but the enemy on our left advanced rapidly, coming in behind us, pouring into our ranks a most destructive fire. The enemy in front faced about and opened on us at short range, the enemy in rear still closing in on us rapidly.

I received two wounds, disabling me from further duty. The command then devolved on Capt. Edgington, acting as field-officer. The enemy had, however, already so closely surrounded us, that their balls which missed our men took effect in their ranks beyond us. To have held out longer would have been to suffer complete annihilation. The regiment was therefore compelled to surrender as prisoners of war.

Lieut.-Colonel Coulter was much reduced by chronic diarrhea, and Major Brodtbeck was suffering from rheumatism. Being myself the only field-officer on duty, at my request Capt. Edgington acted as a field-officer, the duties of which he performed in an able and efficient manner.

Quartermaster Dorr, though his position did not require him to go into action, volunteered to do so, and throughout the day behaved in a brave and gallant manner, daringly if not recklessly exposing his person to the enemy. He made himself very useful in carrying messages and in spying out the positions and movements of the enemy, and firing on them as occasion offered. Energetic and efficient in his own department, he would fill a higher one with credit to himself and honor to the service.

Adjutant Duncan proved himself on this, as on all occasions, a faithful and efficient officer. Captains Earle, Warner, Stibbs, Haddock, Vanduzee and Tousley performed well their part, as did all the lieutenants in the action, in a prompt and willing manner. The non-commissioned officers and men stood bravely up to their work, and never did men behave better. In the death of Lieut. Furguson, of company D, the regiment lost one of its best-drilled officers and a gallant soldier; it also lost a good man and good officer in the death of Lieut. Moir, of company A.

J. J. WOODS,

Colonel Twelfth Iowa Volunteers.

CAPTAIN TRUMBULL'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD IOWA INFANTRY, }
April 17, 1862. }

Brig.-Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, U. S. A., commanding Fourth Division, Army of the Tenn.:

SIR: I have the honor to report the part taken by the Third Iowa infantry in the actions of the sixth and seventh inst.

The Third Iowa occupied the extreme right of the Fourth division, being the first regiment of Col. and Acting Brig.-Gen. N. G. Williams's brigade, and was posted during the greater portion of Sunday at the fence near the cotton-field. The enemy repeatedly threw large bodies of infantry against us, but never with success. He was repulsed every time, and with great slaughter. The regiment was also subjected to a storm of grape, canister and shell, which lasted several hours. The Third Iowa maintained its ground until even-

ing, and did not then give way until the troops on our right and left had been broken, and we were entirely outflanked and almost surrounded. The regiment was then compelled, in a great measure, to cut its way out.

Of the firmness, coolness and courage of the men under a heavy fire, it will be unnecessary for me to speak, as they were almost constantly during the battle under the immediate eye of the General commanding the division.

The regiment went into battle on the second day, under the command of First Lieut. G. W. Crosby, of company E, and as I am well assured, nobly maintained the honor of our flag.

Should I designate meritorious officers, I should have to name nearly every officer in the regiment. I think, however, none will feel envious if I specially mention Lieut. Crosby.

I desire to call the attention of the General commanding the division to the gallantry and good conduct of Sergeant James Lakin, of company F, who carried the colors on the first day; and of Corporal Anderson Edwards, of company I, who carried the colors on the second day of the battle.

Our loss is heavy. I herewith enclose a list of our killed, wounded and missing.

I have the honor to remain, sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. M. TRUMBULL,

Capt. Third Iowa Infantry, Comd'g Regiment.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S (REBEL) REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, {
CORINTH, MISS., April 11, 1862. }

GENERAL: On the second ultimo, having ascertained conclusively, from the movements of the enemy on the Tennessee River, and from reliable sources of information, that his aim would be to cut off my communications in West-Tennessee with the Eastern and Southern States, by operating from the Tennessee River, between Crump's Landing and Eastport, as a base, I determined to foil his designs by concentrating all my available forces at and around Corinth.

Meanwhile, having called on the Governors of the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, to furnish additional troops, some of them, chiefly regiments from Louisiana, soon reached this vicinity, and with two divisions of Gen. Polk's command from Columbus, and a fine corps of troops from Mobile and Pensacola, under Maj.-Gen. Bragg, constituted the army of the Mississippi. At the same time, Gen. Johnston, being at Murfreesboro, on the march to form a junction of his forces with mine, was called on to send at least a brigade by railroad, so that we might fall on and crush the enemy should he attempt an advance from under his gunboats. The call on Gen. Johnston was promptly complied with. His entire force was also hastened in this direction, and by the first of April our united forces were concentrated along the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, from Bethel to Corinth, and on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, from Corinth to Iuka.

It was then determined to assume the offensive and strike a sudden blow at the enemy in position under Gen. Grant, on the west bank of the Tennessee, at Pittsburgh and in the direction of Savannah, before he was reënforced by the army under Gen. Buell, then known to be advancing for that purpose by rapid marches from Nashville via Columbia. About the same time Gen. Johnston was advised that such an operation conformed to the expectations of the President.

By a rapid and vigorous attack on Gen. Grant, it was expected he would be beaten back into his transports and the river, or captured, in time to enable us to profit by the victory, and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions that would fall into our hands in such an event, before the arrival of Gen. Buell's army on the scene. It was never contemplated, however, to retain the position thus gained, and abandon Corinth, the strategic point of the campaign.

Want of proper officers, needful for the proper organization of divisions and brigades of an army brought thus suddenly together, and other difficulties in the way of an effective organization, delayed the movement until the night of the second inst., when it was heard from a reliable quarter that the junction of the enemy's armies was near at hand. It was then, at a late hour, determined that the attack should be attempted at once, incomplete and imperfect as were our preparations for such a grave and momentous adventure. Accordingly, that night, at one o'clock A.M., the preliminary orders to the commanders of corps were issued for the movement.

On the following morning the detailed orders of movement, a copy of which is herewith marked "A," were issued, and the movement, after some delay, commenced—the troops being in admirable spirits. It was expected we should be able to reach the enemy's lines in time to attack them early on the fifth instant. The men, however, for the most part, were unused to marching—the roads narrow, and traversing a densely wooded country, became almost impassable after a severe rain-storm on the night of the fourth, which drenched the troops in bivouac; hence our forces did not reach the intersection of the roads from Pittsburgh and Hamburg, in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, until late Saturday afternoon.

It was then decided that the attack should be made on the next morning, at the earliest hour practicable, in accordance with the orders of movement—that is, in three lines of battle: the first and second extending from Owl Creek on the left to Lick Creek on the right—a distance of about three miles—supported by the third and the reserve. The first line, under Maj.-Gen. Hardee, was constituted of his corps, augmented on his right by Gladden's brigade of Maj.-Gen. Bragg's corps, deployed in line of battle, with their respective artillery, following immediately by the main road to Pittsburgh, and the cavalry in rear of the wings. The second line, composed of the other troops of Bragg's corps, followed the first at a distance of five hundred yards, in the same order as the first. The army corps under Gen.

Polk followed the second line, at the distance of about eight hundred yards, in lines of brigades, deployed with their batteries in rear of each brigade, moving by the Pittsburgh road, the left wing supported by cavalry; the reserve, under Brig.-Gen. Breckinridge, followed closely the third line in the same order, its right wing supported by cavalry.

These two corps constituted the reserve, and were to support the front lines of battle, by being deployed, when required, on the right and left of the Pittsburgh road, or otherwise act according to the exigencies of the battle.

At eight A.M., on the sixth instant, a reconnoitring party of the enemy having become engaged with our advanced pickets, the commander of the forces gave orders to begin the movement and attack as determined upon, except that Trabue's brigade, of Breckinridge's division, was detached and advanced to support the left of Bragg's corps and line of battle, when menaced by the enemy, and the other two brigades were directed to advance by the road to Hamburg to support Bragg's right, and at the same time Yancey's regiment, of Polk's corps, was advanced by the same road to reinforce the regiment of cavalry and battery of four pieces, already thrown forward to watch and guard Grier's, Banner's and Borland's Fords, on Lick Creek.

Thirty minutes after five o'clock A.M., our lines and columns were in motion, all animated evidently by a promising spirit. The front line was engaged at once, but advanced steadily, followed in due order with equal resolution and steadiness by the other lines, which were brought successively into action with rare skill, judgment and gallantry, by the several corps commanders, as the enemy made a stand, with his masses rallied for the struggle for his encampments. Like an Alpine avalanche our troops moved forward, despite the determined resistance of the enemy, until after six o'clock P.M., when we were in possession of all encampments between Owl and Lick Creeks but one. Nearly all of his field-artillery, about thirty flags, colors and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (Gen. Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage and munitions of war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory—such indeed, as rarely have followed the most successful battles; for never was an army so well provided as that of our enemy.

The remnant of his army had been driven in utter disorder to the immediate vicinity of Pittsburgh, under the shelter of the heavy guns of his iron-clad gunboats, and we remained undisputed masters of his well-selected, admirably-provided cantonments, after over twelve hours of obstinate conflict with his forces, who had been beaten from them and the contiguous covert, but only by a sustained onset of all the men we could bring into action.

Our loss was heavy, as will appear from the

accompanying return, marked "B." Our Commander-in-Chief, Gen. A. S. Johnston, fell mortally wounded, and died on the field at half-past two P.M., after having shown the highest qualities of the commander, and a personal intrepidity that inspired all around him, and gave resistless impulsion to his columns at critical moments.

The chief command then devolved upon me, though at the time I was greatly prostrated, and suffering from the prolonged sickness with which I had been afflicted since early in February. The responsibility was one which, in my physical condition, I would have gladly avoided, though cast upon me when our forces were successfully pushing the enemy back upon the Tennessee River, and though supported on the immediate field by such corps commanders as Maj.-Gens. Polk, Bragg and Hardee, and Brig.-Gen. Breckinridge commanding the reserve.

It was after six o'clock P.M., as before said, when the enemy's last position was carried, and his forces finally broke and sought refuge behind a commanding eminence covering the Pittsburgh Landing, not more than half a mile distant, and under the guns of the gunboats, which opened on our eager columns a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description. Darkness was close at hand. Officers and men were exhausted by a combat of over twelve hours without food, and jaded by the march of the preceding day through mud and water. It was therefore impossible to collect the rich and opportune spoils of war scattered broadcast on the field left in our possession, and impracticable to make any effective dispositions for their removal to the rear.

I accordingly established my headquarters at the church at Shiloh, in the enemy's encampment, with Maj.-Gen. Bragg, and directed our troops to sleep on their arms, in such positions, in advance and rear, as corps commanders should determine, hoping, from news received by a special despatch, that delay had been encountered by Gen. Buell in his march from Columbia, and that his main forces therefore could not reach the field of battle in time to save Gen. Grant's shattered fugitive forces from capture or destruction on the following day.

During the night the rain fell in torrents, adding to the discomfort and harassed condition of the men; the enemy, moreover, had broken their rest by a discharge, at measured intervals, of heavy shells, thrown from the gunboats; therefore, on the following morning, the troops under my command were not in condition to cope with an equal force of fresh troops, armed and equipped like our adversary, in the immediate possession of his dépôts, and sheltered by such an auxiliary as the enemy's gunboats.

About six o'clock on the morning of the seventh of April, however, a hot fire of musketry and artillery, opened from the enemy's quarter on our advanced line, assured me of the junction of his forces, and soon the battle raged with a fury which satisfied me I was attacked by a largely superior force. But from the onset our troops,

notwithstanding their fatigue and losses from the battle of the day before, exhibited the most cheering, veteran-like steadiness. On the right and centre the enemy was repulsed in every attempt he made with his heavy column in that quarter of the field; on the left, however, and nearest to the point of arrival of his reinforcements, he drove forward line after line of his fresh troops, which were met with a resolution and courage of which our country may be proudly hopeful. Again and again our troops were brought to the charge, invariably to win the position at issue, invariably to drive back their foe. But hour by hour thus opposed to an enemy constantly reinforced, our ranks were perceptibly thinned under the unceasing, withering fire of the enemy, and by twelve meridian, eighteen hours of hard fighting had sensibly exhausted a large number; my last reserves had necessarily been disposed of, and the enemy was evidently receiving fresh reinforcements after each repulse; accordingly about one P.M., I determined to withdraw from so unequal a conflict, securing such of the results of the victory of the day before as were practicable.

Officers of my staff were immediately despatched with the necessary orders to make the best disposition for a deliberate, orderly withdrawal from the field, and to collect and post a reserve to meet the enemy, should he attempt to push after us. In this connection I will mention particularly my Adjutant-General, Col. Jordan, who was of much assistance to me on this occasion, as he had already been on the field of battle on that and the preceding day.

About two o'clock P.M., the lines in advance, which had repulsed the enemy in their last fierce assault on our left and centre, received the orders to retire; this was done with uncommon steadiness, and the enemy made no attempt to follow.

The line of troops established to cover this movement had been disposed on a favorable ridge commanding the ground of Shiloh Church; from this position our artillery played upon the woods beyond for a while, but upon no visible enemy and without reply. Soon satisfied that no serious pursuit would be attempted, this last line was withdrawn, and never did troops leave a battle-field in better order; even the stragglers fell into ranks and marched off with those who had stood more steadily by their colors. A second position was taken up about a mile in the rear, where the approach of the enemy was waited for nearly an hour, but no effort to follow was made, and only a small detachment of horsemen could be seen at a distance from this last position, warily observing our movements.

Arranging, through my staff-officers, for the completion of the movements thus begun, Brig.-Gen. Breckinridge was left with his command a rear-guard to hold the ground we had occupied the night preceding the first battle, just in front of the intersection of the Pittsburgh and Ham-

burgh roads, about four miles from the former place, while the rest of the army passed to the rear in excellent order.

On the following day Gen. Breckinridge fell back about three miles to Mickey's, which position we continued to hold, with our cavalry thrown considerably forward in immediate proximity to the battle-field.

Unfortunately, toward the night of the seventh instant, it began to rain heavily; this continued throughout the night; the roads became almost impassable in many places, and much hardship and suffering now ensued before all the regiments reached their encampments. But despite the heavy casualties of the two eventful days of the sixth and seventh of April, this army is more confident of ultimate success than before its encounter with the enemy.

To give more in detail the operations of the two battles, resulting from the movement on Pittsburgh, than now attempted, must have delayed this report for weeks, and interfered materially with the important duties of my position; but I may be permitted to say that not only did the obstinate conflict for twelve hours on Sunday leave the confederate army masters of the battle-field, and our adversary beaten, but we left that field on the next day, only after eight hours' incessant battle with a superior army of fresh troops, whom we had repulsed in every attack on our lines; so repulsed and crippled, indeed, as to leave it unable to take the field for the campaign for which it was collected and equipped at such enormous expense, and with such profusion of all the appliances of war. These successful events were not achieved, however, as before said, without severe loss—a loss not to be measured by the number of the slain or wounded, but by the high social and personal worth of so large a number of those who were killed or disabled, including the commander of the forces, whose high qualities will be greatly missed in the momentous campaign impending.

I deeply regret to record, also, the death of the Hon. George M. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who went into action with the Kentucky troops, and continually inspired them by his words and example. Having his horse shot under him on Sunday, he entered the ranks of a Kentucky regiment on Monday, and fell mortally wounded toward the close of the day. Not his State alone, but the whole Confederacy, has sustained a great loss in the death of this brave, upright and able man.

Another gallant and able soldier and captain was lost to the service of the country, when Brigadier-General Gladden, commanding First brigade, Withers' division, Third army corps, died from a severe wound received on the fifth instant, after having been conspicuous to his whole corps and the army for courage and capacity.

Major-General Cheatham, commanding First division, First corps, was slightly wounded, and had three horses shot under him.

Brig.-General Clark, commanding First division of the First corps, received a severe wound

also on the first day, which will deprive the army of his valuable services for some time.

Brigadier-Gen. Hindman, engaged in the outset of the battle, was conspicuous for a cool courage, efficiently employed in leading his men ever into the thickest of the fray, until his horse was shot under him, and he was unfortunately so severely injured by the fall that the army was deprived, on the following day, of his chivalrous example.

Brigadier-Generals B. R. Johnson and Bowen, most meritorious officers, were also severely wounded in the first combat; but it is hoped will soon be able to return to duty with their brigades.

To mention the many field-officers who died or were wounded while gallantly leading their commands into action, and the many brilliant instances of individual courage displayed by officers and men in the twenty hours of battle, is impossible at this time; but their names will be duly made known to their countrymen.

From this agreeable duty I turn to one in the highest degree unpleasant—one due, however, to the brave men under me, as a contrast to the behavior of most of the army who fought so heroically. I allude to the fact that some officers, non-commissioned officers and men, abandoned their colors early in the first day to pillage the captured encampments; others retired shamefully from the field on both days, while the thunder of cannon and the roar and rattle of musketry told them that their brothers were being slaughtered by the fresh legions of the enemy. I have ordered the names of the most conspicuous upon this roll of laggards and cowards to be published in orders.

It remains to state that our loss in the two days in the killed outright was one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight; wounded, eight thousand and twelve; missing, nine hundred and fifty-nine,—making an aggregate of casualties of ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

This sad list tells in simple language of the stout fight made by our countrymen in front of the rude log chapel at Shiloh, especially when it is known that on Monday, from exhaustion and other causes, not twenty thousand men on our side could be brought into action.

Of the losses of the enemy I have no exact knowledge. Their newspapers report it as very heavy. Unquestionably it was greater, even in proportion, than our own, on both days; for it was apparent to all that their dead left on the field outnumbered ours two to one.

Their casualties, therefore, cannot have fallen many short of twenty thousand killed, wounded, prisoners and missing.

Through information derived from many sources—including the newspapers of the enemy—we engaged on Sunday the divisions of Gens. Prentiss, Sherman, Hurlbut, McClelland and Smith, of nine thousand men each, or at least forty-five thousand men. This force was reënforced on Sunday night by the divisions of Gens. Nelson, McCook, Crittenden and Thomas, of Ma-

jor-Gen. Buell's army, some twenty-five thousand strong, including all arms; also Gen. L. Wallace's division of Gen. Grant's army,—making at least thirty-three thousand fresh troops, which, added to the remnant of Gen. Grant's forces on Monday morning, amounting to over twenty thousand, made an aggregate force of some fifty-three thousand men at least arrayed against us on that day.

In connection with the results of the battle, I should state that the most of our men who had inferior arms exchanged them for the improved arms of the enemy. Also, that most of the property, public and personal, in the camp from which the enemy was driven on Sunday, was rendered useless or greatly damaged, except some of the tents.

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,

General Commanding.

To GENERAL S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector-General C. S. A., Richmond, Va.

BEAUREGARD'S ORDER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
JACKSON, TENN., March 14, 1862.

1. Field and company officers are specially enjoined to instruct their men, under all circumstances, to fire with deliberation at the feet of the enemy. They will thus avoid over-shooting, and besides, wounded men give more trouble to our adversary than dead, as they have to be taken from the field.

2. Officers in command must be cool and collected; hold their men in hand in action, and caution them against useless, aimless firing. The men must be instructed and required each one to single out his mark. It was the deliberate sharpshooting of our forefathers in the Revolution of 1776, and New-Orleans, in 1815, which made them so formidable against the odds with which they were engaged.

3. In the beginning of a battle, except by troops deployed as skirmishers, the fire by file will be avoided. It excites the men, and renders their subsequent control difficult. Fire by wing or company should be resorted to instead. During the battle the officers and non-commissioned officers must keep their men in the ranks, enforce obedience, and encourage and stimulate them if necessary.

4. Soldiers must not be permitted to leave the ranks, even to assist in removing our own dead, unless by special permission, which shall only be given when the action has been decided. The surest way to protect the wounded is to drive the enemy from the field. The most pressing, highest duty is to win the victory.

5. Before the battle, the quartermaster of the division will make all necessary arrangements for the immediate transportation of the wounded from the field. After consultation with the medical officers, he will establish the ambulance-depot in the rear, and give his assistants the necessary instructions for efficient service of the wagons and other means of transportation.

6. The ambulance-depot to which the wounded are to be carried direct for immediate treatment, should be established at the most convenient building nearest the field of battle. A red flag marks the place and way to it.

7. The active ambulances follow the troops, to succor the wounded and remove them to the depot. Before the engagement about five men, the least effective under arms to the company, will be detailed to assist the ambulance-conductors in removing wounded, providing water, and otherwise assisting the wounded. These men will not loiter about the depots, but must always return to the field of battle as soon as practicable.

8. Before and immediately after the battle the roll of each company will be called, and absentees must be strictly accounted for. To quit their standard on the battle-field under fire, under pretence of removing or aiding the wounded, will not be permitted. Any one persisting in it will be shot on the spot, and whosoever shall be found to have quit the field, his regiment, or his company, without authority, will be regarded and proclaimed as a coward, and dealt with accordingly. By command of

Gen. BEAUREGARD.

THOS. JORDAN,
Acting Adjutant-General.

MESSAGE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In the rebel Congress on the eighth of April, the following message was received:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States of America:

The great importance of the news just received from Tennessee induces me to depart from the established usages, and to make to you this communication in advance of official reports. From official telegraphic despatches, received from official sources, I am able to announce to you, with entire confidence, that it has pleased Almighty God to crown the confederate arms with a glorious and decisive victory over our invaders.

On the morning of the sixth, the converging columns of our army were combined by its Commander-in-Chief, Gen. A. Sidney Johnston, in an assault on the Federal army, then encamped near Pittsburgh, on the Tennessee River.

After a hard-fought battle of ten hours, the enemy was driven in disorder from his position, and pursued to the Tennessee River, where, under the cover of the gunboats, he was at the last accounts endeavoring to effect his retreat by aid of his transports. The details of this great battle are yet too few and incomplete to enable me to distinguish with merited praise all of those who may have conspicuously earned the right to such distinction, and I prefer to delay our own gratification in recommending them to your special notice, rather than incur the risk of wounding the feelings of any by failing to include them in the list.

When such a victory has been won over troops as numerous, well-disciplined, armed and appointed, as those which have just been so signally routed, we may well conclude that one common

spirit of unflinching bravery and devotion to our country's cause must have animated every breast, from that of the Commanding General to that of the humblest patriot who served in the ranks. There is enough in the continued presence of invaders on our soil to chasten our exultation over this brilliant success, and to remind us of the grave duty of continued exertion, until we shall extort from a proud and vain-glorious enemy the reluctant acknowledgment of our right to self-government.

But an All-wise Creator has been pleased, while vouchsafing to us his countenance in battle, to afflict us with a severe dispensation, to which we must bow in humble submission. The last long, lingering hope has disappeared, and it is but too true that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston is no more. The tale of his death is simply narrated in a despatch from Col. William Preston, in the following words:

"Gen. Johnston fell yesterday at half-past two o'clock, while leading a successful charge, turning the enemy's right, and gaining a brilliant victory. A Minie-ball cut the artery of his leg, but he rode on until, from loss of blood, he fell exhausted, and died without pain in a few moments. His body has been entrusted to me by Gen. Beauregard, to be taken to New-Orleans, and remain until directions are received from his family."

My long and close friendship with this departed chieftain and patriot forbids me to trust myself in giving vent to the feelings which this sad intelligence has evoked. Without doing injustice to the living, it may safely be asserted that our loss is irreparable. Among the shining hosts of the great and good who now cluster around the banner of our country, there exists no purer spirit, no more heroic soul, than that of the illustrious man whose death I join you in lamenting.

In his death he has illustrated the character for which through life he was conspicuous—that of singleness of purpose and devotion to duty—with his whole energies. Bent on obtaining the victory which he deemed essential to his country's cause, he rode on to the accomplishment of his object, forgetful of self, while his very life-blood was fast ebbing away. His last breath cheered his comrades on to victory. The last sound he heard was their shout of victory. His last thought was his country, and long and deeply will his country mourn his loss. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CINCINNATI "GAZETTE" ACCOUNT.

FIELD OF BATTLE,
PITTSBURGH LANDING, TENN., April 9. }

PRELIMINARY — THE FIGHT OPENS.

Fresh from the field of the great battle, with its pounding and roaring of artillery, and its keener-voiced rattle of musketry still sounding in my wearied ears; with all its visions of horror still seeming seared upon my eye-balls, while scenes of panic-stricken rout and brilliant charges, and obstinate defences, and succor, and intoxicating success are burned alike confusedly and indelibly upon the brain, I essay to write what I know of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing.

Yet how bring order out of such a chaos? How deal justly, writing within twenty-four hours of the closing of the fight, with all the gallant regiments, of the hundred present, that bravely won or as bravely lost, and with all that ignobly fled in panic from the field? How describe, so that one man may leisurely follow, the simultaneous operations of a hundred and fifty thousand antagonists, fighting backward and forward for two long days, in a five miles' line and over four miles' retreat and advance, under eight division commanders on one side, and an unknown number on the other? How, in short, picture on a canvas so necessarily small a panorama so grandly great? The task is impossible.

But what one man, diligently using all his powers of observation through those two days, might see, I saw, and that I *can* faithfully set down. For the rest, after riding carefully over and over the ground, asking questions innumerable of those who knew, and sifting consistent truth from the multiplicity of replies with whatever skill some experience may have taught, I can only give the concurrent testimony of the actors.

THE SITUATION BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Our great Tennessee Expedition had been up the river some four weeks. We had occupied Pittsburgh Landing for about three; had destroyed one railroad connection, which the rebels had restored in a day or two, and had failed in a similar but more important attempt on another. Beyond this we had engaged in no active operations. The rebels, alarmed by our sudden appearance, began massing their troops under our eyes. Presently they had more in the vicinity than we had. Then we waited for Buell, who was crossing the country from Nashville by easy marches. The rebels had apparently become restive under our slow concentrations, and General Grant had given out that an attack from them seemed probable. Yet we had lain at Pittsburgh Landing, within twenty miles of the rebels, that were likely to attack us in superior numbers, without throwing up a single breastwork or preparing a single protection for a battery, and with the brigades of one division stretched from extreme right to extreme left of our line, while four other divisions had been crowded in between, as they arrived.

On the evening of Friday, April fourth, there was a preliminary skirmish with the enemy's advance. Rumors came into camp that some of our officers had been taken prisoners by a considerable rebel force, near our lines, and that pickets had been firing. A brigade, the Seventieth, Seventy-second, and Forty-eighth Ohio, was sent out to see about it. They came upon a party of rebels, perhaps a thousand strong, and after a sharp little action drove them off, losing Major Crocket, of the Seventy-second Ohio, and a couple of lieutenants from the Seventieth, prisoners, taking in return some sixteen, and driving the rebels back to a battery they were found to have already in position, at no great distance from our

lines. Gen. Lew. Wallace's troops at Crump's Landing, were ordered out under arms, and they marched to Adamsville, half-way between the river and Purdy, to take position there and resist any attack in that direction. The night passed in dreary rain, but without further rebel demonstration; and it was generally supposed that the affair had been an ordinary picket-fight, presaging nothing more. Major-Gen. Grant had indeed said there was great probability of a rebel attack, but there were no appearances of his making any preparation for such an unlooked-for event, and so the matter was dismissed. Yet on Saturday there was more skirmishing along our advanced lines.

THE REBEL DESIGNS.

There can be no doubt the plan of the rebel leaders was to attack and demolish Grant's army before Buell's reinforcements arrived. There were rumors, indeed, that such a movement had been expressly ordered from headquarters at Richmond, as being absolutely necessary, as a last bold stroke, to save the failing fortunes of the Confederacy in the West; though of that, no one, I presume, *knows* anything.

But the rebel leaders at Corinth were fully aware that they largely outnumbered Grant, and that no measures had been taken to strengthen the position at Pittsburgh Landing; while they knew equally well that when Buell's entire Kentucky army arrived, and was added to Grant's forces, they could not possibly expect to hold their vitally important position at Corinth against us. Their only hope, therefore, lay in attacking Grant before Buell arrived, and so defeating us in detail. Fortunately they timed their movements a day too late.

THE WARNING OF DANGER.

The sun never rose on a more beautiful morning than that of Sunday, April sixth. Lulled by the general security, I had remained in pleasant quarters at Crump's, below Pittsburgh Landing, on the river. By sunrise I was roused by the cry: "They're fighting above." Volleys of musketry could sure enough be distinguished, and occasionally the sullen boom of artillery came echoing down the stream. Momentarily the volume of sound increased, till it became evident it was no skirmish that was in progress, and that a considerable portion of the army must be already engaged. Hastily springing on the guards of a passing steamboat, I hurried up.

The sweet spring sunshine danced over the rippling waters, and softly lit up the green of the banks. A few fleecy clouds alone broke the azure above. A light breeze murmured among the young leaves; the blue-birds were singing their gentle treble to the stern music that still came louder and deeper to us from the bluffs above, and the frogs were croaking their feeble imitation from the marshy islands that studded the channel.

Even thus early the west bank of the river was lined with the usual fugitives from action hurriedly pushing onwards, they knew not where, except down stream and away from the fight.

An officer on board hailed numbers of them and demanded their reason for being there, but they all gave the same response: "We're clean cut to pieces, and every man must save himself."

At the Landing appearances became still more ominous. Our two Cincinnati wooden gunboats, Tyler and Lexington, were edging uneasily up and down the banks, eager to put in their broadsides of heavy guns, but unable to find where they could do it. The roar of battle was startlingly close, and showed that the rebels were in earnest attempt to carry out their threat of driving us into the river. The landing and bluff above were covered with cowards who had fled from their ranks to the rear for safety, and who were telling the most fearful stories of the rebel onset and the sufferings of their own particular regiments. Momentarily fresh fugitives came back, often guns in hand, and all giving the same accounts of thickening disasters in front.

Hurrying out toward the scene of action, I was soon convinced that there was too much foundation for the tales of the runaways. Sherman's and Prentiss' entire divisions were falling back in disorder, sharply pressed by the rebels in overwhelming numbers, at all points. McClernand's had already lost part of its camps, and it, too, was falling back. There was one consolation—only one—I could see just then: history, so the divines say, is positive on the point that no attack ever made on the Sabbath was eventually a success to the attacking party. Nevertheless, the signs were sadly against the theologians.

Let me return—premising that I have thus brought the reader into the scene near the close of the first act in our Sunday's tragedy—to the preliminaries of the opening of the assault.

POSITION OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS.

And first, of our positions. Let the reader understand that the Pittsburgh Landing is simply a narrow ravine, down which a road passes to the river-bank, between high bluffs on either side. There is no town at all—two log-huts comprise all the improvements visible. Back from the river is a rolling country, cut up with numerous ravines, partially under cultivation, but perhaps the greater part thickly wooded with some underbrush. The soil is clayey, and roads on Sunday morning were good. From the Landing a road leads direct to Corinth, twenty miles distant. A mile or two out this road forks: one branch is the lower Corinth road, the other the ridge Corinth road. A short distance out, another road takes off to the left, crosses Lick Creek, and leads back to the river at Hamburg, some miles further up. On the right, two separate roads lead off to Purdy, and another, a new one, across Snake Creek to Crump's Landing on the river below. Besides these, the whole country inside our lines is cut up with roads leading to our different camps; and beyond the lines is the most inextricable maze of cross-roads, intersecting everything and leading everywhere, in which it was ever my ill-fortune to become entangled.

On and between these roads, at distances of

from two to four or five miles from Pittsburgh Landing, lay five divisions of Major-Gen. Grant's army that Sunday morning. The advance line was formed by three divisions—Brig.-Gen. Sherman's, Brig.-Gen. Prentiss's, and Major-Gen. McClernand's. Between these and the Landing lay the two others—Brig.-Gen. Hurlbut's and Major-Gen. Smith's, commanded, in the absence (from sickness) of that admirable officer, by Brig.-Gen. W. H. L. Wallace.

Our advance line, beginning at the extreme left, was thus formed. On the Hamburg road, just this side the crossing of Lick Creek and under bluffs on the opposite bank that commanded the position, lay Col. D. Stuart's brigade of Gen. Sherman's division. Some three or four miles distant from this brigade, on the lower Corinth road and between that and the one to Purdy, lay the remaining brigades of Sherman's division, McDowell's forming the extreme right of our whole advance line, Buckland's coming next to it, and Hildebrand's next. To the left of Hildebrand's brigade, though rather behind a portion of Sherman's line, lay Major-Gen. McClernand's division, and between it and Stuart's brigade, already mentioned as forming our extreme left, lay Brig.-Gen. Prentiss's division, completing the front.

Back of this line, within a mile of the Landing, lay Hurlbut's division, stretching across the Corinth road, and W. H. L. Wallace's to his right.

Such was the position of our troops at Pittsburgh Landing, at daybreak Sunday morning. Major-General Lew. Wallace's division lay at Crump's Landing, some miles below, and was not ordered up till about half-past seven o'clock that day.

It is idle to criticise arrangements now—it is so easy to be wise after a matter is over—but the reader will hardly fail to observe the essential defects of such disposition of troops for a great battle. Nearly four miles intervened between the different parts of Sherman's division. Of course to command the one, he must neglect the other. McClernand's lay partially behind Sherman, and therefore, not stretching far enough to the left, there was a gap between him and Prentiss, which the rebels did not fail speedily to find. Our extreme left was commanded by unguarded heights, easily approachable from Corinth. And the whole arrangement was confused and ill-adjusted.

Confusion was not the only glaring fault. Gen. Sherman's camps, to the right of the little log-cabin called Shiloh church, fronted on a descending slope of a quarter to a half mile in breadth, mostly covered with woods, and bounded by a ravine. A day's work of his troops would have covered that slope with an impenetrable abatis, thrown a line of breastworks to the front of the camps, and enabled Gen. Sherman to sweep all approaches with artillery and musketry, and hold his position against any force that was brought against it. But for three weeks he had lain there, declaring the position dangerous, and predicting attack; yet absolutely with-

out making the slightest preparation for the commonest means of defence!

THE REBEL PLAN OF ATTACK.

During Friday and Saturday the rebels had marched out of Corinth, about sixty thousand strong, in three great divisions. Sidney Johnston had general command of the whole army. Beauregard had the centre; Braxton Bragg and Hardee the wings. Polk, Breckinridge, Cheat-ham and others held subordinate commands. On Thursday Johnston issued a proclamation to the army, announcing to them in grandiloquent terms that he was about to lead them against the invaders, and that they would soon celebrate the great, decisive victory of the war, in which they had repelled the invading column, redeemed Tennessee, and preserved the Southern Confederacy.

Their general plan of attack is said by prisoners to have been to strike our centre first, (composed, as the reader will remember, of Prentiss's and McClellan's divisions,) pierce the centre, and then pour in their troops to attack on each side the wings into which they would thus cut our army.

To accomplish this, they should have struck the left of the three brigades of Sherman's division which lay on our right, and the left of McClellan's, which came to the front on Sherman's left. By some mistake, however, they struck Sherman's left alone, and that a few moments after a portion of their right wing had swept up against Prentiss.

TROOPS FIRST ATTACKED.

The troops thus attacked, by six o'clock, or before it, were as follows: The left of Sherman's brigades, that of Col. Hildebrand, was composed of the Fifty-ninth Ohio, Col. Pfyffe; Seventy-seventh Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding; Fifty-third Ohio, Col. Appler; and Fifty-third Illinois.

To the right of this was Col. Buckland's brigade, composed of the Seventy-second Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Canfield; Forty-eighth Ohio, Colonel Sullivan; and Seventieth Ohio, Col. Cockerell.

And on the extreme right, Col. McDowell's brigade, Sixth Iowa, (Col. McDowell—Lieutenant-Colonel commanding;) Fortieth Illinois, Colonel Hicks; Forty-sixth Ohio, Colonel Thos. Worthington.

Gen. Prentiss's division was composed of the Twelfth Michigan, Sixteenth Wisconsin, Eighteenth Wisconsin, Eighteenth Missouri, Twenty-third Missouri, Twenty-fifth Missouri, and Sixty-first Illinois.

THE BATTLE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 6.

OUR MEN SURPRISED.

Almost at dawn, Prentiss's pickets were driven in; a very little later Hildebrand's (in Sherman's division) were; and the enemy were in the camps almost as soon as were the pickets themselves.

Here began scenes which, let us hope, will have no parallel in our remaining annals of the war. Some, particularly among our officers, were not yet out of bed. Others were dressing, others washing, others cooking, a few eating their breakfasts. Many guns were unloaded, accoutrements lying pell-mell, ammunition was ill-supplied—in short, the camps were virtually surprised—disgracefully, it might be added, unless some one can hereafter give some yet undiscovered reason to the contrary—and were taken at almost every possible disadvantage.

The first wild cries from the pickets rushing in, and the few scattering shots that preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their peril; an instant afterward, shells were hurtling through the tents, while, before there was time for thought of preparation, there came rushing through the woods, with lines of battle sweeping the whole fronts of the division-camps and bending down on either flank, the fine, dashing, compact columns of the enemy.

Into the just-aroused camps thronged the rebel regiments, firing sharp volleys as they came, and springing toward our laggards with the bayonet. Some were shot down as they were running, without weapons, hatless, coatless, toward the river. The searching bullets found other poor unfortunates in their tents, and there, all unheeding now, they still slumbered, while the unseen foe rushed on. Others fell, as they were disentangling themselves from the flaps that formed the doors to their tents; others as they were buckling on their accoutrements; a few, it was even said, as they were vainly trying to impress on the cruelly-exultant enemy their readiness to surrender.

Officers were wounded in their beds, and left for dead, who, through the whole two days' fearful struggle, lay there gasping in their agony, and on Monday evening were found in their gore, inside their tents, and still able to tell the tale.

Such were the fearful disasters that opened the rebel onset on the lines of Prentiss's division. Similar were the fates of Hildebrand's brigade in Sherman's division.

Meantime what they could our shattered regiments did. Falling rapidly back through the heavy woods till they gained a protecting ridge, firing as they ran, and making what resistance men thus situated might, Sherman's men succeeded in partially checking the rush of the enemy, long enough to form their hasty line of battle. Meantime the other two brigades of the division (to the right) sprang hastily to their arms, and had barely done so when the enemy's lines came sweeping up against their fronts too, and the battle thus opened fiercely along Sherman's whole line on the right.

Hildebrand's brigade had been compelled to abandon their camps without a struggle. Some of the regiments, it is even said, ran without firing a gun. Col. Appler's, Fifty-third Ohio, is loudly complained of on this score, and others are mentioned. It is certain that parts of regi-

ments, both here and in other divisions, ran disgracefully. Yet they were not wholly without excuse. They were raw troops, just from the usual idleness of our "camps of instruction;" hundreds of them had never heard a gun fired in anger; their officers, for the most part, were equally inexperienced; they had been reposing in fancied security, and were awaked, perhaps from sweet dreams of home and wives and children, by the stunning roar of cannon in their very midst, and the bursting of bomb-shells among their tents—to see only the serried columns of the magnificent rebel advance, and through the blinding, stifling smoke, the hasty retreat of comrades and supports, right and left. Certainly, it is sad enough, but hardly surprising, that under such circumstances, some should run. Half as much caused the wild panic at Bull Run, for which the nation, as one man, became a loud-mouthed apologist.

But they ran—here as in Prentiss's division, of which last more in a moment—and the enemy did not fail to profit by the wild disorder. As Hildebrand's brigade fell back, McClelland threw forward his left to support it. Meanwhile Sherman was doing his best to rally his troops. Dashing along the lines, encouraging them everywhere by his presence, and exposing his own life with the same freedom with which he demanded their offer of theirs, he did much to save the division from utter destruction. Buckland and McDowell held their ground fiercely for a time. At last they were compelled to retire their brigades from their camps across the little ravine behind; but here again they made a gallant defence, while what was left of Hildebrand's was falling back in such order as it might, and leaving McClelland's left to take their place, and check the wave of rebel advance.

PRENTISS'S DIVISION.

Prentiss was faring scarcely so well. Most of his troops stood their ground, to be formed into line, but strangely enough, the line was drawn up in an open space, leaving to the enemy the cover of the dense scrub-oak in front, from which they could pour in their volleys in comparative safety.

The men held their position with an obstinacy that adds new laurels to the character of the American soldiers, but it was too late. Down on either flank came the overwhelming enemy. Fiercely pushed in front, with a wall of bayonets closing in on either side, like the contracting iron chamber of the Inquisition, what could they do but what they did? Speedily their resistance became less obstinate, more and more rapidly they fell back, less and less frequent became their returning volleys.

The enemy pushed their advantage. They were already within our lines; they had driven one division from all its camps, and nearly opened, as they supposed, the way to the river. Just here—between nine and ten o'clock—McArthur's brigade of W. H. L. Wallace's division came up to give some assistance to Stuart's brigade of

Sherman's division, on the extreme left, now in imminent danger of being cut off by Prentiss's defection. McArthur mistook the way, marched too far to the right, and so, instead of reaching Stuart, came in on the other side of the rebels, now closely pushing Prentiss. His men at once opened vigorously on the enemy, and for a time they seemed likely still to save our imperilled division. But coming unawares, as they seem to have done, upon the enemy, their positions were not well chosen, and all had to fall back together.

Gen. Prentiss seems here to have become separated from a large portion of his command. The division fell into confusion; fragments of brigades and regiments continued the fight, but there was no longer concert of action or continuity of lines of defence. Most of the troops drifted back behind the new lines that were being formed; many, as they continued an isolated struggle, were surrounded and taken prisoners.

Practically, by ten o'clock the division was gone. Gen. Prentiss and the few troops that surrounded him maintained a detached position some hours longer, till they were completely cut off and surrounded; and the rebels signalized their success by marching three regiments, with a division general, as prisoners, to their rear.

By ten o'clock, however, this entire division was virtually *hors du combat*. A deep gap in our front line was made, the rebels had nearly pierced through, and were only held back by McArthur's brigade, and the rest of W. H. L. Wallace's division, which hurried over to its assistance.

For the present let us leave them there. They held the line from this time until four.

SHERMAN'S DIVISION—MCCLERNAND'S.

We left Sherman's brigades maintaining a confused fight, Hildebrand's about gone, Buckland's and McDowell's holding their ground more tenaciously. The firing aroused McClelland's division. At first they supposed it to be a mere skirmish; perhaps even only the irregular discharge of muskets by guards and pickets, to clean out their guns—a practice which, to the disgrace of our discipline be it said, was well nigh universal—and rendered it almost impossible at any time to know whether firing meant anything at all, beyond ordinary disorder of our own soldiers. But the continued rattle of musketry soon undeceived them, and almost as soon the advance of the rebels, pouring after Hildebrand, was upon them.

The division, it will be remembered, lay a short distance in the rear, and with one brigade stretching out to the left of Sherman's line. Properly speaking, merely from the location of the camp, McClelland did not belong to the front line at all. Two thirds of his division were entirely behind Sherman. But as the latter fell back, McClelland had to bear the shock of battle.

His division was composed as follows: First brigade, Col. Hare commanding, Eighth and Eighteenth Illinois, Eleventh and Thirteenth

Iowa; Second brigade, Col. C. C. Marsh commanding, Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-eighth and Forty-fifth Illinois, Cols. Ransom, Marsh, Haynie and Smith, (the latter is the "lead-mine regiment;") Third brigade, Col. Raitt commanding, Seventeenth, Twenty-ninth and Forty-ninth Illinois, Lieut.-Cols. Wood, Farrell and Pease, and Forty-third Illinois, Col. Marsh. Besides this fine show of experienced troops, they had Schwartz's, Dresser's, McAllister's and Waterhouse's batteries.

As already stated, McClernand was first called into action shortly after the surprise of Sherman's left brigade, (Hildebrand's)—about seven in the morning—by having to move up his left brigade to support Sherman's retreating left and preserve the line. Then, as Sherman's other brigades fell back, McClernand's moved up and engaged the enemy in support. Gradually the resistance in Buckland's brigade and what was still left to its right of Hildebrand's, became more confused and irresolute. The line wavered, the men fell back in squads and companies, they failed to rally promptly at the call of their officers. As they retreated, the woods behind them became thinner and there was less protection from the storm of grape that swept as if on blasts of a hurricane among the trees. Lieut.-Col. Canfield, commanding the Seventy-Second Ohio, was mortally wounded and borne dying from the field. Col. Sullivan of the Forty-Eighth Ohio, was wounded, but continued at the head of his men. Company officers fell and were carried away from their men. At one of our wavering retreats, the rebels, by a sudden dash forward, had taken part of Waterhouse's battery, which McClernand had sent them over. Beer's battery too was taken, and Taylor's Chicago Light Artillery was so terribly pounded as to be forced to retire with heavy loss. As the troops gave way, they came out from the open woods into old fields, completely raked by the enemy's fire. For them all was lost, and away went Buckland's and Hildebrand's brigades, Ohioans and Illinoisans together, to the rear and right, in such order as they might.

McDowell's brigade had fallen back less slowly than its two companions of the same division, but it was now left entirely alone. It had formed our extreme right, and of course had no support there; its supporting brigades on the left had gone; through the space they had occupied the rebels were pouring; they were in imminent danger of being entirely cut off, and back they fell too, still farther to the right and rear, among the ravines that border Snake Creek.

And here, so far as Sunday's fight is concerned, the greater part of Sherman's division passes out of view. The General himself was indefatigable in collecting and reorganizing his men, and a straggling contest was doubtless kept up along portions of his new lines, but with little weight in inclining the scales of battle. The General bore with him one token of the danger to which he had exposed himself, a musket-ball through the hand. It was the common expression of all

that his escape so lightly was wonderful. Whatever may be his faults or neglects, none can accuse him of a lack of gallantry and energy when the attack was made on his raw division that memorable Sunday morning.

ATTACK ON M'CLERNAND'S RIGHT.

To return to McClernand's division: I have spoken of his sending up first his left, and then his centre brigade to support Sherman, shortly after the surprise. As Sherman fell back, McClernand was compelled to bring in his brigades again to protect his left against the onset of the rebels, who, seeing how he had weakened himself there, and inspired by their recent success over Prentiss, hurled themselves against him with tremendous force. To avoid bringing back these troops, a couple of new regiments, the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa, were brought up, but taking utterly raw troops on the field, under heavy fire, was too severe a trial for them, and they gave way in confusion. To meet the attack, then the whole division made a change of front, and faced along the Corinth road. Here the batteries were placed in position, and till ten o'clock the rebels were foiled in every attempt to gain the road.

But Sherman having now fallen back, there was nothing to prevent the rebels from coming in, farther out on the road, and turning McClernand's right. Prompt to seize the advantage, a brigade of them went dashing audaciously through the division's abandoned camp, pushing up the road to come in above McClernand, between him and where Sherman had been. Dresser's battery of rifled guns opened on them as they passed, and with fearful slaughter—not confined, alas! to one side only—drove them back.

But the enemy's reserves were most skilfully handled, and the constant advance of fresh regiments was at last too much for our inferior numbers. Major Eaton, commanding the Eighteenth Illinois, was killed; Colonel Haynie was severely wounded; Col. Raith, commanding a brigade, had his leg so shattered that amputation was necessary; Major Nevins, of the Eleventh Illinois, was wounded; Lieut.-Col. Ransom of the same regiment, was wounded; three of Gen. McClernand's staff, Major Schwartz, Major Stewart and Lieut. Freeman, were wounded, and carried from the field. Line officers had suffered heavily. The batteries were broken up. Schwartz had lost half his guns and sixteen horses. Dresser had lost several of his rifled pieces, three caissons and eighteen horses. McAllister had lost half his twenty-four-pound howitzers.

The soldiers fought bravely to the last—let no man question that—but they were at a fearful disadvantage. Gradually they began falling back, more slowly than had Prentiss's regiments, or part of Sherman's, making more determined, because better organized, resistance, occasionally rallying and repulsing the enemy in turn for a hundred yards, then being beaten back again, and renewing the retreat to some new position for fresh defence.

By eleven o'clock the division was back in a

line with Hurlbut's. It still did some gallant fighting; once its right swept around and drove the enemy for a considerable distance, but again fell back, and at the last it brought up near the position of W. H. L. Wallace's camps.

We have seen how Prentiss, Sherman, McClelland were driven back; how, fight as fiercely as they would, they still lost ground; how their camps were all in the hands of the enemy; and how this whole front line, for which Hurlbut and Wallace were but the reserves, was gone.

THE ASSAULT ON SHERMAN'S LEFT.

But the fortunes of the isolated brigade of Sherman's division, on the extreme left, must not be forgotten. It was doubly let alone by the Generals. Gen. Grant did not arrive on the field till after nearly all these disasters had crowded upon us, and each division general had done that which was good in his own eyes, and carried on the battle independent of the rest; but this brigade was even left by its division general, who was four miles away, doing his best to rally his panic-stricken regiments there.

It was commanded by Col. David Stuart, (of late Chicago divorce-case fame, and ex-Congressman,) and was composed of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Malmbourg, commanding; Seventy-first Ohio, Col. Rodney Mason; the Fifty-fourth Ohio, (Zouaves,) Col. T. K. Smith. It was posted along the circuitous road from Pittsburgh Landing, up the river to Hamburg, some two miles from the Landing, and near the crossing of Lick Creek, the bluffs on the opposite side of which commanded the position, and stretching on down to join Prentiss's division on its right. In selecting the grounds for the encampment of our army, it seems to have been forgotten that from Corinth an excellent road led direct to Hamburg, a few miles above this left wing of our forces. Within a few days, the oversight had indeed been discovered, and the determination had been expressed to land Buell's forces at Hamburg, when they arrived, and thus make all safe. It was unfortunate, of course, that Beauregard and Johnston did not wait for us to perfect our pleasing arrangements.

When the rebels marched out from Corinth, a couple of brigades (rumored to be under the command of Breckinridge) had taken this road, and thus easily, and without molestation reached the bluffs of Lick Creek, commanding Stuart's position.

During the attack on Prentiss, Stuart's brigade was formed along the road, the left resting near the Lick Creek ford, the right, Seventy-first Ohio, Col. Rodney Mason, (late Assistant Adjutant-General of Ohio, and Colonel of the Second Ohio at Manassas,) being nearest Prentiss. The first intimation they had of disaster to their right was the partial cessation of firing. An instant afterward muskets were seen glinting among the leaves, and presently a rebel column emerged from a bend in the road, with banners flying and moving at double-quick down the road toward them. Their supports to the left were further off than the

rebels, and it was at once seen that, with but one piece of artillery a single regiment could do nothing there. They accordingly fell rapidly back toward the ford, and were re-formed in an orchard near the other regiments.

The rebel column veered on further to the right, in search of Prentiss' flying troops, and for a brief space, though utterly isolated, they were unmolested.

Before ten, however, the brigade, which had still stood listening to the surging roar of battle on the left, was startled by the screaming of a shell that came directly over their heads. In an instant the batteries of the rebel force that had gained the commanding bluffs opposite, by approaching on the Corinth and Hamburg road, were in full play, and the orchards and open fields in which they were posted (looking only for attack in the opposite direction) were swept with the exploding shells and hail-storm rush of grape.

Under cover of this fire from the bluffs, the rebels rushed down, crossed the ford, and in a moment were seen forming this side the creek, in open fields also, and within close musket-range. Their color-bearers stepped defiantly to the front, as the engagement opened furiously, the rebels pouring in sharp, quick volleys of musketry, and their batteries above continuing to support them with a destructive fire. Our sharpshooters wanted to pick off the audacious rebel color-bearers, but Col. Stuart interposed: "No, no, they're too brave fellows to be killed." Almost at the first fire, Lieut.-Col. Barton S. Kyle, of the Seventy-first, was shot through the breast. The brigade stood for scarcely ten minutes, when it became evident that its position was untenable, and they fell rapidly back, perhaps a quarter of a mile, to the next ridge; a few of his men, at great personal risk, carrying Lieut.-Col. Kyle, in a dying condition, from the field they were abandoning. Ohio lost no braver, truer man that day.

As they reached the next woody ridge, rebel cavalry, that had crossed the creek lower down, were seen coming up on their left; and to resist this new attack the line of battle was formed, fronting in that direction. For three quarters of an hour the brigade stood here. The cavalry, finding its purpose foiled, did not come within range. In front they were hard pressed, and the rebels, who had followed Prentiss, began to come in on their right. Col. Stuart had sent across to Brig.-Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, then not engaged, for support. Brig.-Gen. McArthur's brigade was promptly started across, but mistaking the way, and bearing too much to the right, it speedily found itself in the midst of the rebel forces that had poured in after Prentiss. Gen. McArthur could thus render Stuart's brigade no assistance, but he vigorously engaged the rebels to his front and flanks, fell back to a good position, and held these troops in bay till the rest of his division came up to his aid. Gen. McArthur was himself disabled by a wound in the foot, but he rode in to a hospital, had it dressed, and returned to the brigade, which meantime sturdily held its position.

But this brought Stuart's isolated brigade little help. They were soon forced to fall back to another ridge, then to another, and finally, about twelve o'clock, badly shattered and disordered, they retreated to the right and rear, falling in behind Gen. McArthur's brigade to reorganize. Colonel Stuart was himself wounded by a ball through his right shoulder, and the loss of field and company-officers was sufficient to greatly discourage the troops.

DESPERATE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS.

This clears our entire front line of divisions. The enemy has full possession of all Sherman's, Prentiss's, and McClernand's camps. By ten o'clock our whole front, except Stuart's brigade, had given way, and the burden of the fight was resting on Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace. Before twelve Stuart, too, had come back, and for the time absolutely only those two divisions stood between our army and destruction or surrender.

Still all was not lost. Hurlbut and Wallace began making a most gallant stand; and meantime most of the troops from the three driven divisions were still to some extent available. Many of them had wandered down the river—some as far as Crump's Landing, and some even to Savannah. These were brought back again on transports. Lines of guards were extended to prevent skulkers from getting back to the Landing, and especially to stop the shrewd dodge among the cravens of taking six or eight able-bodied soldiers to assist some slightly-wounded fellow into the hospital; and between this *cordon* and the rear of the fighting divisions the fragments of regiments were reorganized after a fashion, and sent back to the field. Brigades could not be got together again, much less divisions, but the regiments pieced together from the loose squads that could be gathered and officered, often by men who could find scarcely a soldier of their own commands, were hurried to the front, and many of them did good service.

It was fortunate for us that the accidental circumstance that Prentiss's portion of our line had been completely broken sooner than any of the rest, had caused the enemy's onset to veer chiefly to our left. There we were tolerably safe; and at worst, if the rebels drove us to the river on the left flank, the gunboats could come into play. Our weakest point was the right, and to turning this the rebels do not seem to have paid so much attention on Sunday.

According to general understanding, in the event of an attack at Pittsburgh Landing, Major-Gen. Lew. Wallace was to come in on our right and flank the rebels by marching across from Crump's Landing below. Yet strangely enough, Wallace, though with his division all drawn up and ready to march anywhere at a moment's notice, was not ordered to Pittsburgh Landing till nearly if not quite twelve o'clock. Then through misdirection as to the way to come in on the flank, four miles of marching were lost, and the circuitous route made it twelve miles more, before they could reach the scene of battle. Mean-

time our right was almost wholly unprotected. Fortunately, as I said, however, the rebels do not seem to have discovered the full extent of this weakness, and their heaviest fighting was done on the centre and left, where we still preserved our line.

HURLBUT'S DIVISION.

Hurlbut's division, it will be remembered, stretched across the Corinth road, facing rather to our left. W. H. L. Wallace's other brigades had gone over to assist McArthur, and the division, thus reunited, steadily closed the line, where Prentiss's division and Stuart's brigade, in their retreat, had left it open. To Hurlbut's right the lines were patched out with the reorganized regiments that had been re-sent to the field. McClernand and Sherman were both there.

Hurlbut had been encamped in the edge nearest the river of a stretch of open fields, backed with heavy timber. Among his troops were the Seventeenth and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, Forty-fourth and Thirty-first Indiana, constituting Lauman's brigade; Third Iowa, Forty-first Illinois, and some others, forming Col. Williams's brigade.

As Prentiss fell back, Hurlbut's left aided Wallace in sustaining the rebel onset, and when McClernand gave way, the remainder of the division was thrown forward. The position beyond the camps, however, was not a good one, and the division was compelled to fall back, through its camps to the thick woods behind. Here, with open fields before them, they could rake the rebel approach. Nobly did they now stand their ground. From ten to half-past three they held the enemy in check, and through nearly that whole time were actively engaged. Hurlbut himself displayed the most daring and brilliant gallantry, and his example, with that of the brave officers under him, nerved the men to the sternest endurance.

Three times during those long hours the heavy rebel masses on the left charged upon the division, and three times were they repulsed, with terrible slaughter. Close, sharp, continuous musketry, whole lines belching fire on the rebels as the leaden storm swept the fields over which they attempted to advance, were too much for rebel discipline, though the bodies left scattered over the fields, even on Monday evening, bore ghastly testimony to the daring with which they had been precipitated toward our lines.

But there is still much in the Napoleonic theory that Providence has a tendency at least to go with the heaviest battalions. The battalions were against us. The rebel generals, too, handled their forces with a skill that extorted admiration in the midst of our sufferings. Repulse was nothing to them. A rush on our lines failed; they took their disordered troops to the rear, and sent up fresh troops, who unknowing the fearful reception awaiting them, were ready to try it again. The jaded division was compelled to yield, and after six hours' magnificent fighting, it fell back out of sight of its camps, and to a point within half a mile of the Landing.

WALLACE'S DIVISION—ITS GENERAL MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Let us turn to the fate of Hurlbut's companion division—that of Brigadier-General W. H. L. Wallace, which included the Second and Seventh Iowa, Ninth and Twenty-eighth Illinois, and several of the other regiments composing Major-General Smith's old division; with also three excellent batteries, Stone's, Richardson's and Weber's (all from Missouri,) forming an artillery battalion, under the general management of Major Cavender.

Here, too, the fight began about ten o'clock, as already described. From that time until four in the afternoon, they manfully bore up. The musketry fire was absolutely continuous; there was scarcely a moment that some part of the line was not pouring in its rattling volleys, and the artillery was admirably served, with but little intermission through the entire time.

Once or twice the infantry advanced, attempting to drive the continually increasing enemy, but though they could hold what they had, their numbers were not equal to the task of conquering any more.

Four separate times the rebels attempted in turn to charge on them. Each time the infantry poured in its quickest volleys, the artillery redoubled its exertions, and the rebels retreated with heavy slaughter. The division was eager to remain, even when Hurlbut fell back, and the fine fellows with the guns were particularly indignant at not being permitted to pound away. But their supports were gone on either side; to have remained in isolated advance would have been madness. Just as the necessity for retreating was becoming apparent, General Wallace, whose cool, collected bravery had commanded the admiration of all, was mortally wounded, and borne away from the field. At last the division fell back. Its soldiers claim—justly, I believe—the proud distinction of being the last to yield, in the general break of our lines, that gloomy Sunday afternoon, which, at half-past four o'clock, had left most of our army within half a mile of the Landing, with the rebels up to a thousand yards of their position.

Capt. Stone could not resist the temptation of stopping, as he passed what had been Hurlbut's headquarters, to try a few parting shots. He did fine execution, but narrowly escaped losing some guns, by having his wheel-horses shot down. Capt. Walker did lose a twenty-pounder through some breakage in the carriage. It was recovered again on Monday.

THE CLOSE OF SUNDAY'S FIGHT.

We have reached the last act in the tragedy of Sunday. It is half-past four o'clock. Our front line of divisions has been lost since half-past ten. Our reserve line is now gone, too. The rebels occupy the camps of every division save that of W. H. L. Wallace. Our whole army is crowded in the region of Wallace's camps, and to a circuit of one half to two thirds of a mile around the Landing. We have been falling back all day.

We can do it no more. The next repulse puts us into the river, and there are not transports enough to cross a single division till the enemy would be upon us.

Lew. Wallace's division might turn the tide for us—it is made of fighting men—but where is it? Why has it not been thundering on the right for three hours past? We do not know yet that it was not ordered up till noon. Buell is coming, but he has been doing it all day, and all last week. His advance-guard is across the river now, waiting ferriage; but what is an advance-guard, with sixty thousand victorious foes in front of us?

We have lost nearly all our camps and camp equipage. We have lost nearly half our field artillery. We have lost a division general and two or three regiments of our soldiers as prisoners. We have lost—how dreadfully we are afraid to think—in killed and wounded. The hospitals are full to overflowing. A long ridge bluff is set apart for surgical uses. It is covered with the maimed, the dead and dying. And our men are discouraged by prolonged defeat. Nothing but the most energetic exertion, on the part of the officers, prevents them from becoming demoralized. Regiments have lost their favorite field-officers; companies the captains whom they have always looked to, with that implicit faith the soldier learns, to lead them to battle.

Meanwhile there is a lull in the firing. For the first time since sunrise you fail to catch the angry rattle of musketry or the heavy booming of the field-guns. Either the enemy must be preparing for the grand, final rush that is to crown the day's success and save the Southern Confederacy, or they are puzzled by our last retreat, and are moving cautiously lest we spring some trap upon them. Let us embrace the opportunity, and look about the Landing. We pass the old-log house, lately post-office, now full of wounded and surgeons, which constitutes the "Pittsburgh" part of the Landing. General Grant and staff are in a group beside it. The General is confident. "We can hold them off till to-morrow; then they'll be exhausted, and we'll go at them with fresh troops." A great crowd is collected around the building—all in uniforms, most of them with guns. And yet we are needing troops in the front so sorely!

COWARDS.

On the bluffs above the river is a sight that may well make our cheeks tingle. There are not less than five thousand skulkers lining the banks! Ask them why they don't go to their places in the line: "Oh! our regiment is all cut to pieces." "Why don't you go to where it is forming again?" "I can't find it," and the hulk looks as if that would be the very last thing he would want to do.

Officers are around among them, trying to hunt up their men, storming, coaxing, commanding—cursing I am afraid. One strange fellow—a Major, if I remember aright—is making a sort of elevated, superfine Fourth of July speech to

everybody that will listen to him. He means well, certainly: "Men of Kentucky, of Illinois, of Ohio, of Iowa, of Indiana, I implore you, I beg of you, come up now. Help us through two hours more. By all that you hold dear, by the homes you hope to defend, by the flag you love, by the States you honor, by all your love of country, by all your hatred of treason, I conjure you, come up and do your duty now!" And so on for quantity. "That feller's a good speaker," was the only response I heard, and the fellow who gave it nestled more snugly behind his tree as he spoke.

I knew well enough the nature of the skulking animal in an army during a battle. I had seen their performances before, but never on so large a scale, never with such an utter sickness of heart while I looked, as now. Still, I do not believe there was very much more than the average per centage. It was a big army, and the runaways all sought the Landing.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. BUELL.

Looking across the Tennessee we see a body of cavalry, awaiting transportation over. They are said to be Buell's advance, yet they have been there an hour or two alone. But suddenly there is a rustle among the runaways. It is! it is! You see the gleaming of the gun-barrels, you catch amid the leaves and undergrowth down the opposite side of the river glimpses of the steady, swinging tramp of trained soldiers. A DIVISION of Buell's army is here! And the men who have left their regiments on the field send up three cheers for Buell. *They* cheering! May it parch their throats, as if they had been breathing the simoon!

Here comes a boat across with a Lieutenant and two or three privates of the Signal Corps. Some orders are instantly given the officer and as instantly telegraphed to the other side by the mysterious wavings and raisings and droppings of the flags. A steamer comes up with pontoons on board, with which a bridge could be speedily thrown across. Unaccountably enough, to on-lookers, she slowly reconnoitres and steams back again. Perhaps, after all, it is better to have no bridge there. It simplifies the question, takes escape out of the count, and leaves it victory or death—to the cowards that slink behind the bluffs as well as to the brave men who peril their lives to do the state some service on the fields beyond. Preparations go rapidly forward for crossing the division (Gen. Nelson's, which has the advance of Buell's army) on the dozen or so transports that have been tied up along the bank.

We have spent but a few minutes on the bluff, but they are the golden minutes that count for years. Well was it for that driven, defeated, but not disgraced army of Gen. Grant's that those minutes were improved. Col. Webster, Chief of Staff, and an artillery officer of no mean ability, had arranged the guns that he could collect of those that remained to us in a sort of semi-circle, protecting the Landing, and bearing chiefly on our centre and left, by which the

rebels were pretty sure to advance. Corps of artillerists to man them were improvised from all the batteries that could be collected. Twenty-two guns in all were placed in position. Two of them were heavy siege-guns, long thirty-twos. Where they came from I do not know; what battery they belonged to I have no idea; I only know that they were there, in the right place, half a mile back from the bluff, sweeping the approaches by the left, and by the ridge Corinth road; that there was nobody to work them; that Dr. Cornyn, *Surgeon* of Frank Blair's old First Missouri artillery, proffered his services, that they were gladly accepted, and that he *did* work them to such effect as to lay out ample work for scores of his professional brethren on the other side of the fight.

Remember the situation. It was half-past four o'clock—perhaps a quarter later still. Every division of our army on the field had been repulsed. The enemy were in the camps of four out of five of them. We were driven to within little over half a mile of the Landing. Behind us was a deep, rapid river. Before us was a victorious enemy. And still there was an hour for fighting. "Oh! that night or Blücher would come!" Oh! that night or Lew. Wallace would come! Nelson's division of Gen. Buell's army evidently couldn't cross in time to do us much good. We didn't yet know why Lew. Wallace wasn't on the ground. In the justice of a righteous cause, and in that semi-circle of twenty-two guns in position, lay all the hope we could see.

Suddenly a broad, sulphurous flash of light leaped out from the darkening woods; and through the glare and smoke came whistling the leaden hail. The rebels were making their crowning effort for the day, and as was expected when our guns were hastily placed, they came from our left and centre. They had wasted their fire at one thousand yards. Instantaneously our deep-mouthed bull-dogs flung out their sonorous response. The rebel artillery opened, and shell and round-shot came tearing across the open space back of the bluff. May I be forgiven for the malicious thought, but I certainly did wish one or two might drop *behind* the bluff among the crowd of skulkers hovering under the hill at the river's edge.

Very handsome was the response our broken infantry battalions poured in. The enemy soon had reason to remember that, if not

"Still in their ashes live the wonted fires,"

at least still in the fragments lived the ancient valor that had made the short-lived rebel successes already cost so dear.

THE GUNBOATS OPEN FIRE.

The rebel infantry gained no ground, but the furious cannonading and musketry continued. Suddenly new actors entered on the stage. Our Cincinnati wooden gunboats, the A. O. Taylor and the Lexington, had been all day impatiently chafing for their time to come. The opportunity was theirs. The rebels were attacking on our

left, lying where Stuart's brigade had lain on Licking Creek in the morning, and stretching thence in on the Hamburg road, and across toward our old centre as far as Hurlbut's camps. Steaming up to the mouth of the little creek, the boats rounded to. There was the ravine, cut through the bluff as if on purpose for their shells.

Eager to avenge the death of their commanding General, (now known to have been killed a couple of hours before,) and to complete the victory they believed to be within their grasp, the rebels had incautiously ventured within reach of their most dreaded antagonists, as broadside after broadside of seven-inch shells and sixty-four-pound shot soon taught them. This was a foe they had hardly counted on, and the unexpected fire in flank and rear sadly disconcerted their well-laid plans. The boats fired admirably, and with a rapidity that was astonishing. Our twenty-two land-guns kept up their stormy thunder; and thus, amid a crash and roar and scream of shells and demon-like hiss of Minie-balls, that Sabbath evening wore away. We held the enemy at bay; it was enough. The prospect for the morrow was foreboding; but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We had had plenty of evil that day — of course, therefore, the text was applicable. Before dark the Thirty-sixth Indiana, from Nelson's advance brigade, had crossed, advanced into line with Grant's forces at the double-quick, and had put in fourteen rounds as an earnest of what should be forthcoming on the morrow.

The enemy suddenly slackened his fire. His grand object had been defeated; he had not finished his task in a day; but there is evidence that officers and men alike shared the confidence that their morning assault would be final.

THE NIGHT BETWEEN TWO BATTLES.

As the sounds of battle died away, and division generals drew off their men, Buell had arrived, and Lew. Wallace had been heard from. Both would be ready by morning. It was decided that as soon as possible after daybreak we should attack the enemy, now snugly quartered in our camps. Lew. Wallace, who was coming in on the new road from Crump's Landing, and crossing Snake Creek just above the Illinois Wallace's (W. H. L.) camps, was to take the right and sweep back toward the position from which Sherman had been driven on Sunday morning. Nelson was to take the extreme left. Buell promised to put in Tom. Crittenden next to Nelson, and McCook next to him by a seasonable hour in the morning. The gap between McCook and Lew. Wallace was to be filled with the reorganized divisions of Grant's old army; Hurlbut coming next to McCook, then McClernand, and Sherman closing the gap between McClernand and Lew. Wallace.

Stealthily the troops crept to their new positions and lay down in line of battle on their arms. All through the night Buell's men were marching up from Savannah to the point opposite Pitts-

burgh Landing and being ferried across, or were coming up on transports. By an hour after dark Lew. Wallace had his division in. Through the misdirection he had received from Gen. Grant at noon, he had started on the Snake Creek road proper, which would have brought him in on the enemy's rear, miles from support, and where he would have been gobbled at a mouthful. Getting back to the right road had delayed him. He at once ascertained the position of certain rebel batteries which lay in front of him on our right, that threatened absolutely to bar his advance in the morning, and selected positions for a couple of his batteries, from which they could silence the one he dreaded. Placing these in position, and arranging his brigades for support, took him till one o'clock in the morning. Then his wearied men lay down to snatch a few hours of sleep before entering into the valley of the Shadow of Death on the morrow.

By nine o'clock all was hushed near the Landing. The host of combatants that three hours before had been deep in the work of human destruction had all sunk silently to the earth, "the wearied to sleep, the wounded to die." The stars looked out upon the scene, and all breathed the natural quiet and calm of a Sabbath evening. But presently there came a flash that spread like sheet-lightning over the ripples of the river-current, and the roar of a heavy naval gun went echoing up and down the bluffs, through the unnatural stillness of the night. Others speedily followed. By the flash you could just discern the black outline of the piratical-looking hull, and see how the gunboat gracefully settled into the water at the recoil; the smoke soon cast up a thin veil that seemed only to soften and sweeten the scene; from the woods away inland you caught faintly the muffled explosion of the shell, like the knell of the spirit that was taking its flight.

We knew nothing then of the effect of this gunboat cannonading, which was vigorously kept up till nearly morning, and it only served to remind us the more vividly of the day's disasters, of the fact that half a mile off lay a victorious enemy, commanded by the most dashing of their generals, and of the question one scarcely dared ask himself: "What to-morrow?" We were defeated, our dead and dying were around us, days could hardly sum up our losses. And then there came up that grand refrain of Whittier's — written after Manassas, I believe, but on that night, apparently far more applicable to this greater than Manassas — "Under the Cloud and through the Sea."

"Sons of the Saints who faced their Jordan flood,
In fierce Atlantic's unretreating wave —
Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood
Reached to the Freedom that your blood shall
save !

O countrymen ! God's day is not yet done !
He leaveth not his people utterly !
Count it a covenant, that he leads us on
Beneath the clouds and through the crimson sea !"

THE BATTLE ON MONDAY, APRIL 7.

OUR MUSTER-ROLL.

I have given the line of battle agreed upon for our forces on Monday: right wing, Maj. - Gen. Lew. Wallace; left wing, Brig.-Gen. Nelson. Between these, beginning at the left, Brig. - Gens. Tom. Crittenden, A. McD. McCook, Hurlbut, McClernand and Sherman. In the divisions of the three latter were to be included also the remains of Prentiss's and W. H. L. Wallace's commands—shattered, disorganized, and left without commanders, through the capture of one, and the probably mortal wound of the other.

Buell's three divisions were not full when the battle opened Monday morning, but the lacking regiments were gradually brought into the rear. To save future delay I give here a list of his troops, and of Lew. Wallace's, engaged:

Brig. - Gen. Nelson's division—First brigade, Col. Ammon, Twenty-fourth Ohio, commanding—Thirty-sixth Indiana, Col. Gross; Sixth Ohio, Lieut. - Colonel Anderson; Twenty-fourth Ohio, Lieut. - Col. Fred. C. Jones.

Second brigade, Saunders D. Bruce, Twentieth Kentucky, commanding—First Kentucky, Col. Enyart; Second Kentucky, Col. Sedgwick; Twentieth Kentucky, Lieut. - Col. ——— commanding.

Third brigade, Colonel Hazen, Forty-first Ohio, commanding—Forty-first Ohio, Sixth Kentucky, and Ninth Indiana.

Brig. - Gen. Tom. Crittenden's division: First brigade, Gen. Boyle; Nineteenth Ohio, Col. Beaty; Fifty-ninth Ohio, Colonel Pfyffe; Thirteenth Kentucky, Col. Hobson; Ninth Kentucky, Col. Grider. Second brigade, Col. William S. Smith, Thirteenth Ohio, commanding; Thirteenth Ohio, Lieut. - Col. Hawkins; Twenty-sixth Kentucky, Lieut. - Col. Maxwell; Eleventh Kentucky, Col. P. P. Hawkins; with Mendenhall's regular and Bartlett's Ohio batteries.

Brig. - Gen. McCook's division: First brigade, Brig. - Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau; First Ohio, Col. Ed. A. Parrott; Sixth Indiana, Col. Crittenden; Third Kentucky, (Louisville Legion;) battalions Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Nineteenth regulars. Second brigade, Brig. - Gen. Johnston; Thirty-second Indiana, Col. Willich; Thirty-ninth Indiana, Col. Harrison; Forty-ninth Ohio, Col. Gibson. Third brigade, Col. Kirk, Thirty-fourth Illinois, commanding; Thirty-fourth Illinois, Lieut. - Col. Badsworth; Twenty-ninth Indiana, Lieut. - Col. Drum; Thirtieth Indiana, Col. Bass; Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, Col. Stambaugh.

Maj. - Gen. Lew. Wallace's division, right of army: First brigade, Col. Morgan L. Smith commanding; Eighth Missouri, Col. Morgan L. Smith, Lieut. - Col. James Peckham commanding; Eleventh Indiana, Col. George F. McGinnis; Twenty-fourth Indiana, Col. Alvin P. Hovey; Thurber's Missouri Battery. Second brigade, Col. Thayer, First Nebraska, commanding; First Nebraska, Lieut. - Col. McCord commanding; Twenty-third Indiana, Col. Sanderson; Fifty-eighth Ohio, Col. Bausenwein; Sixty-eighth Ohio, Col. Steadman; Thompson's Indiana battery. Third brigade, Col.

Chas. Whittlesey, Twentieth Ohio, commanding; Twentieth Ohio, Lieut. - Col. ——— commanding; Fifty-sixth Ohio, Col. Pete Kinney; Seventy-sixth Ohio, Col. Charles R. Woods; Seventy-eighth Ohio, Col. Leggett.

THE WORK OF SUNDAY NIGHT.

With the exception of the gunboat bombardment, the night seemed to have passed in entire quiet. A heavy thunder-storm had come up about midnight, and though we were all shivering over the ducking, the surgeons assured us that a better thing could not have happened. The ground, they said, was covered with wounded not yet found, or whom we were unable to bring from the field. The moisture would to some extent, cool the burning, parching thirst, which is one of the chief terrors of lying wounded and helpless on the battle-field, and the falling water was the best dressing for the wounds.

The regiments of Buell's divisions were still disembarking at the Landing. Many had taken their places, the rest hurried on out as fast as they landed, and fell in, to the rear of their brigade-lines, for reserves. I stood for a few moments at the Landing, curious to see how these fine fellows would march out to the field where they knew reverses had crowded so thickly upon us the day before, and where many of them must lie down to sleep his last sleep ere the sun, then rising, should sink again. There was little of that vulgar vanity of valor which was so conspicuous in all the movements of our rawer troops eight or nine months ago. There was no noisy and senseless yelling, no shouting of boasts, no calling on on-lookers to "show us where the cowardly Secesh is, and we'll clean 'em out double-quick." These men understood the work before them; they went to it as brave men should, determinedly, hopefully, calmly.

It soon became evident that the gunboat bombardment through the night had not been without a most important effect in changing the conditions under which we renewed the struggle. The sun had gone down with the enemy's lines claspings us tightly on the centre and left, pushing us to the river, and leaving us little over half a mile out of all the broad space we had held in the morning. The gunboats had cut the coils, and loosened the constriction. As we soon learned, their shells had made the old position on our extreme left, which the rebels had been pleasantly occupying, utterly untenable. Instead of being able to slip up on us through the night, as they had probably intended, they were compelled to fall back from point to point; each time as they had found places, they thought, out of range, a shell would come dropping in. Nowhere within range could they lie, but the troublesome visitors would find them out; and to end the matter, they fell back beyond our inner camps, and thus lost more than half the ground they had gained by our four o'clock retreat the afternoon before.

Less easily accounted for was a movement of theirs on our right. They had held here a steep

bluff, covered with underbrush, as their advanced line. Through the night they abandoned this, which gave them the best position for opposing Lew. Wallace, and had fallen back across some open fields to the scrub-oak woods beyond. The advantage of compelling our advance over unprotected openings, while they maintained a sheltered position, was obvious, but certainly not so great as holding a height which artillery and infantry would make as difficult to take as many a fort. Nevertheless they fell back.

WANT OF SYSTEM ON OUR SIDE.

The reader who is patient enough to wade through this narration, will scarcely fail to observe that thus far I have said little or nothing of any plan of attack or defence among our commanders. It has been simply because I have failed to see any evidences of such a plan. To me it seemed on Sunday as if every division general at least—not to say in many cases, every individual soldier—imitated the good old Israelitish plan of action, by which every man did what seemed good in his own eyes. There may have been an infinite amount of generalship displayed, in superintending our various defeats and re-formations and retreats, but to me it seemed of that microscopic character that required the magnifying powers of a special permit for exclusive newspaper telegraphing on government lines to discover.

Sunday night there was a council of war, but if the Major-General commanding developed any plans there beyond the simple arrangement of our line of battle, I am very certain that some of the division commanders didn't find it out. Stubborn fighting alone delayed our losses on Sunday; stubborn fighting alone saved us when we had reached the point beyond which came the child's "jumping-off place;" and stubborn fighting, with such generalship as individual division commanders displayed, regained on Monday what we had lost before.

To those who had looked despairingly at the prospects Sunday evening, it seemed strange that the rebels did not open out on us by day-break again. Their retreat before the bombshells of the gunboats, however, explained the delay. Our own divisions were put in motion almost simultaneously. By seven o'clock Lew. Wallace opened the ball by shelling, from the positions he had selected the night before, the rebel battery, of which mention has been made. A brisk artillery duel, a rapid movement of infantry across a shallow ravine, as if to storm, and the rebels enfiladed and menaced in front, limbered up and made the opening of their Monday's retreating.

NELSON'S ADVANCE.

To the left we were slower in finding the enemy. They had been compelled to travel some distance to get out of gunboat range. Nelson moved his division about the same time Wallace opened on the rebel battery, forming in line of battle, Ammon's brigade on the extreme left,

Bruce's in the centre, and Hazen's to the right. Skirmishers were thrown out, and for nearly or quite a mile the division thus swept the country, pushing a few outlying rebels before it, till it came upon them in force. Then a general engagement broke out along the line, and again the rattle of musketry and thunder of artillery echoed over the late silent fields. There was no straggling this morning. These men were better drilled than many of those whose regiments had broken to pieces on the day before, and strict measures were taken, at any rate, to prevent the miscellaneous thronging back to places of safety in the rear. They stood up to their work and did their duty manfully.

It soon became evident that, whether from change of commanders or some other cause, the rebels were pursuing a different policy in massing their forces. On Sunday the heaviest fighting had been done on the left. This morning they seemed to make less determined resistance here, while toward the centre and right the ground was more obstinately contested, and the struggle longer prolonged.

Till half-past ten o'clock, Nelson advanced slowly but steadily, sweeping his long lines over the ground of our sore defeat on Sunday morning, and forward over scores of rebel dead, resistlessly pressing back the jaded and wearied enemy. The rebels had received but few reinforcements during the night, their men were exhausted with their desperate contest of the day before, and manifestly dispirited by the evident fact that notwithstanding their well-laid plans of destruction in detail, they were fighting Grant and Buell combined.

Gradually, as Nelson pushed forward his lines under heavy musketry, the enemy fell back, till about half-past ten, when, under cover of the heavy timber and a furious cannonading, they made a general rally. Our forces, flushed with their easy victory, were scarcely prepared for the sudden onset, where retreat had been all they had been seeing before. Suddenly the rebel masses were hurled against our lines with tremendous force. Our men halted, wavered, and fell back. At this critical juncture Capt. Terrell's regular battery came dashing up. Scarcely taking time to unlimber, he was loading and sighting his pieces before the caissons had turned, and in an instant was tossing shell from twenty-four-pound howitzers into the compact and advancing rebel ranks.

Here was the turning-point of the battle on the left. The rebels were only checked, not halted. On they came. Horse after horse from the batteries was picked off. Every private at one of the howitzers fell, and the gun was worked by Capt. Terrell himself and a corporal. Still the rebels advanced, till, in the very nick of time, a regiment dashed up from our line, and saved the disabled piece. Then for two hours artillery and musketry at close range. At last they began to waver. Our men pressed on, pouring in deadly volleys. Just then Buell, who assumed the general direction of his troops in the field, came up.

At a glance he saw the chance. "Forward at double-quick by brigades!" Our men leaped forward as if they had been tied, and were only too much rejoiced at suddenly finding themselves able to move. For a quarter of a mile the rebels fell back. Faster and faster they ran, less and less resistance was made to the advance. At last the front camps on the left were reached, and by half-past two that point was cleared. The rebels had been steadily swept back over the ground they had won, with heavy loss as they fell into confusion; we had retaken all our own guns lost here the day before, and one or two from the rebels were left as trophies, to tell in after-days how bravely that great victory over treason in Tennessee was won.

ADVANCE OF CRITTENDEN'S DIVISION.

I have sketched the advance of Nelson. Next to him came Crittenden. He too swept forward over his ground to the front some distance before finding the foe. Between eight and nine o'clock, however, while keeping Smith's brigade on his left up even with Nelson's flank, and joining Boyle's brigade to McCook on the right, in the grand advance, they came upon the enemy with a battery in position, and well supported. Smith dashed his brigade forward; there was sharp, close work with musketry, and the rebels fled, leaving us three pieces—a twelve-pound howitzer, and two brass six-pounders. But they cost the gallant Thirteenth Ohio dear. Major Ben. Piatt Runkle fell, mortally wounded. Softly may he sleep, and green grow the laurels over his honored grave. None worthier wear them living.

For half an hour perhaps the storm raged around these captured guns. Then came the reflex rebel wave that had hurled Nelson back. Crittenden, too, caught its full force. The rebels swept up to the batteries, around them, and on down after our retreating column. But the two brigades, like those of Nelson to their left, took a fresh position, faced the foe, and held their ground. Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries now began shelling the infantry that alone opposed them. Before abandoning the guns so briefly held, they had spiked them *with mud*, and the novel expedient was perfectly successful. From that time till after one o'clock, while the fight raged back and forth over the same ground, the rebels did not succeed in firing a shot from their mud-spiked artillery.

At last our brigades began to gain the advantage again. Crittenden pushed them steadily forward. Mendenhall (with his accomplished First Lieutenant Parsons, one of our Western Reserve West-Pointers) and Bartlett poured in their shell. A rush for the contested battery, and it is ours again. The rebels retreated toward the left. Smith and Boyle, holding the infantry well in hand, Mendenhall again got their range, and poured in shell on the new position. The fortune of the day was against them as against their comrades to Nelson's front, and they were soon in full retreat.

Just then Brig.-Gen. Thomas J. Woods' ad-

vance brigade from his approaching division came up. It was too late for the fight, but it relieved Crittenden's weary fellows, and pushed on after the rebels, until they were found to have left our most advanced camps.

M'COOK'S ADVANCE.

Thus the left was saved. Meanwhile McCook, with as magnificent regiments as ever came from the Army of the Potomac, or from any army of volunteers in the world, was doing equally well toward the centre. His division was handled in such a way as to save great effusion of blood, while equally important results were attained. Thus the reserves were kept as much as possible from under fire, while those to the front were engaged. The lists of killed and wounded will show that, while as heavy fighting was done here as anywhere on the right or centre, the casualties are fewer than could have been expected.

It would scarcely be interesting to prolong details where the course of one division so nearly resembled that of the others. But let me sketch the close. An Illinois battery, serving in the division, was in imminent danger. The Sixth Indiana was ordered to its relief. A rapid rush; close musketry firing; no need of bayonets here; the battery is safe. The enemy are to the front and right. Advancing and firing right oblique, the Sixth pushes on. The rebel colors fall. Another volley; they fall again. Another volley; yet once more the colors drop. There is fatality in it; so the rebels seem to think at least, as they wheel and disappear.

And then Rousseau's brigade is drawn off, in splendid style, as if coming in from parade, conscious of some grand master of reviews watching their movements. So there was—the rebel general. As he saw the brigade filing back, he pushed his forces forward again. Kirk's brigade advanced to meet them, coming out of the woods into an open field to do so. They were met by a tremendous fire, which threw a battalion of regulars in front of them (under Major Oliver, I think) into some confusion. They retire to reform, and meanwhile down drops the brigade, flat on the ground. Then, as the front is clear, they spring up, charge across the open field—never mind the falling—straight on, on to the woods—under cover, with the enemy driven back by the impetuous advance. And now he rallies. Fierce musketry firing sweeps the woods. They advance—thirty rods perhaps—when the Twenty-ninth Indiana gets into a marsh, and falls partially to the rear. Heavier comes the leaden hail. Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth both fall back fifteen or twenty rods; they rally and advance; again they are hurled back; again they start forward; and this time they come in on the vulnerable points. The enemy flees. Col. Waggoner's Fifteenth Indiana comes up to the support; the enemy disappears; fresh troops take their places, and for them the fight is ended. I might describe similar deeds of Willich's and Harrison's regiments, but "from one learn all."

M'CLERNAND AND HURLBUT.

Farther to the right, McClernand and Hurlbut were gallantly coming on with their jaded men. The soldiers *would fight*—that was the great lesson of the battle. If surprised, and driven off in consequence of surprise, that can hardly be wholly charged on them. Four times McClernand regained and lost again the ground to the front of his division. Similar were Hurlbut's fortunes.

But I must abandon these details. Beginning at the left, we have followed the wave of successes that swept us forward again, from spot to spot, over the hard-lost fields of Sunday—our pæans of victory, the wild cheers of our successful soldiers, sounding the requiem of the fallen rebels, who have atoned for their treason by the brave man's death. Nelson, Crittenden, McCook, Hurlbut, McClernand have borne their divisions through the fray. It lasted longer on the right, and was as rarely interesting as the chess-game of a master. Let us trace it through.

LEW. WALLACE'S MOVEMENTS.

In speaking of the beginning of Monday's battle, I mentioned Major-Gen. Lew. Wallace's opening the ball at seven o'clock, by shelling with enfilading fires a rebel battery. A few shots demonstrated to the rebels that their position was untenable. The instant Sherman came in to protect his left, Wallace advanced his infantry. The rebel battery at once limbered up and got out of the way. The advance had withdrawn the division from Sherman. Making a left half-wheel, to get back into the neighborhood of our line, they advanced some two hundred yards, which brought them to a little elevation, with a broad open stretch to the front.

As the division halted on the crest of the swell, there passed before them a rare vision. Away to the front were woods. Through the edge of the timber, skirting the fields, the head of a rebel column appeared, marching past in splendid style on the double-quick. Banner after banner appeared; the "stars and bars" formed a long line, stretching parallel with Wallace's line of battle. Regiment after regiment followed on, the line lengthened, and doubled and trebled; the head of the column was out of sight, and still they came. Twenty regiments were counted passing through these woods. The design was plain. The rebels had abandoned the idea of forcing their way through our left, and now the manifest attempt was to turn our right.

Batteries were ordered up—Thompson's and Thurber's—and the whole column was shelled as it passed. The rebels rapidly threw their artillery into position, and a brisk cannonading began. After a time, while the fight still rested with the artillery, the rebels opened a new and destructive battery to the right, which our men soon learned to know as "Watson's Louisiana Battery," from the marks on the ammunition-boxes they forced it from time to time to leave behind.

Batteries, with a brigade of supporting infantry, were now moved forward over open fields under

heavy fire, to contend against this new assailant. The batteries opened, the sharpshooters were thrown out to the front to pick off the rebel artillerists, the brigade was ordered down on its face to protect it from the flying shell and grape. For an hour and a half the contest lasted, while the body of the division was still delayed, waiting for Sherman. By ten o'clock Sherman's right, under Col. Marsh, came up. He started to move across the fields. The storm of musketry and grape was too much for him, and he fell back in good order. Again he started on the double, and gained the woods. The Louisiana battery was turned; Marsh's position left it subject to fire in flank and front, and it fled. The other rebel batteries at once did the same; and Wallace's division, up in an instant, now that a master move had swept the board, pushed forward. Before them were broad fallow fields, then a woody little ravine, then corn-fields, then woods.

The left brigade was sent forward. It crossed the fallow fields, under ordinary fire, then gained the ravine, and was rushing across the corn-fields, when the same Louisiana steel rifled guns opened on them. Dashing forward they reached a little ground-swell, behind which they dropped like dead men, while skirmishers were sent forward to silence the troublesome battery. The skirmishers crawled forward till they gained a little knoll, not more than seventy-five yards from the battery. Of course the battery opened on them. They replied, if not so noisily, more to the purpose. In a few minutes the battery was driven off, with artillerists killed, horses shot down, and badly crippled every way. But the affair cost us a brave man—Lieut.-Colonel Garber—who could not control his enthusiasm at the conduct of the skirmishers, and in his excitement incautiously exposed himself. All this while rebel regiments were pouring up to attack the audacious brigade that was supporting the skirmishers, and fresh regiments from Wallace's division came up in time to checkmate the game.

But the battery was silenced. "Forward," was the division order. Rushing across the corn-fields under heavy fire, they now met the rebels face to face in the woods. The contest was quick, decisive. Close, sharp, continuous musketry for a few minutes, and the rebels fell back.

Here, unfortunately Sherman's right gave way. Wallace's flank was exposed. He instantly formed Col. Wood's (Seventy-sixth Ohio) in a new line of battle, in right angles with the real one, and with orders to protect the flank. The Eleventh Indiana was likewise here engaged in a sharp engagement with the enemy attempting to flank, and for a time the contest waxed fierce. But Sherman soon filled the place of his broken regiments; again Wallace's division poured forward, and again the enemy gave way.

By two o'clock the division was into the woods again, and for three quarters of a mile it advanced under a continuous storm of shot. Then another contest or two with batteries—always met with skirmishers and sharp-shooting—then, by four o'clock, two hours later than on the right, a gen-

eral rebel retreat—then pursuit, recall, and encampment on the old grounds of Sherman's division, in the very tents from which those regiments were driven that hapless Sunday morning.

The camps were regained. The rebels were repulsed. Their attack had failed. We stood where we began. Rebel cavalry were within half a mile of us. The retreating columns were within striking distance. *But we had regained our camps.* And so ended the battle of Pittsburgh Landing.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

I do not pretend to give more than an estimate; but I have made the estimate with some care, going to the adjutants of different regiments that had been in as heavy fighting as any—getting statements of their losses, sure to be very nearly if not quite accurate, and approximating thus from the loss of a dozen regiments to the probable loss of all. I have ridden over the grounds, too—have seen the dead and wounded lying over the field—have noted the numbers in the hospitals and on the boats. As the result of it all, I do not believe our loss in *killed and wounded* will number over five thousand. The question of prisoners is another matter.

THE NUMBERS ENGAGED.

The best opinions of the strength with which the rebels attacked us place their numbers at sixty thousand. They may have been reinforced five to ten thousand Sunday night.

Grant had scarcely forty thousand effective men on Sunday. Of these, half a dozen regiments were utterly raw—had scarcely had their guns long enough to know how to handle them. Some were supplied with weapons on their way up.

Buell crossed three divisions that took part in the action—Nelson's, Crittenden's, and McCook's. They numbered say twenty thousand—a liberal estimate. Lew Wallace came up on Monday, with say seven thousand more. That gives us, counting the Sunday men as all effective again, sixty-seven thousand on Monday, on our side, against sixty to seventy thousand rebels. It was *not* numbers that gained us the day, it was fighting. All honor to our Northern soldiers for it.

AGATE.

GEN. HURLBUT'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION,
ARMY OF WEST-TENNESSEE, April 12, 1862. }

Capt. John A. Rawlins, Assistant Adjutant-General:

SIR: I have the honor to report, in brief, the part taken by my division in the battle of the sixth and seventh April.

On Sunday morning, April sixth, about half-past seven A.M., I received a message from Brig.-Gen. Sherman, that he was attacked in force, and heavily upon his left.

I immediately ordered Col. J. C. Veatch, commanding the Second brigade, to proceed to the left of Gen. Sherman. This brigade, consisting of the Twenty-fifth Indiana, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Forty-sixth Illinois, was in march in

ten minutes, arrived on Gen. Sherman's line rapidly, and went into action. I must refer to Col. Veatch's report for the particulars of that day.

Receiving in a few moments a pressing request for aid from Brig.-Gen. Prentiss, I took command in person of the First and Third brigades, respectively commanded by Col. N. G. Williams, of the Third Iowa, and Brig.-Gen. J. G. Laumann.

The First brigade consisted of the Third Iowa, Forty-first Illinois, Twenty-eighth Illinois, and Thirty-second Illinois.

The Third brigade, of the Thirty-first Indiana, Forty-fourth Indiana, Seventeenth Kentucky, and Twenty-fifth Kentucky. In addition, I took with me the first and second battalions of the Fifth Ohio cavalry; Mann's light battery, four pieces, commanded by First Lieut. E. Brotzmann; Ross's battery, Second Michigan, and Meyer's battery, Thirteenth Ohio.

As we drew near the rear and left of Gen. Prentiss's line, his regiments, in broken masses, drifted through my advance, that gallant officer making every effort to rally them.

I formed my line of battle—the First brigade thrown to the front on the southerly side of a large open field—the Third brigade continuing the line with an obtuse angle around the other side of the field, and extending some distance into the brush and timber. Mann's battery was placed in the angle of the lines, Ross's battery some distance to the left, and the Thirteenth Ohio battery on the right and somewhat advanced in cover of the timber, so as to concentrate the fire upon the open ground in front, and waited for the attack.

A single shot from the enemy's batteries struck in Meyer's Thirteenth Ohio battery, when officers and men, with a common impulse of disgraceful cowardice, abandoned the entire battery—horses, caissons, and guns—and fled, and I saw them no more until Tuesday. I called for volunteers from the artillery, the call was answered, and ten gallant men from Mann's battery and Ross's battery brought in the horses, which were wild, and spiked the guns.

The attack commenced on the Third brigade through the thick timber, and was met and repelled by a steady and continuous fire, which rolled the enemy back in confusion after some half-hour of struggle, leaving many dead and wounded. The glimmer of bayonets on the left and front of the First brigade showed a large force of the enemy gathering, and an attack was soon made on the Forty-first Illinois and Twenty-eighth, on the left of the brigade, and the Thirty-second Illinois and Third Iowa on the right. At the same time a strong force of very steady and gallant troops formed in columns, doubled on the centre, and advanced over the open field in front. They were allowed to approach within four hundred yards when fire was opened from Mann's and Ross's batteries, and from the two right regiments of the First brigade, and Seventeenth and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, which were thrown forward slightly, so as to flank the column. Under

this withering fire they vainly attempted to deploy, but soon broke and fell back under cover, leaving not less than one hundred and fifty dead and wounded as evidence how our troops maintained their position. The attack on the left was also repulsed, but as the ground was covered with brush the loss could not be judged.

Gen. Prentiss having succeeded in rallying a considerable portion of his command, I permitted him to pass to the front of the right of my Third brigade, where they redeemed their honor by maintaining that line for some time while ammunition was supplied to my regiments. A series of attacks upon the right and left of my line were readily repelled, until I was compelled to order Ross's battery to the rear, on account of its loss in men and horses. During all this time Mann's battery maintained its fire steadily, effectively, and with great rapidity, under the excellent handling of Lieut. E. Brotzmann.

For five hours these brigades maintained their position under repeated and heavy attacks, and endeavored with their thin ranks to hold the space between Stuart's and McClernand's, and did check every attempt to penetrate the lines.

When, about three o'clock, Col. Stuart, on my left, sent me word that he was driven in, and that I would be flanked on the left in a few moments, it was necessary for me to decide at once to abandon either the right or left. I considered that Gen. Prentiss could, with the left of Gen. McClernand's troops, probably hold the right, and sent him notice to reach out toward the right, and drop back steadily parallel with my First brigade, while I rapidly moved Gen. Laumann from the right to the left, and called up two twenty-pounder pieces of Major Cavender's battalion to check the advance of the enemy upon the First brigade. These pieces were taken into action by Dr. Corvine, the surgeon of the battalion, and Lieut. Edwards, and effectually checked the enemy for half an hour, giving me time to draw off my crippled artillery, and to form a new front with the Third brigade. In a few minutes two Texan regiments crossed the ridge separating my line from Stuart's former one, while other troops also advanced.

Willard's battery was thrown into position, under command of Lieut. Wood, and opened with great effect on the Lone Star flags, until their line of fire was obstructed by the charge of the Third brigade, which, after delivering its fire with great steadiness, charged full up the hill, and drove the enemy three hundred or four hundred yards. Perceiving that a heavy force was closing on the left between my line and the river, while heavy fire continued on the right and front, I ordered the line to fall back. The retreat was made quietly and steadily, and in good order. I had hoped to make a stand on the line of my camp, but masses of the enemy were pressing rapidly on each flank, while their light artillery was closing rapidly in the rear. On reaching the twenty-four-pounder siege-guns in battery, near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns, and by direction of

Major-Gen. Grant I assumed command of all troops that came up. Broken regiments and disordered battalions came into line gradually upon my division.

Major Cavender posted six of his twenty-pound pieces on my right, and I sent my Aid to establish the light artillery—all that could be found—on my left. Many officers and men unknown to me, and whom I never desire to know, fled in confusion through the line. Many gallant soldiers and brave officers rallied steadily on the new line. I passed to the right, and found myself in communication with Gen. Sherman, and received his instructions. In a short time the enemy appeared on the crest of the ridge, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana, but were cut to pieces by the steady and murderous fire of the artillery. Dr. Corvine again took charge of one of the heavy twenty-four-pounders, and the line of fire of that gun was the one upon which the other pieces concentrated. Gen. Sherman's artillery also was rapidly engaged, and after an artillery contest of some duration the enemy fell back.

Capt. Gwin, U. S. N., had called upon me by one of his officers to mark the place the gunboats might take to open their fire. I advised him to take position on the left of my camp-ground, and open fire as soon as our fire was within that line. He did so, and from my own observation and the statement of prisoners his fire was most effectual in stopping the advance of the enemy on Sunday afternoon and night. About dusk the firing ceased. I advanced my division one hundred yards to the front, threw out pickets, and officers and men bivouacked in a heavy storm of rain. About twelve p.m. Gen. Nelson's leading columns passed my line and went to the front, and I called in my advanced guard. The remnant of my division was reunited, Col. Veatch with the Second brigade having joined me about half-past four p.m.

It appears from his report, which I desire may be taken as part of mine, that soon after arriving on the field of battle in the morning, the line of troops in front broke and fled through the lines of the Fifteenth and Forty-sixth Illinois, without firing a shot, and left the Fifteenth exposed to a terrible fire, which they gallantly returned. Lieut.-Col. Ellis and Major Goddard were killed here early in the action, and the regiment fell back. The same misfortune, from the yielding of the front line, threw the Forty-sixth Illinois into confusion, and although the fire was returned by the Forty-sixth with great spirit, the opposing force drove back this unsupported regiment, Col. Davis in person bringing off the colors, in which gallant act he was severely wounded.

The Twenty-fifth Indiana and Fourteenth Illinois changed front and held their ground on the new alignment until ordered to form on the left of Gen. McClernand's command. The Fifteenth and Forty-sixth were separated from the brigade, but fell into line with Gen. McClernand's right.

The battle was sustained in this position—the left resting near my headquarters until the left

wing was driven in. The Second brigade fell back toward the river, and was soon followed by the First and Third, and reunited at the heavy guns. This closes the history of Sunday's battle, so far as this division is concerned.

On Monday, about eight o'clock A.M., my division was formed in line close to the river-bank, and I obtained a few crackers for my men. About nine A.M., I was ordered by Gen. Grant to move up to the support of Gen. McClelland, then engaged near his own camp with the First brigade and Mann's battery. I moved forward under the direction of Captain Rowley, Aid-de-Camp, and formed line on the left of Gen. McClelland, with whom that brigade and battery remained during the entire day, taking their full share of the varied fortunes of that division in the gallant charges and the desperate resistance which checkered the field. I am under great obligations to Gen. McClelland for the honorable mention he has personally given to my troops, and have no doubt that his official report shows the same, and as they fought under his immediate eye, and as he was in chief command, I leave this to him.

The Second and Third brigades went into action elsewhere, and again I am compelled to refer to the reports of their immediate commanders, only saying the Second brigade led the charge ordered by Gen. Grant, until recalled by Major-Gen. Buell, and that the Third brigade was deeply and fiercely engaged on the right of Gen. McClelland, successfully stopping a movement to flank his right, and holding their ground until the firing ceased. About one o'clock of that day, (Monday,) Gen. McCook having closed up with Gen. McClelland, and the enemy demonstrating in great force on the left, I went, by the request of Gen. McClelland, to the rear of his line, to bring up fresh troops, and was engaged in pressing them forward until the steady advance of Gen. Buell on the extreme left, the firmness of the centre, and the closing in from the right of Generals Sherman and Wallace determined the success of the day, when I called in my exhausted brigades, and led them to their camps. The ground was such on Sunday that I was unable to use cavalry. Col. Taylor's Fifth Ohio cavalry was drawn up in order of battle until near one o'clock, in the hope that some opening might offer for the use of this arm. None appearing, I ordered the command withdrawn from the reach of shot.

They were not in action again until the afternoon of Monday, when they were ordered to the front, but returned to their camps. Their subsequent conduct will be no doubt reported by the officer who conducted the special expedition of which they made part. On Sunday the cavalry lost one man killed, six wounded, and eight horses before they were withdrawn. The greater portion of Ross's battery was captured on Sunday in the ravine near my camp.

For the officers and men of my division I am at a loss for proper words to express my appreciation of their courage and steadiness; where all did their duty so well, I fear to do injustice by specially naming any. The fearful list of killed

and wounded officers in my division shows the amount of exposure which they met, while the returns of loss among the privates who fell, unnamed, but heroic, without the hope of special mention, shows distinctly that the rank and file were animated by a true devotion and as firm a courage as their officers.

Col. Williams, Third Iowa, commanding First brigade, was disabled early in the action of Sunday, by a cannon-shot, which killed his horse and paralyzed him, from which he has not yet fully recovered. The command of the brigade devolved on Col. Pugh of the Forty-first Illinois, who led it steadily and well through the entire battle. Col. Pugh desires special mention to be made of Lieut. F. Sessions of Third Iowa, A. A. A. General. My own observations confirm his report, and I recommend Lieut. Sessions to the favorable consideration of the department.

Col. A. K. Johnston, Twenty-eighth Illinois, was under my own eye during both days. I bear willing testimony to the perfect coolness and thorough handling of his regiment throughout the whole time, and to the fact that his regiment halted as a rear-guard on Sunday afternoon, during the retreat, by his personal order, and reported to me for orders before he closed into line.

Col. Logan, of the Thirty-second, was severely wounded on Sunday; the Lieut.-Colonel of the Forty-first fell about the same time, both in discharge of duty.

So great were the casualties among the officers, that the Third Iowa went into action on Monday in command of a First Lieutenant.

To Col. Veatch, commanding Second brigade, my thanks are due for the skill with which he handled his brigade on detached duty, and I refer to his report for the conduct and special notice of his officers. The Government, as I am informed, has recognised his former services by promotion; if not, he has won it now.

Brig.-Gen. J. G. Lauman, commanding Third brigade, took command only the day before the battle. The brigade and their commander know each other now. I saw him hold the right of my line Sunday, with this small body of gallant men, only one thousand seven hundred and seventeen strong, for three hours, and then when changed over to the left, repel the attack of twice his force for a full hour of terrible fighting, closing by the most gallant and successful charge, which gave him time to draw off his force in order, and in comparative safety. His report renders full justice to his officers, among whom Col. Reed of the Forty-fourth Indiana was especially distinguished.

My own thanks have been personally tendered on the field of battle to First Lieutenant E. Brotzmann, commanding Morris's battery, and to this command. This battery fought both days under my personal inspection. It was always ready, effective in execution, changing position promptly when required, and officers, men, and horses steady in action.

Having lost our piece on Sunday, it was easy to distinguish the fire of this battery throughout

DOCUMENTS.

Monday, in position first on Gen. McClelland's right, then on his centre, and then on the left, they everywhere fulfilled their duty.

I specially recommend this officer for promotion. Capt. Mann of this battery was unable to be in action.

I recommend that the officers of the Thirteenth Ohio battery be mustered out of service, and that the men and material remaining may be applied to filling up the ranks of some battery which has done honor to the service.

My personal thanks are due to my personal staff. Capt. S. D. Atkins, A. A. A. General, who rose from a sick-bed and was with me until I ordered him to the rear. He was absent about three hours and returned and remained throughout the battle.

Lieut. J. C. Long, Ninth Regular infantry, my Aid, was peculiarly active, energetic, and daring in conveying my orders under a heavy fire. He was fortunate in receiving no wound, although one ball passed through his cap, and one through his sleeve. Lieut. Beaver, my acting A. Q. M., acted as Aid with great coolness and courage, and had his horse killed under him. Lieut. W. H. Dorchester joined me as a volunteer Aid on Sunday, and rendered valuable aid on Monday.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. S. HURLBUT,

Brigadier-Gen. Commanding Fourth Division.

LOSS OF THE DIVISION.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Infantry,	308	1417	175	1900
Cavalry and Artillery,	5	32	48	85
Total,	313	1449	223	1985

GENERAL MCCOOK'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,
FIELD OF SHILOH, April 9.

Capt. James B. Fry, A. A. G., Chief of Staff:

SIR: I have the honor herewith to report, that on the morning of the sixth inst., whilst on the march, at a point twelve miles from the town of Savannah, Tenn., I received an order to hasten forward with my division, with three days' rations in haversacks, and all my supply of ammunition. On account of the condition of the roads and baggage-train, it was impossible for me to get more than two days' rations, and the forty rounds of cartridges in the cartridge-boxes of the men. I hastened forward, arriving at Savannah at seven o'clock P.M., on the sixth inst., with my entire division, except the Second regiment of Virginia cavalry, which was left to guard the baggage. After resting my men two hours, I marched to the river with Gen. Rousseau's brigade, ordering the other brigades and the artillery to follow immediately. Arriving at the steamboat landing, I found no preparation made whatever to convey my division to this battle-field. I ordered my staff aboard boats at the Landing, compelling the captains to get out of their beds and prepare their boats for my use. I succeeded in embarking Gen. Rousseau's brigade.

As boats arrived I pressed them into service, and embarked the Thirty-fourth regiment of Illinois Volunteers, belonging to Col. Kirk's brigade, and left with it for the field, leaving instructions at Savannah for the other portion of my division to follow as rapidly as means of transportation were afforded. Arriving at Pittsburgh Landing at half-past five A.M., on the seventh inst., finding General Rousseau's brigade disembarking, I marched forward to a point where I believed it would be of the most importance. I there met Gen. Buell, who directed me to form my line of battle with my left resting near Gen. Crittenden's right, and my right resting toward the north. I immediately formed this line, with Gen. Rousseau's brigade, upon the ground designated, my right wing being without support. As soon as the remainder of Col. Kirk's brigade arrived, I placed this brigade in position as a reserve. When these arrangements were completed, I ordered the line to cross a ravine, and to take advantage of the high ground in front, having previously thrown two companies from each regiment of Gen. Rousseau's brigade forward as skirmishers. The line became immediately engaged with a superior force of the enemy, the main attack being made on the right. Knowing that my right had no support, I ordered Col. Kirk's brigade, with the exception of Col. Stambaugh's Seventy-seventh regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, forward to take position on the right of Gen. Rousseau's brigade, with instructions to watch the enemy, and if they were attacked to hold the ground at every hazard. In the meantime a portion of Col. Gibson's brigade arrived; and I, still believing that the heaviest attack was being made on my right, ordered Col. Willich's Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers to form a line in the rear of the centre, to be used as circumstances might require. The enemy's attack on the right and centre was continuous and severe; but the steady valor of Gen. Rousseau's brigade repulsed him. He was vigorously pursued for the distance of a mile, when he received large reinforcements, and rallied among the tents of a portion of Gen. McClelland's division, from which it had been driven on the sixth inst. Here, supported by two pieces of artillery, which were lost the day before, the enemy made a desperate stand. At this juncture, Col. Buckley's Fifth Kentucky Volunteers charged and captured the two guns in position, with four more of the same battery partially disabled, which the enemy could not carry off. Here General Rousseau had the pleasure of retaking General McClelland's headquarters; and at this time, it is supposed that Gen. A. S. Johnston fell, as his body was found upon the outer edge of this encampment. The enemy fell back over an open field and re-formed in the line of the woods beyond. General Rousseau's brigade advanced into the open field to engage him. The advance of my division had created a space between it and Gen. Crittenden's; and the enemy began massing troops to take advantage of this gap in our line, made unavoidable by the attempt of the enemy to turn my right

flank, and his subsequent retreat. I immediately ordered Col. Willich to advance to the support of Gen. Rousseau's left, and to give the enemy the bayonet as soon as possible. His regiment filed through the line of Kirk's brigade, which had been withdrawn from the right when the danger from that flank had passed, and advanced into a most withering fire of shell, canister and musketry, which for a moment staggered it, but it was soon rallied, and for an account of the numerous conflicts and desperate charges this regiment made, I refer you to Col. Willich's account referred herewith.

Being now satisfied that the enemy had changed his point of attack from the right to my extreme left, I ordered Col. Stambaugh's Seventy-seventh regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers to take up a position on my extreme left, and repel the assault there being made. He immediately engaged them, and at this moment the contest along the whole line became terrible. Col. Kirk's brigade now was ordered to engage, and he arrived precisely at the right moment, as the cartridges of Gen. Rousseau's brigade were all expended. General Rousseau's brigade fell back through Col. Kirk's lines, and retired to the woods in the rear, to be supplied with ammunition. Three hours before, being convinced, from the stubbornness with which the enemy was contending, and the rapid discharges of my regiments, that their forty rounds would soon be exhausted, I despatched Lieut. Campbell, my ordnance officer, for teams to bring up ammunition. He arrived at the opportune moment with three wagon-loads. While Gen. Rousseau's brigade was being supplied with ammunition, I ordered Col. Gibson's brigade to engage on the left of Col. Kirk's brigade, where the enemy was still endeavoring to force his way. At this moment every available man was under fire, and the enemy seemed to increase in the vigor and rapidity of his attacks. Now the contest became terrific. The enemy, to retake the ground and battery lost, advanced with a force of at least ten thousand, against my two brigades, and when he deployed into line of battle, the fires of the contending lines were two continuous sheets of flame. Here Major Levanway, commanding the Thirty-fourth Illinois, was killed by a shell, and the regiment wavered for a moment, when Col. Kirk, Colonel of the regiment, but commanding the Fifth brigade, seized a flag, rushed forward, and steadied the line again; while doing this, he was severely wounded in the shoulder.

The enemy now began to turn the left of Col. Gibson's brigade, when the Forty-ninth Ohio, by this disposition of the enemy, was compelled to change its front twice, which was done under a heavy fire. I am proud to say that this hazardous manœuvre was performed with apparently as much steadiness as on parade.

As soon as Gen. Rousseau's brigade received its ammunition, it was again ordered into line, and I directed into action two regiments belonging to Gen. Hurlbut's division, which had been lying in reserve on my left since morning. As soon as

these dispositions were made, I ordered an advance of my whole command, which was made in a gallant style. The enemy did not withstand the charge, but fled, leaving all of their wounded, and were pursued by my division beyond Gen. Sherman's headquarters, of the day before, when the pursuit was taken up by the cavalry and artillery.

During the action, I momentarily expected the arrival of Capt. Terrill and his battery. I sent an aid-de-camp to conduct him to me, so that I could put him in position. The aid-de-camp, through mistake, took the road which led to Gen. Nelson's right. Capt. Terrill was there ordered, by Gen. Buell, into position. This officer did not fight under my immediate supervision, but from his report herewith appended, and the verbal acknowledgment to me of Gen. Nelson, he fought his battery gallantly and judiciously, and I commend him and his officers to my superiors. Capt. Terrill, on account of his strict attention to duty in the past, and conspicuous gallantry in this terrible conflict, is worthy of any promotion that can be bestowed upon him.

My other two batteries, Captains Stone's and Goodspeed's, did not arrive in time to participate in the conflict.

To three brigade commanders, Gen. Rousseau, Cols. Kirk and Gibson, the country is indebted for much of the success in this part of the field. Gen. Rousseau led his brigade into action, and opened the conflict in this division in a most handsome and gallant style. He was ever to be seen watching the contest with a soldierly care and interest, which made him the admiration of the entire command. Col. Kirk, who during the action was severely wounded in the shoulder, coolly and judiciously led his men under fire. He has been in command of the Fifth brigade for some months, and much of its efficiency is due to the care and labor he bestowed upon it. I respectfully call your attention to his meritorious services on this day.

Col. Gibson, although temporarily in command of the Sixth brigade, displayed great steadiness and judgment during the action. The manœuvres of his troops in the face of the enemy, attest his skill and ability. Col. Stambaugh, with the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania regiment of Volunteers, early in the action being ordered to watch the enemy upon my left, was at a later period ordered to engage. His regiment, partially isolated from the rest of the division, steadily moved over an open field in its front, under a heavy fire. While here the enemy's cavalry charged this regiment twice, but was each time repulsed with a heavy loss. Col. Stambaugh had the satisfaction of receiving the sword of Col. Batteles, of the Twentieth Tennessee, who surrendered to him as a prisoner. Lieut.-Col. Housem and Major Bradford ably seconded the efforts of Col. Stambaugh.

Col. Bass, of the Thirtieth Indiana regiment of Volunteers, was wounded twice, which is the best evidence of his bearing and bravery. After Col. Bass's last wound, Lieut.-Col. Dodge, ably

assisted by Major Herd, took command of the regiment. All three of these officers deserve the thanks of their State and country.

Lieut.-Col. Dunn, commanding the Twenty-ninth regiment of Indiana Volunteers, was marked by all for his coolness and bravery. Capt. Bristol, of the Thirty-fourth regiment of Illinois Volunteers, who took command of the regiment after the death of Major Levanway, greatly distinguished himself during the day. Capt. S. Z. Davis, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the Fifth brigade, Capt. Bechler, and Lieut. Dexter, of the Thirty-fourth Illinois Volunteers, all upon Col. Kirk's staff, were of great assistance to him during the engagement.

I mention the names of the officers in the Fifth brigade, because the debility incident to Col. Kirk's wound precludes the possibility of getting a report from him.

For the instances of individual bravery and gallantry in the Fourth and Sixth brigades, where all were gallant, I refer you to the reports of Gen. Rousseau and Col. Gibson, transmitted herewith. The bravery and steadiness of the officers and men under my command are worthy all praise, considering the circumstances surrounding them. The day before the battle they marched twenty-two miles! A portion of them stood all night in the streets of Savannah without sleep. All the way from Savannah the river-banks were lined with fugitives in Federal uniform. At Pittsburgh Landing the head of my column had to force its way through thousands of panic-stricken and wounded men, before it could engage the enemy. I take pleasure in calling your attention to the conduct of Col. Oliver, and a portion of the Fifteenth regiment of Michigan volunteers. When my division was marching into the field, Colonel Oliver, before unknown to me, requested the privilege of serving with my command. His regiment was attached to Gen. Rousseau's brigade, and during the day was under the hottest fire, where he, his officers and men, behaved with conspicuous gallantry.

To the members of my staff, Captain Daniel McCook, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieuts. Z. W. Davies, W. T. Hobletzell, and W. T. Straub, Aids-de-Camp; Lieutenant J. A. Campbell, Ordnance Officer; Captain Orris Blake, Provost-Marshal; Lieutenant Blake, Assistant Provost-Marshal; Capt. J. D. Williams, A. C. S.; Lieutenants Galbraith and Johnson, Signal Corps; and Acting Aid-de-Camp J. P. Collier of Ohio, I return my grateful thanks. I commend them to my superiors for their gallantry in action, and for the intelligent manner in which they conveyed and communicated my orders on the field of battle.

My casualties during the conflict were ninety-three killed, eight hundred and three wounded, and nine missing. The small number of the latter indicates the manner in which the division was held in hand. I herewith inclose a tabular statement of the killed, wounded and missing in each brigade.

Capt. J. F. Boyd, my ever efficient Division

Quartermaster, was absent in Savannah, superintending the embarkation of the troops.

I did not see Dr. Meylert, Medical Director, upon the field, but am informed he was assigned to duty elsewhere.

Lieut.-Colonel E. A. Parrott, First Ohio volunteers, my Acting Inspector-General, did not attend me as a staff-officer, but joined and fought with his regiment, and for mention of his services I refer you to Gen. Rousseau's report.

I am sorry that I was deprived during the battle of the services of Brigadier-General R. W. Johnson, commanding Sixth brigade; severe illness caused his absence from his command at Columbia, Tennessee. The efficiency of the Sixth brigade is very much due to his talents and abilities, and it is to be regretted that he did not have an opportunity upon this day, to add new laurels to his military name.

I am sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A. McD. McCook,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

GEN. MCARTHUR'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,* }
April 16, 1862. }

Capt. John A. Rawlins, Assistant Adjutant-General:

Herewith I transmit to you the report of Col. Tuttle, who commanded the Second division during the greater part of the engagement. The list of casualties, as far as I have yet had reported, is as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
First brigade,	36	171	666
Second brigade,	100	458	16
Third brigade,	86	349	482
Four batteries,	4	55	...
Total,	226	1033	1164

Two regiments, the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-second Illinois, have not yet reported. All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN MCARTHUR,
Brigadier-General.

COLONEL TUTTLE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, }
PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 10, 1862. }

Brigadier-General J. McArthur, Commanding Second Division:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report the part taken by the First brigade in the action of the sixth and seventh instant, as well as such other regiments and corps as were under my command during the engagement. On the morning of the sixth, I proceeded with my brigade, consisting of the Second, Seventh, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Iowa infantry, under the direction of Brig.-Gen.

* This division was originally commanded by Major-Gen. C. F. Smith. In consequence of his severe illness, it was commanded during the early part of the battle by Brigadier-Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. Gen. Wallace was mortally wounded on Sunday, the first day of the battle, when the command devolved upon Gen. McArthur, the senior brigade commander.

W. H. L. Wallace, and formed line on the left of his division. We had been in line but a few moments when the enemy made their appearance and attacked my left wing, (Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa,) who gallantly stood their ground, and compelled the assailants to retire in confusion. They again formed under cover of a battery, and renewed the attack upon my whole line, but were repulsed as before. A third and fourth time they dashed upon us, but were each time baffled and completely routed. We held our position about six hours, when it became evident that our forces on each side of us had given way, so as to give the enemy an opportunity of turning both our flanks. At this critical juncture Gen. Wallace gave orders for my whole brigade to fall back, which was done in good order. The Second and Seventh regiments retired through a severe fire from both flanks and re-formed, while the Twelfth and Fourteenth, who were delayed by their endeavors to save a battery which had been placed in their rear, were completely cut off and surrounded, and were compelled to surrender.

In passing through the cross-fire Gen. Wallace fell mortally wounded, and as you were reported wounded, and Capt. McMichael informing me that I was the ranking officer, I assumed command of the division, and rallied what was left of my brigade, and was joined by the Thirteenth Iowa, Col. Crocker; Ninth Illinois, Col. Mersey; Twelfth Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Chottain, and several other fragments of regiments, and formed in line on the road, and held the enemy in check until the line was formed that resisted the last charge just before dark of that day. On Monday morning I collected all of the division that could be found, and such other detached regiments as volunteered to join me, and formed them in column by battalion, closed in mass, as a reserve for Gen. Buell, and followed up his attack until we arrived near the position we had occupied on Sunday, where I deployed into line, in rear of his forces, and held my command subject to his orders. The Second Iowa and Second Illinois were called on at one time. The Second was sent to Gen. Nelson's division, and was ordered by him to charge bayonets across a field on the enemy, who were in the woods beyond, which they did in the most gallant manner, the enemy giving way before they reached them. The Seventh Iowa, under orders from Gen. Crittenden, charged and captured one of the enemy's batteries, while the Thirteenth Iowa rendered Gen. McCook valuable service near the close of the engagement.

On Tuesday, the eighth, when our forces were again called to arms, I called on the Second division, and all obeyed the call with alacrity except Col. Crafts J. Wright, of the Thirteenth Missouri, who refused to obey orders, and did not make his appearance during the day. The division remained on the field all day, and were ordered to return to camp after dark.

The officers and men under my command behaved nobly and gallantly during the whole time,

with the exception above named. The officers deserving special mention in this report are so numerous that I will confine myself to field-officers alone. Lieut.-Col. Baker, of the Second Iowa; Lieut.-Col. Parrott and Major Rice, of the Seventh Iowa; Col. Woods, Twelfth Iowa; Col. Shaw and Lieut.-Col. Lucas, of the Fourteenth Iowa, particularly distinguished themselves for bravery and ability on the field. Col. Crocker, of the Thirteenth Iowa, although not belonging to my command originally, was attached to it on Sunday evening, and remained with my division until Monday evening. He proved himself to have all the qualities of a good and efficient officer, and was prompt to duty when the enemy was to be met.

Col. Mersey, Ninth Illinois, also proved himself a brave and efficient officer. Col. Morton, commanding Second brigade, and Colonel Baldwin, Third brigade, on the last day, turned out their brigades promptly, and marched in column to the outposts. Col. Wood, of the Twelfth Iowa, was thrice wounded, and when the enemy was driven back on Monday, he was recaptured, and is now here unfit for duty.

Appended I send you a list of the casualties of the brigade, only as others will report directly to you.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. M. TUTTLE,

Colonel Commanding First Brigade, Second Division.

The casualties in the brigade are as follows: killed, thirty-six; wounded, one hundred and seventy-one; missing, six hundred and sixty-six.

GEN. SHERMAN'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH DIVISION,
CAMP SHILOH, April 10, 1862. }

Capt. J. A. Rawlins, Assist. Adjt.-Gen. to Gen. Grant:

SIR: I had the honor to report that on Friday, the fourth inst., the enemy's cavalry drove in our pickets, posted about a mile and a half in advance of my centre, on the main Corinth road, capturing one first lieutenant and seven men; that I caused a pursuit by the cavalry of my division, driving them back about five miles, and killing many. On Saturday, the enemy's cavalry was again very bold, coming well down to our front; yet I did not believe he designed anything but a strong demonstration. On Sunday morning, early, the sixth instant, the enemy drove our advance-guard back on the main body, when I ordered under arms all my division, and sent word to Gen. McClernand, asking him to support my left; to Gen. Prentiss, giving him notice that the enemy was in our front in force, and to Gen. Hurlbut, asking him to support Gen. Prentiss. At this time, seven A.M., my division was arranged as follows:

First brigade, composed of the Sixth Iowa, Col. J. A. McDowell; Fortieth Illinois, Colonel Hicks; Forty-sixth Ohio, Col. Worthington; and the Morton battery, Capt. Behr, on the extreme

right, guarding the bridge on the Purdy road, over Owl Creek.

Second brigade, composed of the Fifty-fifth Illinois, Col. D. Stuart; Fifty-fourth Ohio, Col. T. Kilby Smith; and the Seventy-first Ohio, Col. Mason, on the extreme left, guarding the ford over Lick Creek.

Third brigade, composed of the Seventy-seventh Ohio, Col. Hildebrand; Fifty-third Ohio, Col. Appler; and the Fifty-seventh Ohio, Col. Mungen, on the left of the Corinth road, its right resting on Shiloh meeting-house.

Fourth brigade, composed of the Seventy-second Ohio, Col. Buckland; Forty-eighth Ohio, Col. Sullivan; and Seventieth Ohio, Col. Cockerill, on the right of the Corinth road, its left resting on Shiloh meeting-house.

Two batteries of artillery, Taylor's and Waterhouse's, were posted, the former at Shiloh, and the latter on a ridge to the left, with a front fire over open ground between Mungen's and Appler's regiments. The cavalry, eight companies of the Fourth Illinois, under Col. Dickey, were posted in a large open field to the left and rear of Shiloh meeting-house, which I regarded as the centre of my position. Shortly after seven A.M., with my entire staff, I rode along a portion of our front, and when in the open field before Appler's regiment, the enemy's pickets opened a brisk fire on my party, killing my orderly, Thomas D. Holliday, of company H, Second Illinois cavalry. The fire came from the bushes which line a small stream that rises in the field in front of Appler's camp, and flows to the north along my whole front. This valley afforded the enemy cover, but our men were so posted as to have a good fire at him as he crossed the valley and ascended the rising ground on our side.

About eight A.M. I saw the glistening bayonets of heavy masses of infantry to our left front, in the woods beyond the small stream alluded to, and became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack on our whole camp. All the regiments of my division were then in line of battle, at their proper posts. I rode to Col. Appler, and ordered him to hold his ground at all hazards, as he held the left flank of our first line of battle, and I informed him that he had a good battery on his right and strong support in his rear. General McClelland had promptly and energetically responded to my request, and had sent me three regiments, which were posted to protect Waterhouse's battery and the left flank of my line. The battle began by the enemy opening a battery in the woods to our front, and throwing shell into our camp.

Taylor's and Waterhouse's batteries promptly responded, and I then observed heavy battalions of infantry passing obliquely to the left across the open field in Appler's front; also other columns advancing directly upon my division. Our infantry and artillery opened along the whole line, and the battle became general. Other heavy masses of the enemy's forces kept passing across the field to our left, and directing their course on Gen. Prentiss. I saw at once that the enemy

designed to pass my left flank, and fall upon Gens. McClelland and Prentiss, whose line of camps was almost parallel with the Tennessee River, and about two miles back from it. Very soon the sound of musketry and artillery announced that Gen. Prentiss was engaged, and about nine A.M. I judged that he was falling back. About this time Appler's regiment broke in disorder, followed by Mungen's regiment, and the enemy pressed forward on Waterhouse's battery, thereby exposed. The three Illinois regiments in immediate support of this battery stood for some time, but the enemy's advance was vigorous, and the fire so severe, that when Col. Raith, of the Forty-third Illinois, received a severe wound, and fell from his horse, his regiment and the others manifested disorder, and the enemy got possession of three guns of this (Waterhouse's) battery. Although our left was thus turned, and the enemy was pressing our whole line, I deemed Shiloh so important, that I remained by it, and renewed my orders to Cols. McDowell and Buckland to hold their ground; and we did hold these positions until about ten o'clock A.M., when the enemy had got his artillery to the rear of our left flank, and some change became absolutely necessary. Two regiments of Hildebrand's brigade (Appler's and Mungen's) had already disappeared to the rear, and Hildebrand's own regiment was in disorder. I therefore gave orders for Taylor's battery, still at Shiloh, to fall back as far as the Purdy and Hamburg road, and for McDowell and Buckland to adopt that road as their new line. I rode across the angle, and met Behr's battery at the cross-roads, and ordered it immediately to come into battery, action right. Capt. Behr gave the order, but he was almost instantly shot from his horse, when drivers and gunners fled in disorder, carrying off the caissons, and abandoning five out of six guns without firing a shot. The enemy pressed on, gaining this battery, and we were again forced to choose a line of defence. Hildebrand's brigade had substantially disappeared from the field, though he himself bravely remained. McDowell's and Buckland's brigades maintained their organization, and were conducted by my aids so as to join on Gen. McClelland's right, thus abandoning my original camps and line. This was about half-past ten A.M., at which time the enemy had made a furious attack on Gen. McClelland's whole front. He struggled most determinedly, but finding him pressed, I moved McDowell's brigade directly against the left flank of the enemy, forced him back some distance, and directed the men to avail themselves of every cover—trees, fallen timber, and a wooded valley to our right. We held this position for four long hours, sometimes gaining and at other times losing ground, Gen. McClelland and myself acting in perfect concert, and struggling to maintain this line. While we were so hardly pressed, two Iowa regiments approached from the rear, but could not be brought up to the severe fire that was raging in our front, and Gen. Grant, who visited us on that ground, will remember our situation about three P.M.; but about

four P.M. it was evident that Hurlbut's line had been driven back to the river, and knowing that Gen. Wallace was coming with reinforcements from Crump's Landing, Gen. McClelland and I, on consultation, selected a new line of defence, with its right covering a bridge by which Gen. Wallace had to approach. We fell back as well as we could, gathering, in addition to our own, such scattered forces as we could find, and formed the new line. During this change the enemy's cavalry charged us, but were handsomely repulsed by an Illinois regiment, whose number I did not learn at that time or since.

The Fifth Ohio cavalry, which had come up, rendered good service in holding the enemy in check for some time; and Major Taylor also came up with a new battery, and got into position just in time to get a good flank fire upon the enemy's column as he pressed on General McClelland's right, checking his advance, when Gen. McClelland's division made a fine charge on the enemy, and drove him back into the ravines to our front and right. I had a clear field about two hundred yards wide in my immediate front, and contented myself with keeping the enemy's infantry at that distance during the day. In this position we rested for the night. My command had become decidedly of a mixed character. Buckland's brigade was the only one that retained organization. Col. Hildebrand was personally there, but his brigade was not. Col. McDowell had been severely injured by a fall of his horse, and had gone to the river, and the three regiments of his brigade were not in line.

The Thirteenth Missouri, Col. Crafts J. Wright, had reported to me on the field, and fought well, retaining its regimental organization, and it formed a part of my line during Sunday night and all Monday. Other fragments of regiments and companies had also fallen into my division, and acted with it during the remainder of the battle.

Generals Grant and Buell visited me in our bivouac that evening, and from them I learned the situation of affairs on other parts of the field. General Wallace arrived from Crump's Landing shortly after dark, and formed his line to my right and rear. It rained hard during the night, but our men were in good spirits and lay on their arms, being satisfied with such bread and meat as could be gathered at the neighboring camps, and determined to redeem on Monday the losses of Sunday. At daybreak of Monday I received Gen. Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps. I despatched several members of my staff to bring up all the men they could find, and especially the brigade of Col. Stuart, which had been separated from the division all the day before; and at the appointed time the division, or rather, what remained of it, with the Thirteenth Missouri and other fragments moved forward, and occupied the ground on the extreme right of Gen. McClelland's camp, where we attracted the fire of a battery located near Col. McDowell's former headquarters. Here I remained patiently awaiting for the sound of Gen. Buell's advance upon the main Corinth road. About ten

A.M., the firing in this direction, and its steady approach, satisfied me, and Gen. Wallace being on our right, flanked with his well-conducted division, I led the head of my column to Gen. McClelland's right, formed line of battle facing south, with Buckland's brigade directly across the ridge, and Stuart's brigade on its right, in the woods, and thus advanced steadily and slowly, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. Taylor had just got to me from the rear, where he had gone for ammunition, and brought up three guns, which I ordered into position to advance by hand-firing. These guns belonged to company A, Chicago light artillery, commanded by Lieut. P. P. Wood, and did most excellent service. Under cover of their fire, we advanced till we reached the point where the Corinth road crosses the line of Gen. McClelland's camp; and here I saw, for the first time, the well-ordered and compact Kentucky forces of Gen. Buell, whose soldierly movement at once gave confidence to our newer and less disciplined forces. Here, I saw Willich's regiment advance upon a point of water-oaks and thicket, behind which I knew the enemy was in great strength, and enter it in beautiful style. Then arose the severest musketry-fire I ever heard, and lasted some twenty minutes, when this splendid regiment had to fall back. This green point of timber is about five hundred yards east of Shiloh meeting-house, and it was evident here was to be the struggle. The enemy could also be seen forming his lines to the south. Gen. McClelland sending to me for artillery, I detached to him the three guns of Wood's battery, with which he speedily drove them back; and seeing some others to the rear, I sent one of my staff to bring them forward, when, by almost Providential decree, they proved to be two twenty-four-pounder howitzers belonging to McAllister's battery, and served as well as guns ever could be. This was about two P.M. The enemy had one battery close by Shiloh, and another near the Hamburg road, both pouring grape and canister upon any column of troops that advanced upon the green point of water-oaks. Willich's regiment had been repulsed; but a whole brigade of McCook's division advanced, beautifully deployed, and entered this dreaded wood. I ordered my second brigade, then commanded by Col. T. Kilby Smith, (Col. Stuart being wounded,) to form on its right, and my Fourth brigade, Col. Buckland, on its right, all to advance abreast with this Kentucky brigade before mentioned, which I afterward found to be Rousseau's brigade of McCook's division. I gave personal direction to the twenty-four-pounder guns, whose well-directed fire first silenced the enemy's guns to the left, and afterward at the Shiloh meeting-house. Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it, and at four P.M. we stood upon the ground of our original front line, and the enemy was in full retreat. I directed my several brigades to resume at once their original camps. I am now ordered by Gen. Grant to give personal credit where I think it is due, and censure where I think it merited. I concede

that Gen. McCook's splendid division from Kentucky drove back the enemy along the Corinth road, which was the great centre of the field of battle, and where Beauregard commanded in person, supported by Bragg's, Polk's, and Breckinridge's divisions. I think Johnston was killed by exposing himself in front of his troops at the time of their attack on Buckland's brigade on Sunday morning, although in this I may be mistaken.

My division was made up of regiments perfectly new, all having received their muskets for the first time at Paducah. None of them had ever been under fire, or beheld heavy columns of an enemy bearing down on them, as this did on last Sunday. To expect of them the coolness and steadiness of older troops would be wrong. They knew not the value of combination and organization. When individual fear seized them, the first impulse was to get away. My Third brigade did break much too soon, and I am not yet advised where they were during Sunday afternoon and Monday morning. Col. Hildebrand, its commander, was as cool as any man I ever saw, and no one could have made stronger efforts to hold his men to their places than he did. He kept his own regiment, with individual exceptions, in hand an hour after Apples and Mungen's regiments had left their proper field of action. Col. Buckland managed his brigade well. I commend him to your notice as a cool, intelligent and judicious gentleman, needing only confidence and experience to make a good commander. His subordinates, Cols. Sullivan and Cockerill, behaved with great gallantry, the former receiving a severe wound on Sunday, and yet commanding and holding his regiment well in hand all day; and on Monday, until his right arm was broken by a shot, Cockerill held a larger proportion of his men than any colonel in my division, and was with me from first to last. Col. J. A. McDowell, commanding the First brigade, held his ground on Sunday till I ordered him to fall back, which he did in line of battle, and when ordered he conducted the attack on the enemy's left in good style. In falling back to the next position he was thrown from his horse and injured, and his brigade was not in position on Monday morning. His subordinates, Cols. Hicks and Worthington, displayed great personal courage. Col. Hicks led his regiment in the attack on Sunday, and received a wound which is feared may prove fatal. He is a brave and gallant gentleman, and deserves well of his country. Lieut.-Col. Walcutt of the Ohio Forty-sixth, was severely wounded on Sunday, and has been disabled ever since. My Second brigade, Col. Stuart, was detached near two miles from my headquarters. He had to fight his own battle on Sunday against superior numbers, as the enemy interposed between him and Gen. Prentiss early in the day. Col. Stuart was wounded severely, and yet reported for duty on Monday morning, but was compelled to leave during the day, when the command devolved on Col. T. Kilby Smith, who was always in the thickest of the fight, and led the brigade handsomely. I have not yet re-

ceived Col. Stuart's report of the operations of his brigade during the time he was detached, and must therefore forbear to mention names. Lieut.-Colonel Kyle, of the Seventy-first, was mortally wounded on Sunday, but the regiment itself I did not see, as only a small fragment of it was with the brigade when it joined the division on Monday morning.

Several times during the battle cartridges gave out, but Gen. Grant had thoughtfully kept a supply coming from the rear. When I appealed to regiments to stand fast although out of cartridges, I did so because to retire a regiment for any cause has a bad effect on others. I commend the Fortieth Illinois and Thirteenth Missouri for thus holding their ground under heavy fire, although their cartridge-boxes were empty. Great credit is due the fragments of men of the disordered regiments who kept in the advance. I observed and noticed them, but until the brigadiers and colonels make their reports, I cannot venture to name individuals, but will in due season notice all who kept in our front, as well as those who preferred to keep back near the steamboat landing. I will also send a full list of the killed, wounded, and missing, by name, rank, company, and regiment. At present I submit the result in figures :

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Off's.	Men.	Off's.	Men.	Off's.	Men.
Sixth Iowa,.....	2	49	8	117	..	39
Fortieth Illinois,.....	1	42	7	148	..	2
Forty-sixth Ohio, . . .	2	32	3	147	..	52
Fifty-fifth Illinois,....	1	45	8	183	..	41
Fifty-fourth Ohio,.....	2	22	5	128	..	32
Seventy-first Ohio,....	1	12	..	52	1	45
Seventy-seventh Ohio, 1	48	7	107	3	53	
Fifty-seventh Ohio,....	2	7	..	82	..	33
Fifty-third Ohio,.....	..	7	..	89	..	5
Seventy-second Ohio, 2	13	5	85	..	49	
Forty-eighth Ohio,....	1	13	3	70	1	45
Seventieth Ohio,.....	..	9	1	53	1	39
Taylor's Battery,.....	No report.					
Behr's Battery,.....	1	..	..	..	..	..
Barrett's Battery,.....	..	1	..	5	..	..
Waterhouse's Battery, .	..	1	8	14	..	..
Orderly Holliday,....	..	1	..	..	..	..
Total,.....	16	302	45	1230	6	435
Officers—Killed,.....	16					
Wounded,.....	45					
Missing,.....	6					
Soldiers—Killed,.....	302					
Wounded,.....	1230					
Missing,.....	435					
Aggregate loss in the Division,.....	2034					

The enemy captured seven of our guns on Sunday, but on Monday we recovered seven—not the identical guns we had lost, but enough in number to balance the amount. At the time of recovering our camps, our men were so fatigued that we could not follow the retreating masses of the enemy; but on the following day, I followed up with Buckland's and Hildebrand's brigades for six miles, the result of which I have already reported. Of my personal staff, I can only speak with praise and thanks. I think they smelt as much gunpowder and heard as many cannon-balls and bullets as must satisfy their ambition. Capt. Harmon, my Chief of Staff, though in feeble health, was very active in rallying broken troops, encouraging the steadfast, and

aiding to form the lines of defence and attack. I commend him to your notice. Major Sanger's intelligence, quick perception and rapid execution, were of very great value to me, especially in bringing into line the batteries that coöperated so efficiently in our movements. Capts. McCoy and Dayton, Aids-de-Camp, were with me all the time, carrying orders, and acting with coolness, spirit, and courage. To Surgeon Hartshorn and Doctor L'Hommedieu, hundreds of wounded men are indebted for the kind and excellent treatment received on the field of battle, and in the various temporary hospitals created along the line of our operations. They worked day and night, and did not rest till all the wounded of our own troops as well as of the enemy were in safe and comfortable shelter. To Major Taylor, Chief of Artillery, I feel under deep obligations for his good sense and judgment in managing the batteries on which so much depended. I enclose his report, and endorse his recommendations. The cavalry of my command kept to the rear, and took little part in the action, but it would have been madness to have exposed horses to the musketry fire under which we were compelled to remain, from Sunday at eight A.M., till Monday at four P.M. Capt. Kosack, of the Engineers, was with me all the time and was of great assistance. I enclose his sketch of the battle-field, which is the best I have seen and which will enable you to see the various positions occupied by my division, as well as of the others that participated in the battle.

I will also send in during the day the detailed reports of my brigadiers and colonels, and will endorse them with such remarks as I deem proper. I am, etc., your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN.

REPORT OF GENERAL BUELL.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,
FIELD OF SHILOH, April 15, 1862. }

Capt. N. H. McLain, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the Mississippi:

SIR: The rear divisions of the army under my command, which had been delayed a considerable time in rebuilding the Duck River bridge, left Columbia on the second inst. I left the evening of that day, and arrived at Savannah on the evening of the fifth. Gen. Nelson, with his division, which formed the advance, arrived the same day. The other divisions marched with intervals of about six miles. On the morning of the sixth, firing of musketry and cannon was heard in the direction of this place. Apprehending that a serious engagement had commenced, I went to Gen. Grant's headquarters, to get information as to the means of reaching the battle-field with the division that had arrived. At the same time orders were despatched to the divisions in rear to leave their trains, and push forward by forced marches. I learned that Gen. Grant had just started, leaving orders for Gen. Nelson to march to the river, opposite Pittsburgh Landing, to be ferried across. An examination of the roads up the river, discovered it to be impracticable for artillery, and Gen.

Nelson was directed to leave his, to be carried forward by steamers.

The impression existed at Savannah that the firing was merely an affair of outposts, the same thing having occurred for two or three previous days; but as it continued, I determined to go to the scene of action, and accordingly started with my Chief-of-Staff, Col. Fry, on a steamer, which I ordered to get under steam. As we proceeded up the river, groups of soldiers were seen upon the west bank, and it soon became evident that they were stragglers from the engaged army. The groups increased in size and frequency, until, as we approached the Landing, they numbered whole companies, and almost regiments; and at the Landing the banks swarmed with a confused mass of men of various regiments. There could not have been less than four thousand or five thousand. Late in the day it became much greater. Finding Gen. Grant at the Landing, I requested him to send steamers to Savannah to bring up General Crittenden's division, which had arrived during the morning, and then went ashore with him. The throng of disorganized and demoralized troops increased continually by fresh fugitives from the battle, which steadily drew nearer the Landing, and with these were intermingled great numbers of teams, all striving to get as near as possible to the river. With few exceptions, all efforts to form the troops, and move them forward to the fight, utterly failed. In the mean time the enemy had made such progress against our troops, that his artillery and musketry began to play into the vital spot of the position, and some persons were killed on the bank, at the very Landing. Gen. Nelson arrived with Col. Ammen's brigade at this opportune moment. It was immediately posted to meet the attack at that point, and with a battery of artillery, which happened to be on the ground, and was brought into action, opened fire on the enemy, and repulsed him. The action of the gunboats also contributed very much to that result. The attack at that point was not renewed. Night having come on, the firing ceased on both sides. In the mean time the remainder of Gen. Nelson's division crossed, and Gen. Crittenden's arrived from Savannah by steamers. After examining the ground—as well as was possible at night—in front of the line on which Gen. Grant's troops had formed, and as far to the right as Gen. Sherman's division, I directed Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions to form in front of that line, and move forward as soon as it was light in the morning. During the night and early the following morning, Captain Bartlett's Ohio battery, Capts. Mendenhall and Terrill's regular batteries arrived. General McCook, by a forced march, arrived at Savannah during the night of the sixth, and reached the field of battle early in the morning of the seventh. I knew that the other divisions could not arrive in time for the action that day.

The patch of country on which the battles of the sixth and seventh were fought, is called Shiloh, from the little church of that name, which stands in its midst. It consists of an undulating

table-land, elevated some eighty or one hundred feet above the road-bottom. Along the Tennessee River, to the east, it breaks into abrupt ravines, and toward the south, runs along Lick Creek, which empties into Tennessee River, some three miles above Pittsburgh Landing, into a range of hills of some height, whose slopes are gradual toward the battle-field, and somewhat abrupt toward Lick Creek. Owl Creek, rising near the source of Lick Creek, flows to the north-east, around the battle-field, into Snake Creek, which empties into Tennessee River, some miles below Lick Creek. The drainage is mainly from Lick Creek ridge and the table-land into Owl Creek. Coming from Corinth, the principal road crosses Lick Creek at two points, some twelve miles from its mouth, and separates into three or four principal branches, which enter the table-land from the south, at a distance of about a mile apart. Generally the face of the country is covered with woods, through which troops can pass without great difficulty, though occasionally the undergrowth is dense. Small farms and cultivated fields, of from seventy to eighty acres, occur here and there, but as a general thing the country is a forest. My entire ignorance of the various roads, and of the character of the country at the time, rendered it impossible to anticipate the probable dispositions of the enemy, and the woods were always sufficient to screen his preparatory movements from observation.

Soon after five o'clock on the morning of the seventh, Gen. Nelson's and Gen. Crittenden's divisions, the only ones yet arrived on the ground, moved promptly forward to meet the enemy. Nelson's division, marching in line of battle, soon came upon his pickets, drove them in, and at about six o'clock received the fire of his artillery. The division was here halted, then Mendenhall's battery brought into action, to reply while Crittenden's division was being put into position on the right of Nelson's. Bartlett's battery was posted in the centre of Crittenden's division, in a commanding position, opposite which the enemy was discovered to be in force. By this time McCook's division arrived on the ground, and was immediately formed on the right of Crittenden's. Skirmishers were thrown to the front, and a strong body of them to guard our left flank, which, though somewhat protected by rough grounds, it was supposed the enemy might attempt to turn, and in fact did, but was repulsed with great loss. Each brigade furnished its own reserve, and in addition Boyle's brigade of Crittenden's division, though it formed at first in the line, was kept somewhat back when the line advanced, to be used as occasion might require. I found upon the ground parts of about two regiments, perhaps one thousand men, and subsequently a similar fragment came up of General Grant's force. The first I directed to act with Gen. McCook's attack, and the second one was similarly employed on the left. I sent other straggling troops of Gen. Grant's force immediately on Gen. McCook's right, as some firing had already commenced there. I had no direct know-

ledge of the disposition of the remainder of Gen. Grant's force, nor is it my province to speak of them. I regret that I am unable to name those that came under my direction in the way I had stated, for they rendered willing and efficient service during the day.

The force under my command occupied a line of about a mile and a half. In front of Nelson's division was an open field, partially screened to his right by a skirt of woods, which extended through the enemy's line, with a thick undergrowth in front of the left brigade of Crittenden's division; then an open field in front of Crittenden's right and McCook's left, and in front of McCook's right, woods again with a dense undergrowth. The ground, mainly level in front of Nelson's, formed a hollow in front of Crittenden's, and fell into a small creek, which empties into Owl Creek, in front of McCook's. What I afterward learned was the Hamburg road, which crosses Lick Creek a mile from its mouth, passed perpendicularly through the line of battle near Nelson's left. On a line slightly oblique to us, and beyond the open field, the enemy was formed, with a battery in front of Nelson's left; a battery commanding the woods in front of Crittenden's left, and flanking the field in front of Nelson; a battery commanding the same woods and the field in front of Crittenden's right and McCook's left, and a battery in front of McCook's right. A short distance in rear of the enemy's left, on high open ground, were the encampments of McClernand's and Sherman's divisions, which the enemy held.

While my troops were getting into position on the right, the artillery fire was kept up between Mendenhall's battery and the enemy's second battery with some effect. Bartlett's battery, put in position before the enemy's third battery, opened fire on that part of the line, and when, very soon after, our line advanced, with strong bodies of skirmishers in front, the action became general, and continued with severity during the greater part of the day, and until the enemy was driven from the field.

The obliquity of our line upon the left being thrown forward, brought Nelson's division first into action, and it became very hotly engaged at an early hour. A charge of the Nineteenth brigade, from Nelson's right, by its commander, Col. Hazen, reached the enemy's second battery, but the brigade sustained a heavy loss by a cross fire of the enemy's batteries, and was unable to maintain its advantage against the heavy infantry force that came forward to oppose it. The enemy recovered the battery, and followed up his advantage by throwing a heavy force of infantry into the woods in front of Crittenden's left. The left brigade of that division, Col. W. S. Smith, commanding, advanced into the woods, repulsed the enemy handsomely, and took several prisoners. In the mean time, Capt. Terrell's battery, which had just landed, reached the field, and was advanced into action near the left of Nelson's division, which was very heavily pressed by the great numbers of the enemy. It be-

longed properly to McCook's division. It took position near the Hamburg road, in the open ground in front of the enemy's right, and at once began to act with decided effect upon the tide of battle in that quarter. The enemy's right battery was silenced.

Ammen's brigade, which was on the left, advanced in good order upon the enemy's right, but was checked for some time by his endeavor to turn our left flank, and by his strong centre attack in front. Capt. Terrell, who in the mean time had taken an advanced position, was compelled to retire, leaving one caisson, of which every horse was killed or disabled. It was very soon recovered. Having been reënforced by a regiment from Gen. Boyle's brigade, Nelson's division again moved forward, and forced the enemy to abandon entirely his position. This success flanked the enemy at his second and third batteries, from which he was soon driven, with the loss of several pieces of artillery by the concentrated fire of Terrell's and Mendenhall's batteries, and an attack from Crittenden's division in front. The enemy made a second stand some eight hundred yards in rear of this position, and opened fire with his artillery. Mendenhall's battery was thrown forward, silenced the battery, and it was captured by Crittenden's division, the enemy retreating from it. In the mean time the division of Gen. McCook on the right, which became engaged somewhat later in the morning than the divisions on the left, had made steady progress until it drove the enemy's left from the hotly contested field. The action was commenced in this division by Gen. Rousseau's brigade, which drove the enemy in front of it from his first position, and captured a battery. The line of attack of this division caused a considerable widening of the space between it and Crittenden's right. It was also outflanked on its right by the line of the enemy, who made repeated strong attacks on its flanks, but was always gallantly repulsed. The enemy made his last decided stand in front of this division, in the woods beyond Sherman's camp.

Two brigades of Gen. Wood's division arrived just at the close of the battle; but only one, that of Col. Wagner, in time to participate actively in the pursuit, which it continued for about a mile, and until halted by my order. Its skirmishers became engaged for a few minutes with skirmishers covering the enemy's rear-guard, which made a momentary stand. It was also fired upon by the enemy's artillery on its right flank, but without effect. It was well conducted by its commanders, and showed great steadiness.

The pursuit was continued no further that day. I was without cavalry, and the different corps had become a good deal scattered in a pursuit in a country which secreted the enemy's movements, and of the roads of which I knew practically nothing. In the beginning of the pursuit, thinking that the enemy had retired principally by the Hamburg road, I had ordered Nelson's division to follow as far as Lick Creek on that road, from which I afterward learned the

direct Corinth road was separated by a difficult ravine, which empties into Lick Creek. I therefore occupied myself with examining the ground, getting the different divisions into position, which was not effected until some time after dark.

The following day, in pursuance of the directions of Gen. Grant, Gen. Wood was sent forward with two of his brigades, which arrived the previous evening, and a battery of artillery, to discover the position of the enemy, and to press him if he should be found in retreat. General Sherman, with about the same force from Gen. Grant's army, was on the same service, and had a spirited skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, driving it back. The main force was found to have retreated beyond Lick Creek, and our troops returned at night.

There were no idlers in the battle of the seventh. Every portion of the army did its work. The batteries of Captains Terrell and Mendenhall were splendidly handled and served; that of Captain Bartlett was served with great spirit and gallantry, though with less decisive results.

I specially commend to the favor of the Government for their distinguished gallantry and good conduct, Brig.-Gen. A. McD. McCook, commanding Second division; Brigadier-Gen. Wm. Nelson, commanding Fourth division; Brigadier-Gen. T. L. Crittenden, commanding Fifth division; Brigadier-Gen. L. H. Rousseau, commanding Fourth brigade; Brigadier-Gen. I. T. Boyle, commanding Eleventh brigade; Col. J. Ammen, Twenty-fourth Ohio, commanding Tenth brigade; Col. W. G. Smith, Thirteenth Ohio, commanding Fourteenth brigade; Col. E. N. Kirk, Third Illinois, commanding Fifth brigade; Col. W. H. Gibson, Forty-ninth Ohio, temporarily commanding Sixth brigade; Capt. W. R. Terrill, Fifth artillery; Captain J. Mendenhall, Fourth artillery; and Captain Bartlett, Ohio Volunteer battery.

For the many other officers who won honorable distinction, I refer to the reports of the division, brigade, and regimental commanders, transmitted herewith, as also for more detailed information of the services of the different corps. I join cordially in the commendation bestowed by these officers on those under their command.

The loss of the force under my command is two hundred and sixty-three killed, one thousand eight hundred and sixteen wounded, eighty-eight missing. Total, two thousand one hundred and sixty-seven. The trophies are twenty pieces of artillery, a greater number of caissons, and a considerable number of small-arms. Many of the cannon were recaptured from the loss of the previous day. Several stands of colors were also recaptured.

The members of my staff, Col. James B. Fry, Chief of Staff; Capt. J. M. Wright, A. A. G.; Lieuts. C. L. Fitzhugh, Fourth artillery; A. F. Rockwell, New-York Chasseurs; T. J. Bush, Twenty-fourth Kentucky; Aid-de-Camps, Capt. J. H. Gilman, Nineteenth infantry, Inspector of Artillery; Capt. E. Gay, Sixteenth infantry, In-

spector of Cavalry; H. C. Bankhead, Fifth infantry, Inspector of Infantry; and Captain N. Michler, Topographical Engineers, were distinguished for gallant bravery throughout the battle, and rendered valuable service. The gallant department of my Orderlies, A. J. Williamson, Fourth cavalry, and N. M. Smith, J. R. Hewitt, J. A. Stevenson, V. B. Hammel, of the Anderson troop, also deserves to be mentioned. I am particularly indebted to Col. Fry, Chief of Staff, for valuable assistance in the battle, as well as for the ability and industry with which he has at all times performed the important duties of his position, and Surgeon Murray, Medical Director, always assiduous in the discharge of his duties, was actively engaged on the field in taking all the care of the wounded that circumstances admitted of.

Capt. Gillem, Assistant Quartermaster, is entitled to great credit for his energy and industry in providing transportation for the troops from Savannah. Lieut.-Col. Oakes, Fourth cavalry, Inspector of Cavalry, and Capt. C. C. Gilbert, First infantry, Inspector-General, who have rendered zealous and valuable services in their positions, were detained at Savannah, and unable to be present in the action.

The troops which did not arrive in time for the battle, Gen. Thomas's and Gen. Wood's divisions, (a portion of the latter, as I have previously stated, took part in the pursuit, and the remainder in the evening,) are entitled to the highest praise for the untiring energy with which they pressed forward night and day to share the danger of their comrades. Gen. Thomas's division had already, under his command, made its name honorable by one of the most memorable victories of the war—Mill Springs—on which the tide of success seemed to turn steadily in favor of the Union.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. C. BUELL,

Major-General Commanding Army of the Ohio.

REPORT OF GEN. NELSON.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, }
FIELD OF BATTLE, April 10, 1862. }

CAPTAIN: In obedience to orders, I have to report that the Fourth division of the Army of the Ohio, under my command, left Savannah, by order of Gen. Grant, reiterated in person by Gen. Buell, at half-past one P.M. on Sunday, April sixth, and marched by land to the point opposite Pittsburgh Landing. The anxiety of the men to take part in the battle which was going on on the left bank of the river enabled me to achieve the distance, notwithstanding the dreadful condition of the roads over a lately-overflowed bottom, in four hours. At five o'clock the head of my column marched up the bank of Pittsburgh Landing, and took up its position in the road under the fire of the rebel artillery, so close had they approached the landing. It formed a semi-circle of artillery totally unsupported by infantry, whose fire was the only check to the audacious approach of the enemy. The Sixth Ohio and Thirty-sixth Indiana

had hardly deployed when the left of our artillery was completely turned by the enemy, and the gunners fled from their pieces. The gallantry of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, supported by the Sixth Ohio, under the able conduct of Col. C. Ammen, commanding the Tenth brigade, drove back the enemy and restored the line of battle. This was at half-past six P.M., and soon after the enemy withdrew, owing, I suppose, to the darkness.

I found cowering under the river-bank, when I crossed, from seven thousand to ten thousand men, frantic with fright and utterly demoralized, who received my gallant division with cries: "That we are whipped," "Cut to pieces," etc. They were insensible to shame and sarcasm, for I tried both on them, and indignant at such poltroonery, I asked permission to open fire upon the knaves.

By seven P.M. the infantry of my division was all across the river, and took up their position as follows: Col. Ammen's brigade, consisting of the Thirty-sixth Indiana; Col. Grose, Sixth Ohio; Lieut.-Col. Anderson, Twenty-fourth Ohio. Lieut.-Col. Jones took post on the left; on the right of them Bruer's brigade was posted, consisting of the First Kentucky, Col. Engart; Second Kentucky, Col. Sedgwick; Twentieth Kentucky, Lieut.-Col. Hansem. On the right of Bruer's brigade the brigade of Col. Hagen was posted, composed of the Ninth Indiana, Col. Moody; Sixth Kentucky, Col. Whitaker; Forty-first Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Mygatt. Heavy pickets were immediately thrown well forward, and every precaution taken to prevent surprise during the night. These dispositions were made by the direction of Gen. Buell, who gave me orders to move forward and attack the enemy at the earliest dawn. The night passed away without serious alarm. The men lay on their arms.

Lieutenant Gwin of the Navy, commanding the gunboats on the river, sent to me and asked how he could be of service. I requested that he would throw an eight-inch shell into the camp of the enemy every ten minutes during the night, and thus prevent their sleeping, which he did very scientifically, and, according to the reports of the prisoners, to their infinite annoyance.

At four A.M. I roused up the men quietly, by riding along the lines, and when the line of battle was dressed and the skirmishers well out, and the reserves in position, I sent an aid to the General, to notify him that I was ready to commence the action, whereupon the Fourth division of the Army of the Ohio, in perfect order as if on drill, moved toward the enemy, about half-past five. I found him, and the action commenced with vigor. My division drove them with ease, and I followed them up rapidly, when at six A.M. I was halted by commands from Gen. Buell, I having gone further forward than I should have gone, my right flank being exposed. The enemy was greatly reënforced in front of me, and at seven A.M. my advance, which had been resumed by order of Gen. Buell, was checked. At half-past seven my division began to give ground slowly. We were exposed to the fire of two of the ene-

my's batteries, and I had no artillery. You are aware that, owing to the want of transportation, I was compelled to leave the three batteries of my division at Savannah. I asked for artillery to support my infantry. Gen. Buell sent to my aid the battery of Capt. Mendenhall, of the regular army, belonging to Gen. Crittenden's division, the well directed fire of which gave me most refreshing relief. After eight the firing of the enemy was tremendous. They had again been largely reënforced on this point. Gen. Buell, who rode along the line, saw for himself the behavior of the Fourth division. The style in which Col. Ammen handled his brigade excited my admiration. Col. Hagen, commanding the right brigade of the division, carried it into action, and maintained them most gallantly. The heavy loss of his brigade attests the fierceness of the conflict at this point. He drove the enemy, captured the battery that so distressed us, but was forced back on his reserves.

The powerful reënforcements which the enemy had again received, which made the woodland in front of us at times a sheet of flame, compelled me at nine A.M. again to ask for support. The General sent to my aid Capt. Terrill's battery of regular artillery.

This battery was a host in itself. It consists of four twelve-pounder brass guns and two ten-pounder Parrott guns. Its fire was terrific. It was handled superbly. When Capt. Terrill turned his battery silence followed on the part of the enemy. Capt. Terrill and Mendenhall, and the officers and soldiers of their batteries, are entitled to the thanks of the Fourth division.

The Nineteenth Ohio, Col. Beattie, attached to Crittenden's division, also came to my support. This regiment was ably handled, and rendered efficient service.

At one P.M., by direction of Gen. Buell, I ordered the division to move, with arms trailed, at "double-quick," on the rising ground in front, held by the enemy, which the enemy abandoned with much promptness to our use. The firing now diminished much along the front of the division, but at two P.M. was renewed on my right on Crittenden's and McCook's divisions with great fury. The Fourth division had no more trouble during the action, the attacks on it being feeble and easily repulsed. They ceased entirely at four P.M.

I desire to call the attention of the General commanding the Army of the Ohio to the distinguished conduct of Col. Ammen, of the Seventh Ohio, commanding the Tenth brigade. The cool way and vigorous method in which he fought his brigade, protecting all the while the left flank of the army, gave me a profitable lesson in the science of battles.

To Col. Hagen, commanding the Nineteenth brigade, I beg also to invite the General's attention. The gallantry with which he led his troops to the attack was most conspicuous, and he handled them ably.

During the long and bloody action the fortitude of the Fourth division was sorely tried, pressed

as it was by such superior numbers; but it maintained itself gloriously.

I refer the General to the reports of the brigade commanders for the part each regiment took in the action, reserving to myself only to mention that during the action I rode up and thanked the Ninth Indiana for its gallantry, and that the Sixth Ohio and Twentieth Kentucky were posted by to cover the artillery. This important and arduous duty they performed perfectly, sustaining, during the greater part of this long day, with the coolness of veterans, the firing of the enemy without being permitted to return it.

The loss of the division, I regret to inform you, is heavy. I went into the action four thousand five hundred and forty-one strong, of whom six officers and eighty-four enlisted men were killed, thirty-three officers and five hundred and fifty-eight enlisted men wounded, and fifty-eight enlisted men missing, making a total loss of seven hundred and thirty-nine, more than half of which occurred in Hagen's brigade.

I would recommend to your attention the officers of my staff, who did their duty well on the field. They are: Capt. J. Mills Hendrick, A. A. G., Assistant Surgeon Irwin, Regular Army, Medical Inspector, Capt. Chandler, A. Q. M., Lieut. Peck, Sixth Ohio, A. C. S., Lieut. G. W. P. Anderson, Sixth Ohio, R. Southgate, Sixth Ohio, Aids-de-Camp W. Preston Graves, Esq., and H. N. Fiske, and Lieut. Horton, Twenty-fourth Ohio, Volunteer Ordnance Officer. The energy of Lieut. Horton, in bringing up ammunition, was conspicuous.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

WM. NELSON,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding Fourth Division.

Capt. J. B. FRY,

Chief of Staff.

ACCOUNT BY A PARTICIPANT.

The following narrative and diary was published in the Cincinnati *Commercial*:

BATTLE-FIELD, PITTSBURGH LANDING, }
April 11, 1862.

It is now the fourth day since hostilities ceased, and yet everything is in confusion. For three nights we have slept without tents or blankets amid rain-storms such as only April can produce, and an additional two, in which though it did not rain, the freezing cold would have made the fires, which were forbidden us, welcome.

You might like to hear something of our march through Tennessee, but that I must postpone for the more absorbing topic of the battle. You must not expect to hear from me an accurate account of what took place over a line of battle which report says formed a semi-circle of fifteen miles, but which will probably come more within the range of truth to call eight miles—indeed, I can scarcely tell what took place within the limits of the Tenth brigade.

Saturday, April fifth.—Nelson's division arrived in Savannah. We were wearied with a long march, and expected to have a few days' rest.

Sunday, April sixth.—Were ordered to prepare for a general inspection of arms, and while engaged in polishing our guns, about half-past seven A.M., the roar of distant firing was distinctly heard, and continued all the morning. The inspection was dispensed with, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to go to battle at any moment. It was not until one o'clock when we started away. It was a beautiful Sabbath-day, and we made a rapid march of eight miles—a good part of it through a swamp—to the river. Steamboats were in readiness to ferry us across. On coming to the bank I noticed a great number of soldiers on the opposite bank, apparently taking things easy. I mentally wondered why there was so great a necessity for us to be present, when there was a reserve of two or three brigades. But the Tennessee is a pretty wide stream, and objects on one side cannot be discerned very distinctly from the other; therefore, it was not until we had crossed that I found the reserve to consist of wounded and panic-stricken soldiers. Great bustle and excitement were prevalent along the river. Nelson set his signal corps on the right bank to work, and a vigorous waving of flags was answered by a corresponding ditto from the left bank. We were the third regiment to be taken over; when about the middle of the stream the gunboats floating up and down, commenced a vigorous cannonading. I thought it must be close work if *they* were employed.

Before landing, I noticed a lady on the hurricane deck of another boat, laden with troops just by us, who appeared to be expostulating with a group of soldiers. She seemed to be much excited, and waved her hand in the direction of the battle. Another young woman on the same boat was wringing her hands and weeping. As our company passed close by her while disembarking, she exclaimed: "Men, you must fight for your country or die!" It was answered by a cheer.

Being landed, we hurried up the bank. As I ran by I thought I would learn from the reserve what I could of the progress of affairs, but looking around, nothing but a sickening sight of mangled men and terrified able-bodied—I will pass it over. The sight, and their exclamations, "The day is lost, and you must regain it!" "There is a panic," etc.; was beginning to unnerve me, so I closed my eyes and ears to all that was going on around me. On top of the bank we were cheered by a sight of Nelson, with his well-known overcoat and feathered hat. "Sixth Ohio, I expect a good account from you!" "Yes! Yes! Hurrah!" And without an order, our walking pace was changed into a double-quick. We only went a few yards, and were ordered to support a battery. Darkness soon closed in, and compelled the belligerents to cease hostilities for the night. We were formed in line of battle, and permitted to lie on our arms. Shortly after the firing ceased, Col. Gross, of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, (which regiment had the advance of the brigade for the day, and had lost several men before we landed,) made a speech

to his men—such a speech as a colonel should make. A breathless silence prevailed, and his few words were listened to attentively by more than his own regiment. The next day Col. G. distinguished himself for his bravery, which almost amounted to foolhardiness. He placed himself in front of his regiment, and in the thickest of the fight, between the two fires, and urged on his men, until his horse was shot and himself wounded. Even then he could not be prevailed upon to drop to the rear, but sword in hand, still encouraged his men by his presence. His conduct was reflected by the action of his regiment.

All Sunday night the gunboats sent a shell, at half-hour intervals, into the woods beyond us. The distance from the river to where they burst, generally averaged three quarters of a mile, which I learned by timing the interval between the flash and report of the shell. The night was cold. We had neither blankets or overcoats, and our discomfort was further increased by a thunder-storm, which continued from midnight until morning. [Is there any truth in the belief that heavy cannonading always brings a thunder-storm?] Before daylight of Monday morning, Col. Ammen formed his brigade in line of battle, sent a company of skirmishers in front of each battalion, and, all preparations completed, said to us, in his quiet, drawling way: "Now, boys, you are all ready, go straight ahead until you meet the enemy." The long line swept through the woods, up and down hill, for a quarter or half a mile, it may be more, when the skirmishers opened fire. We halted, but soon the skirmishers driving the enemy before them, we also went on. This continued till perhaps seven o'clock, when the occasional halts and forwards were prolonged into one long stand. For the rest of the day every foot of ground was closely contested. Company B, while skirmishing, took a cannon from the rebels, but before they could get it off the ground, had it taken from them. The same piece, however, was shortly brought in triumphantly by company C.

When we made the first long halt, for the first time I experienced the sensation of having a quantity of bullets constantly whizzing around us, and pecking at the trees with a sound like that made by a woodpecker, and I have since laughed at the several involuntary dodgings made by my head to avoid the bullets which had already whistled past me, though at the time it was considered no laughing matter. Our division and brigade, if I am not mistaken, was on the left of the line of battle. About nine o'clock the firing changed, almost entirely ceasing on our left. We were then marched by a right flank, and ordered to support Capt. Tirrell's regular battery. We were drawn up immediately behind it, and received all the peppering aimed at the battery. At one time a shower of grape or canister caused the men to drop down. It was well they did, for a second fire, better aimed than the first, a moment later, cut off the bushes to the height of a man's breast. I observed very few shells from the batteries where we were first stationed;

their fire consisted principally of balls and canister. It is singular that while supporting Tirrell, when we were under the heaviest fire, there was only one man injured—a member of company A. What few we lost besides, was by the skirmishing companies. I could not imagine why Nelson, who has always professed such a high regard for the regiment, should give it no more honorable position than that of supporting a battery. But I was satisfied before we were through, for though others may sneer at what the Guthries have done, I know that Nelson, whose good opinion we value more highly than that of a whole brigade of men who have not patriotism enough to serve their country themselves, still has the same favorable opinion of us. The battle for a long time was desperate, the musketry was one prolonged roar, neither traitor nor patriot would give way; but now our men seemed to be in confusion; they commenced a retreat toward us. Gen. N. had us immediately wheeled to the right to face them, and our comrades who were retreating, seeing a regiment just behind, ready to aid them when needed, received fresh courage, and returning, drove the rebels before them. Nelson evidently regarded this as a critical moment; he rode along the front of the regiment, and looking almost every member in the face, addressed them with his abrupt sentences. (He is no speech-maker.) When passing our company, he exclaimed: "Men of the Sixth Ohio, I'm proud of you. I *may* be mistaken, but I think I can depend on you. That's the reason why I don't send you out—I want you here." Shortly afterward, we were ordered to take a rebel battery at the point of the bayonet; the General gave the order himself, and started us out at double-quick. The whole regiment went at it with a yell, but before going many yards we were halted by the General, for what reason I am unable to understand. About three o'clock the rebels began to give way, and soon retreated from the field. They were not pursued by our infantry, though report said that several cavalry regiments were after them. After hostilities had ceased, our brigade marched out beyond the furthestmost camps, again in our possession, but presenting a scene of desolation. The tents had not been wantonly destroyed by the rebels, for after their success of Sunday, they were sure of retaining possession of them, and wanted them for their own use. But the chivalry had made sad havoc with the contents, especially of the sutler shops. We were not permitted to occupy the camps of regiments which had been "cut to pieces," (as every battalion which had been scattered in the first day's panic was pleased to express its condition,) but were formed in line of battle, and having stacked arms, were permitted to rest near our guns. Soon all were busy preparing supper from provisions of the commissaries, which luckily had not all been seized on by the enemy. I am not a friend to fat pork, but it tasted sweet to me that evening. While preparing our meal, a flag of truce, consisting of a yellow handkerchief tied to a sapling pole, emerged from the woods be-

yond us. It was carried by a tall Alabamian, who brought with it the wounded Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fiftieth Illinois, borne on a litter. The bearers all had tied on their arms a piece of white rag, which by questioning the wearers, I learned that it designated a detail for hospital duty. I am glad to be able to say something good of an army of traitors; "we will give the devil his due." No instance came to my knowledge in which our dead or wounded were treated in so diabolical a manner as they were reported to be at Manassas and Pea Ridge. They were invariably, wherever practicable, kindly cared for. A. Hickenlooper tells me that one of his corporals, who was wounded, received many attentions from them. An officer handed him a rubber blanket, saying that himself needed it bad enough, but the wounded man needed it worse. Others brought him food and water, and wrapped him up in woolen blankets. Such instances were common, and among the hundreds of dead and wounded I have looked upon, not one showed signs of the barbarities which the rebels are commonly supposed to practise on the patriots.

I captured an overcoat and blanket on the field, and expected to pass Monday night more comfortably than that of Sunday. Throwing the cape of the cloak over my head, and rolling myself in the blanket, I was soon in a deep sleep; the only dream I had was that every soldier was shaking with the ague, in the midst of which I awoke to find the rain pouring in torrents, and myself lying in a pool of water. Fires were not allowed, and we shivered through the remainder of the night.

Tuesday, April 8.—We all were up early and ready formed to meet the enemy, should they again attack us; but after standing for a couple of hours to no purpose, arms were stacked and we set to work to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Great praise is due to all the general and staff-officers of the Fourth division. Nelson was constantly riding up and down, a conspicuous mark for sharpshooters, and his aids were flying about in all directions in the thickest of the fight. Buell also attended to his business like a true general, riding about all parts of the field. "Old Jake Ammen," our acting Brigadier, took matters as quietly as if he was drilling his brigade, and once having found a pile of corn, sat down coolly to husk it for his horse, not even deigning to escape the showers of balls by seeking the shelter of a tree. The sight of the dead and wounded was not at all pleasant to look upon; the slaughter was terrible. The Fourth division, according to the official reports, has seven hundred and thirty killed, wounded, and missing, or something about nine per cent of the number engaged. Our own loss is very small. I can only count four out of the regiment killed.

Monday morning, when we started out to meet the enemy, we began to find the dead and wounded at a very short distance from our starting-point. We were halted just before two of the Union wounded who had lain out in the rain all

night. One was not mortally injured, and some of our boys took him back to the hospital. The other was lying on his face, and had just life enough in him to appeal to us for aid, by slightly moving one of his feet; but he was so far gone that he was left to his fate; he died in a short time. I saw one rebel who had been shot while in the act of taking aim. One eye was still open, while the other was closed, and his hands were extended in the position of holding a gun, which lay beside him. Another died while in the act of placing his hand in his haversack for food. One rebel lay stretched, with his feet at the trunk of a tree which was speckled well with bullets. He had undoubtedly used the tree as a fortification, and in an unlucky moment had been shot in the head while trying to pick off our own men. Some were disemboweled by cannon-balls, others with half their heads off in the midst of brains and blood. During the engagement riderless horses were flying in all directions. Wounded were borne off the field by hundreds, some with arms and legs off, writhing in agony. The log-houses, barns, and stables which had been deserted by the owners on the first day's fight, were used as hospitals, and so designated by red flags. But they were soon so crowded that others brought in were placed in the open air, using the building as a shelter from bullets.

Doc. 115.

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL CURTIS.

CAPTAIN: The brief telegraphic report which I gave the ninth inst., is not sufficient to present even the general outline of the battle of Pea Ridge, and with the reports of my Commanders of divisions, I now submit a more general detail.

My pursuit of Gen. Price brought me to Fayetteville, Arkansas. The entire winter campaign, from the twentieth of January to this time, including the march from Rolla to the Boston Mountains, two hundred and forty miles, was attended with continual exhibitions of toil, privations, conflict and gallantry, some of which I have telegraphed to headquarters, and may hereafter deserve more full development.

After reaching Arkansas, the forces of Gen. Price were rapidly reinforced by regiments which had been stationed in Arkansas and the Indian Territory. I therefore expected these combined forces would return upon us to give us battle, and in conformity with the orders of the General, of the twenty-second of February, I selected Sugar Creek as the strongest of several strong places taken from the enemy, to make a stand against any and all odds.

I reported my force to you on the twelfth February, after Col. Davis's division had joined me, with twelve thousand and ninety-five men and fifty pieces of artillery, including four mountain howitzers. My long line of communications required garrisons at Marshfield, Springfield, Cassville, and Keitsville, besides a constant mov-

ing force to guard my train. My force in Arkansas was, therefore, not more than ten thousand five hundred, cavalry and infantry, with forty-nine pieces of artillery, including the mountain howitzers, one piece having been sent out into Missouri, and thus prevented from joining us in the battle.

The scarcity of forage and other supplies made it necessary for me to spread out my troops over considerable country, always trying to keep them within supporting distance, convenient to rally on the positions selected for battle. On the fourth of March this force was located as follows:

The First and Second divisions, under Generals Sigel and Asboth, were four miles south-west of Bentonville, at Cooper's farm, under general orders to move round to Sugar Creek, about fourteen miles east.

The Third division, under Col. Jefferson C. Davis, acting Brigadier-General, had moved and taken position at Sugar Creek, under orders to make some preparatory arrangements and examinations for a stand against the enemy.

The Fourth division was at Cross Hollows, under command of Col. E. A. Carr, acting Brigadier-General. My own headquarters were also at this place, within about twelve miles from Sugar Creek, on the main telegraph road from Springfield to Fayetteville.

Large detachments had been sent out from those several camps for forage and information—one from Cross Hollows to Huntsville, under command of Colonel Vandever, and three from Cooper's farm to Maysville and Pineville. One of those, under Major Conrad, with a piece of artillery and two hundred and fifty men, did not reach us until after the battle. All the others came in safe and joined in the engagement.

The enemy had taken position in the Boston Mountains, a high range that divides the waters of the White River and Arkansas. Gen. Price had rallied the forces that had fought at Carthage, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington, augmented by his exertions to recruit in Missouri during the winter. On his arrival from Springfield in Arkansas, he reported to Governor Rector that between four and five thousand of these had joined the confederate service previous to leaving Springfield. The circulation of all manner of extravagant falsehoods on his way induced the whole country to leave their homes, and for fear we would kill them, thousands joined his ranks. General McCulloch brought at least eleven regiments to the field, and General Pike five. Besides these regularly organized confederate troops which General Price met in Arkansas, there were many companies and regiments of Arkansas volunteers, most of the country people being required to take up arms. From this data, and the general opinion of the country, I estimated the force of the enemy to have been at least thirty thousand or forty thousand. This was the force in and near Boston Mountains, rallying to drive us from Arkansas and Missouri.

The two armies thus constituted and located, were within hearing of each other's cannon, about thirty miles apart. I submit an accompanying

map, showing some of the topographic features of the country on the roads which we have traversed. Our troops were weary and somewhat exhausted in their long, forced marches and frequent conflicts. Our cavalry had especially suffered in the breaking down and loss of horses. But our troops were generally well armed, drilled, and anxious to encounter the enemy at any reasonable hazard. They were all intelligent, ardent, flushed with our repeated successes in many encounters on our way, and all conscious of the righteousness of their country's cause.

The arrival of Major-Gen. Van Dorn, on the second of March, in the camp of the enemy, was the occasion of great rejoicing, and the firing of forty guns. The rebel force was harangued by their chiefs with boastful and passionate appeals, assuring them of their superior numbers and the certainty of an easy victory. Despatches were published, falsely announcing a great battle at Columbus, Ky., in which we had lost three gunboats and twenty thousand men; and thus the rebel hordes were assembled—the occasion was now open to drive the invaders from the soil of Arkansas, and give a final and successful blow for a Southern Confederacy.

The fifth of March was cold and blustering. The snow fell so as to cover the ground. No immediate attack was apprehended, and I was engaged writing. About two o'clock P.M., scouts and fugitive citizens came, informing me of the rapid approach of the enemy to give battle. His cavalry would be at Elm Springs, some twelve miles distant, that night, and his artillery had already passed Fayetteville. Satisfied of the truth of this report, I immediately sent couriers to Gen. Sigel and Col. Vandever, and ordered them to move immediately to Sugar Creek, where I also ordered Col. Carr to move with his division.

I also sent you a despatch, which may have been lost with other mail matter, which I have since learned was captured by the enemy. I told you I would give them the best reception possible. All my messengers were successful in delivering their orders. Col. Carr's division moved about six P.M. Col. Vandever had intelligence of the movement of the enemy before my messenger reached him, and made immediate change in his march, so that with great exertion, he arrived on the sixth. Gen. Sigel deferred his march from Cooper's farm till two o'clock in the morning of the sixth, and at Bentonville tarried himself, with a regiment and battery, till he was attacked about nine A.M.

I arrived at Sugar Creek at two o'clock A.M. on the sixth, and immediately detailed parties for early morning work in felling timber to obstruct certain roads to prevent the enemy having too many approaches; and to erect field-works to increase the strength of my forces. Col. Davis and Col. Carr, early in the day, took their positions on the high projecting hills commanding the valley of the creek, leaving the right of the line to be occupied by the First and Second divisions, which were anxiously expected. The valley of the creek is low, and from a quarter to a half-mile

wide. The hills are high on both sides, and the main road from Fayetteville, by Cross Hollows to Keitsville, intercepts the valley nearly at right angles. The road from Fayetteville by Bentonville to Keitsville, is quite a detour; but it also comes up the Sugar Creek valley; a branch, however, takes off and runs nearly parallel to the main or telegraph road some three miles from it. The Sugar Creek valley, therefore, intercepts all these roads.

The Third and Fourth divisions had before noon of the sixth deployed their lines, cut down a great number of trees which thoroughly blockaded the roads on the left. Later in the day I directed some of the same work to be done on the right. This work was in charge of Col. Dodge, who felled trees on the road which run parallel to the main road to which I have before referred. This proved of great advantage, as it retarded the enemy some two hours in their flank movement. Breastworks of considerable length were erected by the troops on the headlands of Sugar Creek as if by magic, and a battery near the road-crossing was completely shielded by an extensive earth-work erected under the direction of Col. Davis by a pioneer company commanded by Capt. Snyder. About two o'clock P.M., Gen. Asboth and Col. Osterhaus reported the arrival of the First and Second divisions. This good news was followed immediately by another report that Gen. Sigel, who had remained behind with a detachment, had been attacked near Bentonville, and was quite surrounded by the enemy's advance forces. I immediately directed some of the troops to return to his relief. In the mean time he had advanced with his gallant little band, fighting its way within three or four miles of our main forces. The two divisions, turned back in double-quick, and a large cavalry force also started, all being anxious to join in a rescue of their comrades in peril.

Part of the First division under Col. Osterhaus, soon met the retreating detachment, and immediately opened with artillery and infantry, which checked the further advance and terminated the action for the day. In the retreat and final repulse, which occupied several hours, our loss was some twenty-five killed and wounded.

The enemy must have suffered more, as our artillery had telling effect along the road, and the rebel graves in considerable numbers bear witness of the enemy's loss.

The firing having ceased, I sent back the other troops that had joined the movement, and designated the positions on the right, which were promptly occupied by the First and Second divisions.

Our men rested on their arms, confident of hard work on the coming day. The accompanying map of the battle-ground will fully illustrate the positions then and subsequently assumed.

On my front was the deep, broad valley of Sugar Creek, forming the probable approaches of the enemy. Our troops, extending for miles, and generally occupying the summits of headlands on Sugar Creek. In my rear was a broken plateau, called "Pea Ridge," and still further in my rear

the deep valley of Big Sugar Creek, or "Cross Timbers." My own headquarters and those of Gens. Sigel, Asboth, and other commanders of divisions, were near "Pratt's house." The lines A, B, and C show the different fronts assumed during the progress of the battle.

The approach by Bentonville brought the enemy to my extreme right, and during the night of the fifth and sixth he began a movement round my flank by the road above mentioned, which crosses "Pea Ridge" some three miles north-west of the main telegraph road. I ascertained in the morning this flank movement of the enemy, which I perceived was to attack my right flank and rear. I therefore called my commanders of divisions together at General Asboth's tent, and directed a change of front to the rear, so as to face the road, upon which the enemy was still moving. At the same time I directed the organization of a detachment of cavalry and light artillery, supported by infantry, to open the battle by an attack from my new centre on the probable centre of the enemy before he could fully form. I selected Col. Osterhaus to lead this central column—an officer who displayed great skill, energy, and gallantry each day of the battle.

The change of front thus directed reversed the order of the troops, placing the First and Second divisions on the left, their left still resting on Sugar Creek, Osterhaus and the Third division in the centre, and the Fourth division became the extreme right. While I was explaining the proposed movement to commanders, and Col. Osterhaus was beginning to rally and move forward his attacking column, a messenger brought me intelligence that my picket commanded by Major Weston, of the Twenty-fourth Missouri, had been attacked by infantry. This was at Elkhorn Tavern, where the new right was to rest. Col. Carr being present, he was ordered to move into position and support the Major as soon as possible.

This was the commencement of the second day's fight. It was about half-past ten o'clock, and the officers separated to direct their several commands. The fire increased rapidly on the right, and very soon opened in the centre. After visiting the right, where I perceived the enemy was making a vigorous attack, and finding Col. Carr, under a brisk fire of shot and shell, coolly locating and directing the deployment, I returned to my central position near Pratt's house, and sent orders to Col. Davis to move near to Col. Carr, to support him. In the mean time Col. Osterhaus had attacked the enemy and divided his forces; but he was soon pressed with greatly superior numbers, that drove back our cavalry, and took our flying battery which had advanced with it. The Colonel, however, was well supported by his infantry, and soon checked a movement that threatened to intercept the deployment of other forces. I considered the affair so imminent, I changed my order to Col. Davis, and directed him to move to the support of the centre, which was his proper place according to my order for the change of front. My new line was thus

formed under the enemy's fire; the troops generally moving in good order and gallant bearing.

Thus formed, the line was not continuous, but extended entirely across Pea Ridge, the divisions in numerical order, from left to right, Col. Osterhaus remaining in command of a detachment, and operating with Col. Davis in resisting McCulloch and McIntosh, who commanded the enemy's forces in the centre. I did not err in sending Col. Davis to this point, although Col. Carr, on the right, needed reinforcements. The battle raged in the centre with terrible fury. Col. Davis held the position against fearful numbers, and our brave troops nobly stood or charged in steady lines. The fate of the battle depended on success against the flank movement of the enemy, and here, near Lee Town, was the place to break it down. The fall of Gens. McCulloch, McIntosh, and other officers of the enemy, who fell early in the day, aided us in our final success at this most critical point; and the steady courage of officers and men in our lines chilled and broke down the hordes of Indian cavalry and infantry that were arrayed against us. While the battle thus raged in the centre, the right wing was sorely pressed, and the dead and wounded were scattered over the field. Col. Carr sent for reinforcements, and I sent him a few cavalry and my body-guard with the little mountain howitzers, under Major Bowen. These did good service at a most critical period. I urged Col. Carr to stand firm, that more forces could be expected soon. Subsequently Col. Carr sent me word that he could not hold his position much longer. I could then only reply by sending him the order to "persevere." He did "persevere," and the sad havoc in the Ninth and Fourth Iowa, and Phelps's Missouri and Major Weston's Twenty-fourth Missouri, and all the troops in that division, will show how earnest and continuous was their perseverance. Seeing no signs of approaching forces by the telegraph road, I sent him three pieces of artillery and a battalion of infantry of Col. Benton's command, (part of the Third division,) which had been located at Sugar Creek to guard the approaches. Each small accession to the Fourth division seemed to compensate an overpowering force. As to the left, I was repeatedly informed that it stood safe and firm, although threatened by the foe. About two P.M., my aid, Capt. Adams, who had communicated with that wing, informed me he had just seen Gens. Sigel and Asboth on Sugar Creek, and there was still no attack in that quarter and no appearance of an enemy. About this time the enemy's forces melted away in the brushy centre, and the fire gradually ceased. Believing the left and centre were no longer menaced, and the enemy was concentrating on the right, I again sent word to Col. Carr that he would soon be reinforced. I had now resolved to bring up the left and centre to meet the gathering hordes at Elkhorn Tavern. To inform myself of the condition of the extreme left, I went in person to that point. On my way I ordered forward the remainder of Col. Benton's command, three pieces and a battalion, which

had remained guarding the crossing of the main telegraph road.

I found Gens. Sigel and Asboth with the troops on the hill near the extreme left, where all was quiet, and the men, not having been under fire, fresh and anxious to participate in the fight. It was now safe to make a new change of front, so as to face Sugar Creek. I therefore ordered this force forward. Gen. Asboth moved by the direct road to Elkhorn Tavern, and Gen. Sigel went by Leetown to reënforce Davis, if need be, but to press on and reënforce Carr, if not needed in the centre. Both generals moved promptly. I accompanied Gen. Asboth, collecting and moving forward some straggling commands that I found by the way. It must have been near five o'clock when I brought the force to the aid of Col. Carr. He had received three or four shots—one a severe wound in the arm. Many of his field-officers had fallen, and the dead and wounded had greatly reduced his force. He had been slowly forced back near half a mile, and had been about seven hours under constant fire. His troops were still fiercely contesting every inch of ground. As I came up, the Fourth Iowa was falling back for cartridges, in line, dressing on their colors, in perfect order. Supposing with my reënforcements I could easily recover our lost ground, I ordered the regiment to face about. Col. Dodge came up, explaining the want of cartridges, but informed of my purpose, I ordered a bayonet charge, and they moved again with steady nerves to their former position, where the gallant Ninth was ready to support them. These two regiments won imperishable honors.

Gen. Asboth had planted his artillery in the road, and opened a tremendous fire on the enemy at short range. The Second Missouri infantry also deployed and earnestly engaged the enemy. About this time the shades of night began to gather around us, but the fire on both sides seemed to grow fiercer and more deadly. One of my body-guard fell dead; my Orderly received a shot, and Gen. Asboth was severely wounded in the arm. A messenger came from Gen. Sigel, saying he was close on the left, and would soon open fire. The battery of General Asboth run out of ammunition and fell back. This caused another battery that I had located on the other side of the road to follow; this latter fearing a want of support. The infantry, however, stood firm, or fell back in good order, and the batteries were soon restored, but the caissons got quite out of reach. The artillery firing was renewed, however, and kept up till dark—the enemy firing the last shot, for I could not find another cartridge to give them a final round; even the little howitzers responded, "No cartridges." The enemy ceased firing, and I hurried men after the caissons and more ammunition; meantime I arranged the infantry in the edge of the timber, with fields in front, where they lay on their arms and held the position for the night. I directed a detail from each company to bring water and provisions; and thus, without a murmur, these weary soldiers lay, and

many of them slept within a few yards of the foe, with their dead and wounded comrades scattered around them. Darkness, silence and fatigue soon secured for the weary, broken slumbers and gloomy repose. The day had closed on some reverses on the right, but the left had been unassailed, and the centre had driven the foe from the field.

My only anxiety for the fate of the next day, was the new front which it was necessary to form by my weary troops. I directed Colonel Davis to withdraw all the remainder of his reserve from the centre, and move forward so as to occupy the ground on Carr's immediate left. Although his troops had been fighting hard most of the day, and displayed great energy and courage, at twelve o'clock at night they commenced their movement to the new position on the battle-field, and they, too, soon rested on their arms.

Nothing further had been heard from General Sigel's command after the message at dark, that he was on or near the left. His detour carried him around a brushy portion of the battle-field, that could not be explored in the night. About two o'clock he reported at my headquarters with his troops, who he said were going to their former camps for provisions. The distance to his camp, some two miles further, was so great I apprehended tardiness in the morning, and urged the General to rest the troops where they then were, at my headquarters, and send for provisions, as the other troops were doing. This was readily concurred in, and these troops bivouacked also for the night. The arrangement thus completed to bring all four of my divisions to face a position which had been held in check all the previous day by one, I rested, certain of the final success on the coming day.

The sun rose above the horizon before our troops were all in position, and yet the enemy had not renewed the attack. I was hardly ready to open fire on him, as the First and Second divisions had not yet moved into position. Our troops that night rested on their arms in the face of the enemy. Seeing him in motion, I could not brook delay, and the centre, under Col. Davis, opened fire. The enemy replied with terrible energy from new batteries and lines which had been prepared for us during the night. To avoid raking batteries, the right wing fell back in good order, but kept up a continuous fire from the new position immediately taken. The First and Second division soon got under way, and moved with great celerity to their position on the left. This completed the formation of the line of battle. It was directly to the rear of the first, and was quite continuous, much of it on open ground. We then had our foe before us where we well knew the ground. The broken defiles occupied by him, would not admit of easy evolutions to repel such as could be made by us on the open plain. Victory was inevitable. As soon as the left wing extended so as to command the mountain, and rest safely upon it, I ordered the right wing to move forward so as to take position where I placed it the night previous. I repaired,

myself, to the extreme right, and found an elevated position considerably in advance, which commanded the enemy's centre and left. Here I located the Dubuque battery, and directed the right wing to move its right forward so as to support it, and gave directions to the advance of the entire right wing. Capt. Hayden soon opened a fire which proved most galling to the foe and a marker for our line to move upon. Returning to the centre, I directed the First Iowa battery, under Capt. David, to take position in an open field, when he could also direct a fire on the central point of the enemy. Meantime, the powerful battery of Captain Woelfley, and many more were bearing on the cliff, pouring heavy balls through the timber near the centre, splintering great trees and scattering death and destruction with tempestuous fury.

At one time a battery was opened in front of Hayden's battery on the extreme right, so near I could not tell whether it was the enemy or an advance of Hayden's, but riding nearer I soon perceived its true character, and directed the First Iowa and the Peoria battery, Capt. Davidson, to cross fire on it, which soon drove it back to the common hiding-place—the deep ravines of Cross Timber Hollow. While the artillery were thus taking position and advancing upon the enemy, the infantry moved steadily forward. The left wing advancing rapidly, soon began to ascend the mountain cliff, from which the artillery had driven most of the rebel force. The upward movement of the gallant Thirty-sixth Illinois, with its dark blue line of men, and its gleaming bayonets, steadily rose from base to summit, when it dashed forward into the forest, driving and scattering the rebels from these commanding heights. The Twelfth Missouri, far in advance of others, rushed into the enemy's lines, bearing off a flag and two pieces of artillery. Everywhere our line moved forward, and the foe as gradually withdrew.

The roar of cannon and small arms was continuous, and no force could then withstand the converging line and concentrated cross-fire of our gallant troops. Our guns continued some time after the rebel fire ceased, and the rebels had gone down into the deep caverns through which they had begun their precipitate flight. Finally our firing ceased. The enemy suddenly vanished. Following down a main road which enters a deep cañon, I saw some straggling teams and men running in great trepidation through the gorges of the mountains. I directed a battery to move forward, which threw a few shots at them, followed by a pursuit of cavalry, composed of the Benton hussars and my escort from Bowen's battalion, which was all the cavalry convenient at the time. Gen. Sigel also followed in this pursuit toward Keitsville, while I returned, trying to check a movement which led my forces north, where I was confident a frightened foe was not likely to go. I soon found the rebel forces had divided and gone in every direction, but it was several hours before I learned that the main force, after entering the cañon, had turned short

to the right, following obscure ravines, which led into the Huntsville road in a due south direction.

Gen. Sigel followed some miles north toward Keitsville, firing on the retreating force that ran away. Col. Bussey, with cavalry and the little howitzers, followed beyond Bentonville.

I camped on the field, and made provisions for burying the dead, and care of the wounded. The loss in the several divisions was as follows:

Commanded by	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First division, Gen. Sigel,.....	4	2	11	89	88	144	
Second division, Gen. Asboth,...	3	8	17	60	86	119	
Third division, Col. Davis,.....	4	18	42	256	9	329	
Fourth division, Col. Carr,.....	6	29	2	95	491	78	701
Third Iowa Cav., Col. Bussey,...	1	1	24	18	9	52	
Bowen's battery, Major Bowen,...	1	1	1	2	2	6	
							1851

This sad reckoning shows where the long-continued fire was borne, and where the public sympathy should be most directed. The loss of the enemy was much greater, but their scattered battalions can never furnish a correct report of their killed and wounded.

The reports of division and other officers of my command, are all submitted with such details as were seen or understood by local commanders. They give interesting incidents, and notice many deserving heroes.

I mentioned in my telegraphic report of the ninth of March, with high commendations, and I now repeat the names who have done distinguished service. These are my commanders of divisions: Gens. Sigel and Asboth, Col. and acting Brig.-Gen. Davis, and Col. and acting Brig.-Gen. Carr. They commanded the four divisions.

I also present commanders of brigades: Cols. Dodge, Osterhaus, Vandever, White, Schaefer, Pattison and Grewsel. The three first named I especially commend.

I also renew the just thanks due to my staff-officers, Capt. T. S. McKenny, A. A. A. General, Capt. W. H. Stark, Capt. John Ahlfeldt, Lieut. J. M. Adams, and Lieut. Stilt, all acting aids: also, A. Hoopner, my only engineer. To these I must add Major Bowen, who commanded my body-guard, and with the mountain howitzers did gallant service in every battle-field in the pursuit, and especially at Pea Ridge. Captain Stevens, Lieut. Matteson, and Lieut. Crabtree, of this battalion, also deserve honorable mention. Major Weston, of the Twenty-fourth Missouri, Provost-Marshal in camp, and in battle did gallant service. Lieut. David, ordnance officer on my staff, took charge of the First Iowa battery, after Capt. Jones was wounded, and did signal service. I must also thank my commanders of posts, who supported my line of operation, and deserve like consideration, as their duties were more arduous: Col. Boyd, at Rolla; Col. Wains, at Lebanon; Colonel Mills, at Springfield; and Lieut.-Col. Holland, at Cassville.

To do justice to all, I would spread before you the most of the rolls of this army, for I can bear testimony to the almost universal good conduct

of officers and men, who have shared with me the long march, the many conflicts by the way, and final struggle with the combined forces of Price, McCulloch, McIntosh and Pike, under Major-Gen. Van Dorn, at the battle of Pea Ridge.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL R. CURTIS,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE SOUTH-WEST, }
CROSS TIMBERS, ARK., March 1, 1862. }
Capt. N. H. McLEAN,
Assistant Adjutant-General, St. Louis, Mo.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIGEL.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS, }
CAMP PEA RIDGE, ARK., March 15, 1862. }

GENERAL: I have the honor to lay before you the following reports in regard to the actions of the First and Second divisions from the fifth to the ninth day of the month.

EXPEDITION TO PINEVILLE ON THE FIFTH OF MARCH.

On the evening of the fifth the main body of the two divisions was encamped near McKisick's farm, thirty-two miles southward of Bentonville, and one mile from the fork of the roads leading west to Maysville and north-east to Pineville. The Second Missouri, under Col. Schaefer, and one company of cavalry were stationed at Osage Mills, (otherwise called Smith's Mills,) five and a half miles south-east of McKisick's farm, whilst our pickets guarded all the other avenues to the camp. For the purpose of reconnoitring the country toward the Indian territory, and to detain the rebels of South-west Missouri from following Price's army by the State-line road, Major Conrad, with five select companies of infantry, sixty men of cavalry, and two pieces of Woelfley's battery, was ordered to proceed on the first day to Lindsey's prairie, where he arrived in the evening, sixteen miles south-west of McKisick's farm, on the second, (the fifth,) to Maysville, and to return on the third day to our own camp.

Such was our position on the evening of the fifth, when I received orders from you to send a detachment of cavalry to Pineville, where there were said to be some two or three hundred rebels, who disturbed and endangered the Union people of McDonald County. I directed Major Mezaros, with eighty men, to march at ten o'clock P.M., on the north-western road to Pineville, whilst Capt. V. Rilmansegge was sent to Major Conrad, at Maysville, to lead his sixty men of cavalry, with one piece of artillery and twenty infantry, at ten o'clock in the night, from Maysville to Rutledge and Pineville, and to act in concert with Major Mezaros. A home guard company, stationed between Pineville and Keitsville, was ordered to occupy at night the roads leading to Neosho and Kent, and thereby prevent the secesh from escaping in that direction. Major Mezaros and Capt. V. Rilmansegge should approach the town from the east, south-east and south-west. It was understood that these detachments should attack the town simultaneously at five o'clock in the morning. Just a few minutes before ten o'clock in the morning, when Mezaros was prepared to

leave the camp, I received news from Col. Schaefer, at Osage Mills, that his pickets posted in the direction of Elm Spring were fired upon by the enemy. This, in addition to your own despatches, reporting the enemy's force at Fayetteville, and a strong party of cavalry advancing toward Middletown, and besides this, your order to march to Sugar Creek, made me at once aware of the dangerous position of my command. I therefore ordered Col. Schaefer to break up his camp immediately, to send the cavalry company to Osage Springs to cover his right flank, and to march with his regiment to Bentonville, leaving Osage Springs to the right, and McKisick's farm to the left. All other troops I ordered to be prepared to march at two o'clock in the morning. In regard to the expedition to Pineville, it was too late to countermand the movement under Capt. Von Rilmansegge, but to return to Sugar Creek as quickly as possible without ruining his horses, so that they could be of some use in the ensuing battle. Major Conrad was made aware of our situation, and instructed to join us at Sugar Creek by some circuitous road leading north-east. The result of the expedition was not very great, but satisfactory. The attack was made according to the instructions given, and at the present time, but only one captain, one lieutenant, and fifteen men of Price's army, were found in the town and made prisoners—the others had left some days previous. The commands of Major Mezaros and Capt. Rilmansegge arrived safely on the sixth, in our camp at Sugar Creek, bringing with them their prisoners. Unfortunately they had to leave behind and to destroy a printing-press and types taken at Pineville, as the roads they took were too bad to bring this important material along. Major Conrad, with his detachment, found his way to Keitsville and Cassville, which place he left on the ninth, and arrived at the former place with Col. Wright, some time after I had opened the road to Cassville in the pursuit of Price's force, which retired from Keitsville to Berryville.

II.

RETREAT FROM M'KISICK'S FARM BY BENTONVILLE, TO CAMP HALLECK, ON SUGAR CREEK.

At two o'clock in the morning of the sixth, the troops encamped at McKisick's farm, moved forward toward Bentonville in the following order:

Advance-guard under Asboth—one company of Fourth Missouri cavalry, (Fremont hussars,) Second Ohio battery, under command of Lieut. Chapman; Fifteenth Missouri volunteers, under command of Col. Joliat.

Train of First and Second divisions, escort and guarded by detachments of the respective regiments.

The First division under Col. Osterhaus.

The Flying battery, the Fifth Missouri cavalry, (Benton hussars,) and the squadron of the Thirty-sixth Illinois cavalry, under Capt. Jenks.

Before leaving camp I detached Lieut. Shippart, of company A, Benton hussars, with twenty men, to Osage Springs, to communicate with Colonel

Schaefer, and to bring news to Bentonville as soon as the enemy would approach that place.

The advance-guard of Gen. Asboth arrived at Bentonville at four o'clock, when I directed him to halt until the train had come up more close. He then proceeded to Sugar Creek, followed by the train. Meanwhile the Second Missouri, under Col. Schaefer, and one part of the First division arrived in town. I ordered this regiment, as well as the Twelfth Missouri, under command of Major Wengelin, the flying battery, under Capt. Elbert, and the whole disposable cavalry force under Col. Nemett, comprising the Benton hussars, the Thirty-sixth Illinois cavalry, under Capt. Jenks, and a squad of thirteen men of Fremont hussars, under Lieut. Fred. Cooper, to occupy and guard the town, to let the whole train pass and remain at my disposition as a rear-guard.

At eight o'clock the train had passed the town, and was moving on the road to Sugar Creek, with the intention not to be too close to the train, and awaiting report from Lieut. Sheppard's picket at Osage Springs. Two hours elapsed, when, ten minutes after ten, it was reported to me that large masses of troops, consisting of infantry and cavalry, were moving from all sides toward our front and both flanks.

After some observation, I had no doubt that the enemy's advance-guard was before us. I immediately called the troops to arms and made them ready for battle. As Bentonville is situated on the edge of Osage prairie, easily accessible in front, and covered on the right and left and rear by thick woods and underbrush, I ordered the troops to evacuate the town and to form on a little hill north of it. Looking for the Second Missouri, I learned, to my astonishment, that it had already left the town, by a misunderstanding of my order. I am glad to say that this matter is satisfactorily explained by Col. Schaefer, but in the same time, I regret to report that this regiment was ambuscaded on its march, and lost in the conflict thirty-seven men in dead, wounded and prisoners.

The troops now left to me consisted of about eight companies of the Twelfth Missouri, with an average of forty-five men, five companies of Benton hussars, and five pieces of the flying battery—in all about six hundred men. The troops I directed to march in the following order: Two companies of the Twelfth at the head of the column, deployed on the right and left as skirmishers, followed by the flying battery, one company of the same regiment on the right and one on the left of the pieces, marching by the flank, and prepared to fire, by ranks, to the right and left, the remainder of the regiment being behind the pieces, two companies of cavalry to support the infantry on the right and left, and the rest of the cavalry, under command of Col. Nemett, with one piece of artillery following in the rear. In this formation, modified from time to time, according to circumstances, the column moved forward to break through the lines of the enemy, who had already taken position in our front and on both flanks, while he appeared behind us in

the town in line of battle, reënforced by some pieces of artillery. The troops advanced slowly, fighting and repelling the enemy in front, flankward, and rear, wherever he stood or attacked. From the moment we left the town, at half-past ten in the morning, until half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, when we met the first reënforcements—the Second Missouri, the Twenty-fifth Illinois, and a few companies of the Forty-fourth Illinois—we sustained three regular attacks, and were uninterruptedly in sight and under the fire of the enemy. When the first reënforcements had arrived, I knew that we were safe, and left it to the Twenty-fifth and Second Missouri, and afterward to Col. Osterhaus, to take care of the rest, which he did to the best of my satisfaction.

It would take too much time to go into the detail of this most extraordinary and critical affair, but, as a matter of justice, I feel it my duty to declare that, according to my humble opinion, never have troops shown themselves worthier to defend a great cause than on this day of the sixth of March.

III.

BATTLE OF THE SEVENTH—NEAR LEESVILLE AND ON PEA RIDGE.

In the night of the sixth, the two divisions were encamped on the plateau of the hills near Sugar Creek, and in the adjoining valley, separating the two ridges extending along the creek. The Second division held the right, the First the left of the position, fronting toward the west and south-west in order to receive the enemy, should he advance from the Bentonville and Fayetteville road. Col. Davis's division forming the centre, was on our left, and Col. Carr covered the ground on the extreme left of our whole line.

Early in the morning report came in that troops and trains of the enemy were moving the whole night on the Bentonville road around our rear, toward Cross Timber, thereby endangering our line of retreat and communication to Keitsville, and separating us from our reënforcements and provision-trains.

This report was corroborated by two of my guides, Mr. Pope and Mr. Brown, who had gone out to reconnoitre the country. I immediately ordered Lieut. Schramm, of my staff, to ascertain the facts, and to see in what direction the troops were moving. On his return he reported that there was no doubt in regard to the movement of a large force of the enemy in the aforesaid direction. You then ordered me to detach three pieces of the flying battery to join Col. Bussey's cavalry in an attack against the enemy in the direction of Leesville. Col. Osterhaus was directed to follow him with three regiments of infantry and two batteries. At about eleven o'clock the firing began near Elkhorn Tavern and Leesville. To see how matters stood, I went out to Col. Carr's division, and found him a short distance beyond the tavern engaged in a brisk cannonade. (Several pieces partly disabled and partly without ammunition were returning, whilst another advanced from the camp. As the enemy's

fire was directed to the place where I halted, I ordered two pieces of the battery which came up to take position on an elevated ground to the left, and shell the enemy. After a few shots the fire of the enemy opposite our position became weaker, and I sent the two pieces forward to join their battery.) I then returned to look after my own troops, and passing along the road met the Iowa Third, (cavalry,) which had been sent in advance of Col. Osterhaus, and which now escorted their Lieutenant-Colonel, who was severely wounded, back into camp. I immediately sent you to order the regiment back to Leesville, which order was given, and the regiment returned. I met Lieut. Gasson, of the flying battery, who reported to me that our cavalry had been driven back by an overwhelming force, and our three pieces taken by the enemy, as there was no infantry to support them. I now ordered Major Mezaros, and the other two pieces of the flying battery, to reinforce Col. Osterhaus, but during their march I learned that Col. Davis had been directed to advance with his whole division to Leesville, which induced me to send only Major Mezaros to that point, and directed the two pieces of the flying battery to act as reserve, and to join the troops left in their encampment. Proceeding to the camp to see what was going on there, and whether we were safe in our rear, (toward Bentonville,) I found the following troops assembled in their respective positions: The Seventeenth Missouri and a detachment of sixty men of the Third Missouri, the Twenty-fifth and the Forty-fourth Illinois, two pieces of Woelfley's battery, (twelve-pounders,) two companies Thirty-sixth Illinois cavalry, and nearly the whole Second division, comprising the Second and Fifteenth Missouri, Carlin's battery, and two companies of the Benton hussars. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when the cannonading and musket-firing became more vehement, and when you ordered me to reinforce Col. Carr, at Elkhorn Tavern, and Col. Davis and Colonel Osterhaus, near Leesville, as both forces, especially those at Leesville, were, according to your reports, pressed hard and losing ground. I therefore sent Gen. Asboth with four companies of the Second Missouri, under Col. Schaefer, and four pieces of the Second Ohio battery, under Lieut. Chapman, to assist Col. Carr. Major Paten, with the Seventeenth Missouri, one company of the Third Missouri, two companies of the Fifteenth Missouri, two pieces of the flying artillery, under Captain Elbert, and two companies of the Benton hussars, under Major Heinrichs, I ordered to advance on the Sugar Creek road toward Bentonville, to demonstrate against the rear of the enemy. Two pieces of the Second Ohio battery, with six companies of the Second Missouri, remained in their position to guard the camp, and two companies of the Forty-fourth Illinois, with twenty men of the Thirty-sixth Illinois cavalry, under Captain Russell, were sent forward in a north-western direction, to remain there as a picket between Leesville and the Sugar Creek road. With all other troops—the Fifteenth Missouri, the Twenty-fourth and Forty-fourth Illinois, and two pieces Captain

Woelfley's battery—I marched to Leesville to reinforce Cols. Davis and Osterhaus. My intention was to throw back the enemy from Leesville into the mountains and toward Bentonville, and then by a change of direction to the right to assist Gen. Asboth and Col. Carr, by deploying on their left. On my march to Leesville, I heard Major Paten's firing on the Bentonville road. Arrived at Leesville, the firing in front ceased, whilst it recommenced with new vehemence on the right, at Elkhorn Tavern. At this moment Captain McKenney, A. A. G., requested me, by order of Gen. Curtis, to send some more reinforcements to the right, which I did by detaching five companies of the Twenty-fifth Illinois and four pieces of Hoffman's battery, stationed in reserve at Leesville, to Elkhorn Tavern. I then proceeded beyond the town to the battle-field, which I found in full possession of Cols. Davis and Osterhaus. As no enemy could be seen, except a small detachment on a distant hill, I requested Col. Davis to protect my left flank by sending his skirmishers and one regiment of infantry forward through the woods, whilst I proceeded with the Twenty-fifth Illinois and four pieces of Woelfley's and Hoffman's batteries on the road to the south-east, which was already opened by the Forty-fourth Illinois and Fifteenth Missouri. After making one mile, and passing two hospitals of the enemy, I ordered Col. Osterhaus to follow me with the Twelfth Missouri and Thirty-sixth Illinois, and a section of artillery, which troops came up promptly, except the two pieces—twelve-pounders—that remained with Col. Davis. We advanced slowly, and after making half a mile more, we reached an open field, where we took our position, and from which we could easily discern the camp-fires of our friends and those of our enemies near Elkhorn Tavern. I now sent immediately to Gen. Curtis to apprise him of my position, and that I was ready to cooperate with him. Meanwhile night had fallen in, and although the cannonading was renewed on the right, I did not believe that after a hard day's work the enemy would make a final and decisive attack. In order, therefore, to disguise our position, from which I intended to advance in the morning, I kept the troops in the strictest silence, and did not allow the building of camp-fires, or any other movement further than two or three hundred paces distant. So we remained until one o'clock in the morning, when I found it necessary to remove the troops by a short and convenient road into our common camp, to give them some food, sleep, and a good fire, and to prepare them for battle. To show the whole position of the First and Second divisions on the evening of the seventh, allow me, General, to make the following statement:

Beginning on the left, Major Paten, with the Seventeenth Missouri, one company of the Third Missouri, two companies of the Fifteenth Missouri, two pieces of the flying artillery, and two companies of the Benton hussars, was stationed on the Sugar Creek and Bentonville road. The entrance of the road from this side was guarded by two pieces of the Second Ohio battery, and

six companies of the Second Missouri. Toward the north, (Leesville,) two companies of the Forty-fourth Illinois and twenty men of the Thirty-sixth Illinois cavalry remained on picket. On the right, near Elkhorn Tavern, were the following troops: Four companies of the Second Missouri, five companies of the Twenty-fifth Illinois, four pieces of the Second Ohio battery, and four pieces of Capt. Hoffman's battery. In the field to the left of Gen. Asboth and Col. Carr, under my immediate command, were the Twelfth Missouri, the Fifteenth Missouri, the Twenty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, and Forty-fourth Illinois, two pieces of Captain Woelfley's, and two pieces of Capt. Hoffman's batteries. The Fremont and Benton hussars and one section of Capt. Woelfley's battery returned to camp with Col. Davis. The detachment of Major Conrad, consisting of six companies of infantry, detailed from the Third, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Missouri, and the Thirty-sixth Illinois, and one piece of Capt. Woelfley's battery, was encamped a few miles west of Keitsville.

One piece of Capt. Woelfley's battery was spiked and then taken by the enemy, but retaken and unspiked. Three pieces of Capt. Elbert's flying battery had been lost near Leesville, the trails burnt by the enemy, and the guns left on the battle-field. Another piece of this battery had broken down on the retreat from Bentonville to Sugar Creek, but the gun was recovered and brought into camp.

IV.

BATTLE OF THE EIGHTH—NEAR ELKHORN TAVERN.

The different combats of the seventh had fully developed the plans of the enemy. It was evident that his main forces were stationed near and at Elkhorn Tavern, and that he would make all efforts to break through our lines on the Fayetteville road, and thereby complete his apparent victory. I therefore resolved to recall all troops and different detachments of the First and Second divisions from wherever they were stationed, (with the exception of four companies of the Second Missouri, and four pieces of artillery from the Second Ohio battery, sent to their original position at Sugar Creek,) and to fall upon the right flank of the enemy should he attack or advance from Elkhorn Tavern. At daybreak of the eighth the following troops were assembled near and around my headquarters, awaiting orders:

First division, Col. Osterhaus—Two companies of Third Missouri Volunteers, Twelfth and Seventeenth Missouri, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, and Forty-fourth Illinois; Woelfley's battery, five pieces; Hoffman's battery, six pieces; Capt. Jenks's squadron of the Thirty-sixth Illinois.

Second division, Gen. Asboth—Second Missouri, six companies, Fifteenth Missouri, two pieces Second Ohio battery, Lieut. Chapman's battalion, four companies Fourth Missouri cavalry, (Fremont hussars,) six companies Fifth Missouri cavalry, (Benton hussars,) two pieces of Capt. Elbert's flying battery.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when the firing began on the Keitsville road, this side

of Elkhorn Tavern. I was waiting for Col. Osterhaus and Lieut. Assenussen, of my staff, who had gone out to reconnoitre the ground on which I intended to deploy, and to find the nearest road to that ground. The Forty-fourth Illinois had already been sent in advance to form our right when the above-named officers returned and the movement began. In less than half an hour the troops were in their respective positions, the First division forming the first line, the Second division with all the cavalry, the reserve, two hundred and fifty paces behind the first line. To protect and cover the deployment of the left wing, I opened the fire on the right with a section of Capt. Hoffman's battery, under Lieut. Frank, and the five pieces of Capt. Woelfley's battery. The enemy returned the fire promptly and with effect, but was soon outflanked by our position on the left, and exposed to a concentric and most destructive fire of our brave and almost never-failing cannoneers.

After the first discharges on a distance of eight hundred paces, I ordered Capt. Woelfley and Lieut. Frank to advance about two hundred and fifty yards, to come into close range from the enemy's position. Whilst I threw the Twenty-fifth Illinois forward on the right, to cover the space between the battery and the Keitsville road, Col. Schaefer, with the Second Missouri, was ordered to the extreme left, and by forming against cavalry, to protect our left flank. This movement proved of great effect, and I now ordered the centre and left to advance two hundred paces, and brought the reserve forward on the position which our first line had occupied. I then took a battery commanded by Capt. Klausand, belonging to Col. Davis's division, nearer to my right, and reported to you that the road toward Elkhorn Tavern was open, and we were advancing. About this time, when the battle had lasted one hour and a half, the enemy tried to extend his line further to the right, in occupying the first hill of the long ridge commanding the plain and the gradually rising ground where we stood. His infantry was already lodged upon the hill, seeking shelter behind the rocks and stones, while some pieces of artillery worked around to gain the plateau. I immediately ordered the two howitzers of reserve, (Second Ohio, under Lieut. Granswood,) and the two pieces of Capt. Elbert's flying battery, to report to Col. Osterhaus, on the left, to shell and batter the enemy on the hill. This was done in concert with Hoffman's battery, and with terrible effect to the enemy, as the rocks and stones worked as hard as the shell and shot. The enemy's plan to enfilade our lines from the hill was frustrated, and he was forced to lead a precipitate retreat with men and cannon. Encouraged by the good and gallant behavior of our troops, I resolved to draw the circle a little closer around the corner into which we had already pressed the enemy's masses, and ordered a second advance of all the batteries and battalions, changing the position of the right wing more to the left, and bringing the troops of the reserve, the Fifteenth Missouri and the whole cavalry, behind our left.

Arrested by Klause's battery on the right, and coöperating with the troops of the Third and Fourth divisions, who advanced with new spirit on the Keitsville road, the enemy was overwhelmed by the deadly power of our artillery, and after about an hour's work, the firing on his side began to slacken, and nearly totally ceased. To profit this favorable moment, I ordered the Twelfth Missouri, the Twenty-fifth and Forty-fourth Illinois to throw forward a strong force of skirmishers, and take the woods in front, where the enemy had planted one of his batteries. At the same time, I ordered the Seventeenth Missouri Volunteers, which had arrived during the battle from the Bentonville road, to climb the hill on our left, and to press forward against the enemy's rear. The Thirty-sixth Illinois was also ordered to assist this movement, and to hold communication between the Twelfth and Seventeenth Missouri Volunteers, whilst Colonels Schaefer and Joliat, with the Second and Fifteenth Missouri, followed slowly, and Colonel Demett with his cavalry guarded the rear.

The rattling of musketry, the volleys, the hurrahs, did prove very soon that our troops were well at work in the woods, and that they were gaining ground rapidly. It was the Twelfth Missouri Volunteers, under Major Wengelin, which at this occasion took Dallas's artillery and their flag, followed close behind and on the right by part of the Third Missouri, the Forty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Illinois, and on the left by the Thirty-sixth Illinois. The Seventeenth Missouri, under Major Paten, had meanwhile arrived on the top of Pea Ridge, forming the extreme left of our line of battle.

The enemy was routed, and fled in terror and confusion in all directions. It was a delightful moment when we all met after twelve o'clock on the eminence where the enemy held position with his batteries a few minutes before, and when you let pass by the columns of your victorious army.

To pursue the enemy, I sent Capt. Von Reilmansegge, with one company of Fremont hussars, forward. The Seventeenth and Third Missouri followed in double-quick time, assisted by two pieces of Elbert's flying artillery. Other troops of the First division, all under Colonel Osterhaus, came up and continued their march toward Keitsville.

At the fork of the Bentonville and Keitsville roads, I detached the Forty-fourth Illinois, Col. Knoblesdorf, two pieces of artillery of the flying battery, and a squad of thirty Fremont hussars, to proceed a short distance on the road to Bentonville, and to guard that road. Arrived at Keitsville with the greatest portion of my command, I found that one part of the enemy had turned to the Roaring River and Bentonville, while others had turned to the left. I also received your order to return to Sugar Creek, which I did, and met the army on Sugar Creek, at four o'clock on the evening of the ninth.

A list of the dead, wounded, and missing of this command has already been transmitted to

you, and a special report, mentioning those officers and men of my command who deserve consideration for their conduct in action, together with the reports of the different commanders of regiments and corps, will follow to-day, as some of the reports have not come in yet. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. SIGEL,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding First and Second Divisions.
To Brig.-Gen. S. R. CURTIS,
Commanding South-Western Army.

Doc. 116.

THE TRIP OF THE CARONDELET.

ST. LOUIS "DEMOCRAT" ACCOUNT.

ON BOARD THE GUNBOAT CARONDELET, }
OFF NEW-MADRID, April 5. }

On the thirtieth of March Com. Foote addressed to Capt. Henry Walke, commanding the gunboat Carondelet, the following order:

U. S. FLAG-STEAMER BENTON, }
OFF ISLAND NO. TEN, March 30, 1862. }

SIR: You will avail yourself of the first fog or rainy night, and drift your steamer down past the batteries on the Tennessee shore and Island No. Ten, until you reach New-Madrid. I assign you this service, as it is vitally important to the capture of this place that a gunboat should be at New-Madrid, for the purpose of covering Gen. Pope's army while he crosses that point to the opposite or Tennessee side of the river, that he may move his army up to Island No. Ten, and attack the rebels in rear while we attack them in front. Should you succeed in reaching Gen. Pope, you will confer with him and adopt his suggestions so far as your superior knowledge of what your boat will perform will enable you to do, for the purpose of protecting his force while crossing the river. You will also, if you have coal, and the current of the river will permit, steam up the river when the army moves, for the purpose of attacking their fortifications. Still, you will act cautiously here, as your own will be the only boat below. You will capture or destroy the rebel steamer Grampus and the transports, if possible, between this place and Island No. Ten, at such time as will not embarrass you in placing yourself in communication with Gen. Pope at the earliest possible time after leaving this place. On this delicate and somewhat hazardous service I assign you. I must enjoin on you the importance of keeping your light secreted in the hold or put out; keeping your officers and men from speaking at all when passing the forts above a whisper, and then only on duty, and of using every other precaution to prevent the rebels suspecting that you are dropping below their batteries. If you successfully perform this duty assigned you, which you so willingly undertake, it will reflect the highest credit upon you and all belonging to your vessel; and I doubt not but the Government will fully appreciate and reward you for a service which, I trust, will enable the army to cross the river and make a successful attack in the rear while we storm the

batteries in front of this stronghold of the rebels. Commending you and all who compose your command to the care and protection of God, who rules the world and commands all things, I am, very respectfully,

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

Commander H. WALKE,
Commanding Carondelet.

P.S.—Should you meet with disaster, you will, as a last resort, destroy the steam machinery, and, if possible, escape, set fire to your gunboat or sink her, and prevent her falling into the hands of the rebels.

A. H. F.

Last night was appointed by Capt. Walke for the performance of the above order. Yesterday morning preparations began on the Carondelet. Planks from the wreck of an old barge were brought aboard, with which the deck of the boat was covered to resist plunging shot; all surplus chains were coiled over the most vulnerable parts of the boat; an eleven-inch hawser was wound around the pilot-house as high up as the windows, the hammock-nettings were well packed with hammocks; gun-carriages were taken apart and cord-wood was brought up from the hold for the purpose of constructing barriers about the boilers, and many other minor preparations were made during the day to fit the vessel, so far as possible, for the ordeal through which she was to pass.

The condition of the weather was anxiously looked forward to, and every perceptible change in the atmosphere or wind observed, and the consequences carefully calculated, as they were to bear upon the success or defeat of the enterprise. Late in the day there was every prospect of a clear, moonlight night, something very undesirable, as may be inferred from the foregoing order, and that which would have given the enemy timely notice of our approach, and enable him to serve his guns with as much accuracy as in daylight. Under these circumstances, it was concluded to wait until the moon had gone down, and then, be the auspices what they might, attempt the execution of a project, the abandonment of which would have been a great disappointment after the preliminaries had attained such a degree of maturity.

At sundown, the indications grew more favorable; the atmosphere became suddenly hazy, the wind veered to the north-west, and a set of black clouds, rapidly increasing in width, bordering the horizon from north to west, strongly evidenced an approaching storm.

The way the batteries were to be passed was as follows: Com. Foote's injunctions concerning quietness and suppression of all lights aboard were to be strictly observed, the guns were run back, ports closed, the sailors armed *cap-a-pie* with pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and muskets. Hand-grenades had been provided and the hot-water hose were connected with the boilers, and held in readiness to drench with scalding water those who might attempt to board the boat and overcome the crew. The engineer had orders

to cut the cold water supply and the injector-pipes, and sink the boat if it became liable to fall into the enemy's hands. This, in case of necessity, would have been resorted to instead of burning the vessel, for it would not only have given to those aboard better means of escape, but averted the terrible loss of life that inevitably would have resulted from the firing of the boat and the explosion of her magazines.

At dusk twenty sharpshooters, company H, Forty-second Illinois, commanded by Captain Hollensteine, dropped down in cutters from the transports, came aboard of the Carondelet, were mustered on deck, inspected, received their orders—which were to coöperate with the crew in repelling boarders—and then taken to the gun-deck, there to remain until called upon, observing the strictest silence in the mean time.

At eight o'clock the boat left her anchorage, and passed up the shore for a mile, where, partly concealed between some of our transports, was a barge containing coal and baled hay. This was immediately made fast to the port side—it being the part to be chiefly exposed to the enemy's batteries. The hay had been placed in layers upon the wrong side of the barge—the outer one—and the crew was soon employed shifting it where it would afford greater protection, and at the same time enable the gunboat to control it much easier. One course of bales was laid over the casemates astern, as they were to be presented to the enemy for a long time after passing the batteries, and liable to receive all the shots sent after us, without being iron-plated or able to resist heavy cannon-balls. The barge and the hay came up to the top of the broadside port-holes, and would have been of much service, had the batteries to be passed been on a parallel with the gunboat, but such was not the case here, for both on the mainland and head of the Island they stand upon a bank twenty or thirty feet high, and in firing into a passing boat it becomes necessary, as was subsequently demonstrated, for them to depress their guns, in which event the barge alongside was an imperfect shield.

William R. Hoel, First Master of the Cincinnati, a gentleman of twenty-one years' experience on the Mississippi, and whom, we may parenthetically state, is now making his one hundred and ninety-fourth trip to New-Orleans, came aboard of the Carondelet at nine A.M., and relieved Richard M. Wade, the first master of the boat. A consultation was immediately held with the pilots, in which the course of the channel and the location of bars were taken into consideration. It had been previously determined to run down on the Missouri side of the island; and to add to the practicability of this, last Thursday afternoon the fleet shelled the rebel floating battery, for the purpose of driving it from the command it held over that channel.

At ten o'clock the moon had gone down; the storm which had been thickening and gathering for several hours now about to burst upon us, and greatly encouraged by so opportune a period

for starting, the captain passed the word, "All ready!" and sailors were sent ashore to loosen the lines. In a few minutes we were under way, and after a little difficulty in rounding with the cumbersome barges, fairly stood out for New-Madrid.

The machinery was so adjusted as to permit the escape of the steam through the wheel-house, and thus avoid the puffing which results from its passage through the pipes. So silently did we proceed, that it was scarcely known aboard that the boat was under way, and we thought some of the officers were almost unbelievers, when they asked the engineer, through the speaking-pipes, if he was "going ahead on her."

For the first half-mile everything went still and smooth beyond even the most sanguine anticipation, and the probability of getting by the batteries unobserved was being remarked by some, when the soot in the chimneys caught fire, and a blaze five feet high leaped out from their tops, lighting brightly the upper deck of the vessel and everything around. The word was hastily passed to the engineer to open the flue-caps, after which the flames subsided, but not until the rebels had the fairest opportunity to discover our approach and prepare a reception. This was a serious mishap, because no signal, even by appointment, could so perfectly reveal our intentions, and what contributed to the misfortune, was the time of its happening, was before any of their batteries had been passed, giving them ample time to communicate from one point to another before we came within range. Notwithstanding all this, as strange as it may seem, no alarm among the rebels was discovered to follow, and we were consoling ourselves over the remissness of rebel sentries, when to our great astonishment the chimneys were again fired, and our design lighted up, as if a treacherous deity were presiding over the fortunes of our boat.

This repetition of what had seemed before an untoward event, was on deck thought to proceed from the mismanagement of the engineer, and it was with no little emphasis that the executive officer demanded: "Why in h—l the flue-caps were not kept open?" A subsequent examination proved, however, that it was a matter over which the engineer had no control, further than to suppress the fire when it occurred. The escape through the wheel-house of the steam, which, when passing through the smoke-stacks, moistened the soot, and left it to be rapidly dried and ignited by the fire in the furnaces.

The boat now presented a broadside to the upper fort, and the sentries there had not failed to discover the boat by this last accident, and alarmed the guards of the fort below by discharging their muskets. Immediately afterward five rockets were sent up from the mainland and the island, and were followed by a cannon-shot from Fort No. 2. The stillness at the upper fort satisfied all those aboard that its guns had been most effectually disabled by the spiking party.

Had it not been so, the rebels would have first opened upon us with cannon from that point, since it was the first alarmed, and afforded an easy range.

But one course remained to be pursued by the officers of the Carondelet. That was to let on a full head of steam, and make the greatest possible haste by the rebel batteries, which were now momentarily expected to open fire from all of their guns. To this end orders were hurriedly passed below to the engineer, and the speed of the boat was soon much accelerated. Mr. Wilson, one of the boatswain's mates, was stationed on the forecastle with lead and line, to give the soundings. Mr. Gilmers, one of the master's mates, was placed forward on the upper deck to repeat them to Capt. Hoel, who also stood upon deck to direct the pilots how to steer the boat.

Just at this juncture, while vivid flashes of lightning lit up the hurried preparations of the rebels, as they charged and trained their guns; while peal after peal of thunder reverberated along the river, and the rain poured down in torrents, came on the crisis. Now was the time for coolness and heroism. Capt. Walke was in the pilot-house deliberately giving orders. Capt. Hoel stood firmly on deck, in a perfect shower of cannon and musket-balls which were now launched upon us, and as he discovered the outlines of the banks, or the course of the channel by the aid of the flashing lightning, his clear voice rang out his commands to the pilots who steadily held the wheel. But once, we believe, during the perilous passage, did the watchful eyes of the Captain suffer the boat to gain a precarious position, and then it was when a lengthy intermission between the flashes of lightning completely obscured our course, and the current striking the cumbersome barge, sheered the vessel, and carried it toward a neighboring bar. The first glare of light, however, disclosed our situation, and the current, and rapid commands, "*Hard-a-port, Hard-a-port,*" admonished us of danger. The boat nevertheless soon regained the channel, and our fears were dispelled by remarks on deck that all was "going well," and the anxiously awaited reports as they came from the forecastle: "No bottom."

Just at this time the Benton, Pittsburgh, and several mortars, opened upon the rebels, who were so industriously storming the Carondelet, and it gave us great satisfaction to know that our friends were returning a fire which we could not.

When we got well out of range of the enemy's main land batteries, past the first shock which greeted us from the head of the Island, and were gliding down the north bank, the exultation began, and the most disparaging comments were made upon the enemy's wild firing.

This, though, we think was accurate, when the circumstances under which it was made are taken into consideration; and we doubt whether our own gunners could have excelled it during such a furious hurricane as was then raging, and

with an impenetrable darkness precluding a knowledge of our position, which every turn of the wheel changed.

Our boat was not very fleet, and the barge in tow impeded a speed which might otherwise have been made with the current in our favor. The consequence was an exposure for *thirty minutes* to an uninterrupted fire from four batteries on the Kentucky shore, and one at the head of the Island.

The judgment which we were enabled to form from the shrieking of their shot, was that they flew from five to thirty yards over our heads. A few were heard to plunge in the water. One cause of their wild shooting was in over-estimating the distance of our boat. It was close along the bank under their guns, and had this been fully understood the rebels would have found it difficult to depress their guns to such a degree as to bear upon us without having them dismounted by an angular recoil.

After passing the foot of the Island without finding the battery there which, for several days, had been reported as mounting a number of long-range guns, a feeling of security came over our officers, and they would have been glad to make it known to the crew, and afford them relief from a long and patient suspense, but all was not over yet.

A reconnoissance made on the preceding day discovered the locality of the floating battery, three miles below the island, on the Tennessee shore, and this remained to be passed. A light was seen burning on it as we approached, and being in no wise prepared to engage it—though a feeling of this kind was exhibited, after having thus far successfully accomplished the mission—the Carondelet bore over to the Missouri shore and ran by, being fired at only six or eight times from the battery. It was said that our shooting last Thursday, when it was lying alongside the island, cut its fastenings, when it floated down to the place we found it in last night, and where it was overhauled and made fast by a rebel transport.

It evidently evinced a disinclination to fight last night, by not firing at our boat while approaching, and reserving its fire until we had passed by out of range, and even then the shooting was exceedingly stinted, as if through fear of provoking our return.

Being out of all danger from the enemy, the fact was made known to the sailors, who were relieved from a rigid silence, and permitted to join in the jubilant congratulations that passed around the boat.

A little danger, however, was still to be encountered—that of approaching our own batteries at New-Madrid, and making known the colors under which we sailed, before being mistaken and fired upon as rebels. Signal-guns, according to prearrangement, were to be fired in case of success, as the boat rounded New-Madrid Bend; but the incessant thunder rendered it highly probable that our guns might be mis-

taken for it, and a little delay was occasioned to avoid this error. Our friends at the fleet, it was known, were anxiously awaiting to hear the result of the hazardous enterprise, and it was feared that every moment's delay would contribute to dishearten and lead them to suspect disaster.

Orders were given to get the guns in readiness, and fire three times at intervals of one minute, and after a lapse of five minutes to fire three more guns. This was accordingly done, and the fact of the echo having borne the glad tidings back to the fleet, was made certain by a response from the flag-ship.

At the fort above New-Madrid the signal was also understood, though a misapprehension had induced them to look for three perpendicular lights—red, white and blue, with a blue centre. The non-appearance of those, however, was not thought a sufficient cause for shooting at the boat, and in a few minutes she was in the stream off New-Madrid, where Capt. Walke informed those ashore, with a speaking-trumpet, that she was the United States gunboat Carondelet. A fire was soon kindled on the banks, and the best landing-place made known by the men at the fort.

In rounding to, a misunderstanding occurred between the pilot and the engineer, by which a "stray turn ahead," when it should have been a "turn back," was made, resulting in getting the boat hard aground fifty yards out in the stream.

The cannon forward were all shifted to the stern; the crew withdrew also, and with the bow thus lightened, the boat backed off, and was made secure to the bank at one o'clock A.M., having been two hours in the passage, and one hour aground.

Purser Nixon, desiring to add to the joy of the gallant tars of the Carondelet, asked and obtained permission of the Captain to let them "splice the main brace." This, though partially forbidden by regulations, was on this occasion accorded, because of the unrestricted enjoyment which should be allowed to follow all such happy issues, and when the boatswain's mate sounded, "Grog, oh!" there never was a ship's crew merrier than the one aboard the Carondelet.

Early this morning, Col. Bissell came aboard the boat, and suggested that she be run into a slough close by, and secreted from the sight of the enemy, thinking that thereby she might hereafter operate with greater effect, and derive some advantages by surprising the enemy. This suggestion was made, however, at the instance of Gen. Pope, who at the time was under the impression that the boats had passed the rebel batteries unobserved. When he was better informed, the proposed movement was abandoned.

At eight o'clock this morning, Assistant Secretary of War, Scott, and Gen. Pope came aboard to congratulate Capt. Walke.

The boat's arrival has been heralded all over the camps hereabouts, and army officers have been flocking aboard all day expressing their gra-

tification at her presence and promise of future coöperation.

The following names are those of the officers of the Carondelet, all of whom deserve great praise for the manner in which they conducted themselves last night under the trying circumstances attending the daring exploit of that boat:

Henry Walke, U.S.N.
R. M. Wade, First Master.*
Richard H. Cutter, Second Master.
Edward C. Brenard, Third Master.
O. Donelson, Fourth Master.
Daniel Weaver, John Deming, Pilots.
Joseph S. McNeely, Surgeon.
Geo. J. W. Nixon, Paymaster.
W. H. Faulkner, Chief-Engineer.
Chas. H. Caven, First Assistant.
Samuel Brooks, Second Assistant.
A. T. Crowel, Third Assistant.
Francis Buford, Gunner.
T. S. Gillmore, Master's Mate.
J. S. Gilpson, Master's Mate.
Oliver Donelson, Carpenter.
R. J. Van Ness, Paymaster's Clerk.

TIP.

THE LETTER OF THANKS.

The following letter of thanks was issued from the Navy Department, addressed to Flag-Officer Foote:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 12, 1862.

SIR: The Department desires to convey to the commander, Henry Walke, and the officers and men of the Carondelet, also to Acting First Master Hoel, of the Cincinnati, who volunteered for the occasion, its thanks for the gallant and successful service rendered in running the Carondelet past the rebel batteries on the night of the fourth inst. It was a daring and heroic act, well executed, and deserving of special recognition. Commendation is also to be extended to the officers and crew of the Pittsburgh, who, in like manner, on the night of the seventh inst., performed a similar service.

These fearless acts dismayed the enemy, enabled the army under General Pope to cross the Mississippi, and eventuated in the surrender to yourself of Island No. Ten, and finally to the capture by Gen. Pope of the fort on the Tennessee shore and the retreating rebels under Gen. Makall. I would also in this connection tender the acknowledgments which are justly due the officers and crews of the several boats, who, in conjunction with a detachment of the Forty-second Illinois regiment under Col. Roberts, captured the first rebel battery and spiked the guns on Island No. Ten, on the night of the first inst. Such services are duly appreciated by the Department, which extends to all who participated in the achievement.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

GIDEON WELLES.

* Relieved by Wm. R. Hoel, First Master of U. S. gunboat Cincinnati.

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EXPEDITION TO PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

GENERAL BUTLER'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
SHIP ISLAND, April 13, 1862. }

To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR: I have the honor to report my safe arrival at Ship Island on the twenty-first of March, after a series of casualties, set forth in my last report from Port Royal to the General commanding the army, but from there no further accident.

For three days after my arrival a storm prevented the landing of either troops or stores. Upon consultation with Flag-Officer Farragut, I was informed by him that he would probably be able to move in seven days.

Accordingly, by dint of the most strenuous labor of my troops day and night, I had embarked and ready for embarkation six thousand of my best men to support his operations, a force judged to be sufficient for the advance, to be at once supported by the remainder of my disposable force. After waiting four days with troops on ship-board, I learned from the Flag-Officer that the storms and low water at the bar had prevented his getting his ship into position. For sanitary reasons I disembarked the troops, and shall reëmbark to-morrow, and shall sail for the Head of the Passes, when I am informed that the navy will be ready for operations.

I have pleasure in reporting the safe arrival of all the troops assigned to this department. The last regiment from the North arrived last night, the Connecticut Thirteenth Volunteers, except Nim's battery, the only drilled corps of artillery given me, which had, for some unexplained reason, been detained at Fortress Monroe. During my enforced delay by shipwreck Gen. Phelps had sent away both the Constitution and Fulton steamers, so that I am much crippled for transportation; but "where there is a will there is a way," and I shall be able, by means of sailing vessels under tow, to make my way up the Mississippi.

But for ulterior movements on the coast, one, at least, of these steamers will be of the last necessity, as well as several light-draft steamers for which I had made requisitions on the Quartermaster-General. In the mean time I have sent a regiment and a section of a battery, under the direction of Major Strong, my chief of staff, to coöperate with the Navy, to demand an apology for an insult to our flag of truce, sent on an errand of mercy with a shipwrecked passenger, as well as to destroy the position of a regiment of the enemy at Pass Christian. This service was gallantly performed, and the proper apology made at Biloxi.

The town surrendered into our hands, and the rebels at Pass Christian, an equal force and four pieces of artillery, driven from their camp, which, with its materials, was burned. No lives were lost, and only two of our men were wounded. I trust my next despatch, by the first opportunity

of sending by a mail-steamer, will give an account of a large and as successful an operation. I think it due to the good conduct of the brave men of that expedition to ask to have published the general order upon that subject inclosed.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
SHIP ISLAND, April 12, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 10.

The Major-General Commanding desires publicly to testify his approbation of the gallant courage and good conduct of the Ninth regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, Col. Cahill commanding, and a section of the Sixth Massachusetts battery, under Capt. Everett, in the recent expedition to Biloxi and Pass Christian, as exhibited by the report of the staff-officer in command of that expedition. Of their bravery in the field he felt assured. But another quality, more trying to the soldier, claims his admiration. After having been for months subjected to the privations necessarily incident to camp-life, upon this island, these well-disciplined soldiers, although for many hours in full possession of the rebel villages, filled with what to them were the most desirable luxuries, abstained from the least unauthorized interference with private property, and all molestation of peaceful citizens.

This behavior is worthy of all praise. It robs war of half its horrors; it teaches our enemies how much they have been misinformed by their designing leaders as to the character of our soldiers and the intention of our government. It gives them a lesson and an example in humanity and civilized warfare, much needed, however little it may be followed.

The General commanding commends the action of the men of this expedition to every soldier in the department. Let it be imitated by all in the towns and cities we shall occupy—a living witness that the soldiers fight only for the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws.

By command of Major-Gen. BUTLER.

GEORGE C. STRONG,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

A correspondent at Ship Island, Miss., writing April eleventh, gives the following account of this affair:

The Ninth Connecticut regiment arrived very early on the morning of the fourth instant, near Pass Christian, and anchored, waiting for daylight. At about four o'clock in the morning three rebel gunboats—the Oregon, Pamlico, and Carondelet—came down from Lake Borgne, without showing any lights, and opened fire on our gunboats. While the Oregon and Pamlico engaged the New-London and Jackson, the Carondelet (a new boat carrying seven guns) ran within a thousand yards of the Lewis, and commenced firing shells into her. Two of the shells struck

the Lewis, one of them passing through the officers' cabin, slightly wounding Capt. Conant, of the Thirty-first Massachusetts, who was present as a volunteer, and the other passing through the smoke-stack. For some little time the Lewis could do nothing to extricate herself from her perilous position, as for some reason, her anchor would not come up. Capt. Jones, the navigator of the steamer, got an axe and cut the cable, and the Lewis swung into a position, where she could bring the two six-pounder steel rifled Sawyer guns that had been placed on her, to bear on the Carondelet. The guns were manned by one section of Capt. Chas. Everett's Sixth Massachusetts battery, and the first shot was fired by Lieut. J. H. Phelps, and struck full in the Carondelet. He and Capt. Everett fired ten or twelve shots, two of which certainly struck the rebel steamer and drove her off, and after the troops landed at Pass Christian, they were told that the Carondelet put in at that place in the retreat, and left the pilot who had both legs shot off. The Captain and four of his men were killed by the guns on the Lewis, and the machinery of the Carondelet was badly injured. The Carondelet, supposing that the Lewis was entirely unarmed, expected to have an easy job of sinking her, with her valuable freight of human lives; but when those rifled guns began to speak, the valiant Carondelet left incontinently. In the mean time, the Oregon and Pamlico, and the New-London and Jackson had been blazing away at each other, and kept up the fire for an hour and three quarters, when the rebels made their usual brilliant advance on Fort Pike, the Oregon going off with one wheel, having the other badly injured by the guns of the New-London and Jackson. The New-London received one shot, which slightly splintered her cutwater, and another that cut one of the chains of her davits, but nothing to cripple her in the slightest. A little before noon the Lewis approached the wharf, and as she drew near it was discovered that the end of the pier was covered with a large number of bales of hay, covered with tarpaulin. Smoke was seen to arise from behind the hay, the rebels being engaged in an attempt to burn the pier to prevent the landing of our troops. Capt. Everett threw a few shells from his two rifled guns at the wharf, and the gunboats, seeing the firing from the Lewis, and the smoke arising from behind the hay, supposed the rebels had a battery on the wharf, and consequently they opened a fire on the town. Several of their shot passed through a few houses and demolished considerable property, but injured no one. The Ninth Connecticut regiment then landed, and after leaving a guard at the wharf to protect the Lewis, and, if necessary, to cover the retreat of our troops, the regiment took up the line of march, with the two rifled guns on the right, drawn by a company of soldiers to each. Colonel Cahill, with Major Strong, chief of General Butler's staff, at the head of the main column, Capt. J. H. French, of General Butler's staff, in command of two companies, deployed his men as skirmishers on the right of the road,

while Lieut.-Col. Fitzgibbon and Major Frye, of the Ninth Connecticut, each deployed two companies to the extreme right and left through the woods to cover the flank of the enemy if he should make his appearance. When within about a mile of the encampment, Captain French discovered through the woods a piece of artillery in position, and saw the flashing of sabres. Immediately after, the enemy opened upon the main column with their artillery and rifles. Captain Everett's guns were at once placed in position, and, under direction of Major Strong, the fire of the rebels was returned with interest, and after an exchange of a dozen shots and three or four volleys of musketry, the rebels fled.

As soon as Lieut.-Col. Fitzgibbon and Major Frye heard the firing, they hurried their commands toward the centre, hoping to flank the enemy; but the fight was so short that they arrived too late to assist in the skirmish. Our troops followed up the success for some distance, but the rebels having mules attached to their artillery, succeeded in eluding capture or destruction. It is thought the enemy must have lost some men in killed and wounded, but nothing positive respecting that is known. On our side one man was severely wounded. A Minie ball passed directly through his left arm, below the elbow, shattering it badly, and probably necessitating amputation. He was a private, named John Leonard, of Capt. Duffy's company A, and resides in New-Haven. After the gallant fellow was shot, he picked up his gun with his right hand, and leaning it on the stump of a tree, fired one more shot at the rebels. Drs. Gallagher and Avery, of the Ninth, are doing their best for the unfortunate man, and hope to save his arm.

As the rebels fled they attempted to burn a bridge over a small piece of water, lying between their camp and the place of the skirmish; but our troops were too fast for them and prevented it.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, our troops reached Camp Suggville, (the name of the rebel camp.) There they found evidences of the most sudden departure. Dinners cooked and waiting to be eaten; clothing and trinkets lying about in profusion, and everything denoting a sudden stampede. The camp was most luxuriously furnished. The tents were of the best pattern, and the officers' quarters were supplied with featherbeds, and superior trunks well filled with good clothing, all betokening unusual comfort for the soldiers' life. As our officers had been informed that two sections of artillery had left in the morning for Mississippi City, to meet our troops, whom they supposed would march up from Biloxi, and as they would probably soon return and cut off our retreat to the wharf, while the troops that had been dispersed would have gained accessions to their ranks, and would renew the charge, and especially as it was getting dark very fast, Major Strong, who was the director of the expedition, decided that it was unsafe to attempt to carry off the camp equipage and other valuables, and ordered everything to be destroyed; and it was done effectually by fire.

A number of cavalry-horses were shot because they could not be brought off.

A handsome silk State flag, which had been presented to the Third Mississippi regiment, by the ladies of Harrison County, was captured by the Ninth regiment, and brought off as a trophy. As the regiment marched through the town, one of the ladies bemoaned its loss, weeping profusely. She said she didn't think the Southern soldiers were cowards; but she couldn't see how they could allow that flag to be taken. She had helped make it.

The troops reëmbarked on the Lewis about nine o'clock, on the evening of the fourth, and anchored out in the Sound until the next morning. While the regiment was on shore, a half-dozen men of the guard, left at the wharf, saw a schooner beating up; they jumped into a boat, pulled out to the schooner, and captured her. She was laden with army stores. This prize, with a little sloop, taken the day before in Biloxi Bay, was brought to Ship Island, on the evening of the fourth, by the Jackson.

About a dozen bales of the hay on the wharf were put on board the Lewis, and as there was no room for more, the balance, nearly a hundred bales, was thrown overboard. At Biloxi there was a large quantity of old iron junk on the wharf, waiting to be sent to New-Orleans, to be cast into munitions of war. This was also thrown overboard. In the tent of Col. Deason, of the Third Mississippi regiment, the annexed letter was found, with the pen with which it was written yet full of ink. It was written by the Lieutenant-Colonel, T. A. Mellen, and was intended to be flashed over the wires to Gen. Mansfield Lovell, at New-Orleans. It gives some information of the number of troops, but is otherwise valueless, except as a specimen of secession literature. In the Colonel's tent there were also found a number of silk dresses, giving the idea that a lady, probably the Colonel's wife, had been sharing his camp-life.

"PASS, April 4, 8 P.M.

"MAJOR-GEN. M. LOVELL: At two o'clock on the morning of the third, Capt. Green, commanding post, was ordered, by Colonel Deason, to join him immediately, with his command, as the enemy, two thousand strong, had landed at Biloxi. Capt. Green left at sunrise, and reached the vicinity of Handsboro by eight o'clock, with the whole command, and was halted, by Col. Deason's orders, until two o'clock of this morning, where having arrived, I moved forward *en route* to Biloxi. As I passed through Handsboro, I was informed the enemy had left. I started on return for the Pass, at seven A.M., and when five miles from my camp, my advance-guard informed me that three gunboats and one transport were approaching Pass Christian wharf. They began shelling the town at once, and are now landing men in considerable force—about five hundred, I think. Two of their boats are aground by the wharf, and with present condition of tide, likely to stay so until morning. An effort was made

by us to burn the wharf, but failed, owing to shelling the men at work. The inhabitants of Pass Christian are generally leaving for the woods and back country, and as soon as I can learn from my reliable runners that the women and children are out of danger, if the enemy remain on shore, I wish, if at all prudent, to attack them toward evening. My men will then be rested from their march, and I may avoid their guns in ships. At present they have stopped shelling. Col. Deason has been notified of the landing. I have for duty one hundred and sixty infantry, one section Brown's artillery, and Norman's cavalry. The New-London, Calhoun, Water-Witch, and Lewis, are the boats. They will either take or destroy all of the stores. What shall I do?

"T. A. MELLENS,
"Lieutenant-Colonel."

The Ninth regiment, of Connecticut, and the section of the Sixth Massachusetts battery, behaved admirably throughout the whole expedition.

Doc. 118.

FIGHT AT THE PASSES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New-York *Herald* gives the following account of the fight:

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP HARTFORD,
HEAD OF THE PASSES, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 4, 1862. }

Since my last letter I have been engaged in voyaging between this ship and those on the bar at South-west Pass, watching with interest the efforts which have been made to get the heavy draught vessels into the river. The Mississippi, Iroquois, and Oneida have come in, but the Pensacola is still outside, trying to come up. I think a little more tugging will bring her in also. The Connecticut is here with a meagre mail for us; but she brings us intelligence of the sad disasters in Hampton Roads, which we were afraid at first was of a more doleful character.

To-day we have been eye-witnesses of a smart little brush between the gunboat Kineo and the flag-ship of the rebel flotilla. The scene of the skirmish was a few miles above us, and most of the firing could be witnessed from our topgallant fore-castle. Just before noon a steamer appeared in sight at the point above us, steaming down the river. We noticed immediately that she was a stranger, and that she wore the blue flag of the admiral of the rebels. She was a large and powerful side-wheel boat, painted black, and had two masts. At the main waved the stars and bars. Signals were immediately thrown out from the Brooklyn (Capt. Alden being the senior officer here, the flag-officer being at the bar) to chase the enemy. The Kineo and Iroquois immediately proceeded to execute the order. The rebel boat came down a short distance, and stopped his engine to await the arrival of our gunboats. As soon as the Kineo—she being the fastest boat of the two—got within range she fired a rifled gun at the defiant admiral, but missed the mark. The rebel now slowly turned his head up-stream,

when the Kineo let fly another shell and hit secesh. This had the effect to quicken his speed, and away he went up-stream as fast as his wheels could propel him. The Kineo kept firing at him, and hit him three times. She was too much for the rebel, and he went off with a flea in his ear in the shape of a rifled shell. When the Kineo arrived at the Jump she saw that the admiral was not alone, for in the distance she saw three river boats—evidently gunboats—two iron-clad gunboats, constructed with sloping sides, and in almost every respect being the counterpart of Flag-Officer Foote's gunboats on the Upper Mississippi; and besides these there was a house-looking affair, which was pronounced at once to be the Ram. Capt. Ransom, finding the odds against him, wisely concluded not to fight the party, and after making a good observation of the vessels, he returned with the Iroquois, and reported the state of affairs to Capt. Alden, who at once despatched the Kennebec to inform the flag-officer of the appearance of the enemy's flotilla in force. Nothing occurred in the latter part of the afternoon to occasion any alarm; but just before sundown a rebel steamer made its appearance off the point and remained there some time, taking notes, and then returned to report.

Doc. 119.

FIGHT NEAR YORKTOWN, VA.

APRIL 4TH, 1862.

THE following is an account of the advance from Fortress Monroe and the fight near Yorktown:

LOCUST HILL, IN CAMP, }
FIVE MILES FROM FORTRESS MONROE, April 3, 1862. }

The order for the advance was given to-day. It made a lively and exciting stir in the different camps. From the moment of pitching tents here an order to this effect has been impatiently looked for and desired. There was not a soldier that was not delighted at the order. It foretold an advance to Richmond, as was believed, although, of course, unknown, and the chance of seeing active service on the way. This was what the soldiers wanted. With the order came one to prepare five days' rations, three in knapsacks and two in wagons. While the troops have been busying themselves getting ready for the morrow's work and writing letters home, a council of all the commanding officers was held at Gen. Porter's headquarters. There had never been an assemblage of the officers of such moment and significance.

The night is a beautiful one. The new moon looks down from a starlit and cloudless sky upon the burning camp-fires. It being the last night in the camp, additional rails and logs are piled on the fires, giving a bonfire and jubilant look to most of the camps. The brilliant illuminations present to view picturesque groups of soldiers, some cooking, some burnishing their arms, and others putting needed stitches in their rent and

worn uniforms. The bands play enlivening airs, and all are active and merry. No one would think that these men at daybreak are to start on a march that may lead them to battle and many to their deaths. But thus it is, and thus it ever is in war-times. War is a mysterious developer of curious phases of human life, and philosophy and science look on bewildered. Tattoo and taps are beat in their order. Except here and there a late light in an officer's tent, who is writing what may prove his farewell letters, a deep silence pervades the camps. The men are sleeping and dreaming—dreams of childhood, home, loves, ambition, battles, victories, death. The light of the camp-fires grows dimmer, and the pale moonlight reveals a picture growing more serene and silent as the hours advance. There is no more impressive picture than an encampment in a midnight moonlight. Underlying the picture is that too deep for utterance. In coarse woolen blankets lie patriots, heroes, martyrs, true men. These are no cowards; devotion to country has brought them here.

COCKLETOWN, NINE MILES BEYOND BIG BETHEL, }
April 4, 1862. }

We have seen some of the rebel forces, and they have fled before us. The Stars and Stripes have been hoisted, and are floating over rebel fortifications where the flag of disunion has long waved in triumph its ignominious folds. But I must resume my narrative where I left it off last evening, of the movements of this division, and give briefly, in the order of occurrence, the events of the day.

At three A.M. the long roll sounded, summoning the troops from their sleep. In a few moments the lights of a thousand camp-fires were brightly burning, the coffee was boiling hot, the morning meal was hastily eaten, knapsacks were packed, and officers and men were in their places, and ready to march. I need not describe the scenes attending the breaking up of camps. It is now more than a "thrice-told tale." The men were not allowed to overload themselves. The soldiers carried their own shelter-tents. Only six wagons were allowed each regiment for the conveying officers' tents, baggage, hospital and commissary stores. It was a little past five o'clock when the division brigades had formed in line of march.

The cavalry and sharpshooters preceded the column, to look after the enemy, remove felled trees, and rebuild the bridges over Big Bethel Creek, which had been destroyed since the reconnaissance several days ago. Gen. Morell's brigade, and Gen. Hamilton's division, took what is called the "road to the right." The remainder of the troops in the corps took the main road to Yorktown. They all came together near Big Bethel, where the works of the enemy were found the same as on the first visitation of our regiments. From this point the column proceeded, in order of brigades, to the Half-way House. The Fourteenth New-York regiment, Col. McQuade, and Allen's battery, were sent on to Howard's Bridge, to reconnoitre the territory and feel the

enemy. And now began the advance farther into rebel territory than had been made by any of our forces hitherto. Capt. Sears's company was ordered ahead as skirmishers. The road is winding and muddy, and a good deal of the way skirted with woods on either side. Mounted scouts of the enemy soon showed themselves. Between the two there was pretty brisk firing. The enemy continued to retreat until they fell back to their intrenchments at Harrold's Mill. On the way, a rebel, believed to be an officer, was shot, but whether fatally or otherwise is unknown, as his comrades bore him away with them. A horse, shot dead by our men, was left behind. As our men arrived within half a mile of the rebel intrenchments, several shots were fired at them from two rifled cannon. Allen's battery responded by hurling in three well-directed shells. The enemy were not long in evacuating. Taking their cannon—ten-pounders—they fled to their barracks to the left, set fire to them, and then beat a precipitate retreat in the direction of Yorktown.

The force inside the works consisted of three companies of Major Phillips's Virginia cavalry, under command of Capt. Todd, Puller and Rose, and a battalion of Mississippi infantry. Two of the infantry managed to straggle behind and allow themselves to be captured. One says he is a native of Boston, and the other of Wisconsin. Happening to be in Mississippi when the rebellion broke out, they were impressed into service, and the present was their first opportunity of joining the Union troops.

Our troops quickly extinguished the flames of the burning barracks. They were log-huts for winter accommodation, got up in the comfortable style of the Manassas huts, and well provided with soldierly requirements—flour, meat, blankets, cooking-utensils, etc. The fires for cooking were still burning, pots of eatables boiling, and tables spread for a set down. There were about twenty huts, and a quantity of extemporized shelters and sleeping-places made of rails and covered with boughs. A portion of the Fourteenth regiment, headed by Lieut.-Col. Skillen, and Capt. Auchmutz and Lieut. Seymour, of Gen. Morell's staff, pursued the retreating rebels nearly a mile. Firing was kept up on both sides. A rifle-ball grazed the top of Lieut. Seymour's cap.

By the time the Stars and Stripes had been planted on the enemy's earthworks, the remaining regiments of Gen. Morell's brigade arrived at the place. They made the surrounding woods ring with their cheers, at sight of the glorious national ensign. The intrenchments consist of only two earthworks on either side of Poquosin River, which at this point is narrow and meandering, to an extent possibly pleasing to one of poetic fancy, but stupidly disgusting to one who has to make his way along by practicable pedestrianism. They are both of most ordinary and plain construction, with a ditch on both sides. On the river is the skeleton remnant of an old mill; so old, I should presume from its appearance, that the memory of the oldest inhabitant

could not run back to the time of its construction. The land is rugged, and is now covered mainly with stumps of pines, the trees having been cut down by the rebels to enable them to command the approaches this way to Yorktown.

The whole division in the afternoon moved on to this place, where the regiments and batteries are encamped. General Heintzelman and staff have also taken quarters here for the night, as, of course, General Porter and staff. Cockletown has four small, plain, wooden dwelling-houses, what was a blacksmith-shop, what might have been a store, but no sign of school-house or church. Some of the natives are still here. They are now strongly Union, and strong in their charges, fifty cents being the charge for a meal that would cost about one fourth this sum almost anywhere else. It has been a good day's march for the soldiers; but they have gone through it splendidly, and are feeling jolly enough to-night—a jollity that seems to increase as the advance into rebeldom increases.

IN CAMP, TWO MILES FROM YORKTOWN, }
April 5, P.M. }

The ball has opened. We are near Yorktown, but not in it yet. The rebels have entered a vigorous protest against our occupation of this town of Revolutionary fame. The battle has begun. Dead and wounded Union soldiers are lying in the division hospital to-night. The list, happily, is small; that of the rebel killed and wounded is believed to be larger. There has been no general engagement thus far, only cannonading and firing of sharpshooters. I will recount the scenes of the day in their order.

At seven o'clock A.M., the divisions left Cockletown. The order of march was the same as on the previous day, excepting that the Fourth Michigan regiment, Col. Woodbury, led the infantry. Colonel Averill's cavalry and Berdan's sharpshooters kept the advance of the column. For about an hour in the march, a heavy rain fell; but the troops apparently did not heed it; neither did they seem to mind the bad and muddy road, extending about three miles through a region of swamp. In some places the mud was up to the men's knees. The artillery had hard work to move on. At intervals the roads were blocked, impeding the progress of the troops. About four miles advance and the marsh was passed, and the column came into good roads, in a cultivated and beautiful section of country. It was inspiring to the troops.

Passing by Cheeseman and Goose Creeks and Grafton Chapel, our column came in sight of the earthworks of the enemy, and York River to the right and beyond. Gen. Heintzelman was present to direct arrangements. In the excitement soldiers forgot their weariness. It was believed a battle would soon be fought. Col. Averill's cavalry and the Berdan sharpshooters kept ahead, on the vigilant lookout for rebels and masked batteries. General Porter's brigade steadily advanced toward the earthworks, although there were no supporting troops behind for some dis-

tance, and wholly ignoring the thought of the force the enemy might bring against them.

The brigades were put in position. Captain Griffin's and Capt. Weeden's batteries took places on the brow of a hill in face of the rebel intrenchments. On the right, in a piece of woods, lay Gen. Morell's brigade, to support the batteries. Beyond the woods, in a peach-orchard, were the Berdan sharpshooters; they were eight hundred yards from the intrenchments. Our artillery was one thousand five hundred yards distant from the enemy. At ten o'clock the first shot was fired. It came from one of the rebel works to the right. The shot went over our field-pieces, and came near where Gens. Porter and Morell and other officers were standing. It struck heavily in the sand, but did not explode. A quick response followed from Captain Weeden's battery, which brought an immediate rejoinder. This second shot, a solid one, struck one of the gunners, named Reynolds, on the right leg below the thigh. The limb was amputated; but he died fifteen minutes after the operation.

A continuous firing was kept up an hour and a half; subsequently, intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes occurred between the shots. The enemy fired mainly heavy guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders.

Only four of the enemy's shells burst. Our boys did not seem to mind them much, but rather enjoyed the thing. One shot struck in the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, ricocheted, and wounded two men of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania regiment.

There were a good many narrow escapes. A piece of a shell knocked off Major Coles's cap, of the Fourth Michigan regiment. He made it the subject of a joke, and said it was the result of capillary attraction. A small ball from an exploded shell fell inside the shirt-collar of another of the Fourth Michigan men. He coolly took it out and put it in his pocket. One shell went through a series of erratic bounds. Passing over Weeden's battery, it struck the ground, gave a bound, went under Capt. Weeden's horse, gave another bound, struck the earth a third time, started again in the direction of the upper air, and then exploded, hurting no one. A spoke from one of Capt. Griffin's battery wagons—the one, and only one, by the way, he brought away from Bull Run—was sent whizzing from its place by a shot. This was the only injury sustained by his battery, although in equally exposed position with Capt. Weeden's battery. Not an officer or man attached to either battery shrank from valorous performance of duty.

The regiments of Gen. Morell's brigade, although saluted occasionally by the dropping in of shells among them, showed no signs of fear. A shell passed over the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, and struck in the pioneer corps of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania regiment. It first tore away the haversack of Jacob Bell, of company D, then struck—Musser, of company I, tearing away his cartridge-box, causing it to explode. After this it hit Jacob Rombaugh, of

company D, on the left foot, inflicting a severe wound; slightly bruised John Reddy, a drummer-boy, and then hopped into the air and came down without exploding. Musser subsequently died of his injuries. He lived in Jefferson County, Pa., and was a single man.

Gen. Morell and staff and Gen. Martindale and staff were in the foremost places of danger with their regiments. The Berdan sharpshooters made fearful havoc among the enemy's gunners, picking them off by the dozen. Col. Berdan says they killed at least fifty of the rebels and wounded a hundred. Toward night the enemy commenced shelling them by running a gun out from behind the left end of the fort, discharging it and then dragging it in to load again, the only way they were enabled to work the gun. They tried the plan of covering the working of guns by running a plank upon the parapet, and turning it upon the edge; but they did not seem to like to trust it. The attempt at shelling was not long continued. As soon as a gunner showed himself the aim of the unerring rifle would enforce on him the propriety of retirement. At first the rebel sharpshooters attempted to shoot our men from rifle-pits; but they found even these places too hazardous, and were not long in withdrawing to safer positions behind the intrenchments. During the afternoon a small mounted party, led by an officer wearing a white shirt, the bosom of which was distinctly visible, ventured outside the fort. A member of the sharpshooters, who goes by the soubriquet of "California Joe," observed that "he was best at a white mark." He quickly drew up his telescopic rifle, took aim, fired, and the man reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground, apparently dead.

At one time during the day a squad of rebel cavalry came out, apparently to charge upon our sharpshooters. Suddenly a shell from one of our guns fell in their midst, scattering them like chaff before the wind. They scampered off into their intrenchments, and no more cavalry was seen during the day, except an occasional mounted man.

At half-past four P.M. the enemy opened heavy firing from earthworks on the left of where the above shooting occurred. They made Gen. Martindale's brigade their target. Our people were ready for them. The Third Massachusetts battery took a position, and returned the fire with splendid and, as is believed, most telling effect. The rebel gunners showed more skill in sighting their pieces here than was shown from the other portion of the intrenchment. The sun was shining on our pieces, which gave the enemy a great advantage. At one of our guns two men were killed, and all the others disabled but four. Lieut. Dunn's horse was shot under him, as also the horses of Sergeants Strode and Foster. Our men did not shrink. They were plucky as steel, and had the last shot. Before the firing ceased Gen. Hamilton's division arrived on the ground. Capt. Randolph's Sixth Rhode Island battery relieved, during the last of the firing, the Third Massachusetts battery. Captain Randolph lost five or six

horses. It was thought at one time a regular engagement would be brought on. Our boys were ready for it. Gens. Heintzelman and Porter were present at frequent intervals, giving the necessary orders and watching the course of events. A shell passed only a few yards over the head of Gen. Jameson, striking within a few feet of one of his sentinels. Several solid shot came into the camp, but without injuring any one.

Soon after the arrival of the division, Professor Lowe got his inflating apparatus to work, and in a few hours had his war-balloon at a goodly altitude in the upper air. The afternoon had now far advanced, and it was almost too late for successful aeronautic observations. Several shots struck near the spot where the balloon was located. It was nearly sundown, when the last gun was fired. The rebels had fine range of the best locations for our artillery, and the grounds on which we were encamped; but the casualties were very slight indeed compared with the injuries which our sharpshooters inflicted upon them. Whenever they made a good shot, they would utter unearthly yells. Their bands were playing "Dixie," and other airs, which were distinctly heard in our camp-ground. The accompanying diagram will give an accurate idea of the rebel works, and the positions of our artillery and men. The principal portion of our troops, which had arrived, were located in the large fields on either side of the road, nearly surrounded by woods. In front, where our pieces were planted, there is an extensive field, and then a lower ground, a large plain, in front of the rebel works. The Yorktown turnpike runs through to the centre of the fortifications, which have dense woods behind them.

The following is a complete list of the killed and wounded.

KILLED.

Charles L. Lord, private, battery C, Massachusetts artillery.

Edwin W. Lewis, private, battery C, Massachusetts artillery.

I. Ide, Co. E, Berdan's sharpshooters.

John Reynolds, private, leg amputated, Weedon's battery.

Adam Musser, private, Co. I, Sixty-second Pennsylvania volunteers.

David Phelps, private, Co. H, Berdan's sharpshooters.

WOUNDED.

M. C. Barrett, Co. B, Twenty-second Massachusetts, slightly.

G. P. Field, private, Co. B, Twenty second Massachusetts, slightly.

A. O. Emerson, corporal, Co. B, Twenty second Massachusetts, slightly.

S. W. Bailey, private, Co. B, Twenty-second Massachusetts, slightly.

C. H. James, private, Co. B, Twenty-second Massachusetts, slightly.

Lieut. W. D. Morris, Co. B, Twenty-second Massachusetts, slightly.

Frank B. Smith, private, Co. B, Twenty-second Massachusetts, severely.

John Collingshill, private, Co. H, Twenty-second Massachusetts, severely.

C. H. Tucker, corporal, Co. C, Martin's battery, slightly, lost his speech.

Freeman Carey, Co. C, Martin's battery, slightly.

Tim Donohue, Co. C, Martin's battery, thumb amputated.

Cyrus Wilcox, Co. C, Berdan's sharpshooters, slightly.

C. W. Peck, corporal, Co. F, Berdan's sharpshooters, slightly.

James Way, sergeant, Co. C, Berdan's sharpshooters, slightly.

Wm. Parker, Co. B, Berdan's sharpshooters, slightly.

William Bombaugh, private, Co. D, Sixty-second Pennsylvania, severely.

Corp. Tucker's case is very remarkable. The shot, in passing, did not strike him, but the velocity of the missile raised the skin on his breast, and bereft the poor man of his speech.

Prompt attentions were given to the wounded. The hospitals were in charge of Dr. Wyman, Division-Surgeon, and Dr. Waters, General Morrell's Brigade-Surgeon. A large dwelling, about three quarters of a mile from where our guns were planted, the former residence of Dr. Clark, of Delaware, is used as a temporary division hospital.

Doc. 120.

SURRENDER OF ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

COMMODORE FOOTE'S DESPATCHES.

UNITED STATES STEAMER BENTON, }
OFF ISLAND NUMBER TEN, }
April 7, 3.25 A.M. }

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Two officers of their navy have this instant boarded us from Island Number Ten, stating that by order of their commanding officer they were ordered to *surrender* Island Number Ten to the commander of this fleet.

As these officers knew nothing of the capture of the batteries on the Tennessee shore, I have sent Capt. Phelps to ascertain something definite on the subject.

Gen. Pope is now advancing from New-Madrid, in strong force, to attack the rear. I am, with gunboats and mortars, ready to attack in front, and Buford is ready to coöperate; but it seems as if the place is to be surrendered without further defence.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

FLAG-STEAMER BENTON, }
OFF ISLAND NUMBER TEN, April 8. }

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

My despatch, three hours since, informs the Department that Island Number Ten has surrendered to the gunboats. Captain Phelps has this instant returned, after having had an interview with the late commandant. I have requested Gen. Buford, commanding the troops, to pro-

ceed immediately, in company with two of the gunboats, and take possession of the Island. The batteries on the Tennessee shore had been hastily evacuated, where we shall find, no doubt, in the morning large quantities of munitions of war.

I communicate immediately with Gen. Pope, who has, under the cover of the two gunboats, (which gallantly ran the blockade in the thunder-storm,) crossed the river in force, and was ready, as well as the gun and mortar-boats, and General Buford and his troops, to have made a simultaneous attack on the rebels had they not so hastily evacuated the Tennessee shore, and surrendered Island Number Ten.

A full report will be made as soon as we can obtain possession of the land-batteries, and I am able to communicate with Gen. Pope.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer.

COMMODORE FOOTE'S REPORT.

FLAGSHIP BENTON, ISLAND No. TEN, }
April 8, (via Cairo.) }

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I have to inform the Department that since I sent the telegram last night, announcing the surrender to me of Island No. Ten, possession has been taken of both the island and the works upon the Tennessee shore by the gunboats, and troops under command of General Buford. Seventeen officers and three hundred and sixty-eight privates, besides one hundred of their sick, and one hundred men employed on board the transports, are in our hands unconditionally prisoners of war.

I have caused hasty examination to be made of the forts, batteries and munition of war captured. There are eleven earthworks with seventy heavy cannon, varying in calibre from thirty-two to one-hundred-pounders, rifled. The magazines are well supplied with powder, and there are large quantities of shot and shell and other munitions of war, and also great quantities of provisions. Four steamers afloat have fallen into our hands, and two others, with the rebel gunboat Grampus, are sunk, but will be easily raised. The floating battery of sixteen heavy guns, turned adrift by the rebels, is said to be lying on the Missouri shore below New-Madrid.

The enemy upon the mainland appear to have fled with great precipitation after dark last night, leaving in many cases half-prepared meals in their quarters, and there seems to have been no concert of action between the rebels on the island and those occupying the shore, but the latter fled, leaving the former to their fate. These works, erected with the highest engineering skill, are of great strength, and with their natural advantages would have been impregnable if defended by men fighting in a better cause.

A combined attack of the naval and land forces would have taken place this afternoon or to-morrow morning had not the rebels so hastily abandoned this stronghold—to mature the plans of attack having absolutely required twenty-three days of preparation. Gen. Pope is momentarily

expected to arrive with his army at this point, he having successfully crossed the river yesterday under a heavy fire, which no doubt led to the hasty abandonment of the works last night.

I am unofficially informed that the two gunboats which so gallantly ran the fire of the rebel batteries a few nights since, yesterday attacked and reduced a fort of the enemy opposite, dismounting eight heavy guns.

The following is a copy of the order of Gen. McCall on assuming command of the rebel forces on the fifth instant:

SOLDIERS: We are strangers, commander and commanded, each to the other; let me tell you who I am. I am a general made by Beauregard, a general selected by Beauregard and Bragg for this command, when they knew it was in peril. They have known me for twenty years; together we have stood on the fields of Mexico. Give them your confidence now; give it to me, when I have earned it. Soldiers, the Mississippi Valley is entrusted to your courage, to your discipline, to your patience. Exhibit the vigilance and coolness of last night and hold it.

W. D. McCALL,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

I regret that the painful condition of my feet still requiring to use crutches, prevented me from making a personal examination of the works. I was therefore compelled to delegate Lieutenant Commanding S. Phelps, of the flag-ship Benton.

A. H. FOOTE,
Flag-Officer Naval Forces.

GENERAL POPE'S REPORT.

EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, }
NEW-MADRID, MO., April 9. }

Major-Gen. H. W. Halleck:

The canal across the peninsula opposite Island No. Ten—and for the idea of which I am indebted to Gen. Schuyler Hamilton—was completed by Col. Bissell's Engineer regiment, and four steamers were brought through on the night of the sixth. The heavy batteries I had thrown up below Tiptonville completely commanded the lowest point of the high ground on the Tennessee shore, entirely cutting off the enemy's retreat by water; his retreat by land has never been possible through the swamps. On the night of the fourth, Captain Walke, of the navy, ran the enemy's batteries at Island No. Ten, with the gunboat Carondelet, and reported to me here. On the night of the sixth, the gunboat Pittsburgh also ran the blockade. Our transports were brought into the river from the bayou, where they had been kept concealed; at daylight on the seventh, had Paine's division loaded. The canal had been a prodigiously laborious work. It was twelve miles long, six miles of which were through heavy timber, which had to be sawed off by hand four feet under water.

The enemy has lined the opposite shore with batteries, extending from Island Ten to Tiptonville, Merriweather Landing, to prevent the passage of the river by this army.

I directed Capt. Walke to run down with the two gunboats at daylight on the seventh to the point selected for crossing, and silence the enemy's batteries near it. He performed the service gallantly, and I here bear testimony to the thorough and brilliant manner in which this officer discharged his difficult duties with me, and to the hearty and earnest zeal with which, at all hazards, he coöperated with me.

As soon as he signaled me, the boats containing Paine's division moved out from the landing and began to cross the river. The passage of this wide, furious river, by our large force, was one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever witnessed. By twelve o'clock that night, the seventh, all the forces designed to cross the river were over, without delay or accident.

As soon as we commenced to cross, the enemy began to evacuate Island No. Ten and his batteries along the shore. The divisions were pushed forward to Tiptonville as fast as they landed, Paine's leading. The enemy was driven before him, and although they made several attempts to form in line of battle and make a stand, Paine did not once deploy his columns. The enemy was pushed all night vigorously, until at four o'clock A.M. he was driven back upon the swamps and forced to surrender. Three generals, seven colonels, seven regiments, several battalions of infantry, five companies of artillery, over one hundred heavy siege-guns, twenty-four pieces of field artillery, an immense quantity of ammunition and supplies, several thousand stand of small arms, a great number of tents, horses, wagons, etc., etc., have fallen into our hands.

Before abandoning Island No. Ten, the enemy sunk the gunboat Grampus, and six of his transports. These last I am raising, and expect to have ready for service in a few days. The famous floating battery was scuttled, and turned adrift with all her guns aboard; she was captured and run aground in shoal-water by our forces, at New-Madrid.

Our success is complete and overwhelming. Our troops, as I expected, behaved gloriously. I will, in my full report, endeavor to do full justice to all. Brigadier-Generals Paine, Stanley, and Hamilton crossed the river, and conducted their divisions with untiring activity and skill. I am especially indebted to them. Gen. Paine, fortunate in having the advance, exhibited unusual vigor and courage, and had the satisfaction to receive the surrender of the enemy. Of Col. Bissell, of the Engineer regiment, I can hardly say too much. Full of resource, untiring and determined, he labored night and day, and completed a work which will be a monument of enterprise and skill.

We have crossed this great river with a large army, the banks of which were lined with batteries of the enemy to oppose our passage; have pursued and captured all his forces and material of war, and have not lost a man, nor met with an accident.

JOHN POPE,
Major-General.

RECORD OF THE SIEGE.

March 15.—Commodore Foote, with several gunboats and a part of the mortar-fleet, left Hickman for Island Number Ten.

March 16.—Bombardment commenced.

March 17.—Rifled gun on board the St. Louis exploded, killing and wounding fourteen men.

March 18.—General Pope repulsed the gunboat fleet at New-Madrid. A rebel transport, loaded with cannon, reported sunk by the fire from the fleet.

March 19.—Commodore Foote reports the island harder to conquer than Columbus. Firing continued night and day.

March 20.—Cannonading continued all day. All the guns but one in the upper battery reported dismounted. Hollins's ram sent from Memphis.

March 21.—Firing continued at intervals.

March 22.—But little firing from the gunboats, to which the rebel batteries made no reply.

March 23.—Mortars fired with considerable regularity all day; result not ascertained.

March 24.—Firing continued at intervals; rebel batteries replied but seldom.

March 25.—Affairs unchanged.

March 26.—Main works of the enemy reported overflowed. Operations slackened.

March 27.—Firing continued at intervals only. Residents captured report the rebels fifteen thousand strong.

March 28.—Heavy firing from the fleet. Upper battery reported silenced; enemy lost sixty killed, and twenty-five wounded. Rebels constructing new batteries.

March 29.—Firing very heavy.

March 30.—Heavy bombardment, to which the rebels make no reply.

March 31.—Same condition of affairs.

April 1.—An expedition from the fleet proceeded to the upper rebel fort and spiked six guns.

April 2.—Operations not reported.

April 3.—Rebel heavy floating battery detached from shore and drifted down the stream. Gunboat Carondelet ran the blockade.

April 4.—Firing active, and good execution to the rebel works reported.

April 5.—Transports and barges arrived at New-Madrid. Heavy firing all day.

April 7.—Gen. Pope succeeds in landing Gen. Paine's division on the Tennessee shore. The whole army to be moved over. Gunboat Pittsburgh ran the blockade.

April 7.—Surrender of Island Number Ten. (See Supplement.)

CHICAGO "POST" ACCOUNT.

ON ISLAND TEN, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, }
Tuesday, April 8, 1862. }

Island Ten has been *abandoned*. The rebels have departed in undignified haste, with the exception of some five hundred, who have surrendered as prisoners of war. Our victory is complete in all except the capture of the whole rebel force, the greater part of which is scattered

through the swamps of this region, and may yet be surrounded or overtaken.

The Carondelet, having run the blockade, proceeded forthwith to the performance of her allotted duty. The rebels, to oppose any attempt that might be made to cross the river, had planted cannon—field-pieces—along the left bank of the river for a distance of twelve miles, extending from above New-Madrid to below Point Pleasant. The Carondelet proceeded to the latter place, giving the rebels an occasional broadside by the way. Reversing her course, she then moved up the stream, and opened her broadside-guns. Broadside after broadside was discharged as she moved slowly and steadily up the stream. The rebels fired their guns as she approached, and fled in confusion—those of them who were not slain. Thus twelve miles of rebel batteries were literally swept out of existence. When the Pittsburgh arrived, Sunday morning, she found the work accomplished. One gunboat took possession below, the other above, the army that was to cross, and there waited to receive any rebel craft that might venture to approach from either direction, with "bloody hands, and hospitable," but rather moist, "graves."

At twelve o'clock, Monday, our transports emerged from the bayou through which they have been so long making their slow and toilsome progress, and were once more upon the broad river, but on the other side of the enemy's position. Immediately they commenced the performance of *their* allotted duty, which was to transport our army across the river. By nine o'clock last evening, nine thousand men had been ferried across, and the expectation was that by two o'clock to-day thirty thousand men would be in the position they were to occupy. At that hour a simultaneous attack would have been made upon the rebel position by the gunboats both above and below; the mortars would again have belched their thunders, and one of the biggest fights with big guns which the world ever witnessed would have been seen—if the rebels had not run away! which they did. Of this fact the flag-officer was apprised by the rebel steamer which came out last night.

The steamer was the De Soto, a Red river packet, as I am informed by the blue sideboard on her upper works. The tug which went off to her brought the rebel messenger—one Lieut. McDowell, a sprig of St. Louis rebelism—on board the flag-ship. This young man informed the Commodore that he had come from the officer in command of the confederates on the Island, with orders to surrender the Island to the flag-officer of the flotilla. Com. Foote replied that he would receive the surrender, but he asked somewhat sharply where the rest of the command was. The officer said they had retreated. Where had they gone to? They had gone to Hick—, really, Mr. McDowell did not know.

Meanwhile, the gunboat St. Louis had been ordered to go up at once to Hickman and join the Louisiana for active work, in case the rebels should make their appearance there. Col. Bu-

ford despatched a regiment of infantry to the same place. No rebel soldiers, however, made their appearance there.

Their retreat was an inglorious and disgraceful flight. According to the accounts given by the prisoners themselves, the rebel soldiers were completely demoralized. The officers seem to have had no command over them, but rather to have shared their terrible fright. When our gunboats ran the blockade, and they found themselves unable to prevent it, both officers and men lost all confidence in each other or in themselves. They felt that their time was drawing nigh, and when, about seven o'clock last evening, they learned that Gen. Pope's army was crossing the river, they perceived that it had arrived. The men, somehow, had the information almost as soon as the officers. Had bedlam broken loose, the scene could not have rivalled that which I am told the flight of these rebellious wretches presented. Every man seized his gun and incontinently took to his heels. It was every man for himself, each striving on his own individual bottom to double the point of Reelfoot Lake before Gen. Pope's army should close up the only avenue of escape.

The number of rebel troops on the mainland was about seven thousand, a considerable part of the force, which at one time reached fourteen thousand, having been withdrawn to reinforce Beauregard at Corinth. The commanding officer was Brig.-Gen. McCall. He was specially detailed by Beauregard to succeed Brig.-Gen. McCown, who was ordered to Richmond, in command of this "Key of the Mississippi," as he is pleased to call it in his proclamation, dated April fifth, assuming command. The original of this proclamation was found in Brig.-Gen. McCall's late headquarters, that doughty commander having been too busy in taking care of himself to think of such trifling matters as important official papers—among them a plan of Fort Pillow. The proclamation is a somewhat curious document as showing how very valorous a rebel brigadier-general may be only two days before he ignominiously runs away. I sent the interesting document by telegraph, in advance of this letter.

The value of captured property amounts to over a million of dollars. There are nine steamboats—the Yazoo, H. R. W. Hill, Grampus, Ohio Belle, Admiral, Champion, De Soto, Red Rover, and Mars—worth four hundred thousand dollars. The first four were scuttled and sunk, but will be raised easily. There are *seventy* heavy position-guns of the first class, some of them navy guns, stolen from Norfolk. There are four mortars—small affairs, nothing like our thirteen-inch fellows. There are over ten thousand pounds of powder; one single magazine contains seven thousand pounds. Why they did not destroy it is a mystery only to be solved upon the supposition that they were in too much of a hurry to save themselves. There are shot and shell in vast quantities. There are tents for seven thousand men. There is at least a warehouse full of commissary stores.

The sunken steamers will be ready for use in

three or four days. A messenger has already gone to Cairo to bring down one of the large submarine steam elevators there, which were built expressly for lifting sunken steamboats. So we shall soon add to our fleet of transports nine or ten first-class boats, whose owners will not be very apt to present their bills monthly.

The fortifications are admirably constructed and of immense strength. The rebels commenced building them before they came up to Columbus; the breastworks are well settled and firm. Served by brave men in a better cause, they would have held the river much longer than three weeks. But these fellows could not stand our gunboats on both sides of them, and thirteen-inch bombshells in their midst. The effect of these shells upon the Island was truly terrific. The earth is ploughed and furrowed as with an earthquake. Small caverns were excavated by the tremendous explosions, and in one place an unexploded shell has penetrated the earth to the depth of *sixteen feet*, leaving a round hole like a wall. Huge cottonwood trees, two and three feet in diameter, were hit and blown to atoms. The rebels could not stand such missiles, and would not. They constructed "rat-holes," by felling large trees and placing short logs slantingly against them, covering the whole with earth. Into these they crawled with the utmost agility whenever the voice of a mortar was heard. Every battery on the Island is provided with one of these rat-holes in convenient proximity for the gunners. It is difficult to conceive of an engine more terrible in its destructive effects at the distance of three miles than these enormous shells.

No rebel gunboats were captured, and it is probable they had none at the Island, except the Grampus, which they sunk. This was nothing but a common stern-wheel steamboat, mounted with two small guns.

The floating battery, about which so much has been said, was discovered yesterday afternoon floating down the river toward New-Madrid. One of the batteries there fired upon it, but receiving no response, the machine was then boarded and found to be abandoned. It was navigated to the shore and secured at Point Pleasant, and it is to be added to the number of our trophies. Its guns, however, are alone valuable.

LETTER OF SECRETARY WELLES.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1862.

The following congratulatory letter was sent to-day to Flag-Officer Foote by telegraph:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, April 9, 1862.

Flag-Officer A. H. Foote, Commanding Gunboats of Western Waters:

SIR: A nation's thanks are due you and the brave officers and men of the flotilla on the Mississippi, whose labors and gallantry at Island No. Ten, which surrendered to you yesterday, have for weeks been watched with intense interest. Your triumph is not the less appreciated because it was protracted and finally bloodless.

To that Being who has protected you through

so many perils, and carried you onward to successive victories, be the praise for his continued goodness to our country, and especially for this last great success of our arms.

Let the congratulations to yourself and your command be also extended to the officers and soldiers who coöperated with you.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

Doc. 121.

OCCUPATION OF MONTEREY, VA.

APRIL 8, 1862.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* writes from the headquarters of the Second Virginia (Union) regiment at Monterey on the fourteenth of April:

The past eight days have been the most eventful of our campaign in Virginia. The rebels having evacuated Allegheny Mountains precipitately, we were ordered to march on Saturday, April fifth. We accordingly left that mountain at noon, and encamped at Greenbrier, accompanied by the Thirty-second Ohio. Having no tents, we took the open heavens for shelter, and a stiff breeze kept up till morning. Your correspondent was out on picket with twenty good men, and got no rest; but we remembered that we were "out a soldiering." Sunday morning opened up clear and beautiful, and we resumed our march at eight o'clock. About two P.M. we reached the deserted rebel fortifications on Allegheny Mountains, and had no difficulty in finding quarters, for all the cabins erected for five or six regiments still remain standing. Since we fought them on the thirteenth of December last, they had made vast improvements, so much so that I could scarcely recognise the place. It was made strong on all sides, and nothing but extreme necessity could have induced them to abandon it.

We had just got settled down in our new quarters, supposing we might remain there a little while, when, after dark, we were ordered to advance to Monterey on Monday morning at eight o'clock. Morning dawned bleak and cold, and as we formed in line to march, the snow began to fall. It is sixteen miles from Camp Allegheny to Monterey, and we travelled this distance through a heavy snow. We reached this place about three o'clock P.M., and found the village in possession of a small detachment of two of our companies. The citizens had nearly all fled with the rebel army, leaving quite a number of vacant houses for us to quarter in. Part of the Twenty-fifth Ohio came in the next day, and Major J. S. Krepps, with a few of the First Virginia cavalry, accompanied by Gen. Milroy and staff.

The Seventy-fifth Ohio came in on Friday. The Thirty-seventh Ohio left us at Allegheny, to scout the country toward Hunterville, and meet us at Monterey. But Saturday was our big day. The rebels attempted to repossess themselves of the place, and early in the morning they commenced

firing on our pickets. A regiment of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and two pieces cannon had remained at a village called McDowell, ten miles out on the Staunton pike. They got word that there were but few troops here, and the General ordered them back to capture us and repossess the town. Monterey is the county-seat of Highland County, and is located in a beautiful valley between two spurs of the Allegheny Mountains. The attack was made on what is called "Jack Mountain," and our whole force was drawn out in line of battle. Several companies were sent out as skirmishers, and the firing was briskly kept up for about three hours. About this time another company of the First Virginia cavalry arrived, and the Thirty-second Ohio also came in, their excellent brass band playing "Hail Columbia." Capt. Hineman took one of his cannon over on the pike, when he finished up the job by throwing a few shells among the rebels. Major Krepps, with one company of cavalry, followed them some four miles, but they fled at quarter-horse speed. After the fight, we ascertained that their force amounted to about fourteen hundred, with two pieces of cannon. Six or eight of them were killed, and quite a number wounded. Only two Union troops were injured, both of the Seventy-fifth Ohio.

Sunday morning Capt. McNally, with one hundred and fifty infantry, and a small detachment of cavalry, in command of a Lieutenant, started out to visit McDowell; and shortly after noon a courier arrived from "Crab Bottom," with the news that the rebels, nearly two thousand strong, were flanking us, and would be in directly. The long roll beat, and we sprung to arms. Such expedition in donning equipments I never saw before. Our regiment marched off down the valley, to command a road crossing to Crab Bottom; and as I was along, I cannot tell what disposition was made of the other regiments. After marching through mud for more than two miles, we found out that the alarm was false; and we said "Bully for Cox," and came back.

Such is soldiering in Virginia; but onward we go. Refugees and contrabands come in daily. The "cullored population" is getting up and dusting. No use for any more underground railroads

Doc. 122.

GEN. SHERMAN'S RECONNOISSANCE ON THE CORINTH (MISS.) ROAD.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH DIVISION, April 8.

To Major-General Grant, Commanding Army in Field:

SIR: With the cavalry placed at my command, and two brigades of my fatigued troops, I went this morning out on the Corinth road. The abandoned camps of the enemy lined the road, with hospital flags for their protection. At all of these we found more or less wounded and dead. At the forks of the road I found the head of General Wood's division. At that point I ordered cavalry

to examine both roads, and found the enemy's cavalry. Colonel Dickey, of the Illinois cavalry, asked for reinforcements. I ordered Gen. Wood to advance the head of his column cautiously on the left-hand road, whilst I conducted the head of the Third brigade of the Fifth division up the right-hand road. About half a mile from the forks was a clear field, through which the road passed, and immediately beyond it a space of two hundred yards of fallen timber, and beyond that an extensive camp of the enemy's cavalry could be seen. After a reconnoissance, I ordered the two advance companies of the Ohio Seventy-seventh, Col. Hildebrand, to deploy as skirmishers, and the regiment itself to move forward into line within intervals of one hundred yards. In this order I advanced cautiously until the skirmishers were engaged. Taking it for granted that this disposition would clear the camp, I held Col. Dickey's Fortieth Illinois cavalry ready to charge. The enemy's cavalry came down boldly to the charge, breaking through the line of skirmishers, when the regiment of infantry, without cause, broke, threw away their guns and fled. The ground was admirably adapted to a defence of infantry against cavalry, it being miry and covered with fallen timber. As the regiment of infantry broke, Col. Dickey's cavalry began to charge with their carbines, and fell into disorder. I instantly sent orders to the rear for the brigade to form in line of battle, which was promptly executed. The broken infantry and cavalry rallied on this line, and as the enemy's cavalry came up to it, our cavalry in turn charged and shoved them from the fire. I then advanced the entire brigade upon the same ground, and sent Col. Dickey's cavalry a mile further on the road. On examining the ground which had been occupied by the Seventy-seventh Ohio, we found fifteen dead and twenty-five wounded. I sent for wagons and had all the wounded carried back to the camp, and the dead buried. I also ordered the whole camp to be destroyed. Here we found much ammunition for field-pieces, which was destroyed, also two caissons and a general hospital, with about two hundred and eighty confederates wounded, and about fifty of our own troops. Not having the means of bringing them off, Col. Dickey, by my order, took a surrender signed by the medical director, Lyle, and all the attending surgeons, and a pledge to report themselves to you as prisoners of war, and also another pledge that our wounded would be carefully attended to and surrendered to us to-morrow, as soon as ambulances could go out.

I enclose the within document, and request you to cause to be sent out wagons or ambulances for the wounded of ours to-morrow; also that wagons be sent out to bring in the many tents belonging to us, which are pitched all along the road for miles. I did not destroy them, as I knew the enemy wouldn't move them. The roads are very bad, and are strewn with abandoned wagons, ambulances, and limber-boxes. The enemy has succeeded in carrying off the guns, but has crippled his batteries by abandoning the hind limber-boxes of at least twenty guns. I am satisfied that the

enemy's infantry and cavalry passed Lick Creek this morning, travelling all last night, and that he left behind all his cavalry, which has protected his retreat. But the signs of confusion and disorder mark the whole road. The check sustained by us at the fallen timbers delayed our advance, so that night came upon us before the wounded were provided for and the dead buried; and our troops being fagged out by their three days' hard fighting, exposure, and privation, I ordered them back to camp, where all now are. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

Brigadier-General W. T. SHERMAN,
Commanding Division.

Doc. 123.

REBEL CONSCRIPTION BILL.

JEFF. DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States:

THE operation of the various laws now in force for raising armies, has exhibited the necessity for reform. The frequent changes and amendments which have been made, have rendered the system so complicated as to make it often quite difficult to determine what the law really is, and to what extent prior amendments are modified by more recent legislation.

There is also embarrassment from conflict between State and confederate legislation. I am happy to assure you of the entire harmony of purpose and cordiality of feeling, which has continued to exist between myself and the executives of the several States; and it is to this cause that our success in keeping adequate forces in the field is to be attributed.

These reasons would suffice for inviting your earnest attention to the necessity of some simple and general system for exercising the power of raising armies, which is vested in Congress by the Constitution. But there is another and more important consideration. The vast preparations made by the enemy for a combined assault at numerous points on our frontier and seaboard, have produced results that might have been expected. They have animated the people with a spirit of resistance so general, so resolute, and so self-sacrificing, that it requires rather to be regulated than to be stimulated. The right of the State to demand, and the duty of each citizen to render military service, need only to be stated to be admitted. It is not, however, wise or judicious policy to place in active service that portion of the force of a people which experience has shown to be necessary as a reserve. Youths under the age of eighteen years require further instruction; men of matured experience are needed for maintaining order and good government at home, and in supervising preparations for rendering efficient the armies in the field.

These two classes constitute the proper reserve for home defence, ready to be called out in case of any emergency, and to be kept in the field only while the emergency exists. But in order to

maintain this reserve intact, it is necessary that, in a great war like that in which we are now engaged, all persons of intermediate ages, not legally exempt for good cause, should pay their debt of military service to the country, that the burdens should not fall exclusively on the most ardent and patriotic.

I therefore recommend the passage of a law declaring that all persons residing within the confederate States, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, and rightfully subject to military duty, shall be held to be in the military service of the confederate States, and that some plain and simple method be adopted for their prompt enrolment and organization, repealing all of the legislation heretofore enacted which would conflict with the system proposed.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Doc. 124.

EVACUATION OF JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

PHILADELPHIA "PRESS" ACCOUNT.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, April 8, 1862.

It was with feelings of the most extreme astonishment and intense indignation that the people of Jacksonville and military and naval forces here stationed were first apprized of the intention to evacuate the town. The displeasure of the troops and consternation of the loyal inhabitants could scarcely be imagined. Citizens who had already commenced to reënjoy blessings of civilisation, of which they had long been deprived, and to feel that their lives were again their own, and not the property of any wandering, vagabond Guerrilla or Regulator that might see fit to take it, were terror-stricken when they learned that they were to be deserted and left to the tender mercies of the bloodthirsty villains. The soldiers indulging in the hope of a prolonged rest, and opportunity to recruit after six months of constant changes and frequent confinements on shipboard, were much chagrined to hear that they were to make another move; but it was a military order, and as such had to be obeyed. The orders to give up the city were received from Hilton Head on Sunday, the sixth instant, by the United States transport Cosmopolitan, but were not generally known until the afternoon prior to the day of evacuation. The object of secrecy was chiefly to prevent a "hub-bub" among the female portion of the population, but it was rather poorly accomplished, as the tears and prayers to be removed, of a score of women, fully proved. On Monday orders were issued by Gen. Wright for the troops to prepare two days' rations, and be in readiness to embark at daylight next morning. The officers and men of the gunboats were also notified to have everything on board ready for a sudden start.

Monday was principally occupied in cooking, packing up, bidding "adieu," and other preliminaries to a departure. Many of the male inhabitants, especially those most favorable to our

cause, and who had abetted us too much to risk the ire of the rebels, were engaged seeking means of transportation for themselves and families, willing to relinquish all their property in preference to remaining. Every facility and kind attention was extended to those desiring to leave; accommodations were provided in the transport steamers and schooners for as many as possible, and the remainder taken aboard the men-of-war. In this way some twenty or thirty families and a number of individuals managed to escape. Among those known to us are Colonel Sammis and family, Messrs. Robinson, Fairchilds, Mather, Stevens, Fairbanks, Clark, Burritt, Frazer, and families; also Messrs. Paris, Prateau, Remington, Dr. Mitchell, and others. None of these had more than ten hours in which to make preparations for leaving homes they had occupied for years. It was sad to see them hurrying down to the wharves, this morning, one after another, each carrying some article too precious to forsake. Books, boxes, valises, portraits, pictures, packages of clothing, pet canaries and mocking-birds were most frequently seen. Stout-hearted and stylish officers, relieving overloaded Dinahs of their little charges, and leading little two, three, and four-year olds along the docks, added a humane and praiseworthy ludicrousness to the melancholy scene. The negroes, with their small carts and stunted ponies, were busily engaged bringing down trunks, carpet-bags, and the lighter, portable, and more valuable articles of furniture, and putting them on the respective vessels, pell-mell, to be stowed for sea at some more convenient season. Haste and bustle were everywhere prevalent, the most strenuous efforts being made to secure to the fugitives satisfactory portions of their personal property. Of course, much, very much was abandoned, yet by the noble exertions of our soldiers and sailors, a great deal was secured. In the name of the people, we thank them for their manly conduct on that trying occasion. During the morning, the outer pickets were withdrawn, and the embarkation of troops began. This continued quietly for several hours, and by two P.M. all the vessels had received their cargoes and passengers, and were ready to haul out into the stream. The wind, which had been quite fresh during the forenoon, grew stronger, and eventually increased so much that it was with the greatest difficulty the steamers Belvidere and Pembina succeeded in towing the sailing-vessels into the channel, and a safe distance from the shore. At length all were clear and securely anchored, but, owing to the gale and the lateness of the hour, it was determined to remain until morning. At this hour, ten P.M., the rebels are already in the town, and within musket-shot of our anchorage, another proof of the intimate knowledge they possess of all our movements. Gen. Wright sent his compliments to Gen. Trapier this evening, informing him officially of what he had done, inviting him to come and reoccupy the town, and requesting him to take care of the women and children remaining. This message was courteous'y replied

te. by Gen. Trapier or Col. Davis, I cannot say which.

MAYPORT, Wednesday, P.M., April 9.

At six o'clock this morning, the evacuating fleet, in all eleven sail, got under way in regular order, and started down the St. John's River, a part bound to St. Augustine, and a portion to Fernandina. The vessels formed a long line, the United States steamer Ottawa, Senior Lieutenant Commanding T. H. Stevens, leading off, with the army transports Cosmopolitan and Belvidere in her wake. These steamers towed the schooners Chas. M. Neal, James G. Stille, Rachel S. Miller, and Magnum Bonum. Then followed the gunboat Pembina, Lieutenant Commanding J. P. Bankhead, with the schooner Anna C. Leavere; and last, least, but not most unimportant, came the useful little Ellen, Acting Master Budd, with the champion prize yacht America in tow.

The United States steamer Seneca, Lieutenant Commanding Ammen, with several families aboard, left Jacksonville twenty-two hours in advance of the fleet, and had gone to sea, bound to Port Royal, when we got here. The Ottawa brought down the families of Mr. Frazer, a lawyer, formerly from Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, and Judge Burritt, an old and influential resident of Florida. Last night the rebel officers went to the Judge's house, and invited him to remain, but he "didn't see it." His kind entertainment of Captains Stevens, Ammen, Bankhead, and Budd, together with the military officers during their stay, made his chances of protection from the rebels very doubtful.

The Cosmopolitan bore, in addition to the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, several companies of the Fourth New-Hampshire regiment, all the regimental equipage, and a large number of the refugees with their baggage. The Belvidere had a section of Sherman's celebrated battery, under Capt. Ransom, portion of the Fourth New-Hampshire regiment, and several families aboard.

The Pembina carried Gen. Wright and part of staff, while the Ellen was freighted with the valuable law and literary libraries of Judge Burritt.

We ascertained this morning that a company of rebel cavalry, acting as escort to the "secesh" commander, had been in the city all night, and as we passed the lower path of the place, saw their saddled horses hitched within two hundred and fifty yards of us, and several uniformed officers and privates came on the wharf to see the "Yankees" off. Truly, this is at times a very "civil war!"

Our passage down the Walaka (the Indian name of the river) was several times interrupted by trifling causes. After experiencing several squalls, however, and shelling the woods and yellow bluff, where the Seneca was attacked a few days since, we reached Mayport. Here we found the stone schooner David Faust, and the despatch yacht Azalea, the latter from St. Augustine. At half-past one the entire fleet anchored to await calmer weather for crossing the bar.

CHESTER.

Doc. 125.

THE OCCUPATION OF BRUNSWICK.

REPORTS OF FLAG-OFFICER DU PONT.

FLAG-SHIP WARASH, OFF ST. JOHN'S, FLA., }
March 19, 1862.

SIR: I had the honor to inform the Department, in my communication of the thirteenth inst., that I had despatched a division of my force to Brunswick, under Commander S. W. Godon, consisting of the Mohican, the Pocahontas, and the Potomska.

These vessels crossed St. Simon's bar on the eight inst., and anchored at sundown within two miles of the forts commanding the channel.

On the following morning, Commander Godon, with his division, moved past the batteries, which he soon discovered had been abandoned, and immediately sent Lieut. Commanding Balch, with three armed boats, to take possession of the battery on St. Simon's Island, and Lieut. Henry Miller, of the Mohican, with a suitable force, to take possession of the works on Jekyl Island.

On St. Simon's Island were two batteries, consisting of strong earthworks, and so arranged as to command the approach to St. Simon's Sound. There were twelve embrasures, and numerous well-constructed magazines. No arms were mounted, but a ten-inch solid shot was found near, to indicate the calibre of some of them.

On Jekyl Island were also two batteries, of much greater strength however. The one furthest seaward and commanding the main channel, was a bomb-proof work, constructed of palmetto logs, sand-bags and railroad iron, well supported and braced from the interior with massive timbers. It had mounted three casemated guns, though these, their carriages and all the ammunition, had been removed.

The other battery, five hundred yards landward, consisted of two casemates and an earth-work capable of mounting four guns, *en barbette*. A magazine and a hot-shot furnace were attached. Both St. Simon's and Jekyl Islands had been deserted.

After examining the batteries, the vessels passed up the sound to Brunswick and anchored off the town. A fire was discovered near the wharf, which proved to be the railroad-depot and wharf, the work of the retiring soldiers.

Lieut. Commanding Balch, with a large force, covered by the guns of the Potomska, landed at Brunswick without any show of opposition, and hoisted the American flag on the Oglethorpe House. The town was entirely deserted, and nearly all the property which could be removed, had been taken away. The lenses belonging to the light-house at St. Andrew's and the light-house at St. Simon's, the latter building having been destroyed by the rebels, could not, after careful search, be discovered. The channel-buoys for the river are still there, but out of place.

Proclamations were posted on some of the public buildings, urging the inhabitants to return to their homes, and promising protection to the

property of all good citizens, and the landing party then returned to their vessels.

Nothing was removed from any of the houses, the men under Lieut. Balch Commanding, carefully abstaining from injuring or taking away the private effects of the inhabitants. I enclose a copy of Commander Godon's interesting report.

Very respectfully, etc., S. F. DU PONT,
Flag-Officer.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, }
OFF ST. JOHN'S, FLA., March 21, 1862. }

SIR: Since my last despatch of the nineteenth inst., I have received another interesting report from Commander Godon, giving the details of a reconnoissance by the inland passage from Brunswick to Darien, a copy of which I enclose.

Com. Godon, with the Pocahontas, Lieutenant Commanding Balch, and the Potomska, Acting Lieutenant Commanding Watmough, with the launch and howitzer of the Mohican, in charge of Lieut. Miller, proceeded to open the interior communication between St. Simon's Sound and the Altamaha River. He soon encountered an obstruction, consisting of a double row of heavy piles, with their tops just above water at low tide. In a few hours a sufficient number were removed, and the Pocahontas and Potomska passed through, but had advanced only five miles further, when another obstruction of the same kind was met with. After an unavoidable delay, owing to the rising of the tide, this also was removed, and both vessels entered the Altamaha, and as they turned into the river, two rebel steamers were seen moving off from the wharf at Darien, with full head of steam, rendering pursuit useless, particularly as the brasses of the Potomska's shaft-bearing had broken, in a measure disabling that vessel.

Com. Godon learned from some contrabands, who came off from shore, that Darien, like Brunswick, was deserted, a company of horsemen only remaining in the town, with the intention of firing the place should the steamers approach.

Owing to the crippled condition of the Potomska, Com. Godon did not deem it advisable to push his reconnoissance further, and accordingly returned through the passage he had cleared to the anchorage at Brunswick. He visited a number of plantations on St. Simon's Island, but, with one exception, all were deserted, though some time previously one thousand five hundred troops were quartered there.

Commander Godon speaks in warm terms of Lieutenant Commanding Balch, and Acting Lieutenant Commanding Watmough, as well as the officers and crews of all the vessels under his command, in which I heartily concur, desiring, however, to add my commendation of the zeal and ability of Com. Godon himself, in carrying out my views in reference to our occupation of this important section of the coast of Georgia.

Very respectfully, etc., S. F. DU PONT,
Flag-Officer Com'g Southern Atlantic Blockading Squadron.
Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of Navy.

COMMANDER GODON'S REPORTS.

U. S. S. MOHICAN, OFF BRUNSWICK, GA., }
March 10, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that in obedience to your order of March fifth, I left Fernandina on the morning of the eighth, accompanied by the Pocahontas, Lieutenant Commanding Balch, and the Potomska, Acting Lieut. Commanding Watmough, and crossed Fernandina bar, with just water enough to comfortably float this ship; made the best of my way to St. Simon's bar, and reached it at dead low-water, passing it, and getting into Simon's Channel, through which I carried about seventeen feet, to within two miles of the forts, which we could plainly see commanding St. Simon's entrance. Here, at sundown, I anchored for the night. After dark I shifted the anchorage of the ship, to alter the range of any guns that might be left in the batteries. At daylight I made preparations to pass the batteries, and at sunrise weighed anchor and stood in. I soon discovered that the batteries were evidently abandoned, and anchored my little force inside, and beyond range of the guns, and made signal to land from the vessels.

Lieut. Commanding Balch, of the Pocahontas, with three boats, took possession of the fort on St. Simon's Island, consisting of strong earthworks of considerable extent, and having had eleven guns mounted. Some solid ten-inch shot, found in the fort, would indicate the calibre of some of the guns there. I enclose a detailed report of the taking of that battery by Lieut. Commanding Balch.

Lieut. Miller, of this ship, at the same time occupied the fort on Jekyl Island, which was, it seems, a much stronger position. It was a sand-work, with five casemates finished, covered with railroad iron, and very well built, and two unfinished casemates, the iron rail ready to be put up. These two forts commanded the channel for a long distance, and their fire crossed the entrance, which is a mile, or a little more, wide. Once the batteries were passed, they could offer but little difficulty, as in five minutes the guns of all the vessels could have enfiladed them, and could even fire directly in the rear. But they would have given a number of vessels severe trouble in getting beyond them. I enclose the report of Lieut. Miller, of the fort on Jekyl Island.

As soon as the boats returned, I went on the Potomska, and proceeded in her up the river to Brunswick. So soon as we opened the town to view, a heavy fire commenced, and at the same moment I perceived the railroad cars moving at full speed in the woods. I at once determined to bring up the ships and myself off the town, in the hopes of preventing, by my presence, the place from being burned, and at once returned to the Potomska, as I had the pilot with me. Both the Mohican and Pocahontas were under way before I reached them, and we proceeded to Brunswick, off which place I anchored as the sun went down.

The cars had returned, but again started at our approach. The Pocahontas anchored opposite

the town, but outside of Buzzard Roost Island, the Potomska still higher up, and her guns commanded the railroad beyond the town. The following morning I sent the Potomska into the branch opposite the town. Neither this ship nor the Pocahontas can well get in, as at high-water but twelve feet of water was found in the bulkhead, and between the wharf and Buzzard Roost Island the river is but about four hundred feet wide.

With the Potomska, Lieut. Balch took charge of a landing-party, consisting of twenty-five marines, from this ship and the Pocahontas, and the two twelve-pounder guns, with forty riflemen from the different vessels, landed and hoisted the flag. The place was deserted, and most of the furniture of the houses removed. Still there was much private property about, some in scows on the wharf, ready to be removed. After a careful examination of such buildings as might be supposed to contain public property, and a careful survey was had, I visited the town, and then directed the command to retire into the ship, having posted a notice, urging the inhabitants to return, and promising protection to all property for all good citizens. I enclose Lieut. Balch's report of his landing, etc. Nothing in the place was touched by the landing-party, and such houses as were not open, were not even entered. I sincerely hope that some good citizens at least may be found willing to resume their homes under my public notice, and I shall not allow the place to be visited, except on duty.

The fire we noticed, was the work of the retreating soldiers, and proved to be the railroad dépôt and wharf. The lenses belonging to the lighthouses, were not found. The channel-buoys are in the river, but out of place, and the lighthouse destroyed.

The town is closely surrounded by woods, is generally well built, and extends over a considerable space. Several contrabands have come on board. Soldiers are said to be in the woods, not very distant, and most of the inhabitants are said to be fourteen or sixteen miles back, encamped. I have sent the Pocahontas and Potomska up the river, as far as they could go, to reconnoitre. There is a schooner of considerable size on the stocks, unfinished. Fires have been burning about us, but I believe it is the brush being consumed; nor have I noticed, as far as the people are concerned, that they are willing to follow the advice of Messrs. Toombs and Cobb, by placing the torch in the hands of the children, to consume their property. All that is done in that way, seems to be done by the order of military commanders, who, having no local interest in the neighborhood of their command, have the heroism to consume the property in which they have no immediate interest.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. W. GODON,

Commander and Senior Officer.

To Flag-Officer S. F. Du PONT,
Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

UNITED STATES STEAMER MOHICAN, }
ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, March 16, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that on the thirteenth inst. I started in the Potomska, accompanied by the Pocahontas, with the launch and howitzer of this ship in charge of Lieut. Miller in tow, and proceeded through the inland passage toward the Altamaha River.

I had heard that there were one or two rebel steamers at Darien, and I hoped that I might get possession of them. About five miles from the anchorage at this place, and where I had left the Mohican, between the batteries we found, as I had learned from contrabands, that the river was staked entirely across. We reached the spot at low-water, and found a double row of heavy piles, with their heads just above water. I at once got to work with both vessels, and in a few hours hauled enough out of each row to allow a passage for both vessels — say forty feet — and here for the first time I learned that about five miles beyond another obstruction of the same kind had been placed. We reached the second difficulty at midnight, placed our hawser, as the tide was rising, but unfortunately the hawser disengaged itself from the pile, and in the night, with the rising tide, we could not find them to go on with the fork, and my hope of passing through during the night was lost. My object was to get into the river so as to make a dash up to Darien by early daylight. We, however, worked hard that day, and by twelve o'clock got through this last obstruction. Between the two obstructions midways, a battery had been built of mud, with the seeming object of firing at the vessels employed in removing the piles, but which could not be observed from those vessels. As we passed the second obstruction and turned the river, we saw the steamers moving off from the wharf at Darien, with full head of steam, going up the Altamaha River.

At sundown I anchored both vessels at Doboy Island, passing, to reach that spot, which is on the Altamaha River, through Mud River at high-water, with just twelve feet. We remained that day at Doboy, the wind blowing quite a gale from south-west to west. As I had lost all hope of the capture of the steamers, and observing several large fires in the neighborhood of Darien, I determined to proceed no further at this time, more particularly as I found that the brasses of the Potomska's shaft-bearing had broken, and I feared she might become disabled. I had indeed accomplished my object, which was to open the inland passage to Darien, and if the Potomska had not been in what I fear a crippled condition, I should have placed her at Doboy, which commands the river outlet, or at Sapelow Island, which commands the entire entrance to the Altamaha and the inland passage to Savannah. Darien has been deserted as was Brunswick; this we learned from some contrabands who came off to us; a company of horsemen only remaining in town, with the intention of firing the place should we approach it. . . . I have been

from one end of St. Simon's Island to the other. But one white man is I saw him. He is with his aged mother and little child. He had never been in the army, refused to leave his house, and was in mortal dread of our coming, as the military had informed him that we came for the purpose of destroying even the women and children. We procured beef for the vessels at his plantation, for which we paid the price he asked, and furnished the family with some articles, such as coffee, salt, etc., which articles they had not even seen for months. We stopped at one or two other plantations on our way back; all were deserted, but had been tenanted by the military at various times, for as late as November, some one thousand five hundred troops were quartered on St. Simon's. We found some of the places to contain large quantities of cattle, and at Kind's plantation, not three miles from this anchorage, we counted some fifty head near where we landed. All the blacks have been removed from St. Simon's, and at Doboy we met the only negro seen, who was old, and alone on the place. He had been the father of thirteen children, but he informed me that every one had been sold as they reached about eighteen years of age, and as he graphically expressed it, "*for pocket-money for his master.*" Your orders did not embrace the reconnoissance I have just made, and which has caused a delay of several days in communicating to you my progress to Brunswick. I hope, however, you will approve my conduct in the matter. I have now cleared the passage to Darien from inside, which can be performed rapidly by gunboats of ten feet draft. The draft of the Pocahontas and Potomska is rather great, as they might be caught and delayed for higher tides.

I now beg leave, sir, to express myself in warm terms of commendation for the energy and skill of Lieutenant Commanding Balch and Acting Lieut. Commanding Watmough, and for the aid they have rendered me in the active work we have been engaged in for the last eight days; and I take equal pleasure in mentioning the cheerfulness in the work of the officers and crews of the three vessels engaged. I have the honor to be, etc.,

S. W. GODON,
Commander.

Flag-Officer S. J. DU PONT,
Commanding South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

FLAG-OFFICER DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
OFF ST. JOHN'S, FLA., March 20, 1861. }

SIR: I have to inform the Department that I have heard, from Commander Godon, of a dastardly and concealed attack made upon a boat's crew of the Pocahontas. As I have informed the Department, Lieut. Commanding Balch visited the town of Brunswick, without anywhere discovering an enemy.

A reconnoissance had also been made for some miles up Turtle Creek, with the same results. The rebels apparently fled into the interior. On the afternoon of the eleventh instant, Assistant Surgeon A. C. Rhoads, of the Pocahontas, by per-

mission of his commanding officer, landed with a boat's crew near the town, for the purpose of procuring some fresh beef for the ships. Having accomplished his object, the boat was returning to the Pocahontas, but had scarcely gone twenty yards from the beach, when they were suddenly fired upon by a body of rebels concealed in a thicket, and I regret to report that two men, John Wilson, ordinary seaman, and John Shuter, ordinary seaman, were instantly killed, and several wounded—one, William Delaney, mortally, and two seriously, namely, William Smith, second first-class fireman, and Edward Bonsall, coxswain. After the rebels had fired their first volley, they called out in most offensive language to "surrender;" but this demand was refused by Dr. Rhoads, who, with the assistance of Acting Paymaster Kitchen and his wounded boat's crew, pulled as rapidly as they could toward the Pocahontas, the enemy continuing their fire. In a few minutes, a shell from one of the eleven-inch guns of the Mohican dropped among them, and quite near to another company of about sixty men, who were advancing rapidly. The rebels scattered and fled in all directions. Several shells were also fired at a locomotive and train observed in the distance, it is supposed with effect. Throughout this cowardly assault, Dr. Rhoads displayed great coolness and courage, and in his report of the occurrence, whilst commending the crew generally, he especially mentions the bravery exhibited by Daniel Harrington, landsman, into which I shall make further inquiry. Enclosed are the reports of Commander Godon, Lieut. Commanding Balch, and Assistant Surgeon Rhoads. I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,

Flag-Officer Commanding South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron

HON. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of Navy.

Doc. 126.

THE FALL OF FORT PULASKI, GA.

APRIL 11, 1862.

ON Wednesday, April ninth, the batteries on Tybee being completed, order was given to open fire on the following morning, (Thursday,) April tenth. The following special and general orders explain themselves:

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 17.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, }
TYBEE ISLAND, GA., April 9, 1862. }

The batteries established against Fort Pulaski will be manned and ready for service at break of day to-morrow.

The signal to begin the action will be one gun from the right mortar of battery Halleck, (two thousand four hundred yards from the work,) fired under the direction of Lieut. Horace Porter, Chief of Ordnance; charge of mortar eleven pounds, charge of shell eleven pounds, elevation fifty-five degrees, and length of fuse twenty-four seconds.

This battery (two thirteen-inch mortars) will continue firing at the rate of fifteen minutes to each mortar alternately, varying the charge of mortars and length of fuse, so that the shells will drop over the arches of the north and north-east faces of the work, and explode immediately after striking, but not before.

The other batteries will open as follows, namely:

Battery Stanton, (three thirteen-inch mortars, three thousand four hundred yards distant,) immediately after the signal, at the rate of fifteen minutes for each piece, alternately from the right; charge of mortar fourteen pounds, charge of shell seven pounds, elevation forty-five degrees, and length of fuse twenty-three seconds, varying the charge of mortar and length of fuse as may be required. The shells should drop over the arches of the south face of the work, and explode immediately after striking, but not before.

Battery Grant, (three thirteen-inch mortars, three thousand two hundred yards distant,) immediately after the ranges for battery Stanton have been determined, at the rate of fifteen minutes for each piece, alternately from the right; charge of shell seven pounds, elevation forty-five degrees, charge of mortar and length of fuse to be varied to suit the range, as determined from battery Stanton. The shells should drop over the arches of the south face of the work, and explode immediately after striking, but not before.

Battery Lyon, (three ten-inch columbiads, three thousand one hundred yards from the work,) with a curved fire, immediately after the signal, allowing ten minutes between the discharges for each piece, alternating from the right; charge of guns seventeen pounds, charge of shell three pounds, elevation twenty degrees, and length of fuse twenty seconds; the charge and length of fuse to vary as required. The shell should pass over the parapet into the work, taking the gorge and north face in reverse, and exploding at the moment of striking or immediately after.

Battery Lincoln, (three eight-inch columbiads, three thousand and forty-five yards from the work,) with a curved fire, immediately after the signal, allowing six minutes between discharges for each piece, alternating from the right; charge of gun ten pounds, charge of shell one and a half pounds, elevation twenty degrees, and length of fuse twenty seconds, directed the same as battery Lyon, upon the north face and gorge in reverse, varying the charge and length of fuse accordingly.

Battery Burnside, (one thirteen-inch mortar, two thousand seven hundred and fifty yards from the work,) firing every ten minutes, from the range as obtained for battery Sherman; charge of shell seven pounds, elevation forty-five degrees, charge of mortar and length of fuse varying as required from those obtained for battery Sherman. The shells should drop on the arches of the north and north-east faces, and explode immediately after striking, but not before.

Battery Sherman, (three ten-inch mortars, two thousand six hundred and fifty yards from the work,) commencing immediately after the ranges

for battery Grant have been determined, and firing at the rate of fifteen minutes for each piece, alternating from the right; charge of shell seven pounds, elevation forty-five degrees, charge of mortar and length of fuse to be fixed to suit the range as determined from battery Grant. The shells should drop over the arches of the north and north-east faces.

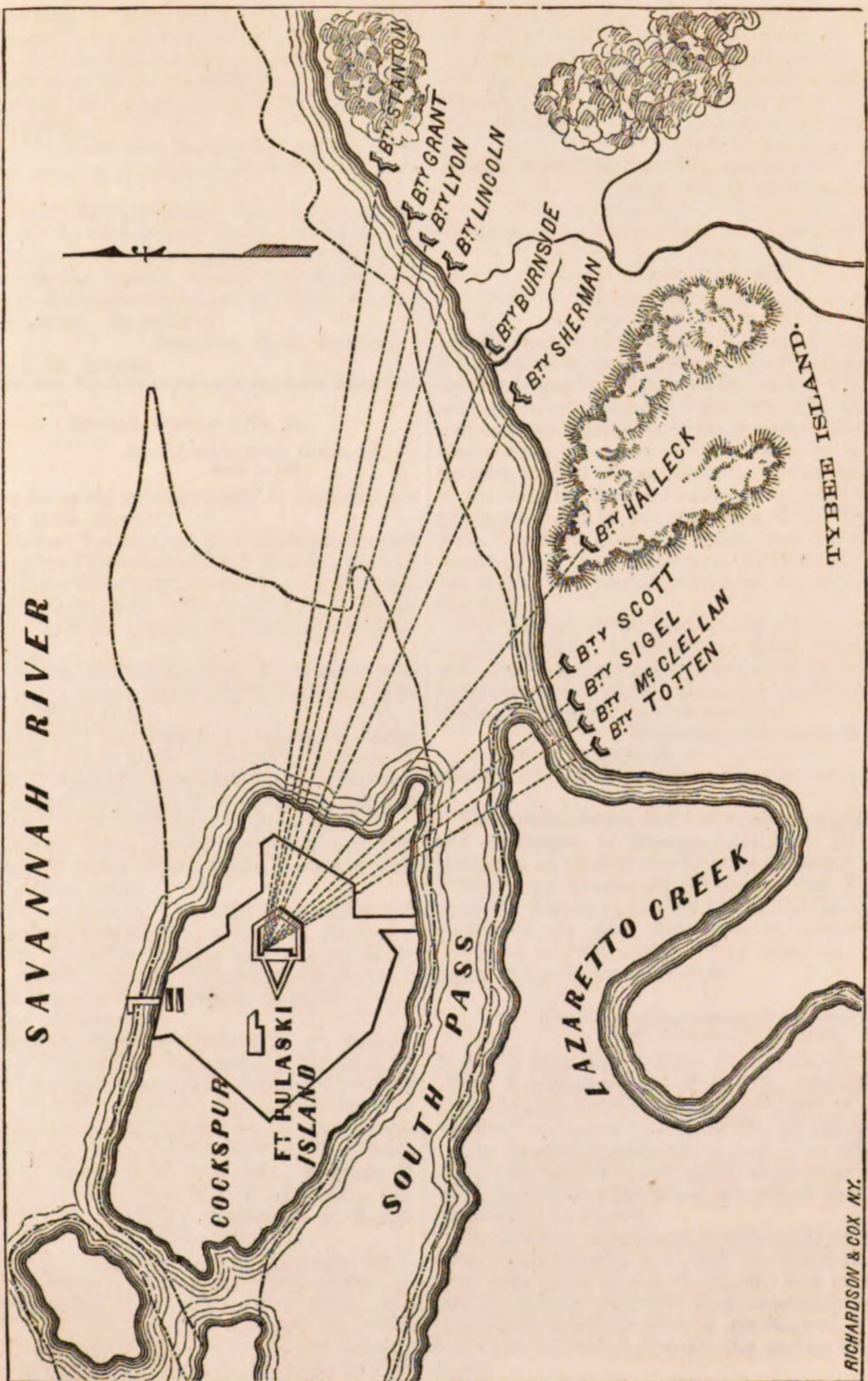
Battery Scott, (three ten-inch and one eight-inch columbiad, one thousand six hundred and seventy-seven yards from the work,) firing solid shot, and commencing immediately after the barbette fire of the works has ceased. Charge of ten-inch columbiads twenty pounds, elevation four and a half degrees; charge of eight-inch columbiad ten pounds, elevation five degrees. This battery should breach the *pancoupé* between the south and south-east faces, and the embrasure next to it in the south-east face; the elevation to be varied accordingly, the charge to remain the same. Until the elevation is accurately determined, each gun should fire once in ten minutes, after that, every six or eight minutes.

Battery Sigel, (five thirty-pounder Parrotts and one twenty-four pounder James, one thousand six hundred and twenty yards from the work,) to open with four and three fourth seconds fuse on the barbette guns of the Fort at the second discharge from battery Sherman. Charge for thirty-pounders, three and one fourth pounds; charge for twenty-four pounder, five pounds; elevation, forty degrees for both calibres.

As soon as the barbette fire of the works has been silenced, this battery will be directed, with percussion-shells, upon the walls, to breach the *pancoupé* between the south and south-east faces, and the embrasure next to it in the south-east face; the elevation to be varied accordingly, the charge to remain the same. Until the elevation is accurately determined, each gun should fire once in six or eight minutes; after that, every four or five minutes.

Battery McClellan (two forty-two and two thirty-two-pounders James, one thousand six hundred and twenty yards from the work) opens fire immediately after battery Scott. Charge for forty-two-pounder, eight pounds; charge for thirty-two-pounder six pounds; elevation of forty-two-pounder four and one fourth degrees, and thirty-two-pounder, four degrees. Each piece should fire once every five or six minutes after the elevation has been established; charge to remain the same. This battery should breach the works in the *pancoupé* between the south and south-east faces, and the embrasure next to it in the south-east face. The steel scraper for the grooves should be used after every fifth or sixth discharge.

Battery Totten (four ten-inch siege-mortars, one thousand six hundred and eighty-five yards from the work) opens fire immediately after battery Sigel, firing each piece about once in five minutes; charge of mortar three and a half pounds, charge of shell three pounds, elevation forty-five degrees, and length of fuse eighteen and a half seconds. The charge of mortar and length



of fuse vary, so as to explode the shell over the north-east and south-east faces of the work.

If any battery should be unmasked outside the work, battery Totten should direct its fire upon it, varying the charge of mortars and length of fuse accordingly.

The fire from each battery will cease at dark, except especial directions be given to the contrary.

A signal-officer at battery Scott, to observe the effects of the thirteen-inch shells, will be in communication with other signal-officers stationed near batteries Stanton, Grant, and Sherman, in order to determine the range for these batteries in succession. By order of

Brig.-Gen. Q. A. GILMORE.

W. L. M. BURGER,

First Lieut. Volunteer Engineers, Acting Asslt. Adjut.-Gen.

SPECIAL ORDERS—No. 32.

HEADQUARTERS, TYBEE ISLAND, GA., }
April 8, 1862.

The following reassignments to batteries are hereby made, namely:

1. Battery Totten, Capt. D. C. Rodman, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Capt. S. H. Gray, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Second Lieut. S. J. Corey, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, with a detachment of Seventh Connecticut Volunteers in three reliefs.

2. Battery McClellan, Capt. H. Rogers, with company H, Third Rhode Island Volunteer artillery, in three reliefs.

3. Battery Sigel, Captain C. Seldeneck, Forty-sixth New-York State Volunteers; Captain T. Hohle, Forty-sixth New-York State Volunteers, with companies B and H, Forty-sixth regiment New-York State Volunteers, in three reliefs.

4. Battery Scott, Captain Pardon Mason, with company F, Third Rhode Island Volunteer artillery, in three reliefs.

5. Battery Halleck, Capt. O. S. Sanford, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Capt. E. S. Hitchcock, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Second Lieut. S. S. Atwell, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, with a detachment of Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, in three reliefs.

6. Battery Sherman, Captain D. C. Francis, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Captain J. B. Dennis, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Second Lieut. V. B. Chamberlain, with a detachment of Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, in three reliefs.

7. Battery Burnside, Sergeant J. E. Wilson, company A, Corps of Engineers; Sergeant P. Maguire, company A, Corps of Engineers; Sergeant Wadlie, with a detachment of Eighth Maine Volunteers, in three reliefs.

8 and 9. Batteries Lincoln and Lyon, Capt. Louis H. Pelouze, Fifteenth infantry, Acting Inspector General Department of the South, with Capt. L. C. Tourtellotte, company B, Third Rhode Island Volunteer artillery, in two reliefs.

10. Battery Grant, Capt. Charles E. Palmer, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Capt. Jerome Tourtellotte, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; First Lieut. Wm. E. Phillips, Seventh Connecti-

cut Volunteers, with a detachment of Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, in three reliefs.

11. Battery Stanton, Capt. B. F. Skinner, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; Capt. Theo. Bacon, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers; First Lieut. Theo. Burdick, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, with a detachment of Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, in three reliefs. By order of

Brig.-Gen. Q. A. GILMORE.

W. L. M. BURGER,

First Lieut.-Col. Engineers, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

SPECIAL ORDERS—No. 37.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, }
TYBEE ISLAND, GA., April 11—4 A.M. }

Flag-Officer Du Pont having, in compliance with a request from the Major-General Commanding the Department of the South, directed a detachment of sailors from the frigate Wabash, under command of Lieutenant John S. Irwin, United States Navy, to report to Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, United States Navy, for service on one of the batteries, they are assigned to battery Sigel, just vacated by two companies of the Forty-sixth New-York State Volunteers, and will take charge of the three thirty-pounder Parrotts and one twenty-four pounder James on the right of that battery.

The balance of the battery will remain with Captain Turner, United States Army, Commissary of Subsistence, and will be served by a detachment of the Eighth Maine regiment, under Captain McArthur. By command of

Brig.-Gen. Q. A. GILMORE.

W. L. M. BURGER,

First Lieut.-Col. Engineers, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The bombardment did not begin as early as was anticipated on Thursday morning. It was postponed an hour or two in order to send a flag of truce, by Lieutenant Wilson, of the Topographical Engineers, to Fort Pulaski, to the commander of the post, demanding an immediate surrender of the works. The following are copies of the demand and reply.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, }
TYBEE ISLAND, GA., April 10, 1862. }

To the Commanding Officer, Fort Pulaski:

SIR: I hereby demand of you the immediate surrender and restoration of Fort Pulaski to the authority and possession of the United States.

This demand is made with a view to avoiding, if possible, the effusion of blood, which must result from the bombardment and attack now in readiness to be opened.

The number, calibre and completeness of the batteries surrounding you, leave no doubt as to what must result in case of refusal; and as the defence, however obstinate, must eventually succumb to the assailing force at my disposal, it is hoped you will see fit to avert the useless waste of life.

This communication will be carried to you under a flag of truce by Lieut. J. H. Wilson, United States Army, who is authorized to wait any pe-

riod not exceeding thirty minutes from delivery for your answer.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

DAVID HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS, FORT PULASKI, April 10, 1862.

Major-General David Hunter, Commanding on Tybee Island:

SIR: I have to acknowledge receipt of your communication of this date, demanding the unconditional surrender of Fort Pulaski.

In reply I can only say that I am here to defend the Fort, not to surrender it.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHAS. H. OLMSTEAD,
Colonel First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia,
Commanding Post.

GENERAL HUNTER'S DESPATCH.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., April 17.

We opened our batteries on Fort Pulaski on the morning of the tenth inst. After thirty hours' continuous firing a practicable breach was made, and preparations for storming were about to commence, when the rebel flag was struck.

We have captured forty-seven guns, seven thousand shot and shell, forty thousand pounds of powder, three hundred and sixty prisoners, with their small arms and accoutrements, and a good supply of provisions. One of our men was killed; none wounded.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
FORT PULASKI, COCKSPUR ISLAND, GA.,
April 18, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington:

SIR: The flag of our country waves over Fort Pulaski. I summoned the garrison to surrender, at sunrise, on the morning of the tenth inst. Immediately on receiving their refusal, at eight A.M., we opened fire, the bombardment continuing without intermission for thirty hours. At the end of eighteen hours' firing, the Fort was breached in the south-east angle, and at the moment of surrender, two o'clock P.M., on the eleventh inst., we had commenced preparations for storming.

The whole armament of the Fort, forty-seven guns, a great supply of fixed ammunition, forty thousand pounds of powder, and large quantities of commissary stores, have fallen into our hands; also three hundred and sixty prisoners, of whom the officers will be sent North by the first opportunity that offers.

The result of this bombardment must cause, I am convinced, a change in the construction of fortifications as radical as that foreshadowed in naval architecture by the conflict between the Monitor and Merrimac. No works of stone or brick can resist the impact of rifled artillery of heavy calibre.

Too much praise cannot be given to Captain Q. A. Gilmore, United States Engineers, (Acting

Brigadier-General,) the officer immediately in charge of our works on Tybee Island, for his industry, skill, and patriotic zeal. Great credit is also due to his assistants, Lieut. J. H. Wilson, United States Topographical Engineers, and Lieut. Horace Porter, of the Ordnance Department. I have also to gratefully acknowledge the services of Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers, United States Navy, who, with one hundred of his men, from the Wabash, under the command of Lieut. Irwin, did nobly at the guns.

Our gallant volunteers, under the scientific direction of Capt. Gilmore, displayed admirable energy and perseverance in the construction of the earthworks on Tybee Island; and nothing could be finer or more impressive than the steadiness, activity, skill and courage with which they worked their guns in battery.

When I receive the reports of the officers more immediately in command, Brig.-Gen. H. W. Benham, and Acting Brig.-Gen. Gilmore, a statement more in detail will be immediately forwarded; but I cannot close without expressing my thanks to both these officers, and the hope that Acting Brig.-Gen. Gilmore may be confirmed in the position of Brigadier-General, to which, in this bombardment, he has established such deserving claims.

I am happy to state that our loss was but one man killed, the earthworks of our batteries affording secure protection against the heaviest fire of the enemy. The loss of the enemy has been stated as three severely wounded. I have the honor to be, sir, most respectfully, your very obedient servant,

DAVID HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding Department of the South.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL BENHAM.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION,
NORTHERN DISTRICT, DEPT OF THE SOUTH,
FORT PULASKI, COCKSPUR ISLAND, GA., April 12, 1862.

To Major-Gen. David Hunter, Commanding Department of the South:

SIR: I have the honor to report the conclusion of the operations of the siege of Fort Pulaski, in Savannah River, Ga., which have resulted in the capture of that fortress and its armament, and the unconditional surrender of the effective force of the garrison, amounting to three hundred and sixty-one, of whom twenty-four were officers, besides about eighteen who were sick or wounded.

This siege is, as I would remark, the first trial, at least on our side the Atlantic, of the modern heavy and rifled projectiles against forts erected and supposed to be sufficiently strong, prior to these inventions, almost equalling, as it would appear, the revolution accomplished in naval warfare by the iron-clad vessels recently constructed.

These operations, with the cordial assistance and coöperation of the naval forces, under Flag-Officer S. F. Du Pont, have been accomplished by a portion of the troops of my division, for the most part under the immediate direction of Capt. Q. A. Gilmore, Corps of Engineers, Acting Brig.-General, and Chief Engineer of the siege, to whose report, a copy of which is respectfully forwarded

herewith, I have the honor to refer you for the detail of the operations.

Immediately after our arrival in this department, as you are aware, I visited Tybee Island, (on the thirty-first ult.,) and carefully inspected the works being erected there for the direct attack upon this Fort, which had been well advanced by Gen. Gilmore, under the direction of that faithful and judicious officer, Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sherman, my predecessor in this district. These works consisted of eleven batteries, prepared for thirty-five to thirty-seven pieces of heavy ordnance, extending along an oblique line of about one and a half miles in length, opposite the south-east face of the Fort, the extremities of this line being at distances, respectively, of about one and two miles from the Fort. They were placed with great skill and judgment, and constructed properly, and with as much strength and regularity as the circumstances of the case would permit; and the care and forethought of the engineer in providing for the proper supply of ordnance and other stores that might be needed, is worthy of especial mention, the whole arrangement at Tybee Island meeting my entire approval.

Desiring, however, if possible, to obtain a concentric fire upon the work, I endeavored to arrange with Gen. Viele (commanding at Dawfuskie Island) to accomplish this object, directing him, upon the sixth inst., to place a battery on Long Island to attack the gorge of the Fort on the west; and after a second visit to him on the ninth, to construct another (if practicable, and the distance was not too great) upon Turtle Island, on the north, the object being mainly the moral effect of an encircling fire, rather than the expectation of any serious effect upon the walls at that distance. From some cause, however, the heavy ordnance for these batteries did not arrive in time, and the lighter pieces most available, and placed in position on Long Island, served rather as a diversion than for any serious demonstration upon the work.

The main attack upon the Fort, as you are aware, commenced on the morning of the tenth inst., at about half-past seven o'clock, and immediately after the refusal of its commander to surrender, according to your summons, previously sent. Being present yourself, at or between our batteries, for the greater portion of the day, during the contest between these batteries and the Fort, you are, of course, personally aware of the great efficiency with which these batteries were served, and of the successful commencement of the breach at the south-east angle of the Fort on that day. You are also aware of the efficient and accurate firing of the guns at the Fort, directed as they were with great precision, not only at our batteries, but even at the individual persons passing between them or otherwise exposed. The firing on our part, though delayed at first by the necessity of obtaining the proper range, was kept up with such vigor that over three thousand projectiles varying in size from the thirteen-inch mortar-shell to the thirty-pound Parrott shot, were thrown at the Fort during the first day.

At evening, as it was necessary to guard against the possibility of attack from the Wilmington marshes, a force of some two regiments was stationed upon the ridges of land adjacent, one immediately in rear of the upper batteries, and one on a ridge running toward Tybee River; and to give Gen. Gilmore an opportunity for the rest which he required, I arranged with him to remain myself at the batteries, in general charge of the forces, during the first half of the night, directing, at the same time, that the shells should be thrown at the Fort every ten or fifteen minutes during the night, for the purpose of fatiguing the garrison. This shell practice, especially during the early part of the night, while the moon was up, was reported to be most successful, or fully as accurate as by daylight.

As a principal battery, of one James and five Parrott guns, near the Fort, appeared not to have been as successfully served as was possible during the day, and as a detachment of one hundred seamen from the Navy, under Lieut. Irwin, had been kindly furnished to us by Flag-Officer Du Pont, (at the suggestion of Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers,) which had unfortunately reached us too late for the first assignment to the batteries, I directed that a portion of this battery should be placed in the hands of this command, and the remainder with suitable men, to be under Captain Turner, A. C. S., late of the First artillery, U.S.A., and now Chief Commissary of your staff, and the James and three of the Parrott guns were assigned to the naval detachment accordingly.

At about seven on the morning of the eleventh the fire opened with great vigor and accuracy, the certainty as to direction and distance being greatly beyond that of the previous day, especially on the part of the enemy, there being scarcely any exposure of our force that did not draw a close shot, while the embrasures and parapets of our batteries were most accurately reached.

At about ten to eleven A.M., I visited the batteries, finding each of them most efficiently served, especially the small mortar-batteries nearest the Fort, the batteries just referred to, in charge of the Navy and Capt. Turner, and the columbiad batteries under Capt. Pelouze. I found that an embrasure at the breached point, which was much enlarged on the previous day, was now opened to fully the size of the recess arch, or some eight or ten feet square, and the adjacent embrasures were rapidly being brought to a similar condition. At about noon the whole mask and parapet-wall of the casemate first injured fell into the ditch, raising a ramp quite visible to us, and soon after the corresponding parts of the adjacent casemates began to fall, the Parrott and James shot passing quite through, as we could see the heavy timber blindage in rear of the casemates, to the rear of the magazine, on the opposite (north-west) angle of the Fort.

In this state of things I felt sure that we would soon be called to peel off the whole scarp-wall from the front of the casemates of the south-east front, making a breach greatly larger than the

small garrison could defend, with, probably, another smaller breach upon the opposite side; and I at once determined that, if the resistance was continued, it would be best, and entirely practicable, to storm the Fort successfully within thirty to forty hours. And I had given directions to Gen. Gilmore, to have suitable scaling-ladders prepared for the purpose, and was arranging for the proper forces, boats, etc., when, at about two P.M., we discovered a white flag thrown up, and the rebel flag, after telling out to the wind for a few minutes at *half-mast*, came slowly to the ground.

I then directed my Assistant Adjutant-General, Capt. A. B. Ely, to leave for the Fort; but finding soon after your own Adjutant-General, Major Halpine, at the batteries, I commissioned him (accompanied by Capt. Ely) to proceed there with the terms I proposed—simply those of your own first note, demanding the surrender of the garrison, and all the armament and weapons; no other modification to be allowed than that they should have as favorable terms as are given by our Government in this war. General Gilmore reaching the upper batteries soon after, and appearing to desire it, and as his services most eminently merited that his wishes should be gratified, I authorized him to pass over to accept the surrender of the Fort; and the terms assented to by him, are essentially those dictated by me, excepting, perhaps, those relating to the disabled men, who would otherwise have been a burden to us. And by the return of these, I have endeavored to provide by a letter from Col. Olmstead, the rebel commander, for the receiving of a like number of men of the Forty-sixth New-York regiment, captured from Tybee about two weeks since.

I have now, in closing, but the pleasing duty of reporting upon the instances of individual merit that have come under my observation during that siege, which report must necessarily be brief, where so many have done so well.

And to the kind and cordial coöperation of the naval forces under Flag-Officer Du Pont, I feel that our highest thanks are due; for it was only by their assistance that we have been completely enabled to isolate the Fort from the hope of succor and relief; while the needy supply of ordnance stores and other material most needed by us, at the last moment, has been of great value. And the battery manned by their detachment, under Lieut. Irwin, I have the pleasure of stating, was one of the most efficiently served against the Fort during the action; a supervision being kept over it constantly by Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers in person—an officer who, an acquaintance of more than twenty years' standing assures me, is without a superior in our own or any other service.

To Acting Brigadier-General D. A. Gilmore, (Captain of Engineers,) the highest praise is due, for the exercise of his great professional skill and judgment, and his laborious industry, in arranging and personally superintending all the general preparations, and all the details of the

actual siege, which has resulted so successfully, showing him eminently worthy of the position and rank in which his previous Commander, Gen. Sherman, had placed him, as far as was in his power; and which rank I would respectfully ask your interest for confirmation of by the President.

Capt. Pelouze, Acting Inspector-General of the Department; Capt. Turner, Chief Commissary of the Department; Lieut. Porter, of the United States Ordnance Department, and Lieut. Wilson, Topographical Engineers—all in charge of batteries—rendered most zealous and efficient service, which their previous military education has so well fitted them for. Lieut. P. H. O'Rourke, of the United States Engineers, acting as Assistant Engineer to Gen. Gilmore, was also most energetic and useful.

Of your own staff, I had the pleasure of noticing repeatedly under fire, most actively engaged, Major Halpine, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut. Smith, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Major Hough, most especially zealous; Major Wright, Captains Thompson and Dole, Lieuts. Stockton, Hay, and Kinsie, your Aids—not only complying with your own directions, but ready to aid me at all times when needed.

Lieut.-Col. Hall, of the Volunteer Engineer regiment, deserves most especial commendation for his activity, zeal, and general usefulness at all times, by night and by day, by which he constantly rendered most valuable services, as did the battalion of his fine regiment during the siege and previously; and Captain McArthur, of the Eighth Maine regiment, being highly praised by different officers who witnessed his successful management of his men at the batteries, deserves my commendation.

The companies of the Third Rhode Island artillery, under Capt. Tourtelotte, served their guns most efficiently; and the Seventh Connecticut regiment, under Colonel Terry, very ably manned the batteries which they had most laboriously constructed; so that I designated them, as I was pleased to find had been (unknown to me) the previous selection of Gen. Gilmore, for the honor of being the first to garrison the surrendered Fort.

Of my personal staff, my senior Aid, Lieut. A. B. Ely, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, was constantly with me when not occupied otherwise by my direction; still showing most eminently every qualification, as he had done previously, for the responsible position for which I had selected him—and Lieut. S. U. Benham, my junior Aid, and S. H. Hawks, Acting Aid, were ready and prompt in the discharge of their duties. Col. Serrell, of the Volunteer Engineer regiment, (acting temporarily on my staff,) showed great zeal and activity throughout the action.

I would respectfully recommend in relation to the commander of the garrison of the Fort, Col. Chas. H. Olmstead, whose gallant conduct as an enemy, and whose courtesy as a gentleman are entitled to all consideration, that should you deem it proper, the courtesy of the return of his

own sword, should be extended to him. His defence I would remark, was continued until almost the latest limit possible; for a few hours more of our fire, would, to all appearance, have sufficed for the destruction of the magazine and a larger portion of the Fort, while another day would have unavoidably placed the garrison at the mercy of a storming column from our command.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

H. W. BENHAM,
Brigadier-General Commanding Northern District,
Department of the South.

GENERAL GILMORE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, FORT PULASKI, GA., }
April 12, 1862. }

Lieut. A. B. Ely, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Northern District, Department of the South:

SIR: I have the honor to report that several batteries established on Tybee Island, to operate against Fort Pulaski, opened fire on the morning of the tenth inst., at a quarter-past eight o'clock, commencing with the thirteen-inch mortars.

When the range of these pieces had been approximately obtained, by the use of signals, the other batteries opened in the order previously prescribed in "General Orders, No. Seventeen," from these headquarters, hereunto appended, as part of this report, so that by half-past nine o'clock all our batteries—eleven in number—had commenced their work.

The breaching batteries opened at half-past nine o'clock. With the exception of four ten-inch columbiads, dismounted at the outset by their own recoil, in consequence of their having been supplied pintles, and from very serious defects in the wrought-iron chapis, which will be noticed more fully in my detailed report, all the pieces were served through the day.

With few exceptions, strict regard was paid to the instructions laid down in the order regulating the rapidity and direction of the fire. At dark all the pieces ceased firing, except the thirteen-inch mortars, one ten-inch mortar, and one thirty-pound Parrott, which were served through the night at intervals of twenty minutes for each piece.

The only plainly perceptible result of this cannonade of ten and a half hours' duration, the breaching batteries having been served but nine and a half hours, was the commencement of a breach in the easterly half of the *pancoupé* connecting the south and south-east faces, and in that portion of the south-east face spanned by the two casemates adjacent to the *pancoupé*. The breach had been ordered in this portion of the scarp so as to take in reverse, through the opening, the magazine located in the angle formed by the gorge and north face.

Two of the barbette guns of the Fort have been disabled, and three casemate guns silenced. The enemy served both tiers of guns briskly throughout the day, but without injury to the *materiel* or *personnel* of our batteries.

The result from the mortar-batteries was not at all satisfactory, notwithstanding the care and skill with which the pieces were served.

On the morning of the eleventh our batteries again opened a little after sunrise, with decided effect, the Fort returning a heavy and well-directed fire from its barbette and casemate guns. The breach was rapidly enlarged. At the expiration of three hours the entire casemate next the *pancoupé* had been opened, and by eleven o'clock the one adjacent to it was in a similar condition. Directions were then given to train the guns upon the third embrasure, upon which the breaching batteries were operating with effect, when the Fort hoisted the white flag. This occurred at two o'clock P.M.

The formalities of visiting the Fort, receiving the surrender and occupying it with our troops, consumed the balance of the afternoon and evening.

I cannot indulge in detail, however interesting and instructive, in this hasty and preliminary report; but the pleasing duty of acknowledging the services of the officers and men under my command, during the laborious and fatiguing preliminaries for opening fire, as well as during the action, I do not feel at liberty to defer.

The labor of landing the heaviest ordnance, with large supplies of ordnance stores, upon an open and exposed beach, remarkable for its heavy surf, taking advantage of the tide day and night—the transportation of these articles to the advanced batteries under cover of night; the erection of seven of the eleven batteries in plain view of Fort Pulaski, and under its fire; the construction upon marshy ground in the night-time exclusively of nearly one mile of causeway, resting on fascines and brushwood; the difficult task of hauling the guns, carriages and chapis to their positions, in the dark, over a narrow road, bordered by marsh, by the labor of the men alone, (the advance being two and a half miles from the landing;) the indomitable perseverance and cheerful deportment of the officers and men under the frequent discouragement of breaking down and miring in the swamp, are services to the cause and country which I do not feel at liberty to leave unrecorded. An idea of the immense labor expended in transporting the ordnance can be gained from the fact that two hundred and fifty men could hardly move a thirteen-inch mortar, loaded, on a sling-cart. Another circumstance deserving especial mention, is, that twenty-two of the thirty-six pieces comprised in the batteries were served during the action by the troops who had performed the fatiguing labors to which I have referred above. They received all their instructions in gunnery, at such odd times as they could be spared from other duty, during the week preceding the action.

The troops which participated in all the heavy labor, were the Forty-sixth New-York Volunteers, Col. Rudolph Rosa; the Seventh Connecticut volunteers, Col. Alfred H. Terry; two companies of the New-York Volunteer Engineers (Capt. Graef and Lieut. Brooks) under command of Lieut.-Col.

James F. Hall; two companies of the Third Rhode Island artillery, (Capts. Mason and Rodgers,) and a small detachment from company A, corps of engineers, under Sergeant James E. Wilson.

Col. Terry and Lieut.-Col. Hall entered most zealously upon the discharge of their varied duties.

A detachment from Col. Rosa's regiment, under Capt. Hinkle, have occupied, since the twenty-second of February, an advanced and very exposed position on Lazaretto Creek, by which boat communication between Fort Pulaski and the interior was cut off. Several interesting reconnoissances of Wilmington Island were made by Capt. Hinkle, one of which, commanded by Col. Rosa, developed some useful information.

Lieut. Horace Porter, of the Ordnance Department, has rendered signal, important and indispensable services. Besides discharging most faithfully the special duties of ordnance officer, he directed, in person, the transportation of the heaviest ordnance, and drilled and instructed the men in its use, laboring indefatigably day and night. He was actively engaged among the batteries during the action.

Lieut. James H. Wilson, Corps of Topographical Engineers, joined my command eleven days before the action, and did good service in instructing the artillerists. He rendered efficient service with the breaching batteries on the tenth and eleventh.

Capt. S. H. Pelouze, Fifteenth infantry, U.S.A., and Capt. J. W. Turner, of the Commissary Department, U.S.A., member of Gen. Hunter's staff, volunteered for the action, and did good service in the batteries.

I am under obligations to Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, U.S.N., for skilfully serving four siege-guns in battery Sigel on the eleventh.

Lieut. P. H. O'Rourke, Corps of Engineers, and Adam Badeau, Esq., volunteered, and served on my staff as aids during the tenth and eleventh.

Sergeant J. E. Wilson, of Co. A, Corps of Engineers, (regular army,) did excellent service in mounting the heavy guns and getting them ready for action.

He commanded battery Burnside during the action. No mortar-battery was served more skilfully than his.

I will close this preliminary report by some general deductions from absolute results, without going into details or reasons.

1. Mortars (even thirteen-inch sea-coast) are unavailable for the reduction of works of small area like Fort Pulaski. They cannot be fired with sufficient accuracy to crush the casemate arches. They might, after a long time, tire out any ordinary garrison.

2. Good rifled guns, properly served, can breach rapidly at one thousand six hundred and fifty yards distance.

A few heavy round shot, to bring down the masses loosened by the rifled projectiles, are of good service.

I would not hesitate to attempt a practicable

breach in a brick scarf at two thousand yards distance, with guns of my own selection.

3. No better piece for breaching can be desired than the forty-two pounder James. The grooves, however, must be kept clean.

Parrott guns, throwing as much metal as the James, would be equally good, supposing them to fire as accurately as the Parrott thirty-pounder.

I append to this report a map, giving the position of our several batteries, and the orders issued, assigning the detachments to the batteries, and regulating the direction and rapidity of the firing.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant

Q. A. GILMORE,

Brig.-General Vols., Commanding U. S. Forces, Tybee and Cockspur Islands, Ga

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL VIELE.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, }
SAVANNAH RIVER, April 11, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the troops under my command, in connection with the investment and reduction of Fort Pulaski.

The plan of operations assigned to me comprised the erection of batteries on the Savannah River, to cut off communication between the Fort and the city of Savannah, from which supplies, ammunition and men were drawn; and to establish batteries on the islands adjacent to the Fort, against the gorge and left flank, with which, in conjunction with the batteries on Tybee Island, the Fort could be reduced.

The expedition for these purposes was fitted out at Port Royal, and consisted of a detachment of the Third Rhode Island artillery, a detachment of volunteer engineers, a battalion of the Eighth Maine regiment, the Sixth regiment Connecticut Volunteers, the Forty-eighth New-York Volunteers and a full supply of heavy ordnance and intrenching tools.

A full reconnoissance and report had previously been made by Lieut. J. H. Wilson, Topographical Engineers, of the water communications with the Savannah River, by which it was developed that the rebels had sunk the hulk of a brig, securely fixed in its position by means of heavy piles, in what is known as "Wall's Cut," an artificial channel connecting Wright River, one of the outlets of the Savannah, with Bull River, which last, by its connection, forms a direct communication with the harbor of Port Royal, thus serving as a thoroughfare between that harbor and Savannah.

The removal of this hulk was the first thing to be accomplished, and was intrusted to Major O. S. Beard, Forty-eighth New-York Volunteers, who, with the aid of a company of the Volunteer Engineers, and by means of mechanical appliances suggested by his own ingenuity, succeeded after three weeks of unremitting night labor, and in close proximity to the rebel forces, in removing the piles and hulk from the channel, so as to admit of the passage of gunboats and light-draught steamers.

This being accomplished, the expedition proceeded to the north end of Dawfuskie Island, at which point a camp and depot were established for operations in the Savannah. Reconnoissances for suitable locations for the batteries were there made, under the superintendence of Capt. and Acting Brig.-Gen. Gilmore, during which the telegraphic communication between Fort Pulaski and Savannah was cut, and the wires, both land and submarine, removed for about the distance of one mile. Venus Point, on Jones's Island, on the north side of the Savannah, and the upper end of Long Island, in the Savannah River, were recommended as the most feasible positions to be occupied.

These islands, as well as all others in the river, are merely deposits of soft mud, on sand shoals, always covered at high-tide, and overgrown with dank grasses.

The occupation of points so unfavorable for the erection of batteries, was rendered still more difficult by the presence in the Savannah of a fleet of rebel gunboats, constantly passing and always on the alert.

To have floated the ordnance in the flatboats in which it had been placed, into the Savannah River, would have exposed it to capture by the gunboats; to move it over the swamps seemed almost impossible, while at the same time it would constantly be exposed to view from the river.

The alternative was adopted of moving the armament of one battery by hand, at night, on shifting tram-ways, across Jones's Island; and this was accomplished on the night of the eleventh of February. A drenching storm added to the difficulties—the men often sinking to their waists in the marsh, and the guns sometimes slipping from the tram-ways. By morning the guns were in position on the river, and the next day resisted, with unfinished platforms, and without cover, an attack from the rebel gunboats, disabling and driving them off.

Three days after, another battery was erected on Bird Island, in the Savannah, under cover of the battery on Jones's Island. Bird Island was selected in preference to the upper end of Long Island, as affording a more uninterrupted command of the south channel of the river.

Since the erection of the batteries, the works have been completed on both islands—the one on Jones's Island being called Fort Vulcan, and that on Bird Island, battery Hamilton; and although the material of which they are composed, (mud, highly saturated with water,) is of the most unfavorable description, they are both creditable specimens of field-works, and evidence the great labor and perseverance of the troops, under the most trying circumstances—the fatigue-parties always standing in water twenty-four hours.

The positions selected for batteries to aid in the reduction of the Fort, were the lower end of Long Island and the south side of Turtle Island.

As these two points were directly under the fire of the Fort, it was deemed advisable to delay

the erection of the batteries until those on Tybee Island were ready to open. Hence, it was not until the night before the bombardment commenced, that they were thrown up. The intrenchments were completed; but before the guns were all in position, the Fort surrendered unconditionally. The mortar-batteries on Long Island did good execution.

In reporting the results accomplished, I have to refer to the services rendered by the staff of Gen. Sherman, without which the work could not have been performed. These officers were Capt. and Acting Brig.-Gen. Gilmore, Chief Engineer; Capt. John Hamilton, Chief of Artillery; Lieut. J. H. Wilson, Topographical Engineer; Lieut. Porter, Ordnance Corps, and Lieutenant O'Rourke, Engineer Corps.

Hesitating at no amount of exposure or fatigue, they succeeded, by their individual examples, in inspiring the men with that energy and zeal which alone could have led them to accomplish the arduous labor required.

I am also greatly indebted to the services of Capt. Sears, of the Volunteer Engineers, and to Captain J. H. Liebenau, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The accompanying sketch exhibits the positions of the batteries.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EGBERT L. VIELE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

To Lieut. A. B. ELY,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

REPORT OF COMMODORE DU PONT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., April 13, 1862. }

SIR: The despatches from the Commanding General of this Department to the Honorable Secretary of War, will convey the gratifying intelligence of the fall of Fort Pulaski. It was a purely military operation, the result of laborious and scientific preparation, and of consummate skill and bravery in the execution. It would not have pertained to me to address you, in reference to this brilliant and successful achievement, had not Major-General Hunter, with a generous spirit long to be remembered, permitted the navy to be represented on this interesting occasion, by allowing a detachment of seamen and officers from this ship to serve one of the breaching-batteries.

I have thanked the General personally for this kindness, and I desire, at the same time, to express my acknowledgments to Brig.-Gen. Benham and Acting Brig.-Gen. Gilmore for the acts of consideration shown by them to my officers and men.

I enclose the report of Commander C. R. P. Rodgers, who had the honor to command the battery "Sigel," on the second and important day.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,
Flag-Officer Com'g South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.
To Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

COMMANDER RODGERS'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH,
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., April 13, 1862. }

Flag-Officer S. F. Du Pont:

SIR: I have the honor to report the return of the detachment from this ship, which had the good fortune to take part in the bombardment of Fort Pulaski. It reached Tybee on the morning of the tenth instant, just before the fire was opened, and the batteries being already manned, our men could not participate in the action of the first day.

Gen. Hunter, Gen. Benham, and Gen. Gilmore all manifested the most generous desire to give the navy a share in the good work; and on the eleventh, the most important day, two rifled guns in battery "Sigel," one of the nearest and most exposed batteries, and consequently one of the posts of honor, were assigned to the men of the Wabash. We occupied it at daybreak, and kept up a steady and well-directed fire until the Fort hauled down its flag, at two o'clock P.M.

The officers and men behaved well. I beg leave to commend to you Lieut. Irwin, Acting Master Robertson, and Midshipmen M. L. Johnson and F. H. Pearson, Lewis Boun, captain of the fore-castle, and George H. Wood, quartermaster. When the enemy hoisted the white flag, Gen. Benham most courteously invited me to detail a naval officer to accompany the officers sent by him to arrange the terms of the surrender, and I sent Lieut. Irwin upon that honorable duty.

I spent the first day of the bombardment in the trenches with Gen. Hunter, and in visiting the different batteries, which I caused to be visited by several of our officers and men, that they might profit by the experience to be acquired.

The bombardment began at eight o'clock A.M. on the tenth, and continued during the day.

At first, while procuring the ranges, it was somewhat inaccurate, many of the artillerists being quite untrained. On the second day, in spite of a high wind, the firing from the rifled guns and columbiads was excellent, the former boring into the brick face of the wall like augers, and the latter striking and breaking off great masses of masonry which had been cut loose by the rifles.

The four upper batteries were about sixteen hundred yards distant from Fort Pulaski, and quite beyond the distance at which it has hitherto been held practicable to effect a breach, but it proved an easy breaching range with those wonderful projectiles which we now possess.

When the Fort surrendered, the barbette guns had been silenced, and many of them dismounted. The breach was practicable in two places, and could have been stormed without doubt. Our projectiles were passing through it, and were knocking down the opposite wall, which protected the main magazine, so that the garrison were convinced that in an hour the magazine must have blown up. The heavy thirteen-inch mortars inflicted much less injury than I had expected. The casemates did not seem at all shaken by them. The parade-ground had been farmed into

deep furrows, into which the shells rolled and burst, without the power of doing much harm. The guns used by the men of the Wabash were three thirty-pounder Parrotts, and one twenty-four-pounder James.

I am, very respectfully,

C. R. P. RODGERS,

Commander.

TERMS OF CAPITULATION.

FORT PULASKI, GA., April 11, 1862.

Gen. H. W. Benham, Commanding Northern District, Department of the South, Tybee Island, Ga.:

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith the terms of capitulation for the surrender to the United States of Fort Pulaski, Ga., signed by me this eleventh day of April, 1862.

I trust these terms will receive your approval, they being substantially those authorized by you, as commander of the District.

The Fort hoisted the white flag at forty-five minutes past one o'clock this afternoon, after a resistance since eight o'clock yesterday morning to the continuous fire of our batteries.

A practicable breach in the walls was made in eighteen and a half hours' firing by daylight.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

Q. A. GILMORE.

Brig.-Gen. Volunteers,

Com'g U. S. Forces on Tybee Island, Ga.

HEADQUARTERS NORTHERN DISTRICT,
DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
TYBEE ISLAND, GA., April 11, 1862. }

Major-Gen. D. Hunter, United States Army, Commanding Department of the South:

SIR: I have the satisfaction of enclosing to you herewith the terms of surrender of Fort Pulaski, as arranged this day by Acting Brig.-Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, whom I despatched to the Fort for that purpose immediately after the appearance of the white flag from that Fort, about two P.M., *this day — the anniversary* of the opening of the fire upon Fort Sumter by the rebels, last year.

The terms agreed to by Col. C. H. Olmstead, the rebel commander of the Fort, are essentially those dictated by myself; and such as I trust will meet with your approval, from my previous communications with you on this subject.

With much congratulation to you on this first success in your present department, I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. BENHAM,

Brig.-Gen. Com'g Northern District
and First Division Department of the South.

Terms of capitulation agreed upon for the surrender to the forces of the United States of Fort Pulaski, Cockspur Island, Ga.:

ART. 1. The Fort, armament, and garrison to be surrendered at once to the forces of the United States.

ART. 2. The officers and men of the garrison to be allowed to take with them all their private effects, such as clothing, bedding, books, etc. This not to include private weapons.

ART. 3. The sick and wounded, under charge

of the hospital steward of the garrison, to be sent up under a flag of truce to the confederate lines; and at the same time the men to be allowed to send up any letters they may desire, subject to the inspection of a Federal officer.

Signed the eleventh day of April, 1862, at Fort Pulaski, Cockspur Island, Ga.

CHAS. H. OLMSTEAD,
Col. First Vol. Reg't of Ga., Com'g Fort Pulaski.
Q. A. GILMORE,
Brig.-Gen. Vols., Com'g U. S. Forces, Tybee Island, Ga.

REBEL OFFICERS CAPTURED.

Col. Chas. H. Olmstead, commanding post.
Major John Foley.
Adjutant M. H. Hopkins.
Quartermaster Robert Irwin.
Commissaries Robert D. Walker, J. T. McFarland.
Sergeant-Major Robert H. Lewis.
Quartermaster's Sergeant Wm. C. Crawford.
Ordnance Sergeant Harvey Sims.

OFFICERS OF THE MONTGOMERY GUARD, SAVANNAH.

Capt. L. J. Gilmartin, First Lieut. John J. Symons, Senior Second Lieut. Christopher Hussey, Junior Second Lieut. C. M. Murphy.

GERMAN VOLUNTEERS, SAVANNAH.

Capt. John H. Steigen, Senior Second Lieut. Henry Warner, Junior Second Lieut. Charles Umbach.

OGLETHORPE LIGHT INFANTRY, SAVANNAH.

Capt. T. W. Sims, First Lieut. H. C. Truman, Junior Second Lieut. James Ackerman.

WISE GUARD, MACON COUNTY, GA.

Capt. M. J. McMullin, First Lieut. T. W. Montfort, Senior Second Lieut. J. D. N. Lullow, Junior Second Lieut. John Blow.

WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS, SAVANNAH.

Capt. John McMahon, First Lieut. Francis Blair, Senior Second Lieut. J. C. Rowland, Junior Second Lieut. A. J. McArthur.

ACCOUNT BY A PARTICIPANT.

On the eighth of April, Gen. Hunter and staff went ashore on Tybee Island. It was intended to open fire the next morning, but a delay of one day was found necessary. Gen. Hunter did not take up his headquarters ashore, though he visited the batteries, and on the first day of the bombardment remained at them. Gen. Benham was in the action both days, but the command was left with General Gilmore. Capt. Pelouze, late Adjutant-General on Gen. Sherman's staff, and now Inspector-General of the Department of the South, volunteered to take command of a battery, and was assigned to two. Lieut. Wilson, who had been engaged in drilling his men at their guns for several days, acted on the staff of Gen. Gilmore, and exercised a sort of supervision of several of the batteries in conjunction with Lieut. Porter.

On the night of the ninth I rode with Lieut.

Porter through the batteries. His object was to ascertain if it would be possible to open fire at sunrise in the morning. We visited each battery in turn: first the two mortar-batteries, Stanton and Grant, the furthest from the Fort. These were to be commanded by Capt. Skinner and Palmer, of the Connecticut Seventh. Then batteries Lyon and Lincoln, under Capt. Pelouze. One of them mounted three ten-inch, and the other three eight-inch columbiads. All of these four works were more than three thousand yards from Pulaski. Battery Burnside, under command of Sergeant Wilson, of the Ordnance, mounted one thirteen-inch mortar; battery Sherman commanded by Capt. Francis, consisted of three thirteen-inch mortars. There stretched out an interval of ground beyond this battery, half a mile or more, entirely exposed. One battery, (Halleck, Capt. Sanford,) only interrupted it. Halleck was two thousand four hundred yards from the Fort, and contained the last of the thirteen-inch mortars. The next was battery Scott, Capt. Mason, of the Third Rhode Island, only one thousand six hundred and seventy-seven yards from Fort Pulaski. It contained three ten-inch columbiads, and one eight-inch. Next came battery Sigel, Captain Seldeneck, of the Forty-sixth New-York, and battery McClellan, Capt. Rodgers. Both of these, which were side by side, were one thousand six hundred and twenty yards distant from the centre of Pulaski. The former mounted one twenty-four-pound James, and five twenty-pound Parrott guns; the latter two twelve-pound James, and two thirty-two-pound James. Last of all was battery Totten, under Capt. Rodman, where were placed the four ten-inch mortars. All of these nearest batteries were very close together, and, as they were to be so much exposed, connected by trenches or covered ways. The splinter-proofs now were immediately in the rear of the batteries, so that the men could pass directly from their guns to cover. These works were erected on a narrow strip of fast land, and just behind them was a wide swamp, into which it was hoped that most of the enemy's shells would fall. The batteries, though open, were still admirably protected. A man could scarcely be hurt, unless in passing between them, or in the event of a shell falling directly into the works and exploding; when, of course, all in the neighborhood were endangered. The swamp extends into the interior of the Island, and seemed likely to receive some of the shot and shell aimed at the lower batteries, but its position in the rear of those most exposed seemed almost providential.

Men were very busily at work without lanterns, at every one of the batteries, piling or filling shells, building revetments to render the parapets still more secure, lowering the terrepleins, deepening the trenches. And Porter went around to each gun, to ascertain if its captain was prepared with whatever would be necessary on the morrow. Some wanted one implement, and some another; these had no priming-wire, and those no friction-tube. All the thousand little needs that spring up invariably in an emer-

gency were imperious. Lists were made out, and sent into headquarters, and officers assured that everything possible should be obtained, and the rest must be dispensed with. At the ten-inch mortar battery, fuse-plugs were still wanting, and the ordnance officer was in despair. He had brought out a specimen of one prepared for another piece, in hopes it might serve; and although one trial doubtless convinced him how vain were his hopes, he persisted in poking his plug again and again into the hole; but it was of no use. Here were these four pieces, at this most advanced position, rendered entirely useless. Not one could be fired. Finally, a happy thought struck him; there was a Yankee regiment on the island; all Yankees are whittlers; if this regiment could be turned out to-night, they might whittle enough fuse-plugs before morning to fire a thousand rounds. So we put spurs to our horses, and rode (in the darkness) bravely over the open space which separates the batteries back to camp. The Sixth Connecticut was ordered out to whittle, and did whittle to advantage, providing all the plugs that were used in battery Totten on the two succeeding days.

In the ordnance yard was a confused group—wagons waiting for their piles of implements, workmen manufacturing or mending implements and weapons; others providing ammunition; officers making out lists, or filling them up, or giving various orders; every now and then a messenger arriving or leaving, all by night; a lantern burning dimly here and there; and the moon struggling to look down through misty clouds. Camp could be seen beyond some sand-hummocks in the distance; and the incessant roar of the surf prevented all noise of our hammering or shouting from reaching the ears of the beleaguered garrison, unconscious how near its fate was at hand. The sentinel on the walls cried out, "All's well;" and a private soldier exclaimed: "Ah! you wouldn't say that, if you could see what we are about over here."

It was long past midnight before we were all abed, in the lightkeeper's house; for Gen. Gilmore's headquarters were established in the shanty where the keeper of Tybee light once slept calmly, undisturbed by wars or rumors of wars. Five of us bunked in one garret, in our blankets. We had been used to talk late into the night, but this time all the sleep that could be secured before daylight was necessary. A Major-General and three of his aids lay in the opposite room, no better off than we; a Brigadier and his staff below.

One man was awake, without being called, in the morning, and that was Lieut. Wilson, who was to carry the demand for a surrender; and none of the others was later than he. Wilson had fairly earned the honor, which nobody grudged him; but how we feared he might bring back terms! Everything was got ready to open fire, so soon as he should return with a defiance. He bore a written summons from Gen. Hunter, and a man was stationed in the light-house to watch his course. His boat, with its

white flag waving under the Stars and Stripes, was allowed to cross the creek that separates Tybee from Cockspur Island. He was met at the shore and detained there. It seemed an age to us who were waiting. Then word came that he had started to return; he was ashore; he was at headquarters. "What word did he bring?" "A sealed letter." Just then Gen. Hunter stepped out of his room, and remarked blandly: "Gen. Gilmore, you may open fire as soon as you please." O'Rourke, lucky dog, carried the message to Lieut. Porter, who was at battery Halleck, and to have the honor (well deserved) of firing the first gun. A classmate of his, just one year before, had fired the opening gun on Fort Sumter. So appropriately and opportunely was the insult to the Stars and Stripes avenged.

The formal demand carried by Lieut. Wilson has probably already been made public. It was felicitous in calling for a surrender and *restoration* of Fort Pulaski. The reply was gallant: "We are here to defend, not to surrender the Fort." So Porter opened fire, and the other batteries followed in their order, and Pulaski was not more than four or five minutes behindhand in replying, although she had not anticipated an attack so soon. In a very short while all of our own works were engaged. The great thirteen-inch mortars were long in getting the range, and, to tell the truth, did not succeed in retaining any accurate range at all. Several of the columbiads were dismounted early in the action, but not by the enemy—the accident was owing to some defect in their pintles. Then one of the mortars in battery Sherman became useless for an hour or more; still, battery Burnside, with its single piece, was doing good execution, and up at battery McClellan the firing was rapid and accurate. Wilson was there. The three Generals and their aids were on the ground; Gen. Hunter remaining all day at a point to the left of battery Lincoln; Gen. Benham being more active, and Gen. Gilmore hard at work, knowing that his spurs were to be won. Pelouze was provoked because one of his guns was dismounted, and O'Rourke was delighted because he was bidden to put it in order, under fire. This was accomplished by the help of a detachment of volunteer engineers, of whom Col. Hall was in command. Aids and orderlies galloped across the dangerous ground, and Generals, more cautious for officers than these for themselves, ordered the younger men to take the least uncovered road. "Down, gentlemen, down," said General Hunter, when those around him were needlessly exposing themselves. Horses fastened near the battery got frightened at the prodigious noise, and broke their bridles, scampering off to camp; no orderly could be sent, under that fire, for a horse; an aid came along soon after; as a sorry substitute, some quartermaster had lent him a brute that evidently would stand any fire without running; the rider had no spurs nor whip, and he labored the animal with the flat of his sword; so a comrade afoot, but accustomed to ride, sat down on the roadside, took off his own spurs, and fastened

them on the aid, who thus won his spurs even earlier than Gen. Gilmore.

All this while the fire was becoming more frequent and more accurate, and the reply more vigorous. Shells fell within a few yards of our batteries every few moments, many of them exploding, but most of them went into the marsh. The men soon got so that they could distinguish a casemate from a barbette discharge, and only the batteries on Goat's Point (the nearest to the Fort) could be reached by the guns in embrasure; so the cry, instead of being "cover" every time a discharge was seen, became "Barbette" or "Casemate." The interval between the discharge and the arrival of a shot was several seconds—quite long enough for those near cover to seek it. Of course in the open intervals there was no cover to be sought. Some would lie flat on the ground, others stalked or rode indifferently along. By and by we could tell when a gun was trained on any particular battery, and even the cry of "Barbette" disturbed but a few. With good glasses it was possible to watch the enemy as he loaded a piece or got it into battery, and if his range was known, then the call was "Rifle," or by whatever name the piece was distinguished. The rebels told us afterward that they were as skilful as our own men in eluding the fire.

By and by the shot and shells began to fall faster within Fort Pulaski—fewer exploded in the air, but clouds of dirt arising told that the parade or the ramparts had been struck. Huge traverses—some of sand-bags, some of sod—had been built in the parapet, which served as an admirable cover for the enemy, but many of these were struck; the bricks began to tumble in many places from the wall; one or two projectiles were seen to enter the embrasures; and at each skilful shot, a shout went up from all our batteries. After a while the men jumped up on the parapets to watch each shot, and regular signals were exchanged between the batteries. The clouds of smoke did not interfere materially with the view, and the windage was slight. Shells could be seen just as they escaped from the tempest of fire and smoke belched out at the discharge, and traced in their passage through the air, sometimes hidden by a cloud, sometimes coming out again, often until they fell within the walls.

Two mortar-batteries along the shore outside of the Fort opened during the morning on Goat's Point, whither the enemy directed his hottest fire. At about one o'clock, the halyards attached to the flagstaff were shot away, and the flag came down, but it was immediately raised in a less conspicuous place. During the afternoon, an embrasure in the *pancoupé*, on the south-east angle of the Fort, was struck repeatedly, and pieces of the brickwork observed to give way. This angle was the nearest point to the batteries, and in a direct line with the magazine of Fort Pulaski—a fact well known to us from plans of the work in our possession. Afterward all the efforts to effect a breach were directed to this spot. Several of the guns, however, which were most

relied on to accomplish this object, were out of order; the mortar-shells were observed to fall mostly wide of the mark; and no remarkable result could be noticed even when one fell within the Fort. Numerous marks, however, all along both faces of the work which were exposed, told of the force and accuracy of our firing. By night-fall, the breach was so far effected that it was evident to all it could eventually be converted into a practicable one. The heavy bombardment was discontinued at dark, three mortar-batteries firing one shell each at intervals of fifteen minutes all night long, so as to worry the enemy, and prevent his making any attempt to stop the breach or otherwise repair his damages, but without any idea of doing him material harm. Several of his guns had evidently been dismounted, and others silenced, during the day. The breach had been commenced, but on the whole the result did not seem especially encouraging. It might be less considerable than we flattered ourselves, and the mortar firing had certainly not been a success; we were unable to know how great was the damage we had inflicted; we had, however, lost no men, and had no gun dismounted; but for all that we could tell, the bombardment might last as long as that of Island Number Ten. The men and officers were very thoroughly tired, with the absolute work they had undergone, and the still more fatiguing excitements; few had had time to eat or drink; many, however, had night duties to perform. Strong infantry pickets were placed, and still stronger supports, lest an attempt should be made to relieve the garrison, or to distract us by some unexpected attack, and many of the preparations necessary for the first day's firing, were renewed in anticipation of the second.

The bombardment on the first day began at about half-past seven o'clock; the firing had been kept up all night, as I have said, one shell thrown every five minutes; but shortly after daybreak all our batteries were opened again. The reply was more vigorous than on the day before. On one side every gun was in readiness, and did good service. The great columbiads under Capt. Pelouze were especially effective; they certainly shook the walls of old Pulaski, and demoralized them to a considerable extent. All along our line the firing was more rapid and more accurate; I frequently counted five shots striking within his walls within five seconds, and sometimes the Fort was struck as often as seven times within as many seconds. Rebel officers told me afterward that, on an average, one out of three of the shots that were fired took effect, and that during all of the second day one shot or shell every minute was the average they received. Early this morning, Capt. Seldeneck, of battery Sigel, was relieved, and Capt. C. R. P. Rodgers, of the frigate Wabash, with a portion of the Wabash's crew, worked several of the guns of this battery during the remainder of the fight. At the same time Capt. Turner, Chief of Commissary on Gen. Hunter's staff, and Lieut. Wilson, undertook to drill a detachment of the Eighth Maine Volun-

teers, (Col. Rust.) These men were utterly ignorant of their duties, knew not even the names of the different parts of the pieces, but they went to work, were *drilled under fire*, and in twenty minutes were able to serve their guns with more than tolerable accuracy, and did some of the most effective service during that day. This same regiment lay not more than half a mile in the rear of battery Halleck for more than half of the entire engagement, covered only by some brushwood, but perfectly content with their exposed position, because they were told that it might prove eminently an important one.

Early on the second day, especial attention was directed toward the breach; every gun that could be brought to bear upon the *pancoupé* was trained that way, and the aperture began soon to show the effects. In an hour or two, it became large enough for two men to enter abreast, and the nearest embrasure on its left was also considerably enlarged. Meanwhile, all the other effects of the day before were enhanced; shots struck all over the two exposed faces of the Fort; the two mortar-batteries on the shore of Cockspur Island were silenced, and several of the casemate guns were struck, through the embrasures. A man was hurt in battery Scott, on this morning, by a shell, which fell almost vertically into the battery, and exploded, striking the poor fellow in the head, side, and leg, horribly wounding him, and burying another with fragments of the revetment. The wounded man soon afterward died; the other was unhurt. This was the only casualty of the action on our side, except that a lieutenant received a slight blow in the jaw. The battery put up by Gen. Viele, on Long Island, opened fire this morning, and was sufficiently vigorous in its compliments to merit and receive repeated replies, and affording good service by the destruction it occasioned. The gunboat Norwich, lying somewhere on the right of the Fort, in the direction of the sunken hulk of which I have previously spoken, also became engaged—the distance must, however, have been too great for her to have rendered any special assistance; still she, too, got an occasional answer from the garrison. On this day clouds of red dust were seen to rise more frequently from the Fort, indicating that the brickwork of which it is constructed was hit, and after a while the great breach became so large that the propriety of a storming party was discussed. The lower part of the aperture was partly filled by the *debris* that fell from above; the arch of the casemate was not only laid bare, but evidently shaken, and a gun in barbette, immediately over the breach, was tottering and ready to tumble below. The breach by its side was also momentarily becoming wider, and just as Gen. Benham was questioning whether a messenger should not be sent to demand even the surrender before risking so great a loss of human life as must have been incurred in an assault, the rebel flag on old Pulaski was lowered half-way, and a final gun fired from a casemate in the Fort. As the flag was not completely hauled down, uncertain-

ty was felt on our side for a moment, but all firing ordered at once to cease. In a moment more the white flag was raised, and amid cheer after cheer, all along the batteries on Tybee, down came the stars and bars. It was the eleventh of April, a year to a day from that time when the Stars and Stripes were first dishonored by Americans.

General Hunter was aboard the McClellan, with his aids, watching the engagement. Gens. Benham and Gilmore were ashore, and rode rapidly out to Goat's Point. It was some moments before we could believe that the Fort had really struck its colors, and that what we had been hoping for and laboring for, and fighting for so long, was actually accomplished. Those who had known of these endeavors from the start shook hands, and as General Gilmore rode along the men cheered him lustily. They knew how much of the credit of this result was due to him. Immediately upon arriving at Goat's Point, Gen. Gilmore, with his Aids, Capt. Adam Badeau and Col. Rust, entered a boat and put off for the Fort. Their passage was rough; the way had never been travelled before by Union sailors since our arrival; the channel was unknown, and the skiff got aground. The heavy sea struck her, and she nearly swamped, but the crew rowed hard, and the Aid and the Colonel bailed out the water with their hats, and, soaking with the salt tides of the Savannah, the party landed on Cockspur Island. A long wooden causeway extends over the marsh perhaps a quarter of a mile, up to the Fort. Badeau was sent in advance, bearing a white flag, to meet the rebel officer who was approaching. This proved to be Capt. Sims, of the Georgia Volunteers, and lately editor of the *Savannah Republican*. He apologized for the delay, and said he had supposed that the Union party was to land at another wharf; he was taken up to Gen. Gilmore, introduced, and then led the party back to the Fort. At the entrance stood Colonel Olmstead, the commandant. He showed the way to his own quarters, having previously requested that several National officers who were approaching, might, as a matter of courtesy, be desired to remain outside until the preliminaries were adjusted. This was accorded him, and an interview of an hour took place, at which only himself and General Gilmore were present. The terms of the capitulation having been settled, Gen. Gilmore was shown over the Fort by the Colonel, and then took his leave, accompanied by Col. Rust. Messengers from Gen. Hunter had meantime arrived. These, together with Gen. Gilmore's Aid, made the rounds of the Fort under the escort of Col. Olmstead, who introduced us to his officers, and were the only persons present when the swords were delivered. Major Halpine, as the representative of General Hunter, received the weapons. The ceremony was performed in the Colonel's headquarters, all standing. It was just at dark, and the candles gave only a half-light; the weapons were laid on a table, each officer advancing in turn, according to his rank, and mentioning his name and title;

nearly every one added some remark; the Colonel's was dignified: "I yield my sword, but I trust I have not disgraced it." Some of the others were not equally felicitous. Major Halpine, in reply, spoke gracefully of the painfulness of the duty he had been called upon to perform—to receive the swords of men who had shown by their bravery that they deserved to wear them. The scene was touching, for however unrighteous the cause in which these men had been engaged, they thought it was their country's, and they had risked their lives for it. The condition of the Fort showed that they were brave; and, indeed, was the best justification of their defeat. As soon as the surrender was complete, Colonel Olmstead turned to his officers and began making some remarks to them, upon which his captors withdrew. The American flag was then raised on the ramparts, and Pulaski became again part of the possessions, as well as of the property, of the Union.

The arms of the privates had been previously stacked on the parade, and the men marched to quarters. Both officers and men were allowed to remain all night in their usual quarters. The interior of the Fort presented a sorry sight. Blindages had been put up extending on all sides of the rampart, and a part rendered bomb-proof; but shot and shell had burst through many of them, had knocked in walls, had broken down stairways, entered casemates, upset guns, and piled up masses of rubbish and *débris* all around. Seven guns on the parapet were dismounted, nearly every traverse had been struck and partly torn to pieces; all the passage-ways were obstructed by piles of stones and fallen timber; the magazine had been struck, and part of its outer casing of brick torn away, while at the breach the havoc was, of course, greatest of all. The breach was quite practicable, and so acknowledged by the commandant; the ditch, sixty feet across, was more than half filled up by the fragments that had fallen, and half a dozen men abreast could have entered the aperture. The Colonel declared, however, that he should have held out until nightfall had the magazine not been struck. This, of course, settled his fate, and rendered any prolonged resistance a useless risk of life. Forty thousand pounds of powder, seven thousand shot and shell, and forty-seven guns, were captured. The prisoners were three hundred and sixty in number, and belonged to the Georgia volunteers, the Oglethorpe light infantry, and to a German regiment. They seemed an intelligent set of men, and many of them declared themselves staunch secessionists. They cheered their officers when mustered for the last time under arms. The officers were various in character and apparently in position. The Colonel excited the sympathies of his captors by a bearing at once soldierly and subdued. The officers invited the Unionists to their quarters, where several took supper, and some even slept with the rebels whom they had been fighting a few hours before. There was no bitterness apparent on either

side; no desire to introduce personal animosities.

The rebels had some three or four men badly wounded, but none killed. One officer, Adjutant Hopkins, was hurt by dust or cement falling in his eyes. They represent that they knew of our proceedings at Tybee, and thought it useless to attempt to interrupt them; they had not anticipated that their walls could be breached; and, indeed, as such an event in breaching, at the distance of one thousand six hundred yards, is unprecedented in war, this expectation is not surprising. They assured us that most of our mortar-shells flew wide of the works, and that most of those which struck did little damage. In proof, they showed places on the ramparts where these enormous missiles had exploded, and yet not forced their way further than the arch of the casemates. In no instance had they sustained any material injury from one of these shells. If several had chanced, however, to strike in the same spot; that is to say, if the range could have been got and then kept, a different story might have been told. As it was, the universal report among officers and men was, that the James projectiles did the effective breaching; that the accuracy of their firing was wonderful, and the force of the shock irresistible. Frequently half a dozen would follow in succession, in the same place. The projectiles were entirely new to the garrison; they called them cart-wheels. The columbiads, however, undoubtedly weakened the walls, and made them more susceptible to the shock of other missiles. The rebels say they sent off a messenger through the swamps to Savannah, with news of the surrender, immediately after hauling down the flag. They remained in the Fort during the next day, when Gens. Hunter, Benham and Gilmore visited it. Colonel Terry, of the Seventh Connecticut, is now in command, having come over with his regiment on the night of the surrender. He and his men well deserve the honor, for their services have been untiring and important throughout the entire investment, and during the actual bombardment.

On Sunday, the thirteenth, the prisoners were divided into two parties; the officers and about two thirds of the men were placed in the Ben De Ford, the remainder on the Honduras, and conveyed to Bay Point. Here they were transferred to the Star of the South and the McClellan, for transportation to Fort Columbus, New-York harbor. As the McClellan was leaving the wharf, a sad procession marched down, in dusty and shabby gray uniforms, unarmed, each man bearing his bundle. Just so I had seen them come out of Fort Pulaski, where they had flaunted their flag in our faces so long; but the Stars and Stripes were waving in their old place again, though over dilapidated walls, and those who fought against the nation had been made to feel that the nation had might as well as right on its side. Still, when I saw the dingy crowd on the McClellan sailing off into imprisonment, and silently waving their hats and garments to an-

other tearful and silent throng on the Star of the South, who quietly returned the cheerless salute, I could not but feel that the way of the rebel is hard.

—*N. Y. Times.*

REBEL ACCOUNT.

Corporal Law arrived in the Fort, in company with the signal man, whom he went to pilot, at five o'clock Friday morning, the day of the surrender. He remained inside the works during the whole of the bombardment on that day, and left as the flag was lowered, making his way to the South Wharf as the enemy's steamer was approaching the north landing. When the bombardment commenced on Thursday, none of the enemy's batteries on Tybee were visible, except from the smoke which pointed out the different localities to our garrison. The shot and shell from the Fort soon removed all obstacles of trees and sand, when all were discernible. They were four in number—two mortar, one rifle, and one Parrott gun—the last mentioned being a short distance above the burnt chimneys opposite to King's Landing. They all bore chiefly on the south-east angle of the Fort.

The firing of the enemy on Thursday was not so effective as to create an apprehension that the work would fall. The enemy were obtaining the range of their guns for the operations of night and the day following. Most of their shells fell outside the Fort, tearing up the earth in every direction. The yard of the V, or demiloon, on the west side, was ploughed up as if dug into pits, by the shell which went over the Fort. Still a large breach was made in the wall, and the rifled guns poured shot and shell through it, utterly demolishing the bomb-proof timbers and damaging the officers' quarters. The north-east casemates were all in which the garrison could bunk with any security whatever, through Thursday night, though but little sleep was enjoyed, as the enemy threw twelve shells per hour into the Fort until daylight. These facts were obtained from the officers of the garrison.

Corporal Law witnessed the whole of Friday's fight for himself, mingling freely with the garrison throughout the terrible scene. It is impossible to give his account on paper. The firing from both sides was equally rapid and destructive, so far as could be ascertained. On the part of the enemy, one mortar-battery was completely silenced, a portion of the rifle-battery, and seven out of the ten guns of the Parrott battery dismantled. One mortar had been planted on the north-west corner of Cockspur, on the night of Wednesday, but this was silenced early in the fight, and seven kegs of their powder captured.

At the close of the fight all the parapet-guns were dismantled except three—two ten-inch columbiads, known as "Beauregard" and "Jeff Davis," but one of which bore on the Island, and a rifle-cannon. Every casemate-gun in the south-east section of the Fort, from No. Seven to No. Thirteen, including all that could be brought to bear upon the enemy's batteries except one, were dismantled, and the casemate walls breached, in

almost every instance, to the top of the arch—say between five and six feet in width. The moat outside was so filled with brick and mortar that one could have passed over dry-shod. The officers' quarters were torn to pieces, the bomb-proof timbers scattered in every direction over the yard, and the gates to the entrance knocked off. The parapet walls on the Tybee side were all gone, in many places down to the level of the earth, on the casemates. The protection to the magazine in the north-west angle of the Fort had all been shot away, the entire corner of the magazine, next to the passage-way, was shot off, and the powder exposed, while three shot had actually penetrated the chamber; of this Corporal Law is positive, for he examined it for himself before leaving.

Such was the condition of affairs when Col. Olmstead called a council of officers in a casemate, and, without a dissenting voice, they all acquiesced in the necessity of a capitulation, in order to save the garrison from utter destruction by an explosion, which was momentarily threatened. Accordingly, at two o'clock P.M., the men were called from the guns and the flag lowered.

Early in the day Col. Olmstead had no doubt of his ability to silence every battery on the Island, and to this end he determined, when night came and the enemy's fire was slackened, to change the position of all his heavy guns, so as to bring them to bear on the enemy. As the day progressed, however, his situation became desperate, and he was forced to yield under the circumstances stated.

Corporal Law witnessed the whole fight of Friday, and says a braver and more determined garrison are not to be found in the annals of history. Every man did his duty with alacrity, and there being few guns that bore on the enemy, there was a continued contest as to who should man them. When volunteers were called for to perform any laborious duty, there was a rush of the men from every company in the Fort. All did their duty, and did it fearlessly, throughout the engagement, and to the very moment of the capitulation. Among the last guns fired were those on the parapet, and the men stood there exposed to a storm of iron hail to the last. All this, our informant says, Col. Olmstead and his officers will verify when they have an opportunity of being heard.

Corporal Law saw the wounded. A member of the Wise Guards, had one leg shot off and the other badly crushed. One Oglethorpe lost an arm and had the other shattered, and shoulder badly damaged; thinks he could not survive. Another Oglethorpe lost a hand. A member of another company, not recollected, lost a foot. He intended getting a list of names and particulars to bring up at night, not anticipating so early a surrender. Sergeant-Major Lewis told him none of the Savannah boys were seriously hurt. Col. Olmstead also told him he would send up a report at the close of the day's operations, but the enemy's movements toward the Fort were so rapid, after the flag was lowered, he

being under no obligations to remain, not being a member of the garrison, he had no time to wait for it, and then made his escape.

It may be considered strange that, under the circumstances, no more damage was sustained by the garrison. It is a mystery, but not incredible, after the experience of Moultrie and Sumter.

—*Savannah Republican*, April 23.

Doc. 127.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

It has pleased Almighty God to vouchsafe signal victories to the land and naval forces engaged in suppressing an internal rebellion, and at the same time to avert from our country the dangers of foreign intervention and invasion.

It is, therefore, recommended to the people of the United States that, at their next weekly assemblages in their accustomed places of public worship which shall occur after the notice of this proclamation shall have been received, they especially acknowledge and render thanks to our heavenly Father for these inestimable blessings; that they then and there implore spiritual consolation in behalf of all those who have been brought into affliction by the casualties and calamities of sedition and civil war, and that they reverently invoke the divine guidance for our national counsels, to the end that they may speedily result in the restoration of peace, harmony, and unity throughout our borders, and hasten the establishment of fraternal relations among all the countries of the earth.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

By the President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

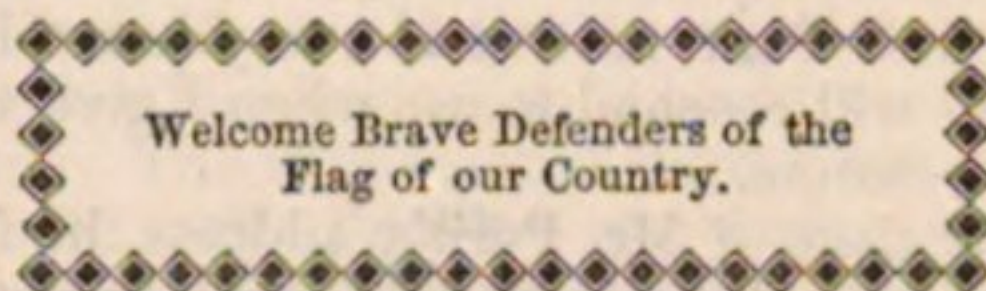
Doc. 128.

RECEPTION OF THE HEROES OF THE CONGRESS AND THE CUMBERLAND,

AT NEW-YORK, APRIL 10, 1862.

At five o'clock, about a hundred of the crews of the Cumberland and Congress, fifty marines and as many sailors, formed at the Navy-Yard, in Brooklyn, and, with the band of the North-Carolina at their head, crossed Fulton ferry and marched up Broadway to Fourteenth street, reaching the Academy at half-past six o'clock. The doors opened to the public at seven o'clock, and long before eight the house was densely crowded. The time was pleasantly beguiled by

the band, who executed portions of the *Traviata*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Il Daneò*. Over the stage was a white flag edged with blue, on which was:



While on either hand were similar flags, bearing the words "Cumberland" and "Congress." The proscenium boxes were gaily decorated with the banner of liberty, and around the amphitheatre the signal-flags of a man-of-war were suspended.

The sailors and marines marched in, and were received with hearty rounds of applause, the whole house rising to receive them. After they were seated, three cheers were given them, and at the sound of the boatswain's whistle, which was repeated as if from below on shipboard, Chancellor Ferris, of the University, offered prayer.

The Chairman, Pelatiah Perit, Esq., then said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are assembled this evening to give a proper reception to the surviving officers and sailors of the frigates Cumberland and Congress, which were destroyed in the engagement with the iron-clad ship Merrimac on the eighth ultimo. Fighting to every disadvantage, they stood to their guns until, submerged in water, they could be fired no longer, and then escaped with their lives, with the loss of everything else but their honor. The flag of the Cumberland was never struck, and still floats in the face of the enemy. The killed and wounded went down with the sinking ships, and were buried in a watery grave. They will ever be remembered with honor, as heroes who have given their lives as a sacrifice to their country. This crowded assemblage gives evidence that their widows and orphans will be remembered by a grateful nation. The record of the sailor has ever been an honorable one in the history of our nation. Accustomed to the dangers of the ocean, inured to hardship, trained to strict discipline, they are ever ready at the call of their country to face danger in any form. We owe to them our unprecedented commercial advancement; we owe to them most of the luxuries and comforts which we enjoy; we owe to them our naval triumphs. In the war with Great Britain in 1812, in spite of the overwhelming navy of England, our ships of war and privateers launched forth from every port, and gained laurels in every engagement with the enemy. In the civil war now raging, they have been prompt to obey the call of their country, and among the most distinguished exploits of the campaign have been the achievements of the navy. The names of Foote, [cheers,] Stringham, [applause,] and Du Pont [cheering] will ever stand prominent in the history of our nation. The President of the United States has officially announced that, while many officers had gone over to the rebellion, not a soldier in the ranks or a sailor in the navy had ever proved a traitor. What a noble tribute to a faithful people! Such are

the men whom we have invited to meet us this evening. Such are the men who ought ever to receive our sympathies and our efforts for their good. And I am sure that every heart in this assembly will respond to me when I give them a cordial welcome.

At the close of Mr. Perit's address, he formally introduced the sailors, and, amid tumultuous applause and waving of handkerchiefs by the audience, a huge flag was run up from the stage, the sailors saluting it with three cheers.

The band played the Star-Spangled Banner.

The Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, who was then introduced, said that he was proud of New-York, and of these heroic men.

At his call and the boatswain's Jack gave the flag three cheers again, and New-York gave Jack "three cheers and a New-York tiger."

Dr. Hitchcock proceeded to speak of the dark days of a year ago, of the iron-faced and iron-hearted general who saved the capital, and the noble-hearted man who had made Sumter a doubly heroic word. He spoke of Bull Run as a blessing in disguise, and said that it was the navy that turned the tide of victory in our favor. He referred to Hatteras, to the elliptic dance at Port Royal, and good Parson Foote, who held the rebels so long in conference meeting at Island Number Ten, and when they ran away before the benediction, resolute Dissenter as he was, sent the Pope after them. [Laughter.] But, he said, we had met to resolve that the widows and children of the brave men who fell in Hampton Roads should not suffer. Those men fought, not for glory, but for duty's sake; but glory they should have. He believed that the providential care which watched over us was especially marked in the Yankee cheese-box on the raft which entered Hampton Roads that Saturday night. Fear not for the Republic. The decree had been registered in heaven that it should not perish. The Cross alone should float above our flag, and they should go down together, shedding benedictions on all hands until the crack of doom. These brave men had taught us a noble lesson of duty. In regard to this war, our duty was as plain as a turnpike road: it was to fight. If the fighting of this hour did not settle the question, the duty of the next hour was to fight, and so on, fight, fight, fight, until the end. He heard men on all hands saying that we were running into debt that we should never pay. These men had taught us to fight and let the debt take care of itself. He never knew a man who had a family starving, to think twice about incurring debt enough to feed them. Men said the South hated us and never would love us; we might as well let them alone. But he never knew a good father to desist from the punishment necessary for the reformation of his son, for fear of any resulting alienation. He inflicted the chastisement and let the alienation take care of itself. A great many people also were troubled about the "contrabands." He thought we need not trouble ourselves about this matter. Sufficient unto the day was the good thereof as

well as the evil thereof. [Marked applause.] In conclusion he exhorted all, by land and sea, to do their duty of fighting boldly, and God would defend the right.

The Chairman then read the following letter from Gen. Scott:

"I would be most happy to meet with you and join in felicitating our noble tars, officers and men, of the frigates Cumberland and Congress, but for my lameness and the fear that the excitement would be still more hurtful to me.

"Respectfully yours,
"WINFIELD SCOTT."

He also read a letter from Capt. Radford, which contained at the close a complimentary mention of Lieut. Morris, who was in command when the Cumberland went down.

Three cheers were given for Lieut. Morris.

Miss Maria Brainerd sang a charming song—Viva l'America—which was very warmly applauded.

A sailor of the Cumberland was then introduced. He said: My friends, the task that I have before me is at once painful and pleasant—painful when I think of my lost shipmates, and pleasant when I see so many smiling faces here. It is my task to detail as near as I can the engagement of our ship with the Merrimac. It was about eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the eighth day of March, when we first saw the Merrimac. We beat to quarters, and so did the Congress. She went on the passage down to Fortress Monroe, instead of coming toward our ship; afterward she stood for the ship. As she passed the Congress the brave ship poured two or three broadsides at her, but they were not any more than throwing peas or apples at her, when she came at us. Could we have kept her off at arm's length she never would have taken us, but she ran her steel prow into us, when Mr. Buchanan, the man who commanded her, asked our commander: "Will you surrender?" He answered, "Never will I surrender!" and he took his infernal machine off and ran it into us again. He then asked again, "Mr. Morris," calling him by name, "will you surrender that ship?" "Never," says he, "if you sink her!" Then a marine from our ship drew a bead on Mr. Buchanan, and I rather think that he is dead now. The paper that tells he was only wounded, I think, tells an untruth, for the marine drew a sure bead on him. Well, my friends, the Cumberland had to go, and we tried to do our duty, as I hope that every seaman that has to come after us will do his duty in like manner. [Loud applause.]

In response to loud cries for "Morris," the Chairman stated that Lieut. Morris had been ordered to Washington.

A voice.—What is the sailor's name?

The Chairman—James Marlow.

One of the Cumberland's crew, George McKenney, sang the Red, White, and Blue, the crew joining in the chorus. The song was received with vociferous applause.

Three cheers were given for the Red, White,

and Blue, and between parts first and second of the performance the band played a selection from Robert le Diable.

The Chairman said there had been a request from the audience to see the marine who fired the fatal shot; he was not present. His name was Gates. It was proposed to give three cheers for Lieut. Morris.

The cheers were given with a will, the crews joining in them.

Wm. M. Evarts, Esq., was then introduced. With eloquent panegyric upon the bravery of our sailors, he prefaced a few words upon the war. We were now, he said, paying for the remissness of a whole generation, in sacrifice which would bring sorrow to thousands of hearths, and burden our posterity with debt. Having nothing but praises for our ancestors, let us see to it that our posterity should have something besides reproaches for us. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," were brave words, but these men had translated them into braver deeds. He believed that the whole nation was wrought up to this resolve and to this action—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, we give our hands and our hearts to this war." Nothing could surpass the bravery of these men. That day was the commencement of a new era in naval warfare, and so long as that should be a science the day would be remembered as that which saw the bravery of the men of the Cumberland and Congress. Nothing could be more dramatic than the events of these two days. In the results we had this paradox, that a tower which was shaken upon its pivot with every wave, was able to resist ordnance which no rock-built fort could stand. Mr. Evarts read an extract from a Southern paper which paid high tribute to the heroism of the Cumberland's crew. ["Three cheers for 'em."] After this, who was there who could not give new meaning to the cry, "Don't give up the ship"? It meant something. It meant, "Don't give up the ship, although you go the bottom in her." It meant: "Don't give up the good ship, the Constitution; better be buried beneath the liberties of the country, than survive them." [Loud applause.]

Mr. S. C. Campbell then sang "The White Squall."

The Chairman then introduced Mr. Willard, a sailor from the Congress.

Mr. Willard said: Gentlemen and ladies, I am not acquainted with this kind of speaking. I am not used to it; I have been too long in a man-of-war. I enlisted in a man-of-war when I was thirteen years of age; I am now forty. I have been in one ever since. We had been a long time in the Congress, waiting for the Merrimac, with the Cumberland. I claim a timber-head in both ships. I belonged to the Cumberland in the destroying of the navy-yard and the ships at Norfolk. On the eighth of March, when the Merrimac came out, we were as tickled as a boy would be with his father coming home with a new kite for him. [Loud laughter and applause.] She fired a gun at us. It went clean through the ship, and killed nobody. The next one was

a shell. It came in at a port-hole, killed six men, and exploded and killed nine more. The next one killed ten. Then she went down to the Cumberland. She had an old grudge against her, and she took her hog-fashion, as I should say. [Great laughter.] The Cumberland fought her as long as she could. She fired her spar-deck guns at her after the gun-deck was under water, but the shot had no more effect than peas. She sunk the Cumberland in about seven fathoms of water. You know what a fathom is—six feet. We lay in nine fathoms, and it would not do to sink in that. We slipped our cable and ran into shallower water, to get our broadside on the Merrimac, but we got her bows on; that gave them a chance to rake us, as they did. The commander opened a little port-hole, and said: "Smith, will you surrender the ship?" Says he: "No, not as long as I have got a gun or a man to man it." They fired a broadside. The men moved the dead bodies away, and manned the guns again. They fired another broadside, and dismounted both the guns and killed the crews. When they first went by us, they sot us a-fire by a shell exploding near the magazine. I know where the magazine is; you folks don't. Last broadside she killed our commander, Mr. Smith, our sailing-master, and the pilot. We had no chance at all. We were on the spar-deck, most of us; the other steamers firing at us, and we dodging the shot; no chance to dodge down below, because you could not see the shot till they were inside of the ship. We had no chance, and we surrendered. The rebel officers—we knowed 'em all—all old playmates, shipmates—came home in the Germantown with them—all old playmates, but rascals now. She left us, and she went toward Norfolk to get out of the way. She returned in the morning to have what I'd call a fandango with the Minnesota, and the first thing she knowed, the little bumble-bee, the Monitor, was there, and she went back. I have no more to say, people, but there is the flag that the fathers of our country left us, and by the powers of God above us, we'll — [Tremendous cheering.]

One of the crew of the Congress, Walter M. Pierce, sang the "Boatswain's Call," and he was loudly applauded.

The Hon. George Bancroft was next introduced. He said we must remember the wonderful condition in which these brave men were placed—not face to face with an equal enemy, but met by a new and untried power, that proved itself vastly superior to anything with which they were acquainted. And not only were they unable to resist the iron, but the Cumberland was so badly wounded that they could see how many sands might yet flow out before she was destined to go down. It was under these circumstances that our friends who were with us manifested that extraordinary self-possession that led them even to the last to continue the combat. These men were entitled to congratulation and to the gratitude of every one who had regard for the cause of Liberty. Yes, they were the champions of humanity, the champions of the great cause

of the people, the champions of the great cause of this Republic, and their names should be imperishable; their glory should never fade. The greatest invention of the eighteenth century was Republics founded on the principle of equality of all men, and should that principle perish? No; these men had proved that it could not. The people, six hundred and fifty thousand in the field, had willed that it should not, and the people had perpetual succession. It was then founded on his confidence in the perpetuity of our institutions that he declared that their glory could never fade away, and that glory, while it had gone through the world in one sense, still had a nearer relation to us, who were their fellow-countrymen. Where then should be the boundary of that immediate glory that attached them to their countrymen? Should it be the Potomac? Never. The Mississippi? Never. The Rocky Mountains? Never! Our country never should be less than from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the name of this vast assembly, once more he gave thanks to them all. Let us rejoice that these men went down fighting to the last, and that when they went down they left the Star-Spangled Banner of the Cumberland flying at her peak; the emblem that no dangers, no perils, no enemies, no treasors, not ocean itself could destroy our liberty. [Loud applause.]

Three cheers were given for Capt. Ericsson, for Lieut. Worden, and for the President.

Mr Kearney of the Congress then sang a humorous song in praise of the yacht America, the curiosity and astonishment of John Bull being represented by the chorus:

Oh! where did she come from?
New-York Town.
Who's the Captain of her?
One Mr. Brown:

which the crew sang with great gusto. The satisfaction of the audience found huge and prolonged manifestation, and the jolly tar was called back. He sang the first verse of "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," and retreated under cover of the applause.

Wm. E. Dodge, Esq., gave a vivid description of the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress, which he witnessed from Fortress Monroe. He should never forget the shout which went up from the battlements of the Fortress when the arrival of the Monitor was announced. On the next day the fight between the Monitor and Merrimac shook the walls of the Fort. He never felt so strongly that the kind hand of Providence was guiding the destinies of this country as then. Had the Monitor known what the Merrimac was, we never should have heard of the Merrimac again. Had the Monitor been provided with the missiles which she now has, she would have sunk her in fifteen minutes more. He said to the sailors of these vessels that we had hearts to feel for them; if wounded, we would take care of them; if they left wives and children behind them, we would take care of them, too. (Cheers.) The reception we had given them to-night was but the

expression of the country toward every man who returned from battle: Honor to-night; honor forever.

In answer to a call for the officers, the Chairman stated that there were none present. He said the committee, whose names were announced in the public papers, would be happy to receive funds to indemnify the losses of the men of the crew of the Cumberland and Congress, and to provide for the widows and orphans of those who went down in those ships, and he was sure that he expressed the sentiments of all when he said to our brother sailors that their presence had been to us a source of the highest pleasure, and that we should follow them wherever they went, whatever they might encounter.

Capt. Charles H. Marshall offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That, as the sense of this meeting, some recognition of the heroic and gallant conduct of the officers and crews of the frigates Cumberland and Congress during the late engagement at Hampton Roads, is eminently due from the Government, and that it be recommended to the Navy Department to prepare a suitable medal to be presented to each of the surviving officers and men in commemoration of the event.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution, signed by the Chairman and Secretary of this meeting, be transmitted to the Navy Department at Washington.

The resolutions were adopted and the meeting adjourned.

Doc. 129.

OCCUPATION OF HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

APRIL 11, 1862.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the following account of the march and occupation:

We have achieved a victory which, although bloodless, must be attended by such important results as can hardly be over-estimated. The main line, and for all practical military purposes, the *only* line of communication between the eastern and western armies of the enemy, is in our hands. To General Mitchel and his brave troops belongs the distinguished honor of being the first to penetrate to the great Charleston and Memphis Railroad, and the first to break through the rebels' boasted line of defence, extending from Chattanooga to Corinth.

The advance from Fayetteville to Huntsville was made with the full expectation that at the latter place there would be a terrible struggle. Every one knew the importance of the railroad to the enemy; every one supposed that they would guard it with the utmost vigilance, and every one predicted that the division of our army which should first reach it, would be met with the sternest determination, and would obtain possession of this great channel of communication, only by a costly expenditure of blood. We all

perfectly understood, too, that the rebels had accumulated upon this road nearly all the rolling stock of all the railroads from Bowling Green southward, besides what legitimately belonged to the road itself; and that they could therefore, with the utmost facility, concentrate at any threatened point, whatever forces they had at command. We did not know but that the rebel army of the Potomac, concluding to abandon Virginia and escaping from the grasp of McClellan, would be pouring in overwhelming force down the East-Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, at the very time when we should be advancing upon Huntsville. We could not tell but that our main army in the neighborhood of Corinth, would suffer some serious reverse, in which case we were inevitably lost.

But, in case we *should be* successful—in case we *should* break the enemy's famous line, we knew how important would be the consequences. There was no time for hesitation, and General Mitchel is not the man to hesitate, even if there were.

The order to march from Fayetteville was received with pleasure—a pleasure which was slightly alloyed with regret, that we had not destroyed the town. It is a miserable little secession hole, and the shameful insult that had been offered to our flag of truce, combined with the threatening and scowling looks of the inhabitants whenever they showed themselves at the windows of their houses, to which General Mitchel had ordered them, had pretty thoroughly angered us against them, and nothing would have pleased our boys better than to have given the rascals a lesson which would never have departed from their memory, provided that after the administration of said lesson they had any memory left.

Col. Turchin's brigade and Simonson's battery started from Fayetteville at six o'clock A.M., on Thursday, and marched diligently until nine P.M., which brought them to within eleven miles of Huntsville. Colonel Sill's brigade, with Loomis's famous battery, followed closely, the other brigades at a greater distance.

The weather was cool, and beautiful for marching, on Thursday, but we had no turnpike, and in places the road was very bad. This was especially the case about six miles from Fayetteville. A series of swamps and mud-holes was succeeded by a long, precipitous and rocky hill. The tired animals could not take the wagons up, and it was found necessary to hitch the horses or mules of two or three teams to a single wagon, and thus laboriously take them to the top, one at a time.

A mile further on, our way was obstructed by another muddy tract, worse than the former: a number of wagons upset, some broke down, and some stuck fast; but the troops moved steadily on.

It was worth the looking to see Capt. Loomis's battery move over these roads. Neither mud, nor rocks, nor hills delayed them, but calmly, smoothly, majestically, they moved forward, a real impersonation of power. I was convinced,

by observing them, of how much can be accomplished by foresight and care. The horses for this battery were selected mainly by Loomis himself, with great discrimination, and not one was admitted which was in the slightest degree weak or unsound. He has lost but two or three horses during the entire war.

The roads improved after this, and were quite tolerable the remainder of the way.

A strong Union feeling was manifested after we entered the State of Alabama, but it was mingled with many false notions concerning State sovereignty, and the duty of submission thereto. One old gentleman, a planter with an extensive estate, expressed the views of the majority of the people of Madison County. "It seemed like tearing out my heart," said he, "to give up the old Union, but when Alabama voted to separate, I thought it my duty to sustain her." "But," I reminded him, "Alabama, in attempting to break up the nation, did what she had no right to do." "Ah!" said the old gentleman, "passion and prejudice blinded our eyes to that truth." "Are you then willing," I asked, "to see the authority of the National Government restored?" "Yes," he replied, "and to pray from this time forth that all her people may be willing to return to their allegiance." I did not think proper to press the matter further, but it seemed to me that even his final answer indicated his resolution to abide by the action of his State, whether the majority of her people became loyal or remained treasonable. The pestiferous and fatal doctrine that the majority of the inhabitants of a single State can sanctify the crime of treason, must be forever rooted out by this war.

The negroes that we saw were kind and friendly, and generous and benevolent, even when their masters were most strongly "secesh."

The face of the country, and the vegetable productions of the southern part of Lincoln County, closely resemble those of portions of the Northern States; but after we reached the State of Alabama, the vast cotton plantations, the grand country mansions, with their little villages of negro huts, besides trees and shrubs and flowers, with which only the well-versed botanists in our army were acquainted—all reminded us that we were far from home.

Shortly after entering the State, we passed the vast plantation of the secession General L. P. Walker, extending along the road for miles. The mansion was utterly deserted, and all the furniture removed. A perfect host of negroes came down to see and to welcome us. They laughed, they sang, they danced in their glee. I stopped a moment to converse with them. "By golly," said a fine-looking, honest young negro, "Ise a great notion to go along with dis crowd. What do you say, massa?" "My poor friend," I replied, "if you did, you will probably be turned out of our lines the first place we encamp. Somebody who claims you will come and take you back; and then, besides being severely punished for running away, you will in every respect be

worse off than before." The negro understood me. "It is very hard, massa," said he. His voice faltered; I saw that tears were gathering in his eyes, and I rode away, as my own were growing moist and dim.

A detached house upon Gen. Walker's plantation was in flames when I passed. It had been set on fire by some of our soldiers, but whether accidentally or not, I did not stop to enquire. One of the negroes had a heavy iron ring and bolt fastened to his leg. He said he had worn them for more than three months. A cavalry-man descended quietly from his horse, knocked off the fetters, fastened them to his saddle, and rode away. "By Heaven," I heard him mutter, "I would forfeit a year's pay for the privilege of transferring these to the leg of the rascal who put them on that man!"

The Eighth brigade, Colonel Turchin, with Simonson's battery, did not spend much time in slumber Thursday night. After four hours' rest, they recommenced their march, and reached Huntsville at six o'clock on Friday morning.

An advance force of a hundred and fifty cavalry, together with a section of the battery, in charge of Capt. Simonson himself, assisted by Lieut. M. Allen, commanding the section, the whole directed by Col. Kennett, first caught sight of Huntsville, and the lovely cedar surrounding it. They were advancing upon the double-quick, when two locomotives, with trains attached, suddenly made their appearance upon the railroad. They were moving in the direction of Stevenson. A shot from one of Simonson's guns brought the first one to. The Captain then turned to pay his respects to the second. A shot or two induced it also to haul up. In the mean time, the engineer of the first train was quietly getting on a full head of steam, and when nobody was suspecting such a thing, he suddenly started off. The cavalry went in pursuit, and actually chased the locomotive for a distance of ten miles.

A few horsemen tried their carbines upon the second train, and an unfortunate colored person received one of the bullets in his neck. It was said, too, by the secesh that a rebel from Corinth, going home slightly wounded, was instantly killed.

The infantry had come up while this was going on, and Colonel Mihalotzi, of the Twenty-fourth Illinois, sent a detachment to tear up a portion of the track in the direction of Decatur. The escape of any more trains was thus effectually prevented.

Three cavalry-men rushed into the town, found a large number of rebel soldiers sleeping in and around a number of cars, and actually made prisoners of one hundred and seventy men, including a major, six captains, and three lieutenants. The most of these fellows belonged to the Ninth Louisiana regiment, and were on their way to join it in Virginia. The major's name was Cavanaugh. His regiment did not all reënlist when their time of service (one year) expired, and he had been home for recruits. He had succeeded in obtaining a hundred and forty, and was taking them to the Old Dominion, to fill up the ranks of his

regiment. When he found both himself and his recruits were prisoners in the hands of the Yankees, his mortification was visibly expressed all over his countenance.

When our troops advanced into the town, they found they had made a prize of *seventeen locomotives*, (sixteen of them in fine running order,) and about a hundred and fifty cars, passenger and freight. I shall not attempt to enumerate the other articles captured, and your readers may estimate the value of the rolling stock.

The prisoners captured are a wretched-looking set of men, and evidently belong to the lowest class of Southern society—which is, I admit, putting them down pretty low. They are nearly all sick of the business in which they are engaged. Many of them say they were forced to enlist; others admit that they were influenced by leaders whom they believe to be bad men; and there is scarcely one who does not regret that he was induced to take up arms against the Government. One of them told me that if he were home once more, he would die in his tracks before he would again consent to fight against the old Union. "I foolishly thought," said he, "that I was fighting for my country when I obeyed the mandates of Jeff Davis; now I see plainly that I was fighting against it."

If these gentry are sent to your part of the country, for God's sake don't allow Northern traitors to go among them, and revive in their bosoms the dying fires of disloyalty. Better, for their own sakes and the sake of the nation, let loose in their midst a thousand hissing vipers. These could only kill their bodies, but the agents of Jeff Davis in the North, will, if they are permitted, poison their souls, and do it much more effectually than their own Southern leaders ever could.

GEN. MITCHEL'S THANKS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,
CAMP TAYLOR, HUNTSVILLE, April 16, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER No. 93.

SOLDIERS: Your march upon Bowling Green won the thanks and confidence of our Commanding General. With engines and cars captured from the enemy, our advance-guard precipitated itself upon Nashville. It was now made your duty to seize and destroy the Memphis and Charleston Railway, the great military road of the enemy. With a supply-train only sufficient to feed you at a distance of two days' march from your depot, you undertook the herculean task of rebuilding twelve hundred feet of heavy bridging, which by your untiring energy was accomplished in ten days.

Thus, by a railway of your own construction, your depot of supplies was removed from Nashville to Shelbyville, nearly sixty miles, in the direction of the object of your attack. The blow now became practicable. Marching with a celerity such as to outstrip any messenger who might have attempted to announce your coming, you fell upon Huntsville, taking your enemy completely by surprise, and capturing not only

his great military road, but all his machine-shops, engines and rolling stock.

Thus providing yourselves with ample transportation, you have struck blow after blow with a rapidity unparalleled. Stevenson fell, sixty miles to the east of Huntsville. Decatur and Tuscumbia have been in like manner seized, and are now occupied. In three days you have extended your front of operations more than one hundred and twenty miles, and your morning gun at Tuscumbia may now be heard by your comrades on the battle-field made glorious by their victory before Corinth.

A communication of these facts to headquarters has not only won the thanks of our Commanding General, but those of the Department of War, which I announce to you with proud satisfaction.

Accept the thanks of your Commander, and let your future deeds demonstrate that you can surpass yourselves. By order of

O. M. MITCHEL,
Brig.-General Commanding.

W. P. PRENTICE, A. A. G.

Doc. 130.

THE SECOND VISIT OF THE MERRIMAC.

APRIL 11, 1862.

THE following is the account given by the *Baltimore American's* correspondent:

FORTRESS MONROE, Friday, April 11.

I said two days since, that we were looking for the Merrimac and sunshine together. Both are here this morning. The day opened bright and clear, with the broad expanse of Hampton Roads almost unruffled by a wave. About seven o'clock a signal-gun from the Minnesota turned all eyes toward Sewell's Point, and coming out from under the land, almost obscured by the dim haze, the Merrimac was seen, followed by the Yorktown, Jamestown, and four smaller vessels, altogether seven in number. There was instantaneous activity among the transports and vessels in the Upper Roads, to get out of the way. Steamboats, several of which were crowded with troops, moved down out of danger. Steam-tugs ran whistling and screaming, towing strings of vessels behind them, whilst sloops, schooners and brigs took advantage of what air there was, got up sail, and moved out of harm's way. In the course of an hour the appearance of the crowded Roads was greatly altered. The forests of masts between the Fortress and Sewell's Point disappeared, and the broad, open expanse of water bore on its surface only the rebel fleet, and two French and one English men-of-war, which, with steam up, still maintained their position.

Half-past eight o'clock.—For the last hour the manoeuvres of the rebel fleet have apparently been directed toward decoying our fleet up toward Sewall's Point. When the Merrimac first appeared, she stood directly across the mouth of

Elizabeth River, followed by her consorts, as if they were bound to Newport News. The Merrimac approached the English sloop-of-war, and after apparently communicating with her, fell slowly around, and moved back toward her consorts in the rear. The English and French vessels then moved up, as if they had been informed that the Lower Roads were to be the scene of conflict and they had been warned to get out of the range. For an hour the rebel fleet kept changing position, without making any decided advance in any direction. On our part no movement was made. The Monitor, with steam up, and in fighting trim, lay quietly near her usual anchorage. The Naugatuck (Stevens's battery) came out and took position alongside the Monitor. Signals were made between our vessels, the Fort and the Rip Raps, but no movement was made. Curiosity grew rapidly into suspense.

At length the Yorktown moved rapidly up, and after advancing well toward Newport News, steamed rapidly toward Hampton. The object was then seen to be the capture of three sailing vessels—two brigs and a schooner—transports which were lying either aground or had not been furnished with a steam-tug, in order to make their escape. The bold impudence of the manoeuvre, contrasted with the apparent apathy of our fleet, excited surprise and indignation. There was a rebel boat, not built for war purposes, leaving the protection of the Merrimac and her consorts, where it appeared to unprofessional eyes she could easily be cut off, and yet no attempt was made on our part to do it. Of course there were good reasons for this policy, though the crowd "could not see" them. The Yorktown then steamed rapidly along the beach from Newport News to Hampton, sent a boat to each of the vessels, which were apparently deserted by their crews, and steamed toward the three. A small tug-boat, loaded with troops, followed, whilst the Jamestown laid off about a mile distant.

Nine o'clock.—The rebel tug-boat has made fast to the largest brig and is towing her off. The Yorktown is still in the bend above Hampton. The Naugatuck has moved up, and is apparently getting within range of the Yorktown. There is no other move on the part of our fleet. Our inaction seems unaccountable, except upon the supposition that the desire is to get the rebels still further down.

Half-past nine o'clock.—The rebels have accomplished the capture of three vessels, the Yorktown towing off two of them, and the tug taking hold of the third. Not a shot was fired on either side. The Merrimac maintains her position about half-way between Sewell's and Pig Points. One of the French steamers is coming down to the Lower Roads. She has a water-schooner in tow, which was alongside her when the Merrimac appeared. One of our gunboats went up along the shore toward Hampton, but too late to prevent the capture of the three vessels, if that was the purpose. The Yorktown and tug towed the prizes well up toward Norfolk, when small tugs came out and took charge of

them. Upon one of the brigs they hoisted the American flag at half-mast.

Half-past ten o'clock.—There is no change in the position of affairs. The rebel fleet lies in line of battle, stretching from Sewell's Point up toward Pig Point. The Merrimac is black with men, who cluster on the ridge of her iron roof. The other vessels are also thronged with men. In all, the rebels show twelve craft—all, except the Merrimac, Yorktown and Jamestown, being insignificant tug-boats.

The Jamestown is armed with an iron prow, which can be seen protruding about six feet beyond the water-line of her bow. The position is simply one of defiance on both sides. The rebels are challenging us to come up to their field of battle, and we are daring them to come down. The French and English vessels still lie up beyond the rebels; the French vessels not more than a mile from the Merrimac, and the Englishman further up. Not a shot has yet been fired by either party.

Twelve o'clock M.—No fight yet. The Merrimac occasionally shifts her position, but does not come further out. The Yorktown, and some of the smaller tugs, have gone up to Norfolk.

Two o'clock.—The position of affairs has not changed, and there seems to be little probability of any fight to-day. The Merrimac and all the rebel fleet keep their position, and so does our fleet. It is possible that the rebels may come down with the flood-tide, in an hour or two hence; but it looks as if both parties hesitated to assume the offensive.

The events of this morning are much commented on, and have caused considerable feeling of irritation, and some humiliation. Beyond the capture of three transports, the demonstration of the rebel fleet has been little more than a reconnaissance; it cannot but be concluded, however, that the rebels have had the best of the affair. The capture of the three prizes was a bold affair, and we can well imagine the "hurrah" with which their arrival at Norfolk was greeted. Whether they might not have been saved and the rebels have been made to suffer for their temerity, is a point upon which I shall not venture a decided opinion. Their position was close into the beach, about half-way between Hampton and Newport News, and from four to five miles distant from the position of the Merrimac. A light-draught gunboat or two, sent up in time, might have saved them. The Naugatuck started, but a little too late to be of any effectual service.

Of course the naval authorities are acting upon some concerted plan, and under definite orders, the carrying out of which are considered of more importance than saving two or three small vessels. The capture was effected almost under the bows of the French and English cruisers, and we may be sure that our national prestige was not increased in their eyes by what they saw.

Half-past four o'clock P.M.—For some hours the Merrimac has continued moving about, sometimes advancing toward the Monitor, as if challenging her to combat, and then again falling

back. About an hour since she moved over in the direction of Hampton and fired a shot toward the gunboat Octorora, lying in the bend near Hampton, and full four miles distant. The shot fell at least a mile short; the Octorora immediately replied, but her shots also fell short, though well in line; the Naugatuck then took part, and discharged her rifled gun, making a splendid shot, but the ball fell beyond the Merrimac full half a mile. The Naugatuck then fired at the rebel gunboats Yorktown and Jamestown, which were lying beyond the Merrimac; the practice was excellent and her guns showed extraordinary length of range. Turning her attention from the Merrimac, her shots were all directed at the rebel gunboats, and of four which were fired all appeared to strike near the object aimed at.

The rebel vessels fell slowly back, and firing soon ceased. The practice and prowess of the Naugatuck's rifled gun excited great admiration, and if brought into play this morning would probably have prevented the rebels from capturing any prizes. As I close, at five P.M., the firing has ceased, and the Merrimac appeared to be returning to Craney Island. We look for warm work to-morrow.

Half-past five o'clock.—All the rebel fleet are moving off toward Norfolk.

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THE REBEL COMMERCE.

THE following is a list of the vessels from rebel ports, arrived at Nassau, N. P., between the commencement of the National blockade and April 12, 1862:

1861.

June	17.	Sch. Parker, Smith, Fernandina, naval stores.
June	18.	Sch. W. H. Northrop, Silliman, Wilmington, lumber.
Aug.	7.	Sch. W. H. Northrop, Silliman, Wilmington, lumber.
Aug.	13.	Sch. Victoria, Certain, Wilmington, rice.
Sept.	4.	Sch. Mary Adeline, Carlin, Charleston, rice.
Sept.	9.	Sch. Hampton, Gladding, Savannah, rice.
Sept.	19.	Sch. Atkinson, Fitzinger, Georgetown, rice.
Sept.	20.	Sch. Victoria, Vincent, Beaufort, S. C., rice.
Oct.	2.	Sch. Carrie Sandford, Haggett, Wilmington, lumber.
Oct.	8.	Sch. Mary Louisa, Bettilini, Jacksonville, naval stores.
Oct.	12.	Sch. British Empire, Parsons, Jacksonville, lumber.
Oct.	15.	Sch. J. W. Anderson, Black, Savannah, naval stores.
Oct.	15.	Sch. Adeline, Smith, Savannah, naval stores.
Nov.	4.	Sch. Lucy R. Waring, Smith, Savannah, naval stores.

Nov. 6. Sch. John R. Wilder, Gardner, Savannah, rice.
 Nov. 7. Sch. H. F. Willing, Gill, Savannah, rice.
 Nov. 7. Sch. Gen. Ripley, Phillips, Charleston, rice.
 Nov. 8. Sloop Mary, Baker, Savannah, rice.
 Nov. 15. Sch. Garibaldi, Bettilini, Jacksonville, naval stores.
 Dec. 5. Sch. Prince of Wales, Adair, Charleston, cotton.
 Dec. 6. Sloop Belle, Moore, Charleston, rice.
 Dec. 7. Steamship Ella Warley, Swasey, Charleston, cotton.
 Dec. 10. Steamship Theodora, Lockwood, Charleston, cotton.
 1862.
 Jan. 16. Sch. Garibaldi, Bettilini, Jacksonville, naval stores.
 Jan. 18. Steamship Kate, Lockwood, Charleston, cotton.
 Jan. 29. Sch. Col. McRea, Perry, Georgetown, S. C., naval stores.
 Jan. 29. Sch. Arrow, Dennis, St. John's, Fla., naval stores.
 Feb. 6. Sch. Alert, Howe, Charleston, cotton.
 Feb. 8. Sch. Louise, Byers, Charleston, rice and cotton.
 Feb. 10. Sch. Courier, Davis, Charleston, cotton.
 Feb. 12. Steamship Nelly, Moore, Charleston, cotton.
 Feb. 13. Sch. Sue, Smith, Charleston, naval stores.
 Feb. 16. Steamship Kate, Lockwood, Charleston, cotton.
 Feb. 24. Steamship Cecile, Peck, Charleston, cotton.
 March 3. Sch. Chase, Allen, Charleston, lumber.
 March 3. Steamship Ella Warley, Swasey, Charleston, cotton.
 March 4. Sch. Sir Robert Peel, Guage, Charleston, cotton and naval stores.
 March 8. Steamship Cecile, Peck, Charleston, cotton.
 March 10. Sch. Zaidee, Adair, Charleston, cotton and tobacco.
 March 11. Sch. British Empire, Parsons, Jacksonville, naval stores.
 March 11. Steamship Kate, Carlin, Charleston, cotton.
 March 12. Sch. Kate, Sabistan, Charleston, cotton and lumber.
 March 17. Sch. Laura, Ferklenberg, Charleston, cotton and lumber.
 March 17. Sch. Carrie Sandford, Haggett, St. John's, Fla., naval stores.
 March 17. Sloop Coquette, Moore, Charleston, cotton.
 March 22. Sch. Argyle, Davis, Charleston, cotton and naval stores.
 March 27. Sch. Victoria, Fowler, St. John's, Fla., naval stores.
 March 27. Sch. Annie Deans, Morse, Fernandina, Fla., naval stores.

March 27. Steamship Nashville, Gooding, Georgetown, S. C., ballast.
 April 2. Sch. Pride, Davis, Georgetown, S. C., cotton.
 April 5. Steamship Economist, Burdge, Charleston, cotton.
 April 5. Sch. Rutherford, Green, Charleston, cotton.
 April 7. Sch. Sarah, Russell, Charleston, cotton.
 April 7. Sch. Acorn, Habenicht, Charleston, cotton.
 April 8. Sch. Louisa, Tolle, Charleston, cotton.
 April 8. Sch. Chase, Habenicht, Charleston, cotton.
 April 9. Sch. Elizabeth, Rumley, Charleston, cotton.
 April 10. Steamship Cecile, Carling, Charleston, cotton.

Total fifty-eight, of which thirty-five since first of January.

Doc. 132.

RAPPAHANNOCK EXPEDITION.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following minute account of this expedition:

UNITED STATES STEAMER JACOB BELL, }
 OFF THE TOWN OF TAPPAHANNOCK,
 RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, VA., April 16. }

Editor Evening Star:

Having received orders from Washington, we started, April thirteenth, down the Potomac, for the Rappahannock River. When off Blackstone's Island, visited the fine frigate St. Lawrence, which lies abreast of the island at anchor. The fleet being assembled, the Jacob Bell being the flagship, Lieut. Commanding E. P. McCrae, took the lead, followed by the rest of the fleet, consisting of the Reliance, Satellite, Resolute, Island Belle and Piedmontese. At twelve o'clock at night we arrived opposite the small town of Urbana, and anchored in the morning.

On the morning of April fourteenth, a boat's crew was sent ashore, under the command of Acting Master Streets, to procure a pilot. When within twenty-five yards of the beach, they were fired upon from rifle-pits; but, as good luck would have it, no one was injured, only the boat receiving a few bullets in her hull. The Jacob Bell being the nearest in, immediately opened fire upon the rebels, which scattered them in every direction, after which we proceeded on our voyage up the river, toward Fredericksburgh, passing some three or four fine wharves, which have been partly destroyed. Stopping at the second one, where there was a white flag hoisted, they informed us that all the rebel soldiers had left that side (east) of the river. Arriving opposite Lowry's Point batteries, at twelve o'clock M., we commenced, from the whole fleet, to shell the works and fortifications, driving out the pickets which have occupied it since its evacuation, some twelve days ago, by a large body of the rebel army. After the shelling, the boats' crews landed, and

proceeded to burn some one hundred and fifty plank and log-houses, used by the rebels as quarters, which were entirely consumed, after which the boats returned to their ships, loaded with blankets, quilts, medicines and muskets, left by the rebels in their flight.

We next proceeded to the town of Tappahannock, some two miles above Fort Lowry, arriving off which at one o'clock, we fired a blank cartridge, and hoisted the white flag of truce, which was responded to from the people of the town, (what was left of them,) by displaying a great many white flags. After coming to an anchor, our Commander, with his gig's crew, proceeded to land, when they were met at the beach by a large concourse of persons, of all colors, and it seemed with great demonstration by the darky population, one old woman exclaiming: "Bress God! de Yankees hab come at last." The rebels have sunk the light-ship, and a large schooner off Lowry's Point. At half-past two o'clock P.M., the American flag was run up over one of the largest houses in the town, when it was hailed with enthusiastic cheering by the crews of our own gunboats. Subsequently our Commander was informed, that one of the people of the place had said, as soon as we left, it would be torn down; our Commander then politely told them, if it was, he would give them six hours to leave the town, before he burnt it. When our men first landed, an old negro told them not to drink any liquor, as it was all poisoned; and on landing the second time, they were invited to drink by one of the inhabitants, but they very politely declined the invitation to do so. We were also informed there by contrabands, that four large schooners, and other obstructions, are placed in the narrow channel of the river, five miles this side of Fredericksburgh, to prevent our approach to that place, where lie the steamers St. Nicholas, Eureka and Logan, the former having two guns mounted on her.

As far as we could learn, there are no rebel soldiers on the neck of land lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock, excepting a few picket cavalry, which are mostly composed of Marylanders, to prevent the escape of negroes. The company who fired on our boats the morning of the fourteenth, we are informed, were composed of Marylanders; and it was astonishing that none were killed or hurt, as there were over forty shots fired into the boat, at the distance of twenty-five yards. It was quite amusing to see secesh, and others of Tappahannock, leaving in all directions, when we arrived off the town, some that remained, running to and fro, with white rags suspended on broom-handles, and an old darky had a bleached salt-sack tied to a limb of a tree, waving it at the rate of two-forty on a plank-road. The town is very prettily situated on the left bank of the river, some fifty miles below Fredericksburgh. It contains two churches, a jail, a hotel, and a large steam saw-mill, and many handsome old mansions, that are fast going to decay, like the rest of the old ancient towns of the Revolution.

April 15.—Laid off the town during the night.

This morning, about five o'clock, espied a sloop coming down from the direction of Fredericksburgh, when we gave chase and captured her, she proving to be the Reindeer, Capt. Ailworth, who made his escape in a small boat. She was loaded with oysters, shad, cedar posts, carpet-bags, containing a quantity of clothes for the rebels, with a lot of letters, from which we learn that the rebels are evacuating Fredericksburgh, and talk of burning the town, to keep it from falling into our hands. At nine o'clock we got under way, and proceeded down the river to Corbin's Creek, to cut out some schooners which are in there, which we did in fine style, bringing out two very fine schooners, one of them being the Sidney A. Jones, of Baltimore. I have not learned the name of the other.

Just below Corbin's Creek we came to anchor, and sent the boat's crew ashore, to a storehouse at the wharf, when they soon returned with two secesh soldiers, in uniform, they nabbed at the store. They told our Captain, if he would let them alone, they would let him alone, and they wanted to go ashore again; but they were told, they would have to go to Washington first, when one of them exclaimed: "I have a horse ashore, that cost me five hundred dollars." "So much the better," says the Captain, "we will take the horse, too." There were also a lot of contraband goods found in the store, which were taken, but the liquor was all destroyed. The owner of the store, holding a prominent position in the rebel army, deserved to have his whole stock demolished—fighting against his country, and at the same time extorting from the poor people of the country the enormous prices of twenty dollars a sack for salt; forty cents a pound for sugar; seventy-five cents a pound for coffee; ten cents a pound for flour; twenty-five cents a pound for bacon, and thirteen dollars a pair for boots.

April 16.—The anchor once more on the bow, and we are steaming down the beautiful Rappahannock, toward the town of Urbana, which we do not stop at. We arrived at the mouth of the river after dark, and spoke the gunboat Young Rover, of five guns, which has been her station for some time, and proceeded on up the bay, and entered the Potomac just before midnight, and by eight o'clock arrived at Wade's Bay, where we met the Yankee, Lieutenant Commanding R. H. Wyman.

On our arrival at Tappahannock, a great many, leaving in a hurry, left their houses open and exposed; and in the house of a notorious rebel, Dr. Roane, our men picked up many secesh letters, lying about the floor in confusion, among which was a secesh army signal-book, picked up by our Purser's Steward, Mr. Paul, which, from its contents, may prove of service.

The two prisoners we have, are a Mr. Kiernan, of the First Maryland regiment, and the other a Mr. Mozinga, of the Fifty-ninth Virginia regiment, and a younger brother of the owner of the store below Corbin's Creek, referred to above. They do not relish the idea of residing north of "Dixie," and they say that the Southern Confed-

eracy pays fifty dollars a head for volunteers, and if they are not willing, why, they are forced.

Yours, etc.,

C. F. G.

Doc. 133.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

The act entitled "An act for the release of certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia," has this day been approved and signed.

I have never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this District, and I have ever desired to see the national capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Hence there has never been in my mind any question upon the subject except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances. If there be matters within and about this act, which might have taken a course or shape more satisfactory to my judgment, I do not attempt to specify them. I am gratified that the two principles of compensation and colonization are both recognised and practically applied in the act.

In the matter of compensation, it is provided that claims may be presented within ninety days from the passage of the act, but not thereafter, and there is no saving for minors, *femmes coverts*, insane, or absent persons. I presume this is an omission by mere oversight, and I recommend that it be supplied by an amendatory or supplemental act.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, April 16, 1862.

Doc. 134.

BATTLE OF CAMDEN, N. C.*

FOUGHT APRIL 19, 1862.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORTH-CAROLINA, }
NEWBERN, April 29, 1862. }

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR: I have the honor to enclose Gen. Reno's report of the movements made by him, in accordance with my order, for the purpose of accomplishing certain objects already indicated in a former despatch, the main order of which was most successfully accomplished.

Gen. Reno's report gives a detailed account of the movement, and I need only add that I feel increased confidence in the brave officers and soldiers, who accomplished so much in so short a time.

Our loss in the engagement was fourteen killed and ninety-six wounded, and two taken prisoners. The enemy's loss must have been much greater,

* This battle is also known by the name of the South-Mills.

as the Chaplain of the New-York regiment, left in charge of the wounded, reports having seen on the field thirty killed, besides several wounded—the main body of the wounded having been taken from the field when they retreated.

Our forces drove the enemy from the field in a most gallant style; buried our dead; bivouacked on the field for seven hours; transported all the wounded, except fourteen, so severely wounded that they could not be moved, but who were comfortably provided for and left in charge of a surgeon and chaplain.

Gen. Reno then, in obedience to orders, returned to his fleet, and embarked his men. He felt less reluctance in leaving behind these fourteen wounded, with the surgeon and chaplain, from the fact that I had but a few days before released some eighty wounded, with the surgeons, who were left by the enemy in Newbern; and the commanding officer in that neighborhood would be less than human were he to refuse to release these wounded men as soon as they can be transported safely.

I beg to enclose my congratulatory order in the report of Gen. Reno; also, the correspondence between the General and the commanding officer at South-Mills.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

A. E. BURNSIDE,

Major-General Commanding Department of North-Carolina.

REPORT OF GENERAL RENO.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, }
NEWBERN, N. C., April 22, 1862. }

Capt. Lewis Richmond, Assistant Adjutant-General:

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report that, in obedience to the order of Major-Gen. Burnside, I proceeded from Newbern, with the Twenty-first Massachusetts and Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiments, to Roanoke, and was there joined by part of the Ninth and Eighty-ninth New-York and Sixth New-Hampshire.

We proceeded directly to Elizabeth City, and commenced disembarking on the nineteenth inst., at midnight, at a point about three miles below, on the east side. By three P.M., Col. Hawkins's brigade, consisting of the Ninth and Eighty-ninth New-York and Sixth New-Hampshire, were landed, and ready to move. I ordered Col. Hawkins to proceed at once with his brigade toward South-Mills, for the purpose of making a demonstration on Norfolk. I remained to bring up the other two regiments, they having been delayed by their vessels getting aground at the mouth of the river. They came up at daylight, and were landed by seven A.M. I proceeded directly toward South-Mills, and about twelve miles out met Col. Hawkins's brigade, who, it seems, lost his way, either by the treachery or incompetency of his guide—he having marched some ten miles out of his way. As his men were very much jaded by their long march, I ordered them to follow the Second brigade. Proceeding about four miles further, to within a mile and a half of South-

Mills, the rebels opened upon us with artillery, before my advanced guard discovered them.

I immediately reconnoitred their position, and found that they were posted in an advantageous position, in line perpendicular to the road—their infantry in ditches, and their artillery commanding all the direct approaches; their rear protected by a dense forest. I ordered the Fifty-first Pennsylvania immediately to file to the right, and pass over to the edge of the woods to turn their left. I also ordered the Twenty-first Massachusetts to pursue the same course; and when Col. Hawkins came up with his brigade, I sent him with the Ninth and Eighty-Ninth New-York to their support. The Sixth New-Hampshire were formed in line to the left of the road, and ordered to support our four pieces of artillery. Owing to the excessive fatigue of the men, they could not reach their position for some time.

In the mean time the enemy kept up a brisk artillery fire, which was gallantly responded to by our small pieces, under charge of Colonel Howard, of the "Coast Guard," who, during the entire engagement, displayed most conspicuous gallantry, and rendered very efficient service, both during the action and upon the return, he bringing up the rear. As soon as the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Twenty-first Massachusetts had succeeded in turning their left, they opened a brisk musketry fire, and about the same time the Ninth New-York, also coming in range, and being too eager to engage, unfortunately charged upon the enemy's artillery. It was a most gallant charge, but they were exposed to a most deadly fire of grape and musketry, and were forced to retire, but rallied immediately upon the Eighty-ninth New-York coming up. I then ordered both regiments to form a junction with the Twenty-first Massachusetts.

In the mean time the Fifty-first Pennsylvania and Twenty-first Massachusetts kept up an incessant fire upon the rebels, who now had withdrawn their artillery and had commenced to retreat in good order. The Sixth New-Hampshire had steadily advanced in line to the left of the road, and when within about two hundred yards poured in a most deadly volley, which completely demoralized the enemy and ended the battle. Our men were so completely fagged out by the intense heat and their long march that we could not pursue them. The men rested under arms in line of battle until about ten o'clock P.M., when I ordered a return to our boats, having accomplished the principal object of the expedition, conveying the idea that the entire "Burnside Expedition" was marching upon Norfolk. Owing to want of transportation, I was compelled to leave some sixteen of our most severely wounded men. Assist. Surg. Warren was left with them. I sent a flag of truce the next day to ask that they might be returned to us, Commander Rowan kindly volunteering to attend to it.

We took only a few prisoners, some ten or fifteen, most of whom belonged to the Third Georgia regiment.

The Ninth New-York suffered most severely, owing to their premature charge—our total loss in killed and wounded being about ninety, some sixty belonging to that regiment.

The officers and men of the several regiments all behaved with their usual gallantry, and many are worthy of particular mention, and I presume the brigade and regimental commanders will do justice to their respective commands. I will forward their reports as soon as received.

The return march was made in perfect order, and few if any stragglers were left behind. Considering that during the advance the weather was intensely hot and that on the return a severe rain rendered the roads very muddy, and that a portion of the command had to march forty-five miles, and the others thirty-five, and fight a battalion the mean time, and that all this was accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, I think that the Commanding General has every reason to be satisfied with his command.

I desire to return my thanks to Commander Rowan and the officers and men under him for their untiring energy in disembarking and reëmbarking my command; and also to Lieut. Flusser for the gallant manner in which he assisted us by proceeding up the river and driving the enemy out of the woods along the banks.

Col. Hawkins, commanding the First brigade, and Lieut.-Col. Bell commanding the Second, both displayed a conspicuous courage, as did also the regimental commanders. Lieut.-Col. Clark commanded the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Major Schall the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Kimball the Ninth New-York, and Lieut.-Col. Griffen the Sixth New-Hampshire. Capt. Fearing, the aid-de-camp of Gen. Burnside, accompanied me as a volunteer aid, and rendered efficient and gallant service; also Capt. Ritchie, A.C.S., and Lieutenants Gordon and Breed, of the Signal Corps. My own aids, Lieuts. Reno and Morris, behaved with their usual gallantry.

As soon as the brigade and regimental reports are furnished I will forward them, together with a complete list of killed and wounded.

The enemy's loss was considerable, but they succeeded in carrying off most of their wounded. Several, however, were left on the field, one of which was a captain of the Third Georgia regiment. The color-bearer of the Third Georgia regiment was shot down by the Twenty-first Massachusetts while waving defiantly his traitorous flag. The enemy had from six to ten pieces of artillery and from eighteen hundred to two thousand men. We approached to within thirty miles of Norfolk, and undoubtedly the defeat of one of their best regiments, the Third Georgia, produced considerable panic at Norfolk.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,

J. L. RENO,

Commanding Brigadier-General Second Division.

REPORT OF LIEUT.-COL. KIMBALL.

HEADQUARTERS, NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. V., }
ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., April 21, 1862. }

COLONEL: I have the honor to report that in pursuance of your order of the eighteenth inst.,

I left this camp at eleven o'clock of that day, and proceeded to your headquarters with the Ninth regiment New-York volunteers, numbering an aggregate force of seven hundred and twenty-seven men, with whom I embarked on the transport steamer Ocean Wave. I then proceeded to land my command at the point designated by you, the whole force having to wade middle deep in water in order to reach the shore from the surf-boats.

I landed with the first detachment, company A, Capt. Graham, whom I ordered forward to take possession of a house about one eighth of a mile from the point of landing, and also to throw forward a picket on the road toward Camden, which order he promptly executed. I then formed the remaining companies of the regiment in line of battle and awaited your order, which I received from you in person at about two o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth.

From this time until you were seriously wounded, while gallantly leading your command in a charge against the enemy, I shall not attempt to enter so fully into details as I otherwise should had not your regiment during that period been constantly under your eye and immediate command. Allow me, however, to express my gratitude and admiration at the cheerful and determined manner with which the men endured every hardship and fatigue of the march, and notwithstanding they had no sleep the night before, they made the entire march (of not less than thirty miles) in their wet clothes and stockings, in a broiling sun, and arrived at the field of battle in less than eight hours. At this time the troops were so exhausted they could hardly drag one leg after the other; but when the order to charge was given they replied with a cheer, and attacked the enemy in a manner so intrepid and determined as to force him back; and, although not at the time entering his position, the object of the charge was accomplished, as, upon being partially repulsed, our movement to the woods on his left led him to suppose he was to be attacked on his flank and rear, when he immediately evacuated his position.

The bravery and intrepidity displayed by every one in this charge—which was made across an open field of seven hundred yards in front of the enemy, who was posted in the woods on our left and in front, and consequently completely enfilading us by his fire—has but few parallels.

Where all behaved so gallantly it would be invidious to mention as particularly distinguished one above the other; but I would take this opportunity to call your very favorable attention to Major Jardine, (slightly wounded,) who on this occasion (as well as on all others when required) displayed a care for the regiment and gallantry on the battle-field seldom equalled. Capts. Graham and Hammill, Lieuts. Bartholomew, Klingsochr, Powell, and McKechnie, wounded, (the latter being in command, the captain of the company having been left in command of this camp;) Capts. Le Baire, Parisen, and Leahy, also Capt. Whiting, Lieuts. Morris and Herbert, in charge

of the battery of the regiment, did splendid service. Lieuts. Childs and Barnett, (the captain being absent recruiting,) John K. Perley, (the captain falling out from exhaustion, being sick when he joined the expedition,) Lieut. Webster, in command of company H after the captain was wounded—all commanding companies—are entitled to great credit.

Lieuts. Fleming, Cooper, Burdett, Donaldson, Henry Perley, (the latter in command of company F after the captain was wounded,) sustained their previous high reputation. Surgeon Humphries, of this regiment, Acting Brigade Surgeon, is entitled to very great credit, having been constantly in attendance on the wounded till after their arrival at this place, and upwards of twenty-eight hours without sleep. I would also, on behalf of Surgeon Humphries and myself, express our own and the thanks of the entire regiment to Surgeon Jones, of the United States Navy, attached to the flag-ship Philadelphia; and Squires, of the Eighty-ninth New-York volunteers, and Assistant Surgeon Cooper, of the Sixth New-Hampshire volunteers, for assistance rendered to our wounded.

I cannot close this report without bearing testimony to the good conduct on the battle-field and in the field-hospital of the Rev. T. W. Conway, chaplain of this regiment. He not only encouraged the men on the field, but remained after the army had left, and aided the wounded in hospital, and buried and performed the funeral services over all the dead of the different regiments. He then collected, took command of, and brought safely into camp, detachments from the different regiments of about forty stragglers who had fallen out by the roadside from exhaustion.

I would call particular attention to the wounded non-commissioned officers and privates whose names accompany this report, all of whom patiently endured their painful wounds till they could be properly attended to, without a murmur, many of them with cheerfulness, thereby showing their discipline as soldiers and determination as patriots.

Although the field was won, its price was dear to the regiment, and particularly so in the loss of its Adjutant—that gallant soldier and gentleman—Lieut. Charles A. Gadsden. He was but lately appointed and been only on duty with the regiment for the short space of five days; yet in that time he had shown his ability as a soldier and endeared himself to all with whom he had come in contact. He died gallantly at the head of the regiment and in the honorable performance of the duties of his profession, which he had so lately adopted. All regret his death, and will ever kindly and proudly remember him and his connection with us. The deaths of Corporals Otto Von Grief and William Saward, and privates Dillman, Kelly, Shephard, Caranaughe, Mayne, and Daly are deeply felt by their companions and the entire regiment. Their friends may know that they died as true soldiers are willing to die—honorably fighting for the flag of their country—and that their names are embalmed in the

hearts of their comrades, and will ever when spoken be revered by a grateful people. After the battle the regiment bivouacked on the ground from which the enemy was dislodged, and scarcely had the men thrown themselves down, when, notwithstanding the rain was falling fast, they were in a profound sleep, from which they were soon after with difficulty awakened, with an order to immediately take up their march for our transports. Upon arising from the ground, I found myself almost totally disabled from the pain of a sprained knee and foot, with which, you are aware, I had been suffering during the day; and, as my horse was shot from under me during the action, I was compelled to temporarily place Major Jardine in command of the regiment, who formed it in the most admirable manner in the short space of ten minutes, not a word being spoken except the commands of the officers, given in whispers — shortly after which a horse was procured for me, when I resumed command. I then, in accordance with orders, marched the regiment at a quick pace through mud ankle deep, in almost pitch darkness, a distance of twelve miles to the draw-bridge near Camden, which we held till the entire army had passed over, at daylight. I then, as previously directed, cut away the bridge, and then with my command brought up the rear of the last division, arriving at our transports at about nine o'clock A.M., with many of the men barefooted, completely exhausted, and their feet blistered and skinned, after which nothing worthy of note transpired.

The following is a list of the prisoners taken by the Ninth New-York volunteers, on or near the battle-field at South-Mills, Camden County, April 19, 1862:

D. E. Elder, company L, Third regiment Georgia volunteers.

James Y. Banes, company B, Third regiment Georgia volunteers.

Hardey Jennigan, company C, Third regiment Georgia volunteers.

Falman Berry, supposed North-Carolina militia.

Peter Sawyer, supposed North-Carolina militia.

Tinley Brown, supposed North-Carolina militia.

Lemuel Sawyer, supposed North-Carolina militia.

Wm. Williams, supposed North-Carolina militia.

Benjamin Clark, supposed North-Carolina militia.

In conclusion, allow me again to express my thanks to every officer and man of the regiment engaged in this action, and to bear testimony to their coolness under the hottest of fires, and general good conduct as soldiers under all circumstances, and also to express our united thanks and gratitude to yourself for the consideration you bestowed upon us, and gallantry with which you led us upon this as well as other occasions.

Very respectfully, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

E. A. KIMBALL,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding Ninth New-York Volunteers.

To Col. RUSH C. HAWKINS,

Ninth New-York Volunteers, Commanding Brigade.

CONGRATULATORY ORDER OF GEN. BURNSIDE.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT
OF NORTH-CAROLINA, April 6, 1862. }

The Commanding General desires to express his high appreciation of the excellent conduct of the forces under command of Brig.-Gen. Reno, in the late demonstration upon Norfolk. He congratulates them as well upon the manly fortitude with which they endured excessive heat and extraordinary fatigue, on a forced march of forty miles in twenty-four hours, as upon the indomitable courage with which, notwithstanding their exhaustion, they attacked a large body of the enemy's best artillery, infantry and cavalry, in their own chosen position, achieving a complete victory.

It is therefore ordered, as a deserved tribute to the perseverance, discipline, and bravery exhibited by the officers and soldiers of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Ninth New-York, Eighty-ninth New-York, and Sixth New-Hampshire, on the nineteenth of April, a day already memorable in the history of our country, that the above regiments inscribe upon their respective colors the name "Camden, April 19th."

The General Commanding desires to express his approbation of Gen. Reno's strict observance of his orders, when the temptation to follow the retreating enemy was so great.

By command of Major-Gen. A. E. BURNSIDE.
LEWIS RICHMOND, A.A.G.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, April 20, 1862. }

To the Commanding Officer at Elizabeth City, or at South-Mills:

SIR: In the recent engagement near South-Mills, owing to the lack of transportation, I was compelled to leave a few of my wounded under the charge of one of our surgeons. As it has been invariably our practice to release the wounded on parole, I confidently anticipate that you will pursue the same course, in which case you will please inform Commander Rowan at what time and place they can be received. I also request permission to remove the body of Lieutenant Gadsden, of the Ninth New-York. The Surgeon will point out the place of his interment.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. L. RENO,
Brigadier-General.

DEPARTMENT OF NORFOLK,
HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE VOLUNTEERS, }
CAMDEN Co., N. C., April 21.

To Brig.-Gen. J. L. Reno, U.S.A.:

GENERAL: In reply to your letter of the twentieth instant, I have to state that I have referred the subject of the wounded men to department headquarters, and am instructed to inform you that they will be paroled and sent to Commander Rowan as soon as they are able to be transported, of which due notice will be

given. The body of Lieut. Gadsden will be sent as soon as possible. The surgeon will be released with the paroled wounded. I have now to call your attention to the case of Lieutenant H. E. Jarrigan, company C, Third Georgia volunteers, who was left as a nurse with Lieutenant Wilson of the same regiment, wounded and paroled. I ask that Jarrigan be paroled or exchanged for one of your men prisoners in our possession.

Your obedient servant,
ALBERT BLANCHARD,
Brigadier-General C.S.A.

ACCOUNT BY ONE OF THE WOUNDED.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL, }
FORTRESS MONROE, VA., April 26, 1862. }

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I suppose you both will be greatly surprised to hear that I am back again to the hospital at the Fortress, but not with sickness this time, but in consequence of a wound which I received last Saturday afternoon in the fight at South-Mills.

You know I said in my last letter that we expected to have another fight soon. Well, last Friday, the eighteenth, we embarked on board the steamer Ocean Wave—the other regiments going on other boats. About half-past one o'clock at night we landed at a place called Green Bank. We had to wade from the steamer about one quarter of a mile through the water. We commenced our march at half-past two, and kept on till they attacked us about four o'clock in the afternoon. We had marched nearly thirty-eight miles.

We were ordered by Gen. Reno, that is, our regiment, the Ninth New-York, and the Eighty-ninth New-York, to flank the battery on the right. I think there was not a musket fired on either side, it was all cannonading. I tell you what it is, our two small pieces did good service.

Well, we got on the right of them and lay down in the woods to rest and waited for further orders. We lay down because we were so awful tired, and fell asleep in no time. At last Col. Hawkins came and told us we could finish the work if we could march about three quarters of a mile further and then charge on them the rest of the mile and drive them all away.

He said he knew that we were tired and worn out, and if we did not feel able to do so we must say so. But, you know, all our boys love their dear Colonel, and would follow him anywhere. We all sprang to our feet and shouted: "Charge the battery!"

In front of the battery was a large open corn-field. In this we started our charge. Our company, (B,) you know, is on the right of the line. As soon as they saw our red caps coming, they opened fire with musketry. We were about half-way across the field when our corporal fell. We were going in when the corporal fell. I turned to look at him, when I was shot; the ball, a Minie, struck me between the knee and thigh. I tried to get up, but found it easier said than done—the bone was shattered to pieces. After the

fight cleared away a little, we were carried on stretchers to a house which was used as our hospital.

I must stop, as the doctor has come to dress my wound.

He has finished. I had cold water applications only to my leg, until Tuesday, when the surgeon left in charge of the wounded cut it off. I did not know it was off until about an hour afterward.

So now I am minus a leg! But never mind, dear parents. I suffer but little pain, and will be home in a few weeks, I think.

The head-surgeon of the hospital and all treat me so kindly; when they heard I was here they all came to see me.

Surgeon Bontogue is the head man here. He tells me I can get up in a few days and walk with crutches.

My dinner is by my side, and I will close my letter, wishing you both not to mourn about me, for I am all right. Write soon to your affectionate son,
WILLIAM V. H. CORTELYOU,
Company B, Ninth Regiment, N. Y. V.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 25, 1862.

A short time since I was given to understand that a reconnoissance in force would be made in the vicinity of Norfolk, by a portion of the Burnside Expedition.

Learning that the enemy had a brigade of their best men stationed at Elizabeth City, it was evident to me that an engagement with the enemy would take place between Elizabeth City and Norfolk.

When last at Elizabeth City, I learned that the rebel force was composed of the Georgia Third volunteers, a regiment of North-Carolina volunteers, a regiment of Louisiana Wild Cats, a regiment of Virginia cavalry, two batteries from Louisiana, of two hundred and fifty men each, a few companies of militia, amounting to a little over five thousand men altogether.

All of this force had been called to Yorktown and Norfolk, and part, I learn, left for those places on the eighteenth inst. The remainder were to leave on the twenty-first inst., which was the day that the Georgia Third expected to be mustered out of service, as their time for which they enlisted expired on that day; but to their astonishment, they were informed that the rebel Congress had decided that no more regiments were to be mustered out of service until the war was over. As you may imagine, this sweeping impressment was not relished in the least by this regiment, which is one of the best Georgia has in the field.

Gen. Reno, who was designated to take command of this expedition, left Newbern on the morning of the seventeenth inst., with two regiments of his brigade, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Clark, and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, Col. Hartranft, which embarked on the army transports Northerner, Admiral, Pilot Boy, and Ocean Wave, for Roanoke Island, in convoy of the flag-ship Philadelphia, Com. Rowan, and the

war-steamers Delaware, Lieut. Commanding S. P. Quackenbush, and the Picket, Capt. Ives, arriving at Roanoke Island on the evening of the seventeenth, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, where they anchored until morning.

Early on the morning of the eighteenth, Com. Rowan and staff, together with Gen. Reno and staff, went on shore and paid a visit to Col. Hawkins, Acting Brigadier-General, in command of the forces on Roanoke Island, who was to join the expedition with three regiments of his brigade, the Ninth and Eighty-ninth New-York and Sixth New-Hampshire. After a brief consultation, it was decided to embark Col. Hawkins's three regiments as soon as possible, and get under way, so as to reach the mouth of the Pasquotank River, on which Elizabeth City is situated, before dark. The fleet was then to move up the river and land the troops some three miles this side of Elizabeth City, at midnight, when part of the force was to push on rapidly, by a circuitous route, and take possession of the canal bridge, some twenty miles this side of Norfolk, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the rebel force left at Elizabeth City — some one thousand eight hundred strong.

Col. Hawkins with his three regiments was detailed to perform this work, leaving Gen. Reno with two regiments to bring up the rear, in order that we might get the enemy between our forces, when Gen. Reno anticipated no difficulty in making prisoners of them all.

Col. Howard, of the Marine Artillery, and commander of the war-steamer Virginia, was also included in the expedition, with a battery of light field-pieces.

Col. Hawkins's force embarked on the Phoenix, Capt. Ashcroft, Massasoit, Capt. Clark, Philadelphia, and Ocean Wave.

All was in readiness by ten o'clock A.M., when the fleet left the island and proceeded slowly to the point where the troops were to be landed, which job was to be completed between twelve and one o'clock, before the moon rose, and as quietly as possible.

When we arrived at our destination it was about ten o'clock in the evening, and quite as dark as necessary for all practical purposes. Preparations were at once made to land the force as expeditiously as possible. The blockading squadron at Elizabeth City were in readiness to render all assistance in their power to Gen. Reno. They tendered all their launches and small boats, and the services of their officers and crews to assist in the landing of the troops, which consumed much more time than was at first anticipated.

Col. Hawkins's three regiments were all landed, however, and on the march, by two o'clock, leaving General Reno to land his two regiments, the army wagons, four in number, together with the horses belonging to the same, and the field-pieces, a tedious job, which was not completed until daylight.

It was a beautiful and imposing sight to witness the landing of these troops by moonlight, with

horses, wagons, field-pieces, etc. Some on rafts and some in small boats. Some of them wading even cheerfully through the water in their anxiety to reach the shore first.

Had it not been for the valuable assistance rendered by the gunboats in landing, Gen. Reno would have been delayed many hours longer. He expressed himself as under many obligations to the officers and men of the entire navy fleet at Elizabeth City, many of whom plunged into the water, and worked like heroes until everything was landed, and the force on the march. Among those boats most efficient in this good work were the Perry, Delaware, Lockwood, Picket, Southfield, Stars and Stripes, Underwriter, Putnam, Ceres, Shawsheen, and Whitehead.

By five o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth, Reno's column was in motion. So quietly had the landing of the troops been effected that no alarm whatever was given by the enemy's pickets, four of whom were found asleep not more than fifty rods from our place of debarkation. It is also evident that the rebel troops at Elizabeth City, three miles from the landing, knew nothing of our approach or operations during the night, for they were in their camp, near the city, when our gunboats went and shelled them out at daylight.

When our gunboats moved up to the city, and let fly their shells into the camp of the sleeping rebels, they were greatly surprised at such an unceremonious call so early in the morning, and in great confusion they started for Norfolk, with Gen. Reno at their heels in close pursuit.

Before proceeding further, I must not forget to mention that much credit is due to C. H. Flusser, of the Commodore Perry, commanding the squadron at Elizabeth City, for planning this affair. No naval officer on this coast has given the rebels more hard knocks and greater frights than this brave and efficient officer, who is a terror to the whole Southern conspiracy. Soon after daylight, Gen. Reno was in close pursuit of the enemy, with the Twenty-first Massachusetts, Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and Col. Harrard's battery.

It was a lovely morning; the birds were singing and skipping from one green bough to another, as if attracted by our beautiful colors. The roads were in good condition, which enabled our troops to get rapidly over the ground. The people along the route knew nothing of our coming until we were passing their doors, when of course it was too late for them to get up a fright.

The Union sentiment was openly manifested by the inhabitants all along the route. At one house the inmates were so overjoyed at our coming as to make demonstrations of delight, by waving the Stars and Stripes, which brought forth deafening cheers from our troops, many of whom shed tears of joy on seeing the strong attachment to the old flag by these oppressed people. Other Union citizens informed us that the Stars and Stripes had been taken from them by the rebels, otherwise they would have given us a like reception.

Many of the Union-loving inhabitants offered

refreshments and cold water to our troops as they passed by their houses. Some would collect together hastily what victuals they had cooked, run to the doors and windows, and hand out a lunch to the soldiers, with cheerful words of encouragement, as the troops passed on singing patriotic songs.

The day was unusually warm, which caused the men to drink a great deal of water, and, before the first ten miles had been travelled, our troops were much exhausted, many of them showing signs of fatigue of a definite character; having been on the go all night without food or rest, followed by this rapid march, which, under a burning sun, was quite enough to test the endurance of strong men.

Everything was progressing finely, however, and the prospect of securing our game was as good as could be desired, up to eleven o'clock, when one of Gen. Reno's Aids came up and informed him of the mortifying fact that Col. Hawkins's force had taken the wrong road, and had gone some ten miles out of their way, which would enable the enemy to reach the bridge in advance of our troops, make their escape from us complete, and form a junction with the remainder of the rebel force which left Elizabeth City the day before. These were not far from the bridge, in the vicinity of which were rebel intrenchments and batteries to protect the canal at this point, from whence supplies had been carried to Norfolk in considerable quantities.

All hopes of overhauling the enemy and having an engagement vanished on learning that Colonel Hawkins's force was in the rear of General Reno. However, General Reno decided to push on and make the reconnoissance, which was the chief object of the expedition. He could thus return to Elizabeth City on the following morning in order to connect with the boats for Roanoke Island and Newbern, which points he was to reach by a given time, Gen. Burnside having given positive orders in regard to the length of time he was to be absent.

Our course was in a northerly direction from Elizabeth City, on the direct road to Norfolk. As I said before, we had given up all hopes of overhauling the enemy, after learning that he had succeeded in getting ahead of us; but this mishap, however, did not cause Gen. Reno to slacken his speed in the least; on the contrary, he rushed on all the faster, that he might be able to complete his mission and return the sooner. By ten o'clock the heat was very oppressive, and the men began to show signs of fatigue, the effects of their sleepless night and rapid march on empty stomachs. Gen. Reno would order frequent halts for a few moments in order to give the troops a breathing spell as well as an opportunity to refresh themselves with a new supply of cold water.

At eleven o'clock A.M., to our surprise, we were upon the heels of the flying foe; of this fact we were made aware by a movement of the rebel cavalry, which fell back a short distance in the rear of their force and fired a few shots at

our advanced pickets. On went General Reno's forces, however, with increased speed, pursuing the enemy until about one o'clock P.M., when it was evident that he had reached their batteries, and formed a junction with the rebel force that left Elizabeth City the day before. Along the roadside were woods and groves, and frequent clearings. The country was low, and under a very poor state of cultivation, and not very well cleared up, abounding more in swamps and woods than anything else.

About one o'clock we came to a clearing on each side of the road, which was the shape of a half-circle, some two miles through, the square side of which was in front, we having entered the curved side. All around this circle were dense woods, the road leading direct through the centre of the circle, in a northerly direction, which at this point was an air-line, for some three or four miles. As Gen. Reno's forces reached the centre of this half-circle, and before we had any idea that the enemy intended to make a stand, boom went their batteries and down this straight road came their shells, at a furious rate—a sudden invitation for us to halt and prepare for action.

Your correspondent was on the front wagon, seated by the side of Wagon-Master Plummer, engaged in a pleasant conversation, when the first shell came within a few inches of our heads. Down the road it went, just over the heads of the whole line, giving us all the benefit of its hissing notes.

In an instant all was commotion and activity. The first movement was to get the wagons—which were loaded with ammunition, etc.—out of the road, and bring up the howitzers, two of which were hitched on behind the wagons; the other two were with Col. Hawkins, who was at this time some four miles in our rear, with his force.

Gen. Reno at once ordered his two regiments, the Twenty-first Massachusetts and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, to take shelter in the woods to the right, and gradually to work their way up on to the right wing of the enemy, and get ready to charge upon him when Col. Hawkins should arrive with his force, he having been sent for by Gen. Reno to come forward with all possible despatch.

Col. Howard immediately advanced with his two howitzers, which were with Gen. Reno's command. Lieut. Herbert of the Ninth New-York was captain of one, and Lieut. Morris of the same regiment captain of the other. These pieces were run forward in the face of a raking fire from the enemy's batteries until they arrived within a few hundred feet of their guns, when Col. Howard and his brave men opened a brisk fire with telling effect, refusing to give an inch.

The enemy had selected a very desirable position, which enabled them to command the approaches from the road, as well as from the field. They were in a grove on the square side of this half-circle, sheltered by the trees, and in front of their position was a road running east and west, by the edge of the grove. We were approaching

them on the road which led directly north. A rail fence was right in front of the enemy, running east and west, behind which was a deep ditch, which answered the very excellent purpose of an intrenchment, all made to hand. The fence, which was only separated by this road from the grove, answered the purpose of shelter, and also enabled the enemy to rest their muskets and thus secure a steady aim, giving them the advantage of us in every particular.

One of the enemy's batteries, of four field-pieces, was located at the head of the road in our front, enabling it to rake the whole road for a great distance. This battery was playing upon our howitzers. The other battery, of four guns, belonging to the enemy, commanded the open field which our regiments were obliged to cross in order to reach the open field on the right. An incessant fire from this battery was kept up on the Twenty-first Massachusetts and Fifty-first Pennsylvania as they were crossing the field for the woods, almost within musket-range of the rebels, to get their position. In these woods there was a thick underbrush, which made it almost impossible for our troops to advance. And furthermore, they could not penetrate the woods far enough to shelter them from the enemy's guns; they nevertheless pushed bravely forward in the face of a severe fire, eager to get as near the enemy's right wing as possible before the time came for the charge.

About one hour and a half was thus consumed before Hawkins arrived, with but a slight loss on either side, no musketry having been fired up to this time. Only the batteries were engaged.

At three o'clock Col. Hawkins came up with the Ninth New-York, (the Hawkins Zouaves,) the Eighty-ninth New-York, and Sixth New-Hampshire, with Col. Howard's other two howitzers. Lieuts. Gerard and Avery of the Union Coast Guard, were the captains of these guns.

Gen. Reno ordered Col. Hawkins with the Ninth New-York and Eighty-ninth New-York to the right in the woods to the support of the Twenty-first Massachusetts and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and to work around the right wing of the enemy and get into his rear, so as to cut off his retreat if it was possible. The Sixth New-Hampshire was ordered by Gen. Reno to the woods on the left, to keep possession of the road that led to the east, and thus prevent the enemy's escape in that direction. To secure this position, the Sixth New-Hampshire would be obliged to come within musket-range of the enemy's left wing and also face his batteries, but a few hundred yards in front of them. It was asking almost too much of little New-Hampshire, and I must confess I had some misgivings in regard to their ability to carry out an undertaking so perilous.

Gen. Reno detailed Lieut. Reno of his staff to accompany the Sixth New-Hampshire on to the field, with orders to execute this movement with all possible despatch, as it would doubtless decide the fate of the day.

The brave sons of New-Hampshire reported

themselves in readiness for the work, and said they would go wherever they were led. Off they started with fixed bayonets on a double-quick, up the road commanded by the enemy's batteries, which opened a rapid fire on them as they wheeled to the left to execute the order.

By this time, the Twenty-first Massachusetts, closely followed by the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, had worked their way well up to the extreme right of the enemy, who had sent pickets out to annoy this advance, but they were soon driven in by two companies of the Massachusetts Twenty-first, who were some distance ahead.

At this particular juncture, Col. Hawkins came out in the open field in front of the enemy, with the Ninth and Eighty-ninth New-York volunteers, with the intention of charging bayonets on their centre, a movement which Gen. Reno says was entirely unexpected and unauthorized by him. Col. H. formed his Zouaves in line of battle, supported by the Eighty-ninth New-York volunteers, and started with fixed bayonets at a double-quick on the charge. The enemy, on seeing them approach, turned at once all of their field-pieces and musketry upon the Zouaves, giving them a sweeping broadside from their masked batteries and covered intrenchments, which cut the regiment up at a fearful rate, and when they saw their Colonel and a large number of their officers fall, together with some sixty odd of their companions, throwing them into confusion for the time being.

Adjutant Gadsden, a very worthy young man, who had only been with the regiment a few days, was killed. Colonel Hawkins received a severe wound in the arm, and many of his officers were also severely wounded. The regiment, however, was soon rallied again by Lieut.-Col. Kimball and Major Jardine. The former has distinguished himself in many engagements, and in this charge had a horse shot under him. Major Jardine behaved equally as brave. Both are fine officers, and there can be no question of their gallantry. The regiment was quickly formed, ready for another charge, when Col. Hawkins revived and came up to lead them on again. The Eighty-ninth New-York volunteers now dashed forward in fine style with fixed bayonets on a double-quick to meet the enemy, with Col. Fairchilds at their head, and the other officers in their places.

By this time the Twenty-first Massachusetts had secured a good position within musket-range of the enemy, upon whom they had just opened a deadly fire, and were driving him to the left, when they discovered the other regiments getting ready for a charge. So Col. Clark of this regiment, a brave and accomplished officer, resolved to charge with the rest. The Fifty-first Pennsylvania, like the Massachusetts Twenty-first, had steadily advanced under cover of the woods and worked their way well up to the right wing of the enemy in the face of a raking fire, without flinching, eagerly waiting for the signal to spring upon the foe. The rebels saw that our force was in earnest and that they were

to give them the cold steel if they remained long enough to afford the "Yankees" the opportunity.

Everything was in readiness, the signal given, and on sprang all of our regiments simultaneously to the charge, with deafening yells. The rebels now sprang up from their hiding-places, with the intention of giving the Eighty-ninth New-York, who were right in front, the same reception they gave the Zouaves. The Sixth New-Hampshire, now close on to the enemy's left, discovering this movement, suddenly halted, taking a deadly aim, right oblique, and at the command "Fire," sent a thousand well-directed bullets into the rebel ranks, cutting them up in the most shocking manner, sending terror and consternation among the foe, who broke and fled in the wildest confusion from their intrenchments, as our five regiments sprang in upon them. The day was ours. The victory was complete. The struggle was the most fearful and best contested of the Burnside Expedition.

The enemy's position was a perfect Gibraltar, and their force consisted of the whole brigade which was stationed at Elizabeth City, over five thousand strong. So says one of the prisoners we captured. Our force was less than four thousand, some of the regiments having left part of their number behind, and when our troops went into action they were nearly exhausted, having marched all night and all day through the most oppressive heat imaginable. The rebel dead and wounded lay all over the field; many of the latter, however, among whom were a large number of officers, were carried off just before they were routed. I am informed that the enemy's dead lay in heaps all through the woods. The chaplain of the Ninth New-York says he counted some sixty rebel bodies in one place, a considerable distance from their intrenchments, which doubtless was the effect of Col. Howard's battery, who, with his men, are all entitled to distinguished honors for their brave and efficient conduct all through the engagement. Col. Howard walked up the centre of the road, in front of the enemy's battery, until he arrived within musket-range, when he very coolly took a survey of their position through his glass, which so confounded them that they hardly knew what to make of this strange and daring move. After satisfying himself as to the number of their guns and their location, he turned and retraced his steps, walking down the centre of the road as deliberately as a farmer would return from the labors of the day, neither looking to the right or left at the shells which were flying in great numbers each side of him, one striking the flap of his coat.

Col. Howard, seeing that the position of the New-Hampshire regiment would give his battery some protection, ordered his four pieces up to the place where he had taken the survey. This command was obeyed cheerfully, and soon caused the rebels to fall back with their battery at the head of the road.

As soon as the battle was over, Gen. Reno detailed companies to go and bring the rebel wound-

ed into our hospital for treatment, among whom was a colonel, whose name I was unable to ascertain. We also captured several prisoners, who said they were glad to fall into our hands.

It was a sickening sight to go over the field after the battle and behold the dead and wounded on both sides, all of whom endured their sufferings with remarkable fortitude.

Some of those who took an extensive survey of the rebel grounds after the battle, estimate the loss of the enemy as much greater than ours. Some say it will reach as high as three hundred. I am inclined to think, however, that two hundred and thirty will cover the entire loss, exclusive of prisoners.

Our loss, in killed and wounded, amounts to one hundred and thirteen, distributed as follows:

Regiments.	Killed.	Wounded.
Ninth New-York,.....	9	60
Eighty-Ninth New-York,.....	1	3
Twenty-first Massachusetts,.....	1	14
Fifty-first Pennsylvania,.....	3	19
Sixth New-Hampshire,.....	1	2
Total,.....	15	98

Among the number killed was one commissioned officer, Adjutant Gadsden, of the Zouaves, and two non-commissioned officers.

This engagement took place on the nineteenth of April, in the extreme northern part of Camden County, near the State line, twenty miles from Norfolk, and has been designated as the battle of Camden. The day will long be remembered as the anniversary of that on which the first blood was spilled in the streets of Baltimore.

Gen. Burnside is much elated over this important victory. He has paid a beautiful tribute to all the regiments engaged, and ordered that they inscribe "Camden" upon their banners, in commemoration of the brilliant triumph.

During the engagement Gen. Reno was in a very exposed position, coolly directing the different movements as he rode over the field, encouraging the troops by his intrepidity.

Capt. Fearing, of Gen. Burnside's staff, accompanied Gen. Reno as a volunteer aid, and was with him all through the dangers of the engagement, rendering valuable service. I got a glimpse of him as he was leading a force into the charge in the most skilful manner. Capt. Ritchie and Lieut. Reno, of Gen. Reno's staff, were equally as conspicuous in the fight, executing the General's orders with all promptness and despatch. The latter will share the honors with New-Hampshire.

Lieuts. Breed and Gordon, of the Signal Corps, also accompanied Gen. Reno as aids, and like the rest, performed their duty in the most fearless manner.

So far as bravery is concerned, no fault can be found with a single officer or man in the whole expedition; if anything, there was too much recklessness displayed, causing a needless sacrifice of life.

The West may say much of the fighting qualities of her troops, but she must not forget the "Yankees" under Burnside, who have so satis-

factorily demonstrated their ability to cope with the best troops of the South.

After the battle, which ended about four o'clock P.M., Gen. Reno gave the troops six hours for repose. In the mean time the dead were buried and the wounded cared for, when we retraced our steps in the cool of the evening, arriving in good season at the landing, and forming a connection with the boats for Roanoke Island and Newbern, which places we reached by the time required by Gen. Burnside.

The enemy's wounded we were obliged to leave in the hospital in care of the surgeon of the Twenty-first Massachusetts; also a few of our wounded, who were injured too severely to justify their removal over a rough road, all of whom were brought down the next day in small boats that could go within three miles of the hospital.

NORFOLK "DAY-BOOK" ACCOUNT.

On Saturday afternoon, about two o'clock, eight companies of the Third Georgia regiment, under command of Col. Wright, attacked the enemy in an open field about two miles below South-Mills. The enemy's force was estimated at from three thousand five hundred to four thousand men, but notwithstanding the great odds in point of numbers against us, we succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay for a number of hours. Finally, owing to the fact that our ammunition had been exhausted, we were compelled to fall back to South-Mills, and from South-Mills to the Half-Way House, where we are now awaiting reënforcements. Our informant could not tell us the exact number of killed and wounded, but says it was at first estimated to be about one hundred. Since then the number has very much decreased, and from last accounts, our loss it is thought will not exceed fifty. The enemy's loss is represented as being very heavy, and is put down at from eight hundred to nine hundred. The account of the great havoc made among the Unionists by our artillery pieces, is confirmed by our informant.

—*Norfolk Day-Book*, April 21.

Doc. 135.

CAPTURE OF FORT MACON.

COM. LOCKWOOD'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES PROPELLER DAYLIGHT, }
BEAUFORT HARBOR, April 27, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to report that on the twenty-fifth inst., our batteries on shore being in position, a fire was opened, about six o'clock A.M., on Fort Macon. On its being reported, I got under way and steamed towards the other blockading vessels, making signals for them to get under way, to prepare for action, and to form in line ahead. When within range, and as near as the shoals allowed us to approach, the Daylight opened fire, followed in succession by the State of Georgia, Commander James F. Armstrong; the gun-

boat Chippewa, Lieut. Commanding A. Bryson; and the bark Gemsbok, Acting Lieut. Edward Cavendish. The three steamers moved around in a circle, delivering their fire, as they came within range, at a mile and a quarter distant from the Fort. The bark was anchored.

After firing a number of rounds of shot and shell, finding that the sea, from a south-west wind which was blowing on shore, caused the vessel to settle so deep as to render our guns almost unmanageable to our range and the accuracy of our aim, I reluctantly withdrew, after being engaged about an hour and a quarter, hoping that the wind and sea would subside so as to enable us to renew our firing in the afternoon. We more readily adopted this course, as we did not contemplate to be continuously engaged, but occasionally to open fire on the enemy, whom we expected would hold out for several days. The wind and sea increasing, rendered the renewal of the engagement that afternoon impracticable by the gunboats.

Towards morning a flag of truce was displayed from the Fort, which passed into our possession the following morning; and we heartily cheered the reëpppearance of our glorious flag over the ramparts of Fort Macon.

About ten o'clock A.M., on April twenty-sixth, on entering the Fort, I had an interview with Major-Gen. Burnside, and we jointly signed the terms of capitulation on the part of the United States forces.

We expended nearly one half of our fifteen-second fuse shells, and, I am happy to say, with good effect. Our time of attack was most opportune, as we drew the fire of the enemy from an important land battery, which enabled our forces to repair the damages caused by the concentrated fire of the enemy.

The fire of the enemy on the vessels from the guns of greater range was excellent. Their shot and shell fell around us in every direction. Many good line shots passed just over and beyond us, as we successively passed their line of fire, and we were exceedingly fortunate in receiving so little damage. The Daylight was struck by an eight-inch solid shot on the starboard quarter, below the spar deck, passing through several bulkheads and the deck below to the opposite side of the vessel in the engine-room, about six inches above the machinery, amongst which it dropped.

A splinter fractured the small bone of the right forearm of Acting Third Assistant Engineer Eugene J. Wade, and I am happy to say that this was the only casualty that occurred afloat.

I am informed that our forces on shore had one killed and two wounded, and that the enemy had eight killed and twenty wounded. It is remarkable that so important a victory should have been achieved with so little loss of life, particularly as the interior of the Fort was literally covered with the fragments of the bombs and shells, and many of their guns were disabled.

I herewith enclose the reports of the several

commanders, and it gives me great pleasure to commend the gallantry of all.*

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL LOCKWOOD,

Commander and Senior Officer present.

To Flag-Officer LEWIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH,

U. S. Flagship Minnesota, Hampton Roads, Va.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

FORT MACON, April 26, 1862.

By the active exertions of Lieut. D. W. Flagler, Ordnance Officer-in-Chief, and Captain King, Quartermaster of Gen. Parke's division, the ordnance and ordnance stores were rafted across the shoals of Bogue Sound, and the mortar-batteries were in such a state of forwardness when Gen. Burnside came down on Saturday last, that he pronounced them almost ready for action. The battery of Parrott guns was also completed and ready to be unmasked, and he returned to Newbern at once to bring down two floating batteries, and witness the siege in person. The General's visit to our advanced posts was attended with no little risk, for the guns of the Fort were turned upon every considerable party which moved up or down the beach. The wagon in which he rode was made a target for twelve rounds of shot and shell, but happily his usual good fortune prevailed, and he escaped without injury. In the afternoon he tried the range of the Sharp's rifles of the Eighth Connecticut, and the Belgian rifles of the Fourth Rhode Island, firing at a target at one thousand yards, his object being to ascertain if a party of sharpshooters could not be placed in position within our lines to pick off the rebel gunners and the lookouts which had been kept on the flag-staff of the Fort to observe our operations. It was found that both pieces carried the required distance, the former excelling in accuracy and range, and the sharpshooters would have been used if the reduction of the Fort had not been so speedily accomplished.

There being but two regiments and a battalion engaged in the siege, and five companies being required for guard duty at the batteries, the labor has been extremely onerous, and the health of the command has suffered in consequence. Lying out on picket twenty-four hours out of every seventy-two; exposed to the heat of day and the fogs and cold breezes of the ocean by night; a haze of fine sand blowing with scarcely any intermission; fired at with shot and shell at all hours of the day or night; obliged to march three miles over the beach from camp to outpost or return, is it wonderful that the surgeon's call almost any morning for the last fortnight has summoned a large number to his tent-door? Is it not strange, rather, that volunteer troops should have endured such hardships without a murmur, and acted with the steadiness of veterans under a well-directed fire, which they were not ready to return!

The garrison of the Fort consisting of five companies, of men rendered desperate by the circumstances of their position, a sortie was to be apprehended, and our pickets were kept in a state of

* See Supplement.

constant readiness to repel the attempt. The only serious affair of the kind, however, occurred during the night of Sunday, when about three hundred of the enemy engaged our skirmishers, but were repulsed. During the affair a private of the Fifth Rhode Island was wounded in the leg, and Lieut. Landers of company C, by careless handling of his pistol, shot himself in the arm. The rebel force had hardly got under cover of the glacis coupeé, when several rounds of grape and canister were fired upon us from the Fort, the only effect being to startle the whole advance-guard and break their rest for the balance of the night. In the morning, at eight o'clock, when the battalion was being relieved by the Fourth Rhode Island, eighteen shots were fired in succession by the Fort, but without injuring a man. The gunboat Ellis, Capt. Franklin, which had been lying four miles up Cove Sound to close that approach to the Fort, moved up within shot-range, and fired two shots from her one hundred-pound gun. Both fell short of their mark, and the miserable inefficiency of the piece was made so apparent that the Captain wisely concluded to steam back to his anchorage and content himself with the easier duty to which he had been assigned. That evening the people at Beaufort had an opportunity of witnessing the picturesque effects of a bombardment by night, and as long as the spectacle lasted they thronged the streets and piazzas which overlooked the water. There being no mortars in the Fort, the heavy columbiads were used for the purpose; the proper elevation being given and a small charge of powder used. There is something very grand in the effect of shell practice at night, for the whole course of the projectile can be seen, and its terrible destructiveness appreciated. First comes a blinding flash of fire and a cloud of smoke made visible by the blast, then the boom of the cannon, the flight of the shell, marked, as it slowly mounts and falls by the twinkling fuse, then a brilliant light as the explosion comes, and last of all the noise of the bursting shell, sometimes louder than the report from the gun itself. Some of the secessionists in Beaufort, when they saw the shells falling among our batteries, could hardly conceal their exultation, but our men contented themselves in the thought that this sort of thing would not last long, for that was a game at which two would play before long.

Cooped up in the Fort, in full sight of their homes, the two Beaufort companies in the garrison resorted to various devices to get news of their welfare to their friends. Every few days for the past fortnight little sloops, properly ballasted, and with all sail set, would be drifted by the tide around the marshes to the town wharves, and as regularly sent by watchful sentries to Major Allen's headquarters. Among other curiosities which were cast ashore, was a board panel from a wreck, bearing the following communication:

FORT MACON, April the 20th, 1862.

"TO THE LADYS OF BEAUFORT—we are still enduring the privations of war with unexosted

Hopes if this vessel due reach her port of destiny you will find that we are all still well and alive and will not leave till we see the ruins of these old Walls we have had several scurvy fights with the Yankee Picket Guard the old topsail guards sends their best Respects to all their Lady friends of Beaufort and surrounding country. Joseph E. Canaday."

As Major Allen did not have time to deliver this message from the sea to all the ladies of Beaufort and surrounding country, he simplified matters by sending it to Gen. Parke as a North-Carolina contribution to the *Curiosities of Literature*.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the shot and shell practice of the Fort was continued, but, as previously, without wounding a man. On Wednesday, while watching a party of rebel officers on the ramparts, I was surprised to see them suddenly thrown into commotion. Their glasses were at once pointed up Coe Sound, and on looking in that direction, the white hull of the Alice Price was to be seen looming up toward Harker's Island. She had the two-armed barges, or "floating batteries," in tow, and moved down for an anchorage off Steep Point. Not many minutes passed before the six-inch rifled gun on the S. E. angle of the Fort was cleared away, and a shot was thrown in line fair and square for the Price. It went more than four miles, flew over the deck of the Ellis, and dropped in the water within ten feet of the gig which was returning to the Ellis, after leaving Capt. Franklin aboard the Price. As soon as the gun could be reloaded, another shot, which ranged even further than the first, was sent, and the boats were then moved a half mile further up the sound to get beyond range.

The arrival of the vessels created quite as much excitement in Beaufort as in the Fort, for it was regarded as the immediate precursor to the commencement of hostilities. A close watch was kept on them, the Fort, and the batteries, and many citizens kept their weary watch under a hot sun all day long. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Alice Price was seen moving slowly down, under a flag of truce, toward the point of Shackleford Banks, and all eyes were turned to observe her movements. A sail-boat was launched from the Fort beach, and two officers and a crew of rebel soldiers got in and quietly waited the approach of our steamer. Presently a ten-oared cutter, flying a white flag, put out from the Alice Price, and moved rapidly ahead. The two small boats approach and meet, a brief conference ensues, the Price's boat makes for the Shackleford beach, and the rebel craft returns to the Fort, where her crew, on landing, are surrounded by a host of their comrades, who, in their grey clothes, look from our point of view like so many State Prison men. Capt. Biggs, Chief Quartermaster, bears from Gen. Burnside a peremptory summons to surrender, and waits at the place designated by the rebel officers for Col. White's answer; which is delayed an hour and a half, but, when finally received, is found to be a refusal, couched in the respectful terms which one soldier would use toward another. The excuse

given by the rebel officers for detaining Capt. Biggs so long was, that "Col. White was not in the post;" which seems little else than prevarication, since he could not move a thousand yards from the glacis without risking capture by our pickets. Probably the summons, so unexpectedly received, induced one of his attacks of epilepsy, rendering him for the time quite unfit to attend to business. While Capt. Biggs was waiting for the answer, three shots were fired by the Fort from the seaward guns at the blockading fleet, which happened to be steaming slowly past within short range. It is not likely that our flag of truce could have been seen from their decks, and their movement was therefore made without any idea of a breach of courtesy. They certainly fired no guns, nor made any reply to the Fort, and the action of the officer in charge of the battery will hardly admit of excuse.

While the Price was lying-to for her boat to return, one of the miniature mail-sloops from the Fort came so near that it was picked up, but the score or so of letters which were found in her contained nothing of public interest. The tiny craft was taken as a legitimate prize, and now lies on her beam-ends in the private cabin of Gen. Burnside.

The decision of Col. White being ascertained, and our batteries being all in readiness, it was determined to open fire at once. Capt. Pell asked and obtained permission from Gen. Burnside to serve in the ten-inch mortar-battery, under Lieut. Flagler, and accordingly went over to the Banks by way of Beaufort. The siege-batteries were three in number—one of three thirty-pounder Parrott guns, commanded by Capt. Lewis O. Morris, of company C, First artillery, (regulars;) one of four ten-inch mortars, commanded by Lieut. D. W. Flagler in person; and one of four eight-inch mortars, commanded by Second Lieut. M. F. Prouty, of company C, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts volunteers. Capt. Morris was assisted by First Lieut. Cowan and Second Lieut. Pollock; Lieut. Flagler by Capt. Duncan A. Pell, of Gen. Burnside's staff, and Capt. Ammon, of the Third New-York artillery; Lieut. Prouty in part by Capt. Caswell and his fighting sailor, James Judge. The mortars were worked by detachments from company I, Third New-York artillery, the Parrotts by Capt. Morris's own regulars. The batteries were all constructed at the rear of the sand-hills, the sides and front being formed of sand-bags, of which the walls of the service-magazine were also made. The platforms were laid as substantially as the shifting nature of the sand would allow, and suitable embrasures were constructed for the Parrott guns. The ten-inch mortars were placed furthest from the Fort, the distance being one thousand six hundred and fifty yards; the Parrott guns were two hundred yards directly in front; and the eight-inch mortars two hundred yards still further on, and a little nearer the beach. Besides these, a small rifled howitzer was taken from the little captured steamer North State and placed in battery, in charge of Capt. Caswell of that vessel and some of his crew.

The whole siege-train, then, consisted of eight mortars and three rifled cannon, (if we except the small howitzer, which, however good in a ship's launch, can hardly be termed a siege-piece.) On the two barges towed down by the *Alice Price*, were four thirty-pound Parrotts and a twelve-pound Wiard steel gun, protected by bales of wet hay and cotton, which formed temporary embrasures. It was intended to place two of these Parrotts in battery on Shackleford Banks last night, in case the siege had been protracted, and Capt. Biggs had made all necessary arrangements to that effect. Outside the Banks, lying off and on in readiness to take part in the attack, were the gunboats *Daylight*, Commodore S. Lockwood; *State of Georgia*, Commander J. F. Armstrong; *Chippewa*, Lieut. Commanding A. Bryson; and the armed bark *Gemsbok*, Acting Lieut. Commanding E. Cavendy. The whole squadron carried about thirty guns, but as their participation in the bombardment was rendered short on account of the heavy sea which was running, their metal can hardly be taken into the account.

At half-past six o'clock yesterday morning the watch on the *Alice Price* discovered a flag of truce coming from the Fort. The signal was answered, and the *Price* moved down toward the boat, which headed for Shackleford beach, and the party in her landed. The *Price's* first cutter was lowered, and Gen. Burnside and Capt. Biggs were rowed ashore. From the steamer we could see the formalities of an introduction, by Capt. Biggs, of a tall, slim, soldierly man to Gen. Burnside; and we subsequently learned that a meeting had been arranged on Wednesday for Capt. Biggs and Col. White, who were at West-Point together and had long been on terms of intimacy. The opportunity was embraced by Gen. Burnside to converse with the rebel colonel in person, and the meeting was characterized by the utmost courtesy of demeanor on both sides.

In the course of an hour the General returned on board, and the *Price* was moved back to her previous anchorage. At ten o'clock the Fort opened fire as usual on our forces down the Spit; but no reply was made, as the signal had not been given. The firing was kept up at intervals all day, numerous charges of canister and shell being thrown from the battery of small carronades on the beach face of the Fort. The Eighth Connecticut was on duty all day in the trenches, and it is really surprising that no accidents (beyond the amputation of a man's great toe by a fragment of shell) should have occurred.

In the afternoon a mail was sent from the Fort to Beaufort under flag of truce, in charge of Capt. Pool; and the letters containing nothing of an objectionable nature, were delivered by Major Allen. The very fact that this mail was sent would seem to show that no definite idea of the nature or condition of our batteries had been formed in the Fort, even with the aid of the observations from the flagstaff-crosstrees. The nature of the ground was such, in fact, as to afford concealment and shelter to our men; and although the enemy had surveyed and staked the

beach for a distance of one thousand five hundred yards, and directed his fire with great precision, round-shot flew harmlessly over the sand-hills, and shells, in bursting, almost spent their force in scooping out the sand in which they would bury themselves. Gen. Parke was thus enabled to construct his batteries in comparative safety, the only casualties to be feared being those from fragments of shell which had burst in the air. From his preliminary reconnoissance until the completion of the batteries and magazines, only thirteen days elapsed, and of this a part was used in the transport of ordnance and materials across Bogue Sound from Carolina City. It will therefore be understood that neither Capt. Williamson, Capt. Morris, nor Lieut. Flagler could have idled much; in fact, they deserve the greatest credit for the untiring zeal which they displayed in the prosecution of their work, the greater part of which had to be done under the fire of the twenty-one guns of the Fort, which bore directly upon them. While these three officers are all brave, it will not perhaps be deemed invidious to particularize the behavior of Captain Williamson, whose perfect insensibility to fear is proverbial. At Newbern his reconnoissances of the enemy's position were made with a daring seldom witnessed; and on the banks here the same trait has been exemplified. One day when in the batteries, he was anxious to verify the measurements between the distance-stakes of the enemy, as they might have been intended as a blind to mislead us. I saw him go out on the sand-hills in plain sight of the Fort, and with the assistance of Lieut. Pollock, apply his tape to the ground for a distance of two hundred yards; this, when he was not more than one thousand four hundred yards from the muzzles of Col. White's guns.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

It has already been remarked in this correspondence that Gen. Burnside never willingly undertakes an important enterprise on Sunday or Friday; the first because he regards the day as one of rest, and the other because so many men, and especially sailors, hold a superstition in regard to its influence on results. And yet it has curiously happened that each of these brilliant victories which his army has won, was commenced or accomplished on Friday. At Roanoke the naval engagement occurred on Friday, and the army was landed; the battle of Newbern was fought on the same day of the week; and this other great success was achieved on the same day. It is intimated also that the General was married on Friday; so that the day, however fraught with misfortunes to others, may clearly be regarded as his "wheat-ear" time. An order was sent to him by Gen. Parke on Thursday to open fire, but owing to some delay or misunderstanding, not a gun was fired until yesterday morning.

We were all astir at daylight, for we knew well enough that General Parke had given the necessary order on the evening previous. Along the river-front of Beaufort a score of glasses were kept pointed at the banks, where, through the

grey mist, the embrasures of Capt. Morris's battery, just unmasked, could be made out. At half-past five o'clock there came from the ten-inch mortar-battery a huge puff of white smoke, and in another minute the smoky balloon of the bursting shell was seen high in the air, and far beyond the ramparts of the Fort. Then came the heavy thunders of the two explosions, and a great cheer burst from the whole line of soldier-spectators. Capt. Morris followed suit with a shot from one of his guns, which went over, and fell with a great splash in mid-channel. Then came a shell from Lieut. Prouty's eight-inch mortars, which burst over the Fort; and after that the discharges came thick and fast from all three batteries. The column of smoke from Lieut. Flagler's first discharge had hardly reared itself over the battery, before the man on the flagstaff, who doubtless had expected his usual quiet observations, was seen to come down the halyards by the run; standing not upon the order of his going, but going like a sash-weight when the cord breaks. Groups of idlers in the sally-port and on the glacis, were dispersed like chaff by a wind, and all sought refuge within the walls. All but two, whom I saw hiding, like a pair of ostriches, behind a frail wooden boat, which had been hauled up high and dry on the glacis. The second projectile had hardly screamed over their heads before they left their place of concealment and scuttled into the Fort.

At ten minutes past six the Fort replied with a shot from Capt. Manny's twenty-four-pounder battery on the lower terreplein, which struck on the hill to the right of Morris's battery, without doing harm. The compliment was acknowledged by Capt. Morris with two of his shots, aimed straight for Manny's battery, both striking the plunge near him, and throwing masses of dirt into the air as they ricocheted to the rampart. The heavy columbiads and thirty-two-pounders on the upper terreplein now opened fire on our position, and the discharges followed each other so rapidly that the Fort looked almost like a volcano belching fire and smoke. The noise of the cannonade was so uninterrupted and great, that it seemed as if a dozen tropical thunder-storms were raging simultaneously in our vicinity. The sun shone bright on the scene of strife, and above the smoke-cloud on the Fort would now and then be seen the rich colors of the rebel flag, streaming straight out in the strong breeze which blew from the south-west.

By eight o'clock the Fort was firing nearly a gun a minute, and our batteries still more rapidly. I counted seven shots and eight shells going from our side in fifteen minutes; and it must be recollected that we had only eight mortars and three guns at work. At half-past eight the squadron moved up to the edge of the shoal in grand style, Commodore Lockwood, on the Daylight, leading; and following each other round in an ellipse, as the large vessels did at Port Royal, they delivered their fire in turn. A heavy sea was running at the time, and the little gunboats rolled unsteadily from side to side. Their shot fell

short, with the exception of the Chippewa's, a shell from which went clean over the Fort, and exploded on the Town Marsh, not more than a half-mile from the Beaufort wharves. Then there were sudden retreats of timorous spectators, you may believe; and the more unsteady of nerve continued their reconnoissances from a safer distance inland.

The gunboat attack on the Fort was not borne meekly, for the ellipse had not been sailed over before Capt. Pool opened on the squadron from his heavy guns on the south angle of the upper terreplein. His columbiads and six-inch rifles were served so well that a shot entered the Daylight, almost letting daylight through her; a shell tore through the Georgia's flag; the rigging of the Daylight was cut—as the saying in North-Carolina has it—into “straps and strings;” the Chippewa was grazed; and the Gemsbok had some of her braces and backstays carried away. The boats all stood well up to the rack, and might have aided materially in the work of reduction, if they could only have had the smooth water in which they lay all Tuesday and Wednesday. As it was, their shot did no damage whatever, if we may believe the statements of the garrison, the best directed falling on the seaward face of the glacis. It certainly seemed to me, however, that some of their shells exploded on the rampart and in the ditch. As an instance of the unsteadiness of the vessels during the action, it may be mentioned that one of the Georgia's thirty-two-pounder guns of five thousand nine hundred weight, was tilted up behind until the muzzle actually smashed the half-port lid which hung below it.

The scene at this time was very grand, and would have afforded the materials for a Vernet battle-piece. The squadron steaming slowly in their elliptical course, and firing by turns; the Fort pouring fire and smoke at two sides; our land-batteries all engaged at once; the smoke-puffs of the badly-sent bombs showing clear and white against the blue sky; the flag of treason and rebellion flying over the green slopes of the work; and the bright sun above all shining on the picture. The thunder of cannon now shook the ground beneath our feet, and the window-panes rattled in the houses as if they would be shivered the next instant. Women who had friends in the Fort would stand on the Beaufort piazzas, throng the windows, and wave their handkerchiefs with joy so long as the Fort was firing upon us without reply, but when our attack was raging from land and sea, shell after shell bursting within the walls or on the ramparts, and one gun after another becoming silenced, they shrunk from view, and no doubt gave way to their grief in the privacy of their apartments. As I walked that morning along the river-front to the boat in which I was to cross to Morehead, and saw the tearful eyes and mournful faces of women, I could not help thinking of that April day a year ago, when the terrible fire of thirteen rebel batteries was directed upon a few loyal men in Fort Sumter, and I thanked God in my

heart that the day of retribution had come so speedily.

At ten o'clock the gunboats, finding it useless for them to continue the engagement, hauled off and took the position opposite our camp whence they had started to the attack. Up to this time many of Capt. Morris's shot had been wasted by the extreme elevation of the guns, and Lieut. Flagler's heavy mortars were bursting their shells in mid-channel. Gen. Parke had stationed Lieut. Laing of the Signal Corps at Morehead City; Lieuts. Fricker, Andrews and Wait at Beaufort; Lieuts. Marsh, Lyon and Palmer on the Banks, Lieut. Bradley at Carolina City, and Lieut. Hopkins on the gunboat Daylight. A perfect system of communication was thus established on all sides of the besieged fortress, and orders and communications could be transmitted from headquarters to any desired point rapidly and with accuracy. In fact, as I have previously stated, the value of the Meyer code to the army has been thoroughly proved in Gen. Parke's division, if never before.

The signal officers at Beaufort and Morehead were directed to observe the flight of our shot and shell, and report to the batteries when the projectiles were going far astray. At half-past ten the following message was flagged over from Morehead:

"The Parrotts go too high, and the heavy shells burst too far beyond the Fort."

The news was timely and acted upon at once by both Capt. Morris and Lieut. Flagler. The guns of the one were depressed, and the fuses of the other shortened; and after that for several hours two shots out of three must have struck the work. Lieut. Prouty, whether because he was nearer the Fort, or that his position a little to one side enabled him to see the effect of his shells better, got the range early in the day, and made excellent practice throughout.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the two armed barges in command of Capt. S. D. Nichols and Lieut. Baxter of the Marine Artillery, were kedged down to within three miles of the Fort, opened fire, and threw about thirty shots, some of which must have done execution, for the marks of the Parrott projectiles were seen on that face. At eleven o'clock the platforms of the right-hand mortar, and the third from the right, in the ten-inch battery, had become thoroughly splintered by the powerful concussion to which they had been exposed for nearly six hours, the sand having worked out from beneath in places, and left the planks to bear the whole strain without support. A rest was accordingly taken to make the necessary repairs, and another forced intermission of Lieut. Flagler's fire occurred soon after, by the breaking of the shoulders on three of the beds. The damages repaired, work was resumed, and continued without further interruption until the close. Late in the day, when one of the enemy's guns after another had been silenced, and the fire of the Fort slackened off, Lieut. Flagler's practice was really splendid, for he was enabled to stand with tolerable safety on

his parapet, observe the effect of his fire, and give the necessary directions for its management. One of his men, a private in the Third artillery, (New-York volunteers,) whose duty it was to watch the Fort and warn his comrades of coming shot and shell, was driving an alignment-stake about this time, when a gun was fired by the enemy. He saw the puff and cried out as usual, "Down!" but failing to get shelter in time, the ball—a twenty-four pounder from Capt. Manny's battery—struck him in the chest and tore him to pieces. His breast-bone and ribs were split off as if they had been the lid of a box, his heart fell out, and a bruised mass of flesh and blood was hurled in Lieut. Flagler's face and over his person. Dabs of flesh and clots of blood were splashed over the walls and platforms of the battery, and the quivering remains of the poor fellow were pitched headlong into the sand. Of all the sad and sickening sights of a battle-field this must have been almost the worst; the recollection of it is too much for endurance.

All through the bombardment, the bravery of two companies of rebel gunners was especially notable. One, at the twenty-four-pounder battery on the lower terreplein, was commanded by Capt. Manny; the other—Capt. Pool's—worked the battery of heavy guns at the south angle of the rampart. Flagler's shells and Morris's shot would strike the crest, or at their feet, and envelope them in clouds of smoke or dust; but as soon as these were blown aside, the rebel gunners would be seen sponging or loading their guns with redoubled zeal. North-Carolinians may not have fought as they should at Roanoke and Newbern, but I could pick out of the garrison of Fort Macon a score of men who would stand killing as well even as our Rhode-Islanders, or Connecticut and Massachusetts lads.

Capt. Pool's battery was more to be feared by our gunboats and shore-batteries than any other in the Fort, on account of their weight of metal. On the south face of the angle in which they stood was an eight-inch columbiad on a bar-bette carriage; at the east side stood a ten-inch columbiad on a wrought-iron bar-bette carriage; and next to it was the six-inch rifle, affectionately named "Maggie McRae," which has such a long range. Naturally the fire of Capt. Morris and Lieut. Flagler was directed first to this point; and with such success that by two P.M. the battery was silenced. The condition of the pieces will be described in the appropriate place. Our batteries were worked with a view to making the ammunition hold out until nightfall, when it was proposed to haul up fresh supplies and fill the service magazines. Our best shell practice was from one to four o'clock P.M., at which time nearly every bomb was burst in the Fort or on the slopes. At half-past three o'clock a desperate effort seemed to be made by the garrison to silence our batteries, for all the guns bearing up the beach, not dismounted, were opened upon us. A thirty-two-pounder shot passed through one of Capt. Morris's embrasures, and striking the wheel of the gun-carriage, splintered it well.

Some of the flying fragments of wood inflicted slight wounds upon two of the privates serving the piece, but in a short time the gallant fellows were able to return to their posts.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

At four o'clock, just as Lieutenant Flagler was about to discharge his mortars, and the men stood by to fire their fuses, a white flag was waved behind the sand-bag traverse at the S. E. angle of the ramparts. The signal being observed at all three batteries, the order was given to cease firing, and Lieut. Hill's white handkerchief, tied to a bit of stick, was raised in response. The rebel flag then passed along the rampart, disappeared for a few moments, and was then seen coming through the sally-port, followed by quite a procession. First came two officers in uniform, then the flag, two sergeants, two corporals, and a number of privates marching in two files, unarmed. The band of dejected men moved slowly toward the ruined chimney of the Eliason house, which stands about midway from the Prouty battery to the Fort, and Capt. Bell, giving our makeshift-flag to a little sailor-boy of Capt. Caswell's party, went out to meet them, accompanied by Lieut. Hill of Gen. Parke's staff, and Lieut. Prouty, all three begrimed with dust and powder-smoke. The usual civilities having been exchanged, Capt. Guion of the garrison stated that he was charged with a proposal from Col. White for a suspension of hostilities. Capt. Pell inquired for what purpose, and was told that it was in relation to the surrender of the Fort and garrison. Lieut. Hill was at once despatched for Gen. Parke, and after his arrival a truce was agreed upon until the next morning. Communication was at once opened with Gen. Burnside, who still remained on the *Alice Price*, and Gen. Parke passed the night on board.

A conference was held between the two Generals, Commodore Rockwood and Col. White, at which the same terms as first proposed by Gen. Parke were offered and accepted, and the articles were duly signed. Gen. Parke agreed to hold the garrison as prisoners of war, on parole not to re-enlist until duly exchanged; the officers to retain their side-arms, and officers and men to have the privilege of saving their private effects.

THE SURRENDER.

At nine o'clock the garrison marched out by companies, stacked arms on the glacis, and remained in line until our troops approached. The Generals meanwhile had gone to our outposts to bring up the five companies on guard, which happened to be the Fifth Rhode Island battalion. The new colors of the battalion, presented by the ladies of Providence, had only reached camp the night before, and had not yet been taken from their cases. At Major Wright's request, this was done by Gen. Burnside himself, who, unfurling the beautiful flags, handed them to Major Wright, who in his turn placed them in the custody of the color-sergeant. Line was then formed, and the battalion breaking into column, the two Gen-

erals placed themselves at the head, Capt. Biggs and Capt. Morris followed, and then came Major Wright and the battalion. The procession moved up to the Fort, around the foot of the glacis to the sally-port, and halted on the slope with the color in front, as the rebel garrison filed over the drawbridge, into the Fort. Not a word was uttered by the Rhode Islanders, not a jeer or a scoff escaped their lips as the captive companies moved past their line. I have heard Burnside since declare that he felt proud of his men that in the hour of triumph they should have deported themselves with such magnanimity. How different would have been the case if the other party had been victorious we may infer from the conduct of our enemy on numerous occasions, now become a part of history.

Col. White, who all throughout the negotiations had borne himself with scrupulous good breeding, had invited Gen. Burnside to enter the Fort and wait in his quarters for his men to arrive; but our noble commander declined, remarking in polite terms that he could never go beneath the flag which was then flying at mast-head. The garrison being all within the walls, the Fifth battalion marched around the Fort, the companies being stationed on guard in turn until the circuit of the works was made.

THE REBEL FLAG LOWERED.

It was now past ten o'clock, and the time for the great event of all had arrived. Over at Beaufort could be seen the wharves and houses thronged with spectators; and away up Core Sound were numerous small craft in plain sight, hovering on the edge of the grand picture which was presented on this bright and beautiful April morning. The squadron of gunboats, with steam up and colors flying, lay off and on outside the bar, ready to fight or salute, as might be necessary. At a quarter-past ten o'clock a squad of men from the garrison, detailed by Col. White for the purpose, cast loose the halliards and hauled down the rebel flag. Ten minutes later four of the Rhode Island boys hoisted the American ensign, the glorious Stars and Stripes, to the mast-head, and a great cheer broke from our men, which was caught up and echoed by the sailors on ship-board, and even the citizens over the harbor, in Beaufort, whose loud shout came to us on the breeze. Not much time passed before the roar of a cannon was heard off to seaward, and then gun after gun thundered from the squadron until the whole national salute had been given. Then came congratulations and hand-shakings between the generals and their officers, and between brothers in arms of every grade; and every eye was moist, every voice cheery, and every face beaming with pleasure. Except, alas! except within the walls, where four hundred American citizens, traitors to their country, prisoners of war shut up in the fortress which had been shattered about their heads, had no tongue to cheer for that country's glory, no heart to swell in joy at her triumph.

The flag of the rebel garrison of Fort Macon

was made of the old American flag which was flying from her ramparts when Captain Pender and his band of traitors took the post from its solitary guardian, Ordnance-Sergeant Alexander, on the eleventh of April last year. The red and white stripes had been ripped apart, and arranged in the broad bars of the new dispensation. Of the thirty-four stars in the field, those which were not needed to represent the traitorous sister States of the Confederacy were cut out, and the holes left unsewn. The flag which was hoisted in place of this patchwork ensign, was found in the Fort in one of the casemates. It had been taken from the wreck of the steamer *Union* which went ashore on Bogue beach and was wrecked at the time of the Port Royal expedition. The flag of the confederates was presented by Gen. Burnside to the Fifth battalion, to be transmitted to Gov. Sprague for the State of Rhode Island. But for the accident that the Fifth had relieved the Eighth Connecticut the previous evening, the captured flag would have gone to grace the legislative halls at Hartford.

A message was despatched at once for the Fourth Rhode Island, and sentries were posted on the drawbridge to prevent the entrance of our men into the Fort to disturb the garrison while engaged in packing up their effects. In the course of an hour, the Fourth was marching up the beach, past the batteries, with the regimental colors flying, and Capt. Joe Green's band at their head playing the national airs. The regiment was halted at the foot of the slope, and the band played the Star-Spangled Banner, Red, White and Blue, Hail Columbia, and Yankee Doodle. I had got within the Fort some time previous to this, and, when the band struck up, went to the rampart to see the spectacle. A crowd of the prisoners had been standing or lounging idly behind the revetment, but, on hearing the familiar airs, climbed to the slope, one of them saying: "Let's all be Yankees together, and hear the music." One surly fellow, who overheard the remark, said: "No; he'd be d—d if he would; he was as near that cursed flag as he wanted to be."

Previous to the arrival of the Fourth, Joe Green had come on in advance, his silver-toned bugle under his arm as usual, and, when the national colors had been hoisted to the mast-head, he mounted to the rampart and gave us a patriotic solo on the instrument. The sweet notes lingered through the arched casemates and within the walls, as if loth to die away in space, and they touched the heart of many a soldier-auditor. When the grey-headed old man came out at the sally-port again, he was greeted with three rousing cheers from the men of the Fifth battalion, which at this time was the only command there.

A TOUR OF THE WORK.

During the bombardment we could see in only a small degree the effects of the fire of our batteries, but once within the work, the whole secret was laid bare. On every side were the evidences of a violent cannonade; and shattered walls and

dismounted guns attested the terrible efficiency of rifled guns and heavy mortars. In the parade were a score of great pits dug by bursting bombs, of which the fragments were strewn on every side. The casemate-fronts were scarred and shattered by Parrott shot. The coping was broken in many places. A solid stone step in one of the staircases which covered the magazines had been bored through and through by one of these terrible projectiles; and the earth of the rampart was ploughed in furrows or scooped out in mass, where they had passed. I sat long on one of the staircases and looked around at the scene of dreary desolation. The parade had once been finely sodded, but it was now bare of verdure except here and there a little patch which clung to life. The walls were yellow-washed, the arches over the windows painted red, and doors and window-frames, once white, were now begrimed with dirt and foul with grease. Before the casemate entrances the bars of iron removed from the railroad which leads to the Fort-wharf, had been leaned against the wall as a protection to the inmates; but at one point the ends of two of these had been cut off by a Parrott shot, which buried itself afterward to the very head in the solid brick. There it is sticking, and there let it stick as long as the walls stand, in memorial of the day. The parade was covered with prisoners and their baggage, and the scene was one of busy animation. With some exceptions, the rebel officers and men were ill clothed, their grey uniforms being made of coarse material, and some well tattered. The men themselves were of strong physique, and might be worked up into good soldiers. They compared favorably with any of the lots of prisoners we have taken. Some of the officers—especially the adjutant—were handsome and of soldierly bearing. Col. White himself is tall, well formed, of dark complexion, has high cheek-bones, brown hair cut short, and wears no beard. He dresses in a light-grey uniform coat with red facings, three stars on the collar and a colonel's chevron on his sleeve; dark-blue trowsers with a broad gold stripe; and the peculiar kepi which is prescribed for the rebel army officers.

A tour of the fortification reveals in detail the damages inflicted during Gen. Parke's ten hours of bombardment. Leaving the sally-port and going to the right on the lower terreplein, we see a hole between the second and third guns, where a shell has burst, a fragment splintering the carriage of the second gun; between the third gun and the angle there are three shell-holes. On the south-west side is the Manny battery, two of the guns on artillery-carriages mounted on wooden platforms. The glacis in front is like a ploughed field, from the number of shot which have struck and shell which have burst. A rifled shot passed lengthwise through the trail of the first gun, broke the elevating screw and killed the gunner as he was sighting the piece. While looking at this curious shot I was accosted by a sergeant of the Fifth battalion, who had formerly worked in the *Tribune* composing-rooms, and learned from him that six of our printers

were in the ranks of the battalion, and then a guard around the Fort.

Next to Manny's battery comes one of six small carronades, the flanking guns which had been removed from the counterscarp-galleries, arranged as mortars, to throw grape, canister, and small shell. Their slide-carriages were depressed at the rear and rigged with small pulleys, and poor apologies of wooden traverses had been made; but the battery reflected little credit upon the officers who organized it. The slope in front of these guns were well ploughed and dug by our projectiles. The scarp-wall on this face was scarred in twenty-seven places by Capt. Morris's shot, some of the wounds being very deep and wide. At the south-east angle a shell had burst, dug a pit five feet deep, torn away a great piece of the revetment, and splintered the carriage of the gun next adjoining. The marks of six Parrott shots were to be seen on the angle of the escarp. In Pool's battery, at the south angle, a most remarkable effect of one of these shots was shown me. The bolt had perforated the cross-bar of the heavy barbette-carriage of the eight-inch columbiad, broken the elevating screw, killed the gunner, and disabled the piece; then passing to the ten-inch gun, it dismounted it, killed two men, and wounded three more; then striking the brick revetment, it glanced to the next gun, which it disabled, and wounded Capt. Pool's son, who was acting as captain of the gun, after which it fell into the ditch. The concussion prostrated every man at the three guns. These facts I learned from Capt. Pool himself, whose veracity cannot be questioned.

On the eastern face, the fifth gun was dismounted by a shot which glanced from the opposite slope, broke the carriage into pieces, and threw the gun over on its side. On the south-east face the number of shell-holes was large, and the carriages of the first and third guns were somewhat splintered. On the north-east face a shell had burst beneath the first gun, close to the brick-work of the traverse, but neither the gun itself was dismounted nor the carriage injured in any way. The next gun was dismounted, and the next but one beyond it. A Parrott shot had struck the corner of the counterscarp-wall and knocked out nearly a cart-load of bricks and mortar.

On the upper terreplein the same scene of destruction presented itself. On the east side the revetment was badly shattered and the ground torn up. On the west side a shell which burst on the parapet tore up the ground beneath the first gun from the flag-staff and shattered the traverse. Another bursting at the second gun, wounded three men and covered their comrades with rubbish; between this and the next gun two shots had ploughed through the crest and glanced over to the opposite side of the work. At the south-west angle a shell which exploded beside a thirty-two-pounder tore a man into pieces. One of his comrades who related to me the circumstance, says he saw the shell coming and crouched behind the revetment. The shell

burst almost in his lap, certainly it was not four feet from his knees, but by one of those curious chances of war, the fragments flew over his head, and he escaped injury. On the south-west face the third gun was dismounted by a shot which passed through the two uprights of the carriage-frame. On the north-east face the second gun was dismounted, one wheel being completely shattered, and the frame itself partly so. The revetment was badly broken at the angle, and the low chimney of one of the casemates was lifted off bodily and lay on the grass. On the south-east face both the second and third guns were dismounted, one side of the carriage of the third being completely demolished. Sketches of this catastrophe were made by the artists of the two illustrated papers represented in the division. The same shot which did this damage had struck the brick traverse and glanced, breaking the granite cap, peeling off the iron traverse-slide and throwing it up on the ramparts. The carriage of one other gun on this face was disabled by a shot, and the rampart was ploughed up in numerous places.

This completes the circuit of the work. Officers, who were at the trouble of counting the marks of shot and shell on the work, state that there are five hundred and sixty—more than one half of the whole number, eleven hundred, which were fired from the three batteries. It is true that the range was short, but this detracts nothing from the credit which is due to Capt. Morris, Lieut. Flagler, and Lieut. Prouty, for their practice. If, in a bombardment of only eleven hours, seventeen guns could be disabled, eight men killed, twenty wounded, and so much injury done to a fort which was protected from breaching by its glacis, what might not have been accomplished in the same length of time that Gen. Gilmore's guns and mortars were playing upon Fort Pulaski? Although one is a stone castle and the other an earth-sheltered work, a comparison between the nature and results of the two sieges would not be unfair. Thirty-six pieces of ordnance bore upon Pulaski—twelve heavy thirteen-inch mortars, four ten-inch mortars, six ten-inch columbiads, four eight-inch columbiads, five thirty-pounder Parrotts, two forty-two-pounder rifled James, two thirty-two-pounder rifled James, and one twenty-four-pounder James! The three batteries which fought Macon—for the gunboats and barges cannot fairly be taken into the account—mounted eleven pieces, all told; and yet the most brilliant success was achieved in one third the time, and at the expense of only one man killed and two wounded!

There were found in the Fort twenty thousand pounds of powder, with shot and shell in proportion; a large supply of provisions, and abundance of water. The garrison is estimated by the Adjutant at four hundred and forty men, exclusive of officers; but at the time when I questioned him he did not have the company reports in his possession, and could not give the exact figures. Two companies were armed with Mississippi rifles, the range and accuracy of which

are superior; the remainder had the Harper's Ferry musket, with percussion-locks.

With the means of resistance at their command, the garrison should have been able to hold out a much longer time than it did; but the effect of our Parrott shot was so remarkable, that no doubt the officers feared the magazines might be breached, and from motives of humanity they preferred a surrender to the chances of a long siege. Attention has already been called to the fact that a solid stone step over the magazine was bored through by a Parrott shot. There can be no question but that in another twelve-hours' cannonade this magazine would have stood a fair chance of being exploded, unless some of the iron bars had been laid on the staircase, to cause our projectiles to glance upward. Even then, it is not at all clear that the expedient would have been successful.

Adjutant Walker was so obliging as to give me the list of officers of the garrison:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. M. J. White; Adjutant, Robert E. Walker; Quartermaster, Capt. J. F. Divine; Commissary, Capt. W. C. King; Surgeon, W. Strudwick.

COMPANY OFFICERS. — Company B — Capt. H. T. Guion; First Lieut., T. Coleman; Second Lieut., J. W. Stevenson; Third Lieut., E. D. Walsh. Company F — Capt. W. S. G. Andrews; First Lieut., D. Cogdell; Second Lieut., A. J. Riggs; Third Lieut., R. W. Evans. Company G — Capt. J. L. Manny; First Lieut., R. E. Walker; Second Lieut., W. H. Pender; Third Lieut., J. B. Robinson. Company H — Capt. S. D. Pool; First Lieut., J. C. Manson; Second Lieut., J. P. Roberson; Third Lieut., B. T. Miller. Company F — Capt. R. H. Mount; First Lieut., R. C. Tillery; Second Lieut., W. Dunn; Third Lieut., J. C. Robertson.

In the afternoon the two Beaufort companies were sent across in the stern-wheeler North State, and Capt. Guion's company, which had been recruited in Newbern and its vicinity, were taken on board the Alice Price, which was to start up Cove Sound in the evening. The remaining two companies are to go to Wilmington, where they will be within their own lines, and find their way home at their leisure. I heard from the men nothing but expressions of satisfaction at the prospect of getting back to their friends, and not a few declared they would not be caught in the field again. In numerous instances the privates complained that they had been drafted and forced to take up arms in a cause for which they had no sympathy. As a body, I thought they fraternized easily with our men, exhibiting none of that rancor, on the possession of which such scum as the Louisiana Wild Cats pride themselves.

The cases of the Alliance and Gordon, the two English (?) ships in port, are peculiar, and may lead to sharp diplomacy. Both are owned by Fraser & Co., Charleston, cleared from St. John's, N. B., for Havana and Liverpool, put in here in violation of their articles, disposed of their cargoes, filled up with turpentine and cotton, at-

tempted to slip out of the harbor, but failed, and have been lying here since last August. The skipper of the Alliance is a native of Saybrook, Ct.; he of the Gordon was born and raised within thirty miles of where his ship is now lying. De Forest, of the Alliance, aided in carrying guns, ammunition, and provisions to Fort Macon just before the battle of Newbern, acting for a whole month as captain of a little steamer which plied between Morehead and Macon. Both are regarded by the inhabitants of this district as secessionists, and it is believed that they at one time were prepared to destroy their ships in case they were likely to fall into our hands. On Thursday word was sent to them by Col. Harland, of the Eighth Connecticut, which garrisons Morehead, to come to headquarters and take an oath of neutrality. They refused; so guards were sent on board, and the truculent Anglo-Americans were put under arrest. Thinking better of the matter, both took the required obligation yesterday and were released. A navy-boat, however, has dropped down this morning, and is now lying between the two. They will make rich prizes in case they are seized, their cargoes being worth, at present market prices, not much short of ninety thousand dollars each. The amount of duties paid on their inward and outward cargoes to Jeff. Davis's Collector of the Port, was two thousand five hundred dollars; in the capture of two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars of which, together with the Collector himself, I was fortunate enough to assist Captain Buffon some four weeks ago.

The capture of Fort Macon gives Gen. Burnside what he has so long needed, a port of entry and a good harbor for heavy-draft vessels. The transports, gunboats, and store-ships will no longer need to run the gauntlet of Hatteras Inlet and the Swash; for at Beaufort they tie up at the railroad-wharf in three fathoms water within half an hour after crossing the bar. Four locomotives and one hundred cars, ordered some time ago by Capt. Briggs, Chief Quartermaster of this Department, are now on their way, and will be put to work immediately on their arrival. These, and the wire for the telegraph, are necessities of the most pressing nature, and should be forwarded immediately.

Beaufort would be an agreeable resort this summer for the families of officers or civilians connected with the army, the climate being salubrious, and the bathing, boating, fishing, and shooting unexcelled. Two large hotels, owned by rebels, stand idle, but they are not likely to be filled until the regulations of the War Department become less stringent. The town is under martial law, which is a guaranty of personal safety not to be under-estimated. The Fort is left in command of Col. Rodman, of the Fourth Rhode Island, the post having been declined by Captain Morris, to whom it was offered by Gen. Burnside, he preferring active service to the monotonous life of a garrison. The Fourth Rhode Island is sadly in need of rest and quiet, for it has endured many hardships on the Potomac and in this Depart-

ment. It will be surprising, however, if the regiment gets them, for when there is hard work to be done or a desperate extremity to be met, the Commanding General is very apt to look around and inquire for Col. Rodman.

A general order will be issued from headquarters day after to-morrow, congratulating Gen. Parke and the troops under his command on the grand success they have achieved; and it will be ordered, as on the occasion of previous battles, that the name "Fort Macon, April 25, 1862," be inscribed on the colors of the regiments assisting at its capture.

The flag of the gunboat State of Georgia, which was torn by a fragment of shell, has since been presented to Gen. Burnside by Capt. Armstrong, with the concurrence of Commodore Lockwood, senior officer of the squadron.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. —.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-CAROLINA, }
BEAUFORT HARBOR, April 26, 1862.

The General Commanding takes peculiar pleasure in thanking Gen. Parke and his brave command for the patient labor, fortitude, and courage displayed in the investment and reduction of Fort Macon.

Every patriot heart will be filled with gratitude to God for having given to our beloved country such soldiers.

The regiments and artillery companies engaged have earned the right to wear upon their colors and guidons the words: "Fort Macon, April 25, 1862."

By command of Major-Gen. BURNSIDE,
L. RICHMOND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Doc. 136.

CAPTURE OF ISLAND NO. TEN.

GENERAL POPE'S OFFICIAL DETAILED REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
FIVE MILES FROM CORINTH, MISS., }
April 30th, 1862.

GENERAL: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations which resulted in the capture of Island No. Ten, and the batteries on the main shore, together with the whole of the land-forces of the enemy in that vicinity. A brief sketch of the topography of the immediate neighborhood seems essential to a full understanding of the operations of the army.

Island No. Ten lies at the bottom of a great bend of the Mississippi, immediately north of it being a long, narrow promontory on the Missouri shore. The river from Island No. Ten flows north-west to New-Madrid, where it again makes a great bend to the south as far as Tiptonville, otherwise called Merriweather's Landing, so that opposite New-Madrid also is a long, narrow promontory. From Island No. Eight, about four miles above Island No. Ten, the distance across

the land to New-Madrid is six miles, while by river it is fifteen. So likewise the distance over land from Island No. Ten to Tiptonville is five miles, while by water it is twenty-seven.

Commencing at Hickman, a great swamp, which afterward becomes Reelfoot Lake, extends along the left bank of the Mississippi, and discharges its waters into the river forty miles below Tiptonville, leaving the whole peninsula opposite New-Madrid between it and the river. This peninsula, therefore, is itself an island, having the Mississippi on three sides, and Reelfoot Lake and the great swamps which border it on the other. A good road leads from Island No. Ten along the west bank of Reelfoot Lake to Tiptonville. The only means of supply, therefore, for the forces at and around Island No. Ten, on this peninsula, was by the river. When the river was blockaded at New-Madrid, supplies and reinforcements were landed at Tiptonville, and conveyed across the neck of the peninsula by land. There was no communication with the interior, except by a small flatboat, which plied across Reelfoot Lake, a distance of two miles, and that through an opening cut through cypress-swamps for the purpose. Supplies and reinforcements, or escape, to any considerable extent, were therefore impracticable on the land-side.

One mile below Tiptonville begin the great swamps along the Mississippi, on both sides, and no dry ground is to be found, except in occasional spots, for about sixty miles below. By intercepting the navigation of the river below Tiptonville, and commanding by heavy artillery the lowest point of dry ground near that place, the enemy would be at once cut off from his resources, and prevented from escaping.

Immediately after the reduction of New-Madrid, this subject engaged my attention. The roads along the river, in the direction of Point Pleasant, followed a narrow strip of dry land between the swamps and the river, and were very miry and difficult. With much labor the heavy guns captured from the enemy at New-Madrid were dragged by hand and established in battery at several prominent points along the river, the lower battery being placed immediately opposite the lowest point of dry ground below Tiptonville. This extended my lines seventeen miles along the river. A week was thus passed in severe labor. The enemy perceiving the consequence of establishing these batteries, attempted in every way by his gunboats to prevent their construction. They were, therefore, in every case established in the night. As soon as daylight unmasked our lowest battery, the enemy saw at once that we must either be dislodged or all reliable communication with his forces would be cut off. Five gunboats, therefore, at once advanced against the battery, which consisted of two twenty-four pound siege-guns and two ten-pound Parrotts, manned by a detachment of the First U. S. infantry, under Lieut. Bates, and supported by Gen. Palmer's division, encamped one and a half miles in the rear. Rifle-pits for five hundred sharpshooters were dug on the flanks

of the battery close to the river-bank, and were constantly occupied. The gunboats ran up within three hundred yards, and a furious cannonade was kept up for an hour and a half, when they were repulsed, with the loss of one gunboat sunk, several badly damaged, and many men shot down at their guns by our sharpshooters from the rifle-pits. Our loss was one man killed. From that time no attempt against the battery was made, and all communication from below with the forces near Island No. Ten was cut off. One of the gunboats would occasionally, during a dark night, steal up close along the opposite shore to Tiptonville, but always at such great risk that it was seldom undertaken. Neither supplies nor men could be taken up or carried off in this way.

Such was the condition of affairs on the sixteenth of March. The object for which the land-forces had been moved on New-Madrid was accomplished in the capture of that place and the blockade of the river to any supplies and reinforcements for the enemy at and around Island No. Ten.

Meantime the flotilla had been firing at long range, both from the gun and mortar-boats, at the batteries of the enemy in and opposite the Island, for seven consecutive days, without any apparent effect, and without any advance whatever toward their reduction. This result was doubtless due to the defective construction of the boats.

On the sixteenth of March I received your despatch directing me, if possible, to construct a road through the swamps to a point on the Missouri shore opposite Island No. Ten, and transfer a portion of my force, sufficient to erect batteries at that point, to assist in the artillery practice on the enemy's batteries. I accordingly despatched Col. J. W. Bissell's Engineer regiment to examine the country with this view, directing him at the same time, if he found it impracticable to build a road through the swamps and overflow of the river, to ascertain whether it were possible to dig or cut a canal across the peninsula from some point above Island No. Ten to New-Madrid, in order that steam-transports might be brought to me, which would enable my command to cross the river. The idea of the canal was suggested to me by Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, in a conversation upon the necessity of crossing the river and assailing the enemy's batteries, near Island No. Ten, in the rear.

On the seventeenth of March I suggested to Com. Foote, by letter, that he should run the enemy's batteries with one of his gunboats, and thus enable me to cross the river with my command—assuring him that by this means I could throw into the rear of the enemy men enough to deal with any force he might have. This request the Commodore declined, on the ground of impracticability.

Col. Bissell having reported a road impracticable, but that a route could be found for a channel sufficient for small steamers, I immediately directed him to commence the canal, with the whole regiment, and to call on Col. Buford, com-

manding the land-forces temporarily on duty with the flotilla, (which had been placed under my command,) for any assistance in men or material necessary for the work. Supplies of such articles as were needed, and four steamers of light draught, were sent for to Cairo, and the work begun. It was my purpose to make the canal deep enough for the gunboats; but it was not found practicable to do so within any reasonable period. The work performed by Col. Bissell and his regiment of Engineers was, beyond measure, difficult; and its completion was delayed much beyond my expectations. The canal is twelve miles long, six miles of which are through very heavy timber. An avenue fifty feet wide was made through it, by sawing off trees of large size four and a half feet under water. For nineteen days the work was prosecuted with untiring energy and determination, under exposures and privations very unusual, even in the history of warfare. It was completed on the fourth of April, and will long remain a monument of enterprise and skill.

During all this time the flotilla had kept up its fire upon the batteries of the enemy, but without making any progress toward their reduction. It had by this time become very apparent that the capture of Island No. Ten could not be made unless the land-forces could be thrown across the river, and their works carried from the rear; but during this long delay the enemy, anticipating such a movement, had erected batteries along the shore from Island No. Ten entirely round to Tiptonville, at every point where troops could be landed. The difficulty of crossing the river in force had, therefore, been greatly increased; and what would have been a comparatively safe undertaking three weeks before had become one full of peril.

It is not necessary to state to you that the passage of a great river lined with batteries, and in the face of the enemy, is one of the most difficult and hazardous operations of war, and cannot be justified except in a case of urgent necessity. Such a case seemed presented for my action.

Without this movement operations against Island No. Ten must have been abandoned, and the land-forces at least withdrawn. It is but bare justice to say, that although the full peril of the moment was thoroughly understood by my whole command, there was not an officer or a man who was not anxious to be placed in the advance.

There seemed little hope of any assistance from the gunboats. I therefore had several heavy coal-barges brought into the upper end of the canal, which, during the progress of the work, were made into floating batteries.

Each battery consisted of three heavy barges lashed together, and bolted with iron. The middle barge was bulkheaded all around, so as to give four feet of thickness of solid timber both at the sides and on the ends. The heavy guns, three in number, were mounted on it, and protected by traverses of sand-bags. It also carried

eighty sharpshooters. The barges outside of it had a first layer in the bottom of empty watertight barrels, securely lashed, then layers of dry cotton-wood rails and cotton bales packed close. They were then floored over at the top, to keep everything in its place, so that a shot penetrating the outer barges must pass through twenty feet of rails and cotton before reaching the middle one, which carried the men and the guns. The arrangement of water-barrels and cotton-bales was made in order that even if penetrated frequently by the enemy's shot, and filled with water, the outer barges could not sink.

It was my purpose when all was ready, to tow one or two of these batteries over the river to a point opposite New-Madrid, where swamps prevented any access to the river, and where the enemy, therefore, had been unable to establish his batteries. When near the shore, the floating batteries with their crews were to be cut loose from the steamer, and allowed to float down the river to the point selected for landing the troops. As soon as they arrived within a short range of it, they were to cast out their anchors so as to hold the barges firmly, and open fire upon the enemy's batteries.

I think that these batteries would have accomplished their purpose, and my whole force volunteered to man them. They were well provided with small boats, to be kept out of danger, and even if the worst happened, and the batteries were sunk by the enemy's fire, the men would meet with no worse fate than capture.

On the fifth of April the steamers and barges were brought near to the mouth of the bayou which discharges into the Mississippi at New-Madrid, but were kept carefully out of sight of the river, whilst our floating batteries were being completed. The enemy, as we afterwards learned, had received positive advices of the construction of the canal, but were unable to believe that such a work was practicable. The first assurance they had of its completion was the appearance of the four steamers loaded with troops, on the morning of the seventh of April.

On the fourth, Commodore Foote allowed one of the gunboats to run the batteries at Island No. Ten, and Capt. Walke, U.S.N., who had volunteered—as appears from the Commodore's order to him—came through that night with the gunboat Carondelet. Although many shots were fired at him as he passed the batteries, his boat was not once struck. He informed me of his arrival early on the fifth.

On the morning of the sixth, I sent Gen. Granger, Col. Smith of the Forty-third Ohio, and Capt. L. B. Marshall of my staff, to make a reconnoissance of the river below, and requested Captain Walke to take them on board the Carondelet, and run down the river to ascertain precisely the character of the banks and the position and number of the enemy's batteries.

The whole day was spent in this reconnoissance, the Carondelet steaming down the river in the midst of a heavy fire from the enemy's bat-

teries along the shore. The whole bank, for fifteen miles, was lined with heavy guns at intervals; in no case, I think, exceeding one mile. Entrenchments for infantry were also thrown up along the shore, between the batteries.

On his return up the river, Captain Walke silenced the enemy's battery opposite Point Pleasant, and a small infantry force, under Capt. L. H. Marshall, landed and spiked the guns. On the night of the sixth, at my urgent request, Commodore Foote ordered the Pittsburgh also to run down to New-Madrid. She arrived at daylight, having, like the Carondelet, come through without being touched. I directed Capt. Walke to proceed down the river at daylight on the seventh, with the two gunboats, and if possible, silence the batteries near Watson's Landing, the point which had been selected to land the troops, and at the same time, I brought the four steamers into the river and embarked Paine's division, which consisted of the Tenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-second, and Fifty-first Illinois regiments, with Houghtaling's battery of artillery. The land-batteries of thirty-two pounders, under Capt. Williams, First U. S. infantry, which I had established some days before, opposite the point where the troops were to land, were ordered to open their fire upon the enemy's batteries opposite as soon as it was possible to see them.

A heavy storm commenced on the night of the sixth, and continued, with short intermissions, for several days. The morning of the seventh was very dark, and the rain fell heavily until mid-day. As soon as it was fairly light, our heavy batteries on the land opened their fire vigorously upon the batteries of the enemy, and the two gunboats ran down the river and joined in the action. I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of Capt. Walke during the whole of these operations. Prompt, gallant, and cheerful, he performed the hazardous service assigned him with signal skill and success. About twelve o'clock M. he signalled me that the batteries near our place of landing were silenced, and the steamers containing Paine's division moved out from the landing and began to cross the river, preceded by the gunboats.

The whole force designed to cross had been drawn up along the river-bank, and saluted the passing steamers with shouts of exultation. As soon as we began to cross the river, the enemy commenced to vacate his positions along the banks and the batteries on the Tennessee shore, opposite Island No. Ten. His whole force was in motion toward Tiptonville, with the exception of the few artillerists on the island, who, in the haste of the retreat, had been abandoned. As Paine's division was passing opposite the point I occupied on the shore, one of my spies, who had crossed on the gunboats from the silenced battery, informed me of this hurried retreat of the enemy. I signalled Gen. Paine to stop his boats, and sent him the information, with orders to land as rapidly as possible on the opposite shore and push forward to Tiptonville, to which point the enemy's forces were tending from every direction. I sent

no force to occupy the deserted batteries opposite Island No. Ten, as it was my first purpose to capture the whole army of the enemy.

At eight or nine o'clock that night, (the seventh,) the small party abandoned on the island, finding themselves deserted, and fearing an attack in the rear from our land-forces, which they knew had crossed the river in the morning, sent a message to Com. Foote, surrendering to him. The divisions were pushed forward to Tiptonville as fast as they were landed, Paine leading. The enemy attempted to make a stand several times near that place, but Paine did not once deploy his columns. By midnight all our forces were across the river and pushing forward rapidly to Tiptonville. The enemy retreating before Paine, and from Island No. Ten, met at Tiptonville during the night in great confusion, and were driven back into the swamps by the advance of our forces, until at four o'clock A.M. on the eighth, finding themselves completely cut off, and being apparently unable to resist, they laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion. They were so scattered and confused that it was several days before anything like an accurate account of their number could be made.

Meantime I had directed Col. W. L. Elliott, of the Second Iowa cavalry, who had crossed the river after dark, to proceed as soon as day dawned to take possession of the enemy's abandoned works on the Tennessee shore, opposite Island No. Ten, and to save the steamers if he possibly could. He reached there before sunrise that morning, (the eighth,) and took possession of the encampments, the immense quantity of stores and supplies, and of all the enemy's batteries on the main land. He also brought in almost two hundred prisoners. After posting his guards and taking possession of the steamers not sunk or injured, he remained until the forces landed. As Col. Buford was in command of these forces, Col. Elliott turned over to his infantry force the prisoners, batteries, and captured property for safe keeping, and proceeded to cross the country in the direction of Tiptonville, along Reelfoot Lake, as directed.

It is almost impossible to give a correct account of the immense quantity of artillery, ammunition, and supplies of every description which fell into our hands.

Three generals, two hundred and seventy-three field and company officers, six thousand seven hundred prisoners, one hundred and twenty-three pieces of heavy artillery, all of the very best character and of the latest patterns, seven thousand stand of small arms, several wharf-boat loads of provisions, an immense quantity of ammunition of all kinds, many hundred horses and mules, with wagons and harness, etc., etc., are among the spoils. Very few if any of the enemy escaped, and only by wading and swimming through the swamps. The conduct of the troops was splendid throughout, as the results of this operation and its whole progress very plainly exhibit. We have crossed the great river, the banks of which were lined with batteries and defended

by seven thousand men; we have pursued and captured the whole force of the enemy and all his supplies and material of war, and have again recrossed and occupied the camp at New-Madrid, without losing a man or meeting with an accident. Such results bespeak efficiency, good conduct, high discipline, and soldierly deportment of the best character, far better than they can be exhibited in pitched battles or the storming of fortified places. Patience, willing labor, endurance of hardship and privation for long periods, cheerful and prompt obedience, order and discipline, bravery and spirit, are the qualities which these operations have developed in the forces under my command, and which assure for them a brilliant and successful career in arms. It is difficult to express the feeling which such conduct has occasioned me, fortunate enough to be the commander of such troops. There are few material obstacles within the range of warfare which a man of courage and spirit would hesitate to encounter with such a force.

To the division and brigade commanders, whose reports I transmit, I have the grateful privilege of designating in detail the forces engaged in these operations. Gens. Paine, Stanley, Hamilton and Plummer crossed the river, together with a portion of General Granger's cavalry division, under Col. W. L. Elliott, Second Iowa cavalry. To all these officers I am deeply indebted for their efficient and cordial aid in every portion of our operations. They conducted their division with eminent skill and vigor, and to them I am largely indebted for the discipline and efficiency of this command. Gen. Paine, fortunate in having the advance, exhibited conspicuous gallantry and vigor, and had the satisfaction to receive the surrender of the enemy.

Gen. Palmer was posted, two days before the final operations, in support and in charge of the battery below Tiptonville. Throughout he was prompt and active in the discharge of his duties. Of Col. Bissell, of the Engineer regiment, I can hardly say too much; untiring and determined, no difficulties discouraged them, and no labor was too much for their energy. They have conducted and completed a work which will be memorable in the history of this war. My own personal staff, Major Speed Butler, Assist. Adj.-General, Major C. A. Morgan, and Captain L. H. Marshall, Aids O. W. Nixon, Medical Director, and Major J. M. Case, Inspector-General, rendered an important service, and were, in all respects, zealous and efficient.

Our success was complete and overwhelming, and it gives me profound satisfaction to report that it was accomplished without loss of life.

JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

REPORT OF COMMANDER WATKES.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT CARONDELET, }
OFF TIPTONVILLE, TENN., April 8. }

SIR: In accordance with the instructions of Gen. Pope, I received on board Gen. Granger and staff, on the morning of the sixth inst., and

proceeded down the Mississippi River, opposite to this place, making an extensive reconnoissance. On our way down we exchanged a few shots with some of the enemy's batteries on the Tennessee shore, and on our way back we attacked two siege-guns, twenty-four-pounders, which had engaged us. We disabled and spiked these guns without receiving any injury. The remainder of the enemy's batteries fired upon us on our way to New-Madrid as long as we were within range.

After my return to New-Madrid, Gen. Pope informed me of your intention to send another gunboat, and requested that I should go down the river, and destroy the remaining rebel batteries above Point Pleasant. At dawn the following morning, and after a given signal, he informed me he would land his army, and attack that of the enemy at or near Island No. Ten. The Pittsburgh did not arrive till five o'clock A.M.; but as the transports, one at least, were under way with our troops on board, going down, I got under way at half-past six o'clock, having ordered Com. Thompson, verbally and by signal, to follow my motions, and proceeded down to the enemy's lower and heaviest battery, consisting of one sixty-four-pounder, and two sixty-four-pound siege-howitzers. We opened a constant, deliberate and well-directed fire upon it, for three fourths of an hour, feebly assisted by our own batteries on shore, when the enemy slackened his fire. Shot passed through our fourth cutter and starboard quarter, cutting away the sheave of our wheel-rope, striking our stern-gun, and bounding over our stern.

About this time the Pittsburgh commenced firing at long range, as she came down. As soon as our steering-gear was repaired, I gradually closed on the enemy, firing a shot now and then—the Pittsburgh, at a distance astern, throwing shell in a dangerous position across our bow, until the fort was deserted by the enemy. I spiked and disabled the guns of this fort, and I then proceeded up three hundred yards further, and found a sixty-four-pound siege-howitzer, dismounted. Still further up, I spiked another sixty-four-pound howitzer, and yet further, we found a fine sixty-four-pound gun, on a pivot, spiked and deserted by the enemy, who had set fire to a private residence there, and upon whom we fired as they ran off. A large quantity of ammunition was left by them at each fort.

I then made the required signal, crossed over to our army, received further instructions from Gen. Pope, and covered their disembarkation on the Tennessee shore, at the captured fort, above Point Pleasant.

At evening, we steamed down to our camp, opposite the enemy's fort, at this place, headed the gunboats for the enemy's battery, until early this morning, when we got under way, and crossed over to Tiptonville, the enemy having disappeared.

The officers and crew of this vessel, during the trials and dangers of the battle, conducted themselves with admirable coolness and ability. To

do justice to many of them, will require a more detailed letter.

Most respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

H. WALKE,
Commander U.S.N.

To Flag-Officer A. H. FOOTE,
Commander U. S. Naval Forces, Western Waters.

Doc. 137.

OCCUPATION OF POCAHONTAS, ARK.

THE correspondent of the *St. Louis Democrat*, with Gen. Steele's column, writes from camp, within six miles of Pocahontas, under date of April twenty-sixth, as follows:

On Saturday, the twelfth of April, Col. Baker, learning that some of the tents of "Bowlin's cavalry" had been left at a point distant only about five miles from the ferry, despatched company D, of the Indiana cavalry, under the command of Capt. G. P. Deweese, and Lieut. J. B. Talbot, with company F, of the Ninth Illinois, under Capt. Mumford, placing both companies under command of Capt. Deweese, with orders to capture the tents. The day being very disagreeable, there were but few persons on the road, and by rapid riding they succeeded, contrary to usual fortune, in reaching different houses before the news of their coming, and captured several prisoners. On reaching the camp where Bowlin's tents were, they captured them without molestation. At the same time, making inquiries of some of their prisoners, among whom was one direct from Pocahontas, they learned that a body of rebels, under the lead of a man named Roberts, had been there for some days, but had left the day before, and there were no forces in the town at all, and no cannon. Col. Baker had given orders to attack Reeves if they met him, although not supposing that they would proceed beyond the site of Bowlin's camp. They determined then, in hopes that some of his men might be lingering in the town, or that his troop had returned, to push on to that place. Continuing on their march, and arresting all persons of doubtful character whom they met, they soon came within about three miles of the town. Suddenly a distant report, like that of a cannon, coming from the direction they were pursuing, startled them, and at first they thought they had been deceived by the prisoners, in order to lead them into a trap. The prisoners were assured that if this was the case they would be the first to suffer the consequences. They protested they had told the truth. One of them, however, suggested that as this was the day for the semi-weekly packet, it might have brought up a cannon that very day. Upon consultation the officers determined to run the risk, declaring that at least they would get into the town, and if an enemy too strong for them should be found, at least some of them could get away to give the news. Accordingly the order was given to the men to take off their jackets, and with carbines all ready for

instant use, the troop was put to the gallop, and in a few minutes reached the town at an hour before sundown. No indications appeared as they entered of any hostile forces, excepting four men, mounted and armed, at a corner of one of the streets, who at the sight of our men took to a precipitate flight. The officers gave the order not to fire, but to charge. The men, however, by some mistake, left out the very essential negative, and fired a volley, doing no damage, but badly frightening the citizens, who in a moment left the streets bare and deserted.

A squad was despatched in pursuit of the four specimens of departed worth, one of whom was finally caught, being, as is affirmed, the "worst scared man ever seen in this district." The other three took to the thicket and escaped. In the mean time the remainder of the troops had taken peaceable possession of the town. The report proved to have been the firing of an anvil in token of their rejoicing over the confederate "victory" at Pittsburgh, of which the news had just been received. The officers informed them that their men were hungry and had nothing to eat; whereupon a plentiful supply of the best the town could afford was brought out and spread before them. None of the inhabitants seemed to feel any very hostile sentiments, while many of them appeared rather glad of the change of occupants. The troops captured, among other items, thirty prisoners, one hundred and fifty bushels of corn, and one hundred and sixty barrels of flour, belonging to the confederate army, and forty barrels of whiskey, which the secesh owner had hidden on the bank of the river, ready to be carried off by two barges lying there for that purpose. The editor of the village paper was arrested while endeavoring to escape, and his press, already boxed up for removal, captured. He had just returned from the little town of Ozark, in this State, and reported that Gens. Van Dorn and Thompson had been there, but had gone to Memphis. Price was there with his troops, mustering about eight thousand, and was only waiting for the arrival of the forces belonging to the commands of Thompson and Van Dorn, who were ordered to report to him, when he and the army would follow to Memphis, whither they were ordered. If this report be true, there is no force of the enemy to oppose us in this State, and to cross swords with our antagonists, we shall have to follow them to the Mississippi River. The editor was released on his parole of honor not to leave or attempt to remove his press.

A week ago to-day, Col. Carlin's brigade moved to this place and took formal possession, and now the United States flag floats from the roof of the Court-House. When I reach the place I will write you more about it, and our probable movements. The report alluded to in my last, that Col. Carlin had been attacked and retreated, arose from the simple fact that for the sake of a more eligible position, he had changed the location of his camp to a distance of about a mile and a half from its former site. He has not retreated, and probably has no idea of doing so under present

circumstances. Gen. Steele was expected at the ferry before noon to-day, with the long-wished-for baggage-train. As soon after his arrival as may be possible, Col. Hovey's brigade will move forward, and all the brigades of the division will probably rendezvous at Pocahontas before the middle of the ensuing week, except such regiments as may be ordered to press on still further, as the Fifth Illinois cavalry have already done.

Doc. 138.

ADVANCE TO YOUNG'S MILL, VA.

GEN. DAVIDSON'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
SMITH'S DIVISION, CAMP NEAR LEE'S MILL,
WARWICK RIVER, Va., April 12, 1862. }

Capt. L. D. Carne, Ass't Adjutant-General:

SIR: Having been directed by the General commanding the division to furnish a report of the operations of my brigade from the fifth instant to the present time, I respectfully state as follows:

The advance of the division from Young's Mill was formed by my brigade, the Seventh Maine, Col. Mason commanding, being deployed as a line of skirmishers in front, with a section of Kennedy's battery, Lieut. Cowan, following the road. The Thirty-third New-York, Col. B. F. Taylor, Seventy-seventh New-York volunteers, Col. McKean, and the Forty-ninth New-York, Lieut.-Col. Alberger, in the order named, moving in rear of this advance in column.

About four miles from Young's Mill, at eleven A.M., the enemy's pickets were driven in, exchanging occasional shots with our skirmishers; and a mile further on, through dense woods, we came in sight of an open space of the position of the enemy's line of earthworks in our front. The Seventh Maine, as skirmishers, were halted in the edge of the wood, about nine hundred and fifty yards from the works, the section of artillery placed in battery, and the Thirty-third, Seventy-seventh, and Forty-ninth New-York State volunteers, formed rapidly in line under the fire of the enemy's shell and canister. The left of the Seventh Maine were in an exposed position, being about five hundred yards from the smaller work, but partly concealed by the woods. Wheeler's battery, which followed my brigade, came into position on the right and left of our road, and opened on the enemy. My aid-de-camp, Lieut. Long of the Thirty-third New-York, who had climbed a tree for observation upon our left, reporting to me that two regiments were moving down upon our left flank, Lieut.-Col. Alberger, Forty-ninth New-York, was thrown back at an obtuse angle with the rest of my line to meet their intentions. With these disposals, we awaited the arrival and reconnoissance of Gen. Smith.

The troops of my brigade maintained their position as above stated until seven o'clock of the evening of the seventh, when they were withdrawn about one mile further in the rear.

My casualties are as follows:

April 5.—One private of the Seventh Maine, and one of the Forty-ninth New-York killed, and two privates of the Seventh Maine, and one of the Forty-ninth New-York wounded.

April 6.—Three privates of the Forty-ninth New-York wounded severely; one officer, Lieut. George Gale, of the Thirty-third New-York, seriously wounded; one of the Seventy-seventh seriously wounded.

April 7.—One private of the Seventh Maine seriously wounded; one of the Seventy-seventh seriously wounded.

April 8.—One private wounded, Thirty-third New-York volunteers.

April 11.—One corporal, Seventh Maine, killed, and one private wounded.

The Forty-ninth regiment and a company of the Thirty-third New-York, the latter under command of Lieut.-Col. Corning, were much exposed to the fire of the enemy's rifle-pits while we lay in position.

I regret to state that Lieut. Swan, company A, and Bugler Brown, company D, Seventh Maine volunteers, were captured by the enemy on the fifth inst., being separated from their command by a swamp while skirmishing.

I desire to bring specially to the notice of the General the cheerfulness, obedience, and fortitude of the regiments of my brigade, lying as they did for fifty-four hours under the close artillery-fire of the enemy, two nights exposed to a violent storm, without an opportunity of exchanging a shot, except from light field-pieces, and bearing—some regiments of it—thirty-six hours' duty as skirmishers to the front, and willing for more. I think the general commanding the division may well be proud of them, as I am, and trust to the successful exhibition of their other soldierly qualities when we meet the enemy closer.

I have no distinction to make among the regiments of my brigade. The duties of some were necessarily more arduous than those of others, and led them into more exposed positions; but when all behaved alike with the greatest coolness, gallantry, obedience, and fortitude, they are all equally deserving of my warmest gratitude and confidence, and I desire so to present them to the commanding general.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. W. DAVIDSON,
Brigadier-General.

Doc. 139.

HALLECK'S GENERAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
PITTSBURGH, TENN., April 13, 1862.

1. The Major-General commanding this department thanks Major-Gen. Grant and Major-Gen. Buell, and the officers and men of their respective commands, for the bravery and endurance with which they sustained the general attacks of the enemy on the sixth, and for the heroic manner in which, on the seventh inst., they defeated and routed the entire rebel army. The soldiers

of the great West have added new laurels to those which they had already won on numerous fields.

2. While congratulating the troops on their glorious successes, the Commanding General desires to impress upon all, officers as well as men, the necessity of greater discipline and order. These are as essential to the success as to the health of the army, and without them, we cannot long expect to be victorious; but with them, we can march forward to new fields of honor and glory, till this wicked rebellion is completely crushed out, and peace restored to our country.

3. Major-Gens. Grant and Buell will retain the immediate command of their respective armies in the field. By command of Maj.-Gen. HALLECK.

N. H. M'CLEAN,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Doc. 140.

SKIRMISH AT WILMINGTON ISLAND, GA.

LIEUTENANT WILSON'S REPORT.

ON BOARD STEAMER HONDURAS,
OFF WILMINGTON ISLAND, GA., April 17, 1862. }

Lieut. W. L. M. Burger, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters United States Forces, Tybee Island, Ga.:

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following for the information of the General commanding:

Escorted by seven companies of the Eighth Michigan volunteers, commanded by Col. Fenton, and a small detachment of the Rhode Island artillery, I embarked on the steamer Honduras, at Goat's Point, about eight o'clock yesterday morning, for the purpose of making a reconnoissance of Wilmington Island.

Proceeding through Lazaretto Creek, Tybee River, and Wilmington Narrows to Scriven's plantation, two companies, (G and B,) about one hundred and fifteen men, under the command of Capt. Pratt, were landed, with orders to march at once to the south-west end of the island, skirting Turner's Creek on the right, so as to cover the boat party which was to follow that stream to Wilmington River. Ascending to the junction of Oakland and Turner's Creeks, the balance of the command, in all about three hundred men, was landed at Gibson's plantation.

The first company ashore was directed to move at once to the south-west end of Whitemarsh Island, skirting Turner's Creek, and with instructions to leave a small picket at the intersection of the roads leading from Gibson's and Oakland's to Turner's, till another company should arrive at that point. A third company was to be thrown out on the road to the ferry at Canan's Bluffs, to protect the boat party up Oakland Creek. The two remaining companies were to be held in reserve at Gibson's plantation.

Lieut. Caldwell and sixteen men of the Rhode Island volunteers, with one light six-pounder, were left in charge of the steamer. The gun could not be landed on account of the inability of the boat to lie alongside of the landing.

Having proceeded through Turner's Creek to Wilmington River, I returned by the same route, and landed at Gibson's. Directly after arriving there I was informed that our patrols had discovered the enemy in force at or near Fleetwood's, and had seen traces of them all the way to Turner's. Col. Fenton had already given orders for the advance companies to fall back to Gibson's, and made his disposition for repelling an attack and covering our embarkation.

After an examination of the ground, at my suggestion, one company was thrown farther forward to take shelter behind the hedge and fence surrounding one of the houses. The Colonel had already designated this position, and stationed another in the woods lining the marsh on the left, and the balance behind the houses and trees nearer the landing. After these dispositions were completed, and between four and five p.m., the rebels, subsequently ascertained to be the Thirteenth Georgia volunteers, about eight hundred strong, armed with Enfield rifles, preceded by a heavy line of skirmishers, made an attack upon our position. After our advance-line had delivered its fire from the hedge, the bugler sounded "the charge" for the main body; this was confounded with "the retreat;" the advanced line abandoned its cover, and fell back through an open space toward the reserve. While in this somewhat confused condition the enemy advanced rapidly, pouring in upon us a steady and destructive fire. Our men replied with spirit, from such cover as could be obtained. Order was soon reestablished, and the rebels held in check for an hour or more. After the ineffectual efforts of Col. Fenton and myself to form enough men to charge their lines and drive them from the hedge, a portion of one company was carried to the right, and under cover of the timber skirting that side, the left flank of the enemy was met and frustrated in an attempt to move in that direction; an advance on the left and along the whole line dislodged the enemy and put him in full flight. He fell back rapidly, leaving several dead and wounded on the field, and was closely pressed for half or three quarters of a mile. As it was now almost night, it was not deemed advisable to continue the pursuit further. Our skirmishers were gradually drawn in, strong advanced guards were posted well out on both roads, and two companies again posted on the line of the hedge and the fence to the right. After having made these admirable dispositions of his force to secure our position, Col. Fenton then directed the removal of our killed and wounded to the steamer; and after holding the ground for three hours, the entire force was quietly embarked without further accident, though it must be confessed had the enemy renewed his attack while we were embarking, we should have suffered great loss.

Our five small boats could not remove more than fifty men every thirty minutes, and the steamer lay in such a position that the six-pounder could not be brought to bear without jeopardizing the lives of our own people.

Our loss is ten killed and thirty-five wounded.

Among the former is Lieut. and Adjutant Pratt, who fell while gallantly cheering on the men. Lieut. Badger, in command of the advanced guard, was dangerously if not mortally wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy; but in the hurry of their retreat, he succeeded in effecting his escape.

The loss of the enemy cannot be ascertained. Two of their dead were left in our hands; one, mortally wounded, died before we disembarked; the balance were carried off.

I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
C. H. WILSON,
First Lieutenant T. E. and Chief T. E., Department of the South.

KILLED AT WILMINGTON POINT.

Co. A—Minor Pratt, Adjutant; Levi Conden, left temple; Asa Atherton, through head.

Co. B—George Spurbuck, right lung; Charles A. Bailey, throat; A. Vandenstack, right lung and right arm; Dessa Kapple, back and heart.

Co. H—James E. Barton, right cheek and head.

Co. I—Edwin Ayres, left thigh.

Co. K—Eli Myers, lungs and back; — Pes-tye, left side.

WOUNDED.

Co. A—Carlos Delong, left arm and hip; Henry W. Caldwell, right breast and back; Warren Cole, through both hips; Aylmer Jennings, left thigh; Fred. Shillinger, left thigh; Barney Collins, right hand.

Co. C—Lieut. Hadger, wounded in body, mortally; Franklin Moore, left foot; Silas Lurner, through the body; Ezekiel Cramer, right hand; Constantine Schloppi, left leg; Amos C. Walker, right leg; Lyman A. Andrews, right hip; Lewis Piper, left thigh.

Co. D—P. H. Hankinson, left wrist; Walter D. Smith, engineer corps, left arm and back; Nicholas Carlin, right thigh; Andrew J. Coborne, inferior maxillary; James Cooper, right thigh.

Co. I—Wm. B. Colt, right shoulder and back; Walter S. Ryans, hypogastric region; John R. Bunting, left ankle; Thos. Plinstock, left hand.

Co. K—Second Lieut. George Jennings, left leg.

COLONEL FENTON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MICHIGAN REGIMENT,
STEAMER HONDURAS, OFF WILMINGTON ISLAND, GA.,
April 18.

Lieut. W. L. M. Burger, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General:

SIR: I have the honor to report for the information of the General commanding, that, in compliance with Special Orders No. 41, I embarked with seven companies of the Eighth Michigan regiment as an escort to Lieut. J. H. Wilson, Topographical Engineer, on a reconnoissance of Wilmington Island. Two companies were landed at Scrivins's plantation, under command of Capt. Pratt, with orders from Lieut. Wilson to skirt Turner's Creek. The other five companies were landed at Gibson's plantation. Two of those companies were ordered to skirt Turner's Creek. A third was to take the road to the right toward the ferry at Canan's Bluff, to protect the boat's

party up Oakland Creek. Owing to the small number of boats and the distance from the steamer, which was aground, some delay occurred in the disembarkation. I directed Lieut.-Col. Graves to follow with the second company to skirt Turner's Creek, but by misdirection took the road toward Canan's Bluff, and on landing with the remaining companies, I received information from him that the enemy were in force at Flatwood's plantation and to the left of the road. This made the reconnoissance with boats unsafe, and I ordered the companies all in, and stationed the remaining companies to guard against an attack at our landing, and sent out strong pickets on both roads. I believe the advanced company to the right, instead of along Turner's Creek, saved my command, as it sooner enabled me to post the men to advantage and take a position from which the enemy's approach could be observed. The enemy appeared to be the Georgia Thirteenth, about eight hundred strong, armed with Enfield rifles. As they approached, about four P.M., with a strong body of skirmishers in the skirt of woods below the road, the companies to the right and left of the road, in accordance with my instructions, opened fire. I immediately sounded the charge for an advance of the companies in the rear of the first line; the first line misunderstanding the signal, fell back to the next company. A constant and effectual fire was kept up on both sides from the cover of trees and bushes. Lieut. Wilson, who had returned with the boat's party, here proved of great service to me, and took a party, at my request, to the left. I ordered a company to the right to flank the enemy. Both operations were successful, and in a few moments the enemy retreated in confusion, leaving several dead on the field, followed by our men with loud cheers. It being now about sunset, I recalled our troops, and giving to Lieut. Wilson the command of pickets stationed to guard against surprise, formed the companies into line as originally posted, sent the dead and wounded in boats to the ship, and gradually, and very quietly, under cover of night, withdrawing the men, sent them on board as fast as our limited transports would allow. At the last trip of the boat I embarked, accompanied by Lieut. Wilson, Lieut.-Col. Graves, and the remainder of the command, at about ten o'clock P.M., and immediately brought on board the two companies left at Scrivins's plantation. After the enemy retreated we were unmolested. It is due to the officers and men of the command to say that generally they behaved with cool and intrepid courage. Adjutant Pratt fell dead near my side, gallantly fighting, musket in hand, and cheering on the men. Our loss, I regret to say, was comparatively large — ten killed and thirty-five wounded out of a command of three hundred men. Among the wounded was Acting Lieut. Badger, of company C, who was in charge of the advanced picket, and exhibited undaunted courage. He, with one of his men, was made prisoner. Both escaped, and were brought in when the enemy retreated. The captain of the Honduras is de-

serving of great credit for his kind attention to the wounded, and he afforded us every facility for the comfort of officers and men in his power.

I respectfully refer you to Lieut. Wilson's report, which I have seen, which contains some facts not embraced in this report, among others, in relation to the men detailed in charge of the field-piece on board ship, who were vigilant and attentive.

Herewith I transmit a list of casualties.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WM. M. FENTON,
Colonel Commanding.

Doc. 141.

EASTERN TENNESSEE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S PROCLAMATION.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., April 8, 1862. }

I. The following proclamation is published for the information of all concerned :

PROCLAMATION.

By virtue of the power vested in me, by law, to declare the suspension of the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus :

I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do proclaim that martial law is hereby extended over the Department of East-Tennessee, under the command of Major-General E. K. Smith ; and I do proclaim the suspension of all civil jurisdiction, (with the exception of that enabling the courts to take cognizance of the probate of wills, the administration of the estates of deceased persons, the qualification of guardians, to enter decrees and orders for the partition and sale of property, to make orders concerning roads and bridges, to assess county levies, and to order the payment of county dues,) and the writ of habeas corpus aforesaid.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and set my seal, this, the eighth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

II. Major-Gen. E. K. Smith, commanding the Department of East-Tennessee, is charged with the due execution of the foregoing proclamation. He will forthwith establish an efficient military police, and will enforce the following orders :

The distillation of spirituous liquors is positively prohibited, and the distilleries will forthwith be closed. The sale of spirituous liquors of any kind is also prohibited, and establishments for the sale thereof will be closed.

III. All persons infringing the above prohibition will suffer such punishment as shall be ordered by the sentence of a court-martial: Provided, that no sentence to hard labor for more than one month shall be inflicted by the sentence of a regimental court-martial, as directed by the Sixty-seventh Article of War.

By command of the Secretary of War.

S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT EAST-TENNESSEE, }
KNOXVILLE, April 18, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 23.

I. Col. W. M. Churchwell is appointed Provost-Marshal, and charged, under the direction of the Major-General Commanding, with the due execution of the foregoing proclamation in this department.

By command of Major-Gen. E. KIRBY SMITH.
H. L. CLAY, A.A.G.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT EAST-TENNESSEE, }
OFFICE PROVOST-MARSHAL, KNOXVILLE, April 18, 1862. }

Martial law having been declared in this Department, the people of East-Tennessee are notified that, whilst the criminal courts of the land continue in the exercise of their functions, they (the people) are amenable for offences committed under the "Articles of War," and they can be tried, under the orders of the Department Commander, by military courts. The following extracts from the Rules and Articles of War are published for their information and guidance:

"Art. 5. Any officer or private who shall use contemptuous or disrespectful words against the President of the confederate States, against the Vice-President thereof, against the Congress of the confederate States, or against the Chief Magistrate or Legislature of any of the confederate States in which he may be quartered, if a commissioned officer, shall be cashiered, or otherwise punished, as a court-martial may decide; if a non-commissioned officer or soldier, he shall suffer such punishment as shall be inflicted by the sentence of a court-martial.

"Art. 28. Any officer or soldier who shall be convicted of having advised or persuaded any other officer or soldier to desert the service of the confederate States shall suffer death, or such other punishment as shall be inflicted upon him by the sentence of a court-martial.

"Art. 55. Whosoever belonging to the armies of the confederate States in foreign parts shall force a safeguard shall suffer death.

"Art. 56. Whosoever shall relieve the enemy with money, victuals, or ammunition, or shall knowingly harbor or protect an enemy, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as shall be ordered by the sentence of a court-martial.

"Art. 57. Whosoever shall be convicted of holding correspondence with or giving intelligence to the enemy, either directly or indirectly, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as shall be ordered by the sentence of a court-martial.

"WM. M. CHURCHWELL,
"Colonel and Provost-Marshal."

Doc. 142.

FIGHT NEAR LEE'S MILLS, VA.

NEW-YORK "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

LEE'S MILLS, VA., April 17, 1862.

A RECONNOISSANCE was made about a mile north-east of Lee's Mills yesterday, which, in the sever-

ity of the fighting it involved, may be properly ranked as a battle.

At half-past six o'clock, companies E, F, D and K, of the Third Vermont, began to work as skirmishers, Mott's battery supporting them with a very accurate fire of shot and shell. The Vermonters skirmished until noon, when they were relieved. The fire had been very accurate. The rebel braggarts, who began dancing on their ramparts, and swinging their hats, and defying our troops in the customary Southern military fashion, were dropped so rapidly by the sharpshooters as to be soon cured of this style of warfare. The four companies of the Third lay down after dinner, and thoroughly rested themselves. At four o'clock in the afternoon, they were called up, formed into line, and told by their Colonel in a pithy speech that the work expected of them was to charge across the creek and take the enemy's intrenchments. Ayres's guns—all of the batteries, numbering twenty-two pieces, were under the command of their accomplished artillery officer—covered the Vermonters' advance. They marched steadily at the quick to the edge of the creek; and plunged in, on the run. The water deepened unexpectedly. The men were soon wading to their breasts, their cartridge-boxes slung up on their shoulders and their muskets held up high. The moment they entered the stream, the rebels swarmed on the edge of their rifle-pit, and rained a fire of bullets on the advancing line. The stream, as dammed, was about twelve rods wide. The Vermonters loaded and fired as they waded. Their killed and wounded began to fall from the instant of entering the water. Many of the latter were sustained by their arms and the collars of their coats, and so helped across, and lay down on the opposite side. The Third, as soon as they emerged and got foothold received the order to "charge!" With a yell, with true Green Mountain ring in it, they dashed at the extended rifle-pit. At least a regiment of rebels broke from behind it, and ran into the redoubt in the rear, leaving the Vermonters in the pit. For at least an hour they fought from here against overwhelming numbers, receiving reinforcements in that time, first of four companies of the Sixth Vermont, and afterward of four companies of the Fourth Vermont. They shot their foe principally through the head, and so superior was their fire, and their pluck so impressive, that the rebels moved two additional regiments into the fort, and into a flanking position on the left of the rifle-pit. Exposed now to a cross-fire as well as an increased fire in front, the Vermonters, though they wanted to stay, had to go. In good order, covering themselves behind trees, and fighting as they went, they recrossed the stream, carrying with them all their wounded whose condition at all promised survival of their hurts. Many were now shot in the water, and drowned beyond all possibility of help. The language of a Lamoille county boy, not sixteen years old, "Why, sir, it was just like sap-boiling in that stream—the bullets fell so thick," is so expressive that I use it as a measure of intensity. These

brave men having backed out of the deep water, formed on the dry land and began the fight anew, while many, not detailed, but volunteering through impulses of soldierly devotion and personal affection, dashed into the stream again and dragged out the wounded, who were clinging to the trees, and sitting with their heads just out of water. Julian A. Scott, of the Third Vermont, company E, under sixteen years of age, was one of these heroes. He pulled out no less than nine of his wounded comrades. He twice went under fire away across the stream, and brought back from the slope of the rifle-pit John C. Backum, of his own company, who was shot through the lungs. Ephraim Brown, who was helping him, was himself shot through the thigh in the inside, and disabled. Scott waded back, like the hero-boy he is, and brought him safely over.

It was a sight to come all the way from New-York to see—the masterly manner in which Capt. Ayres saved the Fourth Vermont's four companies from the fire of the rebels, who swarmed more than a regiment full in their rifle-pit. The moment he saw them form for a charge, he rode to every gun and directed it to be sighted so as to shave the top of the breastwork, and then, in the magnetic manner which distinguishes him in the field, required his command to serve the twenty-two pieces with the utmost possible rapidity. The fire was literally a besom of destruction. The shells burst with precision within a few inches of the top of the parapet, and over it. The Fourth's companies were saved by it. The rebels dared not lift themselves, or even elevate their heads above the edge of their breastwork to fire down on the Vermonters in the creek. Their guns necessarily were discharged at an upward angle, and their fire almost wholly thrown away.

As an evidence of the terrible accuracy of the fire of Ayres's battery, which silenced every rebel gun, the effect of four of his shots is very significant. A rebel regiment was moving at right angles to his position. He fired a conical ball at the file in which the flag was carried, cut down the whole file and threw the flag to the earth. The other three shots, equally effective, scattered the regiment like smoke. The naval maxim is established that three guns in a battery are equal to one hundred afloat. The proportion of power between those in embrasures, against those in position in an open field, is nearly as great. When we consider that Capt. Ayres, with his fire of spherical shot, from a level cornfield, against a large and exceedingly strong work, silenced every gun in it, we can appreciate the marvellous skill and science with which this officer's justly celebrated battery is worked. Every shot took effect within the embrasures and over the enemy's pieces. He literally swept and cleared the rebels away from their guns, and furnished a new and most interesting fact in the history of artillery warfare—the possible superiority of guns in a plain over an equal number protected by earthworks. The affair is the subject of general

and admiring comment to-day, among all the West-Point officers who have heard of it.

Among the incidents of the fight was the recovery from a fever of Sergeant Fletcher of company E, Third Vermont, on the sick list and excused from duty, and the use he made of his temporary health. He crossed the stream and went through the fight—then on his return, was among those who went back and rescued the wounded. On his return to camp, he went into the hospital and resumed his fever, with aggravation.

John Harrington, a beardless orphan boy of seventeen, unarmed, went over and rescued out of the rifle-pit a disabled comrade.

Lieut. Whittemore commanded company E, which is without a captain for some reason. This officer, with his revolver, covered Harrington in his hazardous expedition; and killed several rebels who aimed their pieces at the boy. His most intimate friend in the company, private Vance, had been killed in the rifle-pit. Whittemore, enraged with sorrow, burst into tears, and seizing the dead soldier's musket, stood over him, and threatened death to any one who should retreat; and then stooping down, he took cartridge after cartridge from his friend's box, and killed his man with every fire—raging with a divine fury the while.

All will recall the case of private Wm. Scott of the Third Vermont, sentenced by McClellan last fall to be shot for sleeping on his post, while on the Potomac, and whom Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, saved from his rigorous fate. Among the foremost across the creek, and the first to be killed yesterday was this very man—as brave a soldier as ever died on the field of battle.

Among the phenomena of the fight was the condition of the uniform of Capt. Bennett, of company K, of the Third. It had eight bullet-holes in it. One through the collar of his coat, one through the right coat-sleeve, one through his pantaloons below the left knee, one through both pantaloons and drawers above the right knee, and four through the skirts of his coat. There was not a scratch on this man's skin.

The sharp-shooting was marvellous. Ten men, with the telescopic rifle, kept the rebels two hours away from their largest gun. Every man who came near it was killed. It was utterly useless for that long time. The rebel commander had finally to drive up an entire regiment to the piece and man it by superiority of numbers—more gunners than could be killed. It was fired thus four times, when a shot from Kennedy's battery dismounted it. The value of sharp-shooters is a demonstrated fact of the greatest military importance.

Doc. 143.

THE ADVANCE TO FALMOUTH, VA.

A NATIONAL ACCOUNT.

ABOUT nightfall, on Tuesday, April fifteenth,

Gen. Augur's brigade was ordered to advance. The General and staff preceded the troops, and arrived at Catlet's Station late at night. General McDowell arrived on a special train, at two o'clock on Wednesday morning.

The advance was halted on Wednesday, for the arrival of the supply-train, and the remainder of Gen. King's division. In the mean time the rebels placed a field-piece upon the south bank of the Rappahannock, and entertained our pickets with frequent shot and shell, without doing any damage.

On Thursday, with the faint light of dawn, the command started. Lieut.-Col. Kilpatrick, with the Ira Harris light cavalry, led the advance. Before starting, an order was issued directing the instant shooting of any one detected in the act of pillaging, burning, or wantonly destroying property. No occasion was found for the execution of the order. Late in the day the heat compelled the men to relieve themselves of everything not absolutely indispensable, and overcoats and blankets strewed the road.

Six miles from Catlett's Station, recent tracks of rebel cavalry were discovered. Twelve miles beyond, the enemy's picket was driven in. Gen. Augur pushed rapidly forward with the cavalry, and the Brooklyn Fourteenth regiment, and a section of artillery. A small rebel mounted force was discovered, which retired skirmishing. The chase continued for eight miles, the Brooklyn Fourteenth, without a single straggler, keeping up with the cavalry and artillery. Lieut. Decker, company D, of the Ira Harris light cavalry, was killed while gallantly leading one of the charges. He was shot through the heart. The rebel by whom he was killed, and fifteen others, were almost at the same instance taken prisoners. Col. Kilpatrick charged upon the camp of the enemy, driving them like frightened sheep, and captured a large amount of forage. The command bivouacked for the night in the enemy's camp, after a march of twenty-six miles.

Few men were found on the farms along the road. Several of the families expressed Union sentiments, but every man capable of performing military duty, had been pressed into the rebel service, or made prisoner.

During the night, the Ira Harris light cavalry continued to harass the enemy, and in the morning, led by Colonel Kilpatrick, charged gallantly upon the barricade across the road, and drove the enemy's advance back, with considerable loss.

At daylight the command moved forward, forcing the enemy across the Rappahannock, and compelled them to retreat beyond the heights south of Fredericksburgh. In their flight they set fire to the bridges, upon which had been placed heaps of combustibles. The Chatham and railroad bridges were destroyed. The Ficklen bridge was saved by the strenuous exertions of the Berdan's sharp-shooters. The little town of Falmouth, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, immediately opposite Fredericksburgh, was found almost entirely deserted. Several Union families remained to welcome the advance of our

troops. The people, generally, received our soldiers in a friendly manner, and expressed surprise when assured that they were to be protected, instead of murdered, as they had been assured by the rebels they would be.

Our occupation of the place was a surprise. The mills were still running, and women and children engaged in ordinary domestic avocations, when our cannon belched forth its thunder from the adjacent cliff.

Gen. Augur and staff were courteously entertained by Mr. J. B. Ficklen, a wealthy citizen of Falmouth, whose loyalty had rendered him obnoxious to the rebels. Private Haslam, of the Ira Harris light cavalry, Acting Orderly for Gen. Augur, was shot by our own pickets while carrying an order from the General to Col. Sullivan. Private Britten, of the Seventh Wisconsin, who had rendered efficient service as a scout for Gen. King, had his leg broken by an accidental shot, while in front. Immediate preparations were made for the repair of the bridge, that had been only slightly damaged. Fredericksburgh is virtually in our possession, as our cannon command all its approaches. There is no sign of fortifications. The enemy's forces, composed of one regiment of infantry, and one of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, burned their camps and fled.

Col. Rosebroke, the rebel commanding officer, was out examining the pickets at the time of our approach, and was chased by Col. Kilpatrick four miles, but finally escaped. We have captured nineteen prisoners, and killed a number of the enemy, but how many is not yet ascertained. A number of fine steamers, and a considerable amount of shipping is at Fredericksburgh. The cars are busily running to and from the city. The people crowd the streets and house-tops, watching our movements.

The following are the names of the killed and wounded of the Ira Harris light cavalry.

KILLED.

First Lieut. Nelson G. Decker, company D.
Private John Murphy, company G.
Private George Weller, company H.
Private John Haslam, company L.
Private Robert G. Campbell, company —.

WOUNDED.

Serg. Jacob G. McLean, company H, in the mouth, slightly.
Corp. James Baker, company H, in the head, seriously.
Private Michael Dwyer, company G, in the left shoulder, seriously.
Private Lewis C. Crane, company H.
Private Patrick Ambrose, company B, in the left side and leg, slightly.
Private John N. Davis, company H.
Private Josiah Kiff, company H, in the leg, slightly.
Private Wm. Rankin, company H, slightly.
Private Cyrus Romain, company H, in the thigh, slightly.
Lieut. Leaf, of Col. Bayard's First Pennsyl-

vania cavalry, was the only commissioned officer wounded. In this regiment, there were three killed, and eight wounded.

The infantry sustained no loss. A number of men are missing; but as they are coming in from time to time, it is probable all will return. We have no opportunity to estimate the loss of the enemy.

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE OCCUPATION.

FREDERICKSBURGH, April 21, 1862.

To the Editor of the Richmond Examiner:

The report of the advance of the Federal forces reached Fredericksburgh Thursday afternoon. As late as midnight Thursday night, Gen. Field, who was in command of the confederate troops, assured citizens that he did not believe, from the reports brought in by his pickets, that the Yankee force was sufficient to threaten an attack which involved the occupation of the town. The citizens and the "civil authorities" rested, therefore, hopefully on the belief that Gen. Field's troops would defend and save the town from Yankee occupation. This hope was sadly crushed; for at seven o'clock on Friday morning it was discovered by the citizens that the bridges across the river were in flames, and that the confederate troops were retreating from Falmouth, and making their way through Fredericksburgh into the country back of it. I have no desire to criticise our General or his troops; but it is due to the citizens and "civil authorities" to say that they were sorely distressed when they found that the Yankees were not resisted and beaten back. Nor was this sorrow lessened when they found that the Yankee force consisted of a single brigade; for it was not until three o'clock on *Saturday* afternoon that an accession of force was added to one brigade, before which our troops retired. I trust it may appear that our officers did not know that the Yankee force was so small, or that they were erroneously informed as to its strength.

By nine o'clock on Friday morning, the Yankees had planted their cannon so as to command the town; and a regiment of their cavalry appeared near the river, which was fordable at several points not much over knee-deep. Gen. Field's entire force had evacuated the town, and Fredericksburgh lay at the feet of the Yankees.

The Common Council was convened by the Mayor, and assembled in the presence of a few citizens who were invited to aid their deliberations. This body determined first, to send no message to the Yankee General until a communication was received from him; secondly, that so soon as the Yankee officer sent a communication, that a response should be made, which response I now copy and send you for publication; whether this response is worthy of the fair fame and patriotic spirit of the "Old Burgh," I leave to Southern criticism to determine.

A committee, consisting of the Mayor, two Councilmen, and three citizens, all to the manor born, good men and true, were delighted to deliver this response. About four o'clock Friday afternoon a white flag was waved from the Yan-

kee lines across the river, and the signal was answered. A Federal officer came across the river and handed to the committee (who had repaired to the river to await his arrival) a written request from Brig.-Gen. Augur that he might have an interview with the civil authorities of Fredericksburgh. An arrangement was finally made, by which the committee were invited to see Gen. Augur at the headquarters, near Falmouth, on Saturday morning. The committee went Saturday morning, and had an interview with this General and delivered the response. Gen. Augur, after stating that he was but a brigade commander, and that Gen. McDowell would arrive in a day or two, with whom all definite arrangements must be made, still assured the committee that whenever the Federal forces occupied the town all measures needful to secure protection to persons and property, as demanded by the usages of civilized warfare, should be observed.

I deem it proper to add, for the information of your readers, that Gen. Augur gave no satisfaction to the committee as to whether the Yankee army would pay for army supplies taken from citizens, and also admitted that slaves coming into the Yankee lines would be sheltered and held against reclamation.

Justice to the people and authorities of Fredericksburgh requires that this much should be published, in order to correct the idle and baseless gossip circulating as to the mode of our occupation by the Yankees. No truer or more loyal population can be found in the confederate States than that of Fredericksburgh, now subjected to the inexpressible humiliation and distress of Yankee dominion. I am, sir, etc.,

A CITIZEN OF FREDERICKSBURGH.

Doc. 144.

FIGHT NEAR EDISTO, S. C.

COMMODORE DU PONT'S REPORT.

FLAG-SHIP WABASH, }
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., April 22, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to enclose a copy of a report from Lieut. Commanding Rhind, of the *Crusader*, detailing the circumstances of a concealed attack upon one of his boats, in which Acting Master William D. Urann was severely wounded. Lieut. Commanding Rhind, with the coöperation of Col. Fellows, of the army, commanding the post at North-Edisto, planned a night-attack upon the enemy; and, though not successful in surprising them, had a short engagement with the rebels, in which he says: "The loss of the enemy, I feel sure, was sufficient to punish them for their cowardly attack on our boat." Three of the *Crusader's* men were wounded in this skirmish, namely, Gustav Wacker, ordinary seaman, in the right arm and breast; Theo. Peterson, seaman, wounded slightly; Acting Master W. D. Urann, who was fired upon in the boat, was wounded in the left finger and right wrist. The finger has since been amputat-

ed. Lieut. Commanding Rhind speaks of him as an excellent officer. He is disabled for some time, but has no desire to leave. The name of James Wilson, boatswain's mate, is also mentioned favorably. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. DU PONT,
Flag-Officer Com'g South-Atlantic Blockading Squadron.
To Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

LIEUT. RHIND'S REPORT.

U. S. STEAMER CRUSADER, NORTH-EDISTO, April 20.

SIR: On the eighteenth, a party of the enemy, concealed in the woods below Seabrook's plantation, fired on one of our boats sent there to assist Mr. Reynolds, Government Agent, in securing some cotton. Acting Master W. D. Urann, who had charge of the boat, was severely wounded in the right arm and left hand. No one of the enemy was seen during the fire, which was promptly returned by our boat's crew. I planned an expedition to capture the party that night, and called on Col. Fellows, commanding the post here, for some men to assist me. He promptly afforded them, and enabled me to land a party of about sixty men, including officers. We marched through the swamps to two plantations where I expected to find the enemy, reaching the furthest place about three A.M. The enemy discovered our approach and fled, receiving the fire of a platoon of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, under Lieut. Bedell, of company K. We halted there to rest our men, and shortly after daylight discovered a considerable force of mounted riflemen approaching rapidly to attack us. They opened fire upon us boldly, but fled as rapidly as they advanced, after a smart skirmish of twenty or twenty-five minutes. I had one howitzer with me, and the first fire from it brought them to a sudden halt; the third and fourth dispersed them. Three of the Crusader's crew were wounded in the affair. The loss of the enemy, I feel sure, was sufficient to punish them for their cowardly attack on our boat. Their numbers were variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred. We returned leisurely to the vessel, the enemy not attempting to follow, although all were mounted.

I am under obligations, for his prompt response to my call, to Col. F. Fellows, and to Capt. R. C. Dow, of company K, Third New-Hampshire, and Lieut. E. Bedell, company K, Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, for their cordial coöperation. I enclose the report of the Assistant Surgeon. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. C. RHIND,
Lieut. Commanding.

Doc. 145.

FIGHT AT GRASS LICK, VA.

GEN. FREMONT'S DESPATCH.

WHEELING, VA., April 24, 1862.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

A TELEGRAM from Gen. Schenck states that a squad of twenty-five infantry, sent from Romney

by Lieut.-Col. Downey to look after guerrillas, was attacked yesterday morning on Grass Lick, between Wash River and Carstion, by the rebels, forty in number. Our force lost three killed, but drove the rebels, who took refuge in the house of one Palland. Col. Downey went with a reinforcement of cavalry, but the rebels fled at his approach, carrying off several dead and wounded, among the latter Col. Parsons, their leader, and Polland, the owner of the house. Col. Downey reports the interior of the house covered with blood. He burned the house and pursued the flying enemy, taking five prisoners.

Gen. Schenck sent a reinforcement of one hundred and sixty cavalry and one piece of Debeck's artillery to come on the enemy in the rear. These must have reached the place about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Our messengers passing to and fro between Grass Lick and Romney were fired on four, six, and seven miles from Romney by guerrillas.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

Doc. 146.

EXPEDITION TO WHITE RIVER, ARK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. Louis Democrat* gives the following account of this affair:

WEST-PLAINS, April 30.

On the sixteenth instant, Col. McCrellis, of the Third Illinois cavalry, was sent by Gen. Curtis with a detachment to the southward, to take possession of certain mills and ferries. One or two slight skirmishes took place, and the expedition proved successful, having, among other things, accomplished the destruction of the confederate saltpetre works below Talbott's Ferry. The force consisted of two battalions of the Illinois Third cavalry, under Majors Ruggles and Hubbard; Lieut. Heacock, with a detachment of fifty-five men from company F; Lieut. Perkins, with a detachment of forty-five men from company E, and Capt. Drummond, with a detail of fifty men from the Fourth Iowa cavalry; and the following details from Bowen's battalion: Lieut. Dickinson and Lieut. Curry, of company B, and Lieutenant Crabtree, of company A, with one mountain howitzer.

The command moved over the Little North Fork of White River to Bratton's Store, directly east of Forsyth. The country, during the first day's march, was sparsely settled, not a house being seen for thirty-five miles. Several houses were passed on Big Creek, which were formerly occupied by Union men who were driven from home. The command encamped the first night near the homestead of a Mr. Fisher, who was killed a few months since by Bray's desperadoes. The ridges were followed as much as possible, to avoid the muddy bottoms. Encamped the second night between Spring Creek and the Little North Fork. There information was received that the confederates had extensive works in operation for the manufacture of saltpetre from a nitre cave,

located eight miles below the Little North Fork, south side of White River. It was said that these works were protected by a rebel guard of fifty men. Col. McCrellis sent Capt. Drummond, with a detachment of twenty men, to reconnoitre and, if possible, destroy the works. The Captain started at three p.m., the distance to the cave being eighteen miles. After the expedition started it commenced raining and poured down in torrents, with peals of thunder and lightning. The road led through a very rough country. Capt. Drummond arrived in the vicinity of the cave and soon after daybreak sent Sergeant Smith with four men three miles above to press some canoes and their owners to row the party across the river to the cave. The night previous Captain Drummond's men started two of Price's men out of the widow McCracken's house, who made their escape, but the horses, saddles, and guns were captured. We also captured four mounted men and their arms. The guns were broken up. One secesh was fired upon, but made his escape in the brush. The canoes were rowed down opposite the cave by the sulky owners, and preparations made to cross over the river. The entrance to the cave was seen half-way up the sides of a steep bluff on the opposite side. The structures for manufacturing the saltpetre were erected below on the bottom, next the river, and shutes extended from the cave to the "works," for sliding down the dirt. There was an island in the river between our party and the works, but voices could be distinctly heard from the opposite side. Eight men, with Mr. Doyle, the guide, were rowed across the river above the island, and the remainder of the party staid on this side to cover the movements of those opposite. Both parties, on either side of the river, marched down simultaneously.

The rebels were seen to make their appearance on the top of the bluff, and were fired upon. They were seen running about in great commotion. The buildings were reached by our men, and the work of destruction commenced. The structures, sheds, and vats were set on fire, the steam-engine was broken up and pitched into the river, and about ten thousand pounds of saltpetre, nearly prepared for transportation, were destroyed. The latter article was contained in large reservoirs, placed under a long shed in four tiers. Our men did the business up in short order, protected by the rifles from the opposite shore. As often as a head made its appearance above the bluff, its owner was popped over. Having accomplished the destruction of these contraband works, the party recrossed the river in safety. An accident occurred to one of the party, Corporal Mason, of company G, Fourth Iowa, who was severely wounded in the thigh by the accidental discharge of a Starr revolver. After our party recrossed the river, a dozen rebels were seen on the opposite side, concealed in the brush. From the efforts made by the secesh to get at the mouth of the cave, it was supposed they had arms concealed therein. It was learned that one shipment of saltpetre had been made

this spring. The works happened to be poorly guarded, it being subsequently ascertained that Col. Colman was at Yellville, twelve miles distant, with three hundred men, and had a company on the march for the protection of the saltpetre.

Capt. Drummond and party then returned to the main command at "Talbot's Barrens," the point where Col. McCrellis had moved in order to support the former if necessary.

On the same day that Capt. Drummond returned (nineteenth) Lieut. Wm. M. Heacock, of company F, Fourth Iowa cavalry, was despatched with forty mounted men to take possession of Talbot's Ferry, an important crossing, nine miles distant on the Jacksonport and Yellville road. The party stopped at Mooney's, three miles from the river, who was owner of the Ferry. He was absent on the opposite side in command of a rebel company. His house was numbered "Station Number Four," the express to Price's army having made this one of the stopping-places. When near the Ferry Lieut. Talbot placed his men in concealment, and went alone to the brink of the river to parley with the rebels on the opposite shore. He hailed to the men who were coming down with the oars to bring over the boat. They answered: "Go to hell." A number of armed men made their appearance at this among the scattering houses on the hill. The Lieutenant then brought his men forward in three platoons and ordered them to fire. The rebels returned the fire from the loopholes of a house. One of the balls struck Lieut. Heacock in the centre of his forehead, entering his skull. A ball also grazed the cheek of one of our men. The Lieutenant was conveyed to a house in the rear, and survived a few hours, expiring at eleven o'clock that evening. Our men continued firing until their ammunition was expended, Sergeant Chaney taking command. Three of the rebels were seen to fall, and great commotion was exhibited on their side of the river, the men yelling and rushing to and fro. A messenger was sent to Col. McCrellis for reinforcements, when Capt. Drummond with sixty men, Capt. McFall and Lieut. Crabtree, with one of the howitzers, were sent down to the Ferry. Our party fell back to Mooney's, and, when reinforced, went next morning to the Ferry. Capt. McFall moved up the river to deceive the enemy, and Captain Drummond's men were concealed behind the boards. The howitzer was planted in position, masked from the view of the enemy, and a few scouts were sent forward in order to induce the enemy to come out of their hiding-places. It was known that they were sheltered in the house. Our dispositions failing to call them out, a shell was sent by Lieut. Crabtree in one of the houses, and the rebels in considerable numbers were speedily observed shelling out head over heels. The remaining houses were shelled, and they were made to scamper in all directions. A crowd of insolent fellows were observed below, on a point of rocks, sheltered behind a clump of trees. They would hallo: "Come over, you Black Republicans, if you

fare." Our boys answered: "Bring your boat across and we'll go over." Lieut. Crabtree got his eye on these rascals, and sent a shell right into their midst. Men without heads and arms were seen tossing about for some time, others with whole hides skedaddled beautifully. Groans were heard, and the voice of a person in distress: "O boys!" One fellow would occasionally leave his shelter behind a tree, and make an effort to obtain his horse, which was hitched near the river. The boys would send the bullets whizzing in his ears, when he would repair to his tree. At length he made a desperate effort to reach his horse, when a shell was sent to attend to his case. He was the last fellow seen about the premises that day. The river being too much swollen to effect a crossing, our party returned to the common road. Col. McCrellis then struck across the country to the vicinity of Rockbridge, having been absent on his expedition seven or eight days. The death of Lieut. Heacock was deeply lamented. He was a brave man and true soldier. His remains were immersed in charcoal and brought to Vera Cruz, in Douglas County, Mo., where they were buried on a high ridge, and the place of interment marked. Lieut. Heacock was from Eddyville, Iowa.

Doc. 147.

OBSTRUCTION OF DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.

LIEUT. COM. FLUSSER'S REPORT.

ON the eighteenth of April, the forces under Gen. Reno debarked at Cobbs' Point, N. C., for the purpose of destroying the locks of the Dismal Swamp Canal. Having retired without accomplishing the object, Com. Rowan determined to destroy the canal with the naval forces under his command. The following is the report of the successful accomplishment of the work:

U. S. STEAMER COM. PERRY,
OFF ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., April 26.

SIR: In obedience to your orders I left this place on the twenty-third inst., in the Lockwood, with the Whitehead and Putnam, in company, each with an officer and a detachment of men on board, the Lockwood towing the wrecking schooner Emma Slade, with the apparatus for blowing up the banks to block up the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal at the mouth of the North River. We were joined by the Shawsheen, having in tow a schooner which had been sent the day before to Roanoke Island, to be filled with sand. On the afternoon of the twenty-third, fifty men were landed on each bank, while a launch with a heavy twelve-pounder was sent up the canal, and with this force we moved up two miles, examining the banks to find the best place for operations.

I concluded to place the obstructions near the mouth, that the men while at work might be under the cover of the guns of the steamers, and the enemy be prevented from removing it. The

schooner was sunk just inside of the canal, and with brush, stumps, rails, trunks of trees and earth, the passage was obstructed from the schooner about fifty yards above. We were occupied from noon until sunset of the twenty-third, and from half-past seven A.M. until half an hour after sunset of the twenty-fourth. Earth was thrown in by hand as far as it could be, but we had no wheelbarrows to carry it to the middle.

Prof. Maillefert, of the New-York Submarine Engineering Company, and his assistants, were of the greatest assistance to me. Indeed I was merely governed by his advice, as he is more familiar with this sort of work than I am. He is of the opinion that it will require two or three months' labor with a dredging-machine to remove what we have placed in a day and a half. He says it will be easier and cheaper to cut a new outlet than to remove the obstruction. The rebels have, I think, no thought of using the canal, as they have themselves been obstructing it above and below the bridge. It would be well to send a steamer there daily until the lumber is well water-soaked and sunk.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

C. W. FLUSSER,

Lieut. Commanding.

To Commander S. C. ROWAN,

Com. U. S. Naval Forces, River Waters of North-Carolina.

Doc. 148.

DESTRUCTION OF NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

LETTER FROM COMMODORE PAULDING.

NAVY-YARD, NEW-YORK, April 25.

It is a part of the history of the times in which we live that in April last I was sent from Washington to the Navy-Yard at Norfolk on a special duty, the performance of which has recently been made a subject of investigation, and I have considered it of sufficient importance to myself and interest to my friends that I should convey, through the public press, such a statement as may enable those who are unbiassed to arrive at just conclusions. With no other object in view, I beg that you will be pleased to give a place in your columns to the following, which will illustrate the whole proceeding:

On the sixteenth of April last I was filling a place in the Navy Department, when I was informed by the Secretary of the Navy that it was deemed of great importance to remove the ships of the Government, then in a condition to be manned, from the Navy-Yard at Norfolk to a Northern port. At the same time he indicated his wish that I should perform that service, and destroy what public property I could not secure from falling into the hands of an enemy. Whilst my instructions were being prepared I sent officers to New-York and Philadelphia for steamers, and named the officers available in Washington to command and officer the ships to be removed.

At this time the capital was almost defenceless,

and it will be recorded as the darkest period of the republic.

The Department and the President consented with reluctance to the absence of the Pawnee, the only available steamer for the service, her presence being necessary for the defence of Washington; and it was especially enjoined upon me to return with the least possible delay consistent with the service to be performed.

On the day following my departure from Washington, April seventeenth, I arrived at Fortress Monroe in the Pawnee; at four P.M. took on board a detachment of volunteers, and sailed at six P.M., arriving at the Navy-Yard at eight P.M.

To my great surprise the ships I had been sent to remove had been scuttled, and were so far filled with water that they could not be saved. They had been scuttled two hours after my arrival at Fortress Monroe, and the great shears of the Yard cut away—just about the time that information could have been conveyed to the Navy-Yard of my arrival at Fortress Monroe, which is not the least remarkable part of the transaction. One principal object of my visit to the Navy-Yard was in this manner defeated, and it remained for me to consider what I was to do under my orders to destroy the property of the Government that I could not prevent from falling into the hands of the enemy. The channel in its narrowest part, at two places, some ten miles distant from each other, was already partially filled by obstructions, and the work of filling the channel was still going on, as I was informed, under orders from the Governor of Virginia.

Was I to wait and defend the Navy-Yard for an indefinite time without a definite object, having, as everybody must know, not the slightest prospect of further interference or aid from the Government, and without the least prospect of permanent good or of ultimately saving the public property from the hands of the enemy; have the channel closed against the departure of the Cumberland and Pawnee, disregarding the injunction imposed upon me to return for the defence of the capital, the necessity of which I well knew? or was it not my imperative duty to destroy the property that must otherwise fall into the hands of the public enemy, take the Cumberland to a place of safety and useful service, and report the Pawnee at Washington as quickly as I could? I determined to destroy the property and return to Washington.

My mind has dwelt upon it since, and I have always arrived at the conclusion that I had obeyed my orders and discharged my duty in the best manner for the good of the country.

I conferred with Commodores McCauley and Pendergrast as far as any conference could answer any useful purpose. What information could they convey to me to control my action in regard to the public property, having just destroyed the ships they virtually confessed they could not defend?

All necessary orders were given, and in every thing relating to this service I claim to have performed my duty as a naval officer with the judg-

ment and intelligence the occasion called for, and have had every reason to suppose that my whole course of proceedings was approved by the President and Secretary of the Navy.

I will state, in conclusion, that the Cumberland grounded in passing Sewell's Point, and hung for four hours before she could be relieved by the aid of two powerful tugs. Another day and the barrier would probably have been completed.

A procrastinated defence of the public property might have been made, but no one capable of forming a judgment on the subject will, with the facts here stated, suppose that I could have been justified in such a proceeding.

After a lapse of a year, and our giant strength has been put forth, it seems a grateful task for men who withheld their counsel to the Administration, and their presence from the beleaguered capital to slander those who, in the hour of our greatest danger and suffering, were prominent and foremost in providing for the great necessities of our Government.

H. PAULDING,
Commandant.

Doc. 149.

CAPTURE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COMMODORE FARRAGUT.

U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
AT ANCHOR OFF CITY OF NEW-ORLEANS, April 29. }

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I am happy to announce to you that our flag waves over both Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and at New-Orleans over the Custom-House.

I am taking every means to secure the occupation by Gen. Butler of all the forts along the coast. Berwick's Bay and Fort Pike have been abandoned; in fact there is a general stampede, and I shall endeavor to follow it up. I am bringing up the troops as fast as possible.

We have destroyed all the forts above the city, four in number, which we understood to be all the impediments between this and Memphis.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-Officer Western Gulf Block'g Squadron.

REPORT OF COMMODORE PORTER.

UNITED STATES STEAMER HARRIET LANE, }
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 25, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that Flag-Officer Farragut, with the fleet, passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip on the morning of the twenty-fourth, and should be in New-Orleans by this time, as he can meet with no obstacles such as he has already passed, the way being comparatively open before him.

We commenced the bombardment of Fort Jackson on the eighteenth, and continued it without intermission until the squadron made preparations to move.

The squadron was formed in three lines to pass the forts. Capt. Bailey's division, composed of the following vessels, leading to the attack of Fort St. Philip: Cayuga, Pensacola, Mississippi,

Oneida, Varuna, Katahdin, Kineo, Wissahickon; Flag-Officer Farragut leading the following, (second line:) Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond; and Commander Bell leading the third division, composed of the following vessels: Scioto, Iroquois, Pinola, Winona, Itasca, and Kennebec.

The steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla, one of them towing the Portsmouth, were to enfilade the water-battery commanding the approaches. Mortar-steamers Harriet Lane, Westfield, Owasco, Clifton, and Marine—the Jackson towing the Portsmouth.

The vessels were rather late in getting under way and into line, and did not get fairly started until half-past three A.M., and the unusual bustle apprised the garrison that something was going on.

In an hour and ten minutes after the vessels had weighed anchor they had passed the forts under a most terrific fire, which they returned with interest.

The mortar-fleet rained down shells on Fort Jackson, to try and keep the men from the guns, whilst the steamers of the mortar-fleet poured in shrapnel upon the water-battery commanding the approach, at a short distance, keeping them comparatively quiet.

When the last vessel of ours could be seen among the fire and smoke to pass the battery, signal was made to the mortars to cease firing, and the flotilla steamers were directed to retire from a contest that would soon become unequal.

It was now daylight, and the fleet having passed along, the forts began to pay their attention to our little squadron of steamers, the Portsmouth, which was being towed up, and three of the gunboats which failed to pass through. These latter became entangled in some wrecks and chains placed in the river to obstruct, and which were only partially removed. One of these vessels (the Winona) got through as far as Fort St. Philip, but having all the guns bearing on her she sensibly retired. The Itasca was fairly riddled, and had a shot through her boiler, and the Kennebec escaped unhurt.

I am disposed to think that our squadron received but little damage, considering the unequal contest—one hundred and forty-two guns on board ship opposed to one hundred on shore, placed in a most commanding position. For twenty minutes after the ships passed the forts fired very feebly on the vessels that remained outside; so much so, that the Portsmouth was enabled to drop with the current out of gun-shot, though the shot fell pretty freely about her at last. I think the fire from the ships must have been very destructive of life.

The last we saw of our vessels they were standing up the river. Some explosion took place, which made us feel rather uneasy, but which may have been the rebel gunboats. We could see that our squadron had not destroyed all the enemy's vessels at the fort, for three or four of them were moving about in all directions, evidently in a state of excitement.

Before the fleet got out of sight it was reported

to me that the celebrated ram Manassas was coming out to attack us; and sure enough there she was, apparently steaming along shore, ready to pounce upon the apparently defenceless mortar-vessels. Two of our steamers and some of the mortar-vessels opened fire on her, but I soon discovered that the Manassas could harm no one again, and I ordered the vessels to save their shot. She was beginning to emit smoke from her ports or holes, and was discovered to be on fire and sinking. Her pipes were all twisted and riddled with shot, and her hull was also well cut up. She had evidently been used up by the squadron as they passed along. I tried to save her as a curiosity, by getting a hawser around her and securing her to the bank, but just after doing so she faintly exploded. Her only gun went off, and emitting flames through her bow-port, like some huge animal, she gave a plunge and disappeared under the water.

Next came a steamer on fire, which appeared to be a vessel of war belonging to the rebels, and after her two others, all burning and floating down the stream. Fires seemed to be raging all along the "up river," and we supposed that our squadron were burning and destroying the vessels as they passed along. It appears, however, that the McRae, one or two river-boats, and their celebrated floating battery, (brought down the night before,) were left unhurt, and were still flying the confederate flag.

The matter of the floating battery becomes a very serious affair, as they are all hard at work at Fort Jackson mounting heavy rifled guns on it, which are no further use to them in the Fort. She mounts sixteen guns, is almost as formidable a vessel as the Merrimac, perfectly shot-proof, and has four powerful engines in her. I shall at all events take such steps as will prevent her from destroying anything, and we may still hold her in check with the steamers, though they are rather fragile for such a service. This is one of the ill effects of leaving an enemy in the rear. I suppose that the ships fired on her as they passed through, but that her mail resisted the shot. She had steam on this morning, and was moving about quite lively. I tried to put some mortar-shell through her roof, but without effect, as she moved off.

The Forts are now cut off from all communication with New-Orleans, as I presume that Flag-Officer Farragut has cut the wires.

I have sent the Miami around with Gen. Butler to the back of Fort St. Philip to try and throw in troops at the quarantine, five miles along the Forts, and at the same time open communication that way with the Flag-Officer, and supply him with ammunition.

I am also going to send part of the mortar-fleet to the back of Fort Jackson to cut off the escape of the garrison by that way, and stop supplies. A deserter, who can be relied on, informs us that they have plenty of provisions for two months, plenty of ammunition, and plenty of discomforts. Our shell set the citadel on fire the first afternoon we opened. It burned fiercely for seven hours,

but I thought it a fire-raft behind the Fort, as they continually send them down on us, but without any effect.

But few casualties occurred to vessels on this side of the Forts. The Harriet Lane lost but one man killed, and one, I fear, mortally wounded. The Winona lost three killed and three wounded, and the Itasca, with fourteen shot through her, had but few men hurt.

These Forts can hold out still for some time, and I would suggest that the Monitor and Mystic, if they can be spared, be sent here without a moment's delay, to settle the question.

The mortar-fleet have been very much exposed, and under a heavy fire for six days, during which time they kept the shells going without intermission. One of them, the Maria I. Carlton, was sunk by a shot passing down through her magazine, and then through her bottom.

The flotilla lost but one man killed and six wounded. The bearing of the officers and men was worthy of the highest praise. They never once flagged during a period of six days; never had an accident to one of the vessels by firing, and when shell and shot were flying thick above them showed not the least desire to have the vessels moved to a place of safety. The incidents of the bombardment will be mentioned in my detailed report. I merely write this hurried letter to apprise the Department of the state of affairs, and shall send it off at once via Havana.

The sight of this night attack was awfully grand. The river was lit up with rafts filled with pine-knots, and the ships seemed to be fighting literally amidst flames and smoke. Where we were the fire of the enemy was high, and comparatively harmless.

I am in hopes that the ships above fared as well as we did. Though amid such a terrific fire, it was gratifying to see that not a ship wavered, but stood steady on her course; and I am in hopes (and I see no reason to doubt it) that they now have possession of New-Orleans.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,
DAVID D. PORTER,
Commanding Flotilla.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of Navy.

UNITED STATES STEAMER HARRIET LANE, }
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 25, 1862. }

Capt. Boggs has just arrived through a cut through the swamps, and brings the following additional intelligence: The Varuna was sunk; about one hundred men were killed and wounded; ships all ready for another fight; no obstructions on the way to New-Orleans. Eleven confederate vessels sunk and burnt in passing the Forts. Gen. Butler is about to land men the back way, six miles above the Forts. No officers killed or wounded. Soldiers captured miserably armed, and without ammunition.

COM. PORTER'S SECOND REPORT.

U. S. SHIP HARRIET LANE, April 29, 1862.

SIR: The morning after the ships passed the Forts I sent a demand to Col. Higgins for a sur-

render of the Forts, which was declined. On the twenty-seventh I sent Lieut.-Col. Higgins a communication, herewith enclosed, asking again for the surrender. His answer is enclosed. On the twenty-eighth I received a communication from him, stating that he would surrender the Forts, and I came up and took possession, drew up articles of capitulation, and hoisted the American flag over the Forts.

These men have defended these Forts with a bravery worthy of a better cause. I treated them with all the consideration that circumstances would admit. The three steamers remaining were under the command of Com. J. K. Mitchell. The officer of the Fort acknowledged no connection with them, and wished in no way to be considered responsible for their acts. While I had a flag of truce up they were employed in towing the iron floating battery of sixteen guns (a most formidable affair) to a place above the Forts, and, while drawing up the articles of capitulation in the cabin of the Harriet Lane, it was reported to me that they had set fire to the battery and turned it adrift upon us. I asked the General if it had powder on board or guns loaded. He replied that he would not undertake to say what the navy officers would do; he seemed to have a great contempt for them. I told him, "We could stand the fire and blow up if he could," and went on with the conference, after directing the officers to look out for their ships. While drifting down on us, the guns, getting heated, exploded, throwing the shot above the river. A few moments after the battery exploded with a terrific noise, throwing fragments all over the river, and wounding one of their own men in Fort St. Philip, and immediately disappeared under water. Had she blown up near the vessels, she would have destroyed the whole of them.

When I had finished taking possession of the Forts, I got under way in the Harriet Lane and started for the steamers, one of which was still flying the confederate flag. I fired a shot over her and they surrendered. There was on board of them a number of naval officers and two companies of marine artillery. I made them surrender unconditionally, and for their infamous conduct in trying to blow us up while under a flag of truce, I conveyed them to close confinement as prisoners of war, and think they should be sent to the North, and kept in close confinement there until the war is over, or they should be tried for their infamous conduct. I have a great deal to do here, and will send you all papers when I am able to arrange them.

I turned over the Forts to Gen. Phelps. Fort Jackson is a perfect ruin. I am told that over eighteen hundred shells fell in and burst over the centre of the Fort. The practice was beautiful. The next Fort we go at we will settle sooner, as this has been hard to get at.

The naval officers sunk one gunboat while the capitulation was going on, but I have one of the other steamers at work, and hope soon to have the other. I find that we are to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water; but, as the sol-

diers have nothing here in the shape of motive power, we will do all we can.

I should have demanded an unconditional surrender, but with such a force in your rear it was desirable to get possession of these Forts as soon as possible. The officers turned over everything in good order, except the walls and buildings, which are terribly shattered by the mortars.

Very respectfully, D. D. PORTER,
Commanding Flotilla.
Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT.

CAPITULATION OF THE FORTS.

U. S. STEAMER HARRIET LANE, }
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 30, 1862. }

SIR: I enclose herewith the capitulation of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which surrendered to the mortar flotilla on the twenty-eighth of April, 1862. I also enclose in a box (forwarded on this occasion) all the flags taken in the two Forts, with the original flag hoisted on Fort St. Philip when the State of Louisiana seceded.

Fort Jackson is a perfect wreck; everything in the shape of a building in and about it was burned up by the mortar shells, and over eighteen hundred shells fell in the work proper, to say nothing of those which burst over and went around. I devoted but little attention to Fort St. Philip, knowing that when Jackson fell Fort St. Philip would follow.

The mortar flotilla is still fresh and ready for service. Truly the backbone of the rebellion is broken. On the twenty-sixth of the month I sent six of the mortar schooners to the back of Fort Jackson to block up the bayous, and prevent supplies getting in. Three of them drifted over to Fort Livingston, and when they anchored the Fort hung out a white flag and surrendered. The Kittaninny, which had been blockading these for some time, sent a boat in advance of the mortar vessels, and, reaching the shore first, deprived them of the pleasure of hoisting our flag over what had surrendered to the mortar flotilla. Still, the Fort is ours, and we are satisfied. I am happy to state that officers and crew are all well and full of spirits.

I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

DAVID D. PORTER,
Commanding Flotilla.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary Navy.

U. S. STEAMER HARRIET LANE }
FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP, }
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 28, 1862. }

By articles of capitulation, entered into this twenty-eighth day of April, 1862, between David D. Porter, Commander U. S. Navy, commanding the United States Mortar Flotilla, of the one part, and Brig.-Gen. J. K. Duncan, commanding the coast defences, and Lieut.-Col. Edward Higgins, commanding Forts Jackson and St. Philip, of the other part, it is mutually agreed:

First. That Brig.-Gen. Duncan and Lieut.-Col. Higgins shall surrender to the mortar flotilla Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the arms, munitions of war, and all the appurtenances thereunto

belonging, together with all public property that may be under their charge.

Second. It is agreed by Com. David D. Porter, commanding the mortar flotilla, that Brig.-Gen. Duncan and Lieut.-Col. Higgins, together with the officers under their command shall be permitted to retain their side-arms, and that all private property shall be respected; furthermore, that they shall give their parole of honor not to serve in arms against the Government of the United States until regularly exchanged.

Third. It is furthermore agreed by Com. David D. Porter, commanding the mortar flotilla, on the part of the United States Government, that the non-commissioned officers, privates, and musicians shall be permitted to retire on parole, their commanding and other officers becoming responsible for them; and that they shall deliver up their arms and accoutrements in their present condition, provided that no expenses accruing from the transportation of the men shall be defrayed by the Government of the United States.

Fourth. On the signing of these articles by the contracting parties the Forts shall be formally taken possession of by the United States naval forces composing the mortar flotilla, the confederate flag shall be lowered, and the flag of the United States hoisted on the flag-staffs of Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

In agreement of the above, we, the undersigned, do hereunto set our hands and seals.

DAVID D. PORTER,
Commanding Mortar Flotilla.

W. B. RENSCHAW,
Commander United States Navy.

J. M. WAINWRIGHT,
Lieut. Commanding Harriet Lane.

J. K. DUNCAN,

Brig.-Gen. Commanding Coast Defences.

EDWARD HIGGINS,
Lieut.-Col. C.S.A., Commanding
Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

Witnesses:

ED. T. NICHOLS,
Lieut. Commanding Winona.

J. H. RUSSELLS,
Lieut. Commanding Kanawha.

CAPTAIN BAILEY'S REPORT.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT CAYUGA, }
OFF NEW-ORLEANS, April 25, 1862. }

FLAG-OFFICER: Your boldly conceived and splendidly executed plan of battle having resulted in perfect success, leaves me time to make up the report of my division.

You will find in Lieut. Commanding Harrison's report an accurate outline of the noble part taken by the Cayuga, under his command, and bearing my division-flag.

We led off at two A.M., in accordance with your signal, and steered directly up stream, edging a little to starboard, in order to give room for your division. I was followed by the Pensacola in fine style, the remainder of my division following in regular and compact order. We were scarcely above the boom, when we were discovered, and Jackson and St. Philip opened upon us. We could bring no gun to bear, but steered directly on. We were struck from stem to stern. At

length we were close up with St. Philip, when we opened with grape and canister. Scarcely were we above the line of fire, when we found ourselves attacked by the rebel fleet of gunboats. This was hot, but more congenial work. Two large steamers now attempted to board at our starboard bow; the other astern, a third on our starboard-beam. The eleven-inch Dahlgren being trained on this fellow, we fired at a range of thirty yards. The effect was very destructive. She immediately steered in shore, run aground, and sunk. The Parrott gun on the forecastle drove off the one on the bow, while we prepared to repel boarders, so close was our remaining enemy about this time. Boggs and Lee came dashing in, and made a finish of the rebel boats, eleven in all.

In the grey of the morning we discovered a camp, with the rebel flag flying; opened with canister at five A.M.; received the sword and flag of Colonel Szymanski, and his command of Fire companies, arms, and camp equipage.

While engaged at this point, observed the Varuna in conflict with a number of gunboats. She had been butted by one of them and sunk; but, with his forward guns still above water, he was bravely maintaining the fight, driving off his enemies, and saving his crew. Informing Captain Lee, of the Oneida, who had also been engaged with the enemy, of the Varuna's situation, he instantly steamed up, and made a finish of the rebel boats.

The remainder of the fleet now came up. The Mississippi had been detained below with the Manassas and another iron-clad. After this everything passed under your observation.

The pleasant duty now remains of speaking of the Cayuga and her brave officers and crew. From first to last Lieut. Commanding Harrison displayed ability in steering his vessel past the Forts, under a hurricane of shot and shell, and afterwards in manœuvring and fighting her among the gunboats. I cannot say too much for him. He was gallantly sustained by Lieut. George H. Perkins and Acting Master Thomas H. Martin. These officers have my unbounded admiration.

I must, in conclusion, express the pleasure which I experience in witnessing the seaman-like manner in which all the ships were handled. The reports of divisional captains will inform you of the particular part borne by each ship.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. BAILEY,

Captain Commanding Division of the Red.

To Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT,

Commander-in-Chief, etc.

GENERAL REPORT OF CAPTAIN BAILEY.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT CAYUGA, }
AT SEA, May 7, 1862. }

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: Having found it impossible to get the Colorado over the bars of the Mississippi, I sent up a large portion of her guns and crew, filling up deficiencies of both in the different vessels,

and with my aid, Acting Midshipman Higginson, steward and boat's crew, followed up myself, hoisting, by authority of the flag-officer, my Red, distinguishing flag as second in command, first on the Oneida, Com. Lee, and afterward on the Cayuga.

That brave, resolute and indefatigable officer, Com. D. D. Porter, was at work with his mortar-fleet, throwing shells at and into Fort Jackson, while Gen. Butler, with a division of his army, in transports, was waiting a favorable moment to land.

After the mortar-fleet had been playing upon the Forts for six days and nights, without perceptibly diminishing their fire, and one or two changes in programme, Flag-Officer Farragut formed the ships into two columns, "line ahead"—the column of the Red, under my orders, being formed on the right, and consisted of the Cayuga, Lieut. Commanding Harrison, bearing my flag, and leading the Pensacola, Capt. Morris; the Mississippi, Com. M. Smith; Oneida, Com. S. P. Lee; Varuna, Com. C. L. Boggs; Katahdin, Lieut. Commanding Preble; Kineo, Lieut. Commanding Ransom, and the Wissahickon, Lieut. Commanding A. W. Smith.

The column of the Blue was formed on the left, heading up the river, and consisted of the flag-ship Hartford, Com. R. Wainwright, and bearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Farragut; the Brooklyn, Captain T. T. Craven; the Richmond, Com. Alden; the Scioto, bearing the divisional flag of the fleet, Capt. H. H. Bell, followed by the Iroquois, Itasca, Winona and Kennebec.

At two A.M., on the morning of the twenty-fourth, the signal "to advance" was thrown out from the flag-ship. The Cayuga immediately weighed anchor, and led on the column. We were discovered at the boom, and a little beyond both Forts opened their fire. When close up with St. Philip, we opened with grape and canister, still steering on. After passing this line of fire, we encountered the "Montgomery flotilla," consisting of eighteen gunboats, including the ram Manassas, and iron-battery Louisiana, of twenty guns. This was a moment of anxiety, as no supporting ship was in sight. By skilful steering, however, we avoided their attempts to butt and board, and had succeeded in forcing the surrender of three, when the Varuna, Capt. Bogg, and Oneida, Capt. Lee, were discovered near at hand. The gallant exploits of these ships will be made known by their commanders.

At early dawn discovered a rebel camp on the right bank of the river. Ordering Lieut. Commanding N. B. Harrison to anchor close along, I hailed and ordered the Colonel to pile up his arms on the river-bank and come on board. This proved to be the Chalmetto regiment, commanded by Col. Szymanski. The regimental flag, tents, and camp equipage were captured.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth, still leading and considerably ahead of the line, the Chalmetto batteries, situated three miles below the city, opened a cross-fire on the Cayuga. To this we responded with our two guns. At the end of

twenty minutes the flag-ship ranged up ahead and silenced the enemy's guns.

From this point no other obstacles were encountered except burning steamers, cotton-ships, fire-rafts, and the like.

Immediately after anchoring in front of the city, I was ordered on shore by the Flag-Officer to demand the surrender of the city, and that the flag should be hoisted on the Post-Office, Custom-House, and Mint. What passed at this interview will be better stated in the Flag-Officer's report.

On the twenty-sixth I went with the Flag-Officer some seven miles above the city, where we found the defences abandoned, the guns spiked, and gun-carriages burning. These defences were erected to prevent the downward passage of Capt. Foote. On the twenty-seventh a large boom, situated above these defences, was destroyed by Capt. S. Phillips Lee.

On the twenty-eighth Gen. Butler landed above Fort St. Philip, under the guns of the Mississippi and Kineo. This landing of the army above, together with the passage of the fleet, appears to have put the finishing touch to the demoralization of their garrison, (three hundred having mutinied in Fort Jackson.) Both forts surrendered to Com. Porter, who was near at hand with the vessels of his flotilla.

As I left the river Gen. Butler had garrisoned Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and his transports, with troops, were on the way to occupy New-Orleans.

I cannot too strongly express my admiration of the cool and able management of all the vessels of my line by their respective captains.

After we had passed the Forts it was a contest between iron hearts in wooden vessels and iron-clads with iron beaks, and the "iron hearts" won.

On the twenty-ninth the Cayuga, Lieut. Commanding Harrison, was selected to bring me home a bearer of despatches to the Government.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
THEODORUS BAILEY,
Captain.

COMMANDER BOGGS'S REPORT.

U. S. STEAMER BROOKLYN, }
OFF NEW-ORLEANS, April 29, 1862. }

*Flag-Officer David G. Farragut, Commanding
W. G. B. Squadron:*

SIR: I have the honor to report that after passing the batteries with the steamer Varuna under my command, on the morning of the twenty-fourth, finding my vessel amid a nest of rebel steamers, I started ahead, delivering her fire, both starboard and port, at every one that she passed.

The first vessel on her starboard beam that received her fire appeared to be crowded with troops. Her boiler was exploded, and she drifted to the shore. In like manner three other vessels, one of them a gunboat, were driven ashore in flames, and afterward blew up.

At six A.M. the Varuna was attacked by the Morgan, iron-clad about the bow, commanded by Beverly Kennon, an ex-naval officer. This vessel

raked us along the port gangway, killing four and wounding nine of the crew, butting the Varuna on the quarter and again on the starboard side. I managed to get three eight-inch shell into her abaft her armor, as also several shot from the after rifled gun, when she dropped out of action partially disabled.

While still engaged with her, another rebel steamer, iron-clad, with a prow under water, struck us in the port gangway, doing considerable damage. Our shot glanced from her bow. She backed off for another blow, and struck again in the same place, crushing in the side; but by going ahead fast the concussion drew her bow around, and I was able, with the port guns, to give her, while close alongside, five eight-inch shells abaft her armor. This settled her, and drove her ashore in flame.

Finding the Varuna sinking, I ran her into the bank, let go the anchor, and tied up to the trees.

During all this time the guns were actively at work crippling the Morgan, which was making feeble efforts to get up steam. The fire was kept up until the water was over the gun-trucks, when I turned my attention to getting the wounded and crew out of the vessel. The Oneida, Capt. Lee, seeing the condition of the Varuna, had rushed to her assistance, but I waved her on, and the Morgan surrendered to her, the vessel being in flames. I have since learned that over fifty of her crew were killed and wounded, and she was set on fire by her commander, who burnt his wounded with his vessel.

I cannot award too much praise to the officers and crew of the Varuna for the noble manner in which they supported me, and their coolness under such exciting circumstances, particularly when extinguishing fire, having been set on fire twice during the action by shells.

In fifteen minutes from the time the Varuna was struck she was on the bottom, with only her top-gallant fore-castle out of water. The officers and crew lost everything they possessed, no one thinking of leaving his station until driven thence by the water. I trust the attention of the Department will be called to their loss, and compensation made to those who have lost their all.

The crew were taken off by the different vessels of the fleet as fast as they arrived, and are now distributed through the squadron. The wounded have been sent to the Pensacola.

I would particularly commend to the notice of the Department Oscar Peck, second-class boy, and powder-boy of the after rifle, whose coolness and intrepidity attracted the attention of all hands. A fit reward for such services would be an appointment to the Naval School.

The marines, although new recruits, more than maintained the reputation of that corps. Their galling fire cleared the Morgan's rifled gun, and prevented a repetition of her murderous fire. Four of the marines were wounded, one I fear mortally.

So soon as the crew were saved, I reported to you in person, and within an hour left in the only remaining boat belonging to the Varuna with

your despatches for Gen. Butler, returning with him yesterday afternoon.

Very respectfully, CHARLES BOGGS,
Commander U. S. Navy.

THE LOSS OF THE VARUNA.

U. S. STEAM GUNBOAT VARUNA, }
AT SEA, MAY 8, 1862. }

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I have the honor to enclose herewith a duplicate of the report of Commander Boggs, late of the Varuna, and attached to my division of the attacking force. This gallant officer came up to my support when I had more of the enemy's steamers attacking me than I could well attend to. I afterward saw him in conflict with three of the enemy's steamers, and directed Commander Lee, of the Oneida, to go to his support, which he did in the most dashing manner. Commander Boggs's description of the loss of his vessel, I believe to be accurate. I saw him bravely fighting, his guns level with the water, as his vessel gradually sunk underneath, leaving her bow resting on the shore, and above water.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

T. BAILEY,
Captain.

REPORT OF GENERAL BUTLER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
FORTS JACKSON AND PHILIP, April 29, 1862. }

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR: I have the honor to report that, in obedience to my instructions, I remained on the Mississippi River, with the troops named in my former despatch, awaiting the action of the fleet engaged in the bombardment of the Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

Failing to reduce them after six days of incessant fire, Flag-Officer Farragut determined to attempt their passage with his whole fleet, except that part thereof under the immediate command of Capt. Porter, known as the mortar-fleet.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth instant, the fleet got under weigh, and twelve vessels, including the four sloops-of-war, ran the gauntlet of fire of the Forts, and were safely above. Of the gallantry, courage, and conduct of this heroic action, unprecedented in naval warfare, considering the character of the works and the river, too much cannot be said. Of its casualties, and the details of its performance, the Flag-Officer will give an account to the proper department. I witnessed this daring exploit from a point about eight hundred yards from Fort Jackson, and unwittingly under its fire, and the sublimity of the scene can never be exceeded.

The fleet pressed on up the river to New-Orleans, leaving two gunboats to protect the Quarantine Station, five miles above.

In case the Forts were not reduced and a portion of the fleet got by them, it had been arranged between the Flag-Officer and myself, that I should make a landing from the Gulf side, in the rear of the Forts at the Quarantine, and from thence

attempt Fort St. Philip by storm and assault, while the bombardment was continued by the fleet.

I immediately went to Sable Island with my transports, twelve miles in the rear of Fort St. Philip, the nearest point at which a sufficient depth of water could be found for them. Capt. Porter put at my disposal the Miami, drawing seven and one half feet, being the lightest draught vessel in the fleet, to take the troops from the ship as far in as the water would allow. We were delayed twenty-four hours by her running ashore at Pass a l'Outre. The Twenty-sixth regiment Massachusetts volunteers, Col. Jones, were then put on board her, and carried within six miles of the Fort, where she again grounded.

Capt. Everett, of the Sixth Massachusetts battery, having very fully reconnoitred the waters and bayous in that vicinity, and foreseeing the necessity, I had collected and brought with me some thirty boats, into which the troops were again transhipped, and conveyed by a most fatiguing and laborious row some four and a half miles further, there being within one mile of the steamer, only two and a half feet of water.

A large portion of this passage was against a heavy current, through a bayou. At the entrance of Mameel's Canal, a mile and a half from the point of landing, rowing became impossible, as well from the narrowness of the canal as the strength of the current, which ran like a mill-race. Through this the boats could only be impelled by dragging them singly, with the men up to their waists in water.

It is due to this fine regiment, and to a portion of the Fourth Wisconsin volunteers and Twenty-first Indiana, who landed under this hardship without a murmur, that their labors should be made known to the Department, as well as to account for the slowness of our operations.

The enemy evidently considered this mode of attack impossible, as they had taken no measures to oppose it, which might very easily have been successfully done.

We occupied at once both sides of the river, thus effectually cutting them off from all supplies, information, or succor, while we made our dispositions for the assault.

Meantime Capt. Porter had sent into the bayou, in the rear of Fort Jackson, two schooners of his mortar-fleet, to prevent the escape of the enemy from the Fort in that direction.

In the hurry and darkness of the passage of the Forts, the Flag-Officer had overlooked three of the enemy's gunboats and the iron-clad battery Louisiana, which were at anchor under the walls of the Fort. Supposing that all the rebel boats had been destroyed, (and a dozen or more had been,) he passed on to the city, leaving these in his rear. The iron steam-battery being very formidable, Capt. Porter deemed it prudent to withdraw his mortar-fleet some miles below, where he could have room to manœuvre it if attacked by the iron monster, and the bombardment ceased.

I had got Brig.-Gen. Phelps in the river below

with two regiments to make demonstrations in that direction if it became possible.

In the night of the twenty-seventh, learning that the fleet had got the city under its guns, I left Brig.-Gen. Williams in charge of the landing of the troops, and went up the river to the flag-ship to procure light draught transportation. That night the larger portion (about two hundred and fifty) of the garrison of Fort Jackson mutinied, spiked the guns bearing up the river, came up and surrendered themselves to my pickets, declaring that, as we had got in their rear, resistance was useless, and they would not be sacrificed. No bomb had been thrown at them for three days, nor had they fired a shot at us from either Fort. They averred that they had been impressed, and would fight no longer.

On the twenty-eighth the officers of Forts Jackson and St. Philip surrendered to Capt. Porter, he having means of water transportation to them. While he was negotiating, however, with the officers of the Forts under a white flag, the rebel naval officers put all their munitions of war on the Louisiana, set her on fire and adrift upon the Harriet Lane, but when opposite Fort St. Philip she blew up, killing one of their own men by the fragments which fell into that Fort.

I have taken possession of the Forts and find them substantially as defensible as before the bombardment—St. Philip precisely so, it being quite uninjured. They are fully provisioned, well supplied with ammunition, and the ravages of the shells have been defensibly repaired by the labors of the rebels. I will cause Lieut. Wietzel, of the engineers, to make a detailed report of their condition to the Department.

I have left the Twenty-sixth regiment Massachusetts volunteers in garrison, and am now going up the river to occupy the city with my troops, and make further demonstrations in the rear of the enemy now at Corinth.

The rebels have abandoned all their defensive works in and around New-Orleans, including Forts Pike and Wood, on Lake Ponchartrain, and Fort Livingston from Barataria Bay. They have retired in the direction of Corinth, beyond Manchac Pass, and abandoned everything up the river as far as Donaldsonville, some seventy miles beyond New-Orleans.

I propose to so far depart from the letter of my instructions as to endeavor to persuade the Flag-Officer to pass up the river as far as the mouth of Red River, if possible, so as to cut off their supplies, and make there a landing and a demonstration in their rear as a diversion in favor of Gen. Buell, if a decisive battle is not fought before such movement is possible.

Mobile is ours whenever we choose, and we can better wait.

I find the city under the dominion of the mob. They have insulted our flag—torn it down with indignity. This outrage will be punished in such manner as in my judgment will caution both the perpetrators and abettors of the act, so that they shall fear the *stripes* if they do not reverence the *stars* of our banner.

I send a marked copy of a New-Orleans paper containing an applauding account of the outrage.

Trusting my action may meet the approbation of the Department,

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

REPORT OF CAPT. T. T. CRAVEN.

U. S. STEAMER BROOKLYN, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, }
OFF NEW-ORLEANS, April 26, 1862. }

SIR: I have the honor to enclose reports from the executive officer, surgeon, gunner, carpenter, and boatswain, relative to the occurrences, casualties, expenditure of ammunition, and damages on board this ship on the morning of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth inst.

It becomes my duty to add that on the morning of the twenty-fourth, soon after the action between our fleet and the Forts St. Philip and Jackson commenced, in consequence of the darkness of the night, and the blinding smoke, I lost sight of your ships; and when following on the line of what I supposed to be your fire, I suddenly found the Brooklyn running over one of the hulks and rafts which sustained the chain-barricade of the river. Whilst in this situation I received a pretty severe fire from Fort St. Philip. I immediately after extricated my ship from the rafts, her head was turned up-stream, and a few minutes thereafter she was fully butted by the celebrated ram Manassas. She came butting into our starboard gangway, first firing from her trap-door when within about ten feet of the ship, directly toward our smoke-stack—her shot entering about five feet above the water-line, and lodging in the sand-bags which protected our steam-drum. I had discovered this queer-looking gentleman while forcing my way over the barricade lying close into the bank, and when he made his appearance the second time, I was so close to him that he had not an opportunity to get up his full speed, and his efforts to damage me were completely frustrated, our chain-armor proving a perfect protection to our sides. He soon slid off and disappeared in the darkness.

A few minutes thereafter, being all this while under a raking fire from Fort Jackson, I was attacked by a large rebel steamer. Our port broadside, at the short distance of only fifty or sixty yards, completely finished him, setting him on fire almost instantaneously.

Still groping my way in the dark, or *under the black cloud of smoke* from the fire-raft, I suddenly found myself abreast of St. Philip, and so close that the leadsman in the starboard chains gave the soundings "thirteen feet, sir." As we could bring all our guns to bear for a few brief moments, we poured in grape and canister, and I had the satisfaction of completely silencing that work before I left it, my men in the tops witnessing, in the flashes of their bursting shrapnel, the enemy running like sheep for more comfortable quarters.

After passing the Forts we engaged several of the enemy's gunboats, and being at short range, generally from sixty to one hundred yards, the effects of our broadsides of grape must have been

terrific. This ship was under fire about one hour and a half. We lost eight men killed and had twenty-six wounded, and our damages from the enemy's shot and shell are severe. I should not have been so particular, sir, in recording so many incidents of the morning of the twenty-fourth, had I not been out of my proper station; but justice to my officers and crew demands that I should show that the Brooklyn was neither idle nor useless on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

In conclusion, I must here beg leave to add that my officers and crew all, without a *single* exception, behaved in a most heroic manner. Indeed, I was surprised to witness their perfect coolness and self-possession as they stood at their guns, while the rebels were hailing shot and shell upon us for nearly half an hour before I gave the order to "open fire!" I have to congratulate myself on being so ably assisted by my executive officer, Lieut. B. B. Lowry. He was everywhere, inspiring both officers and crew with his own zeal and gallantry in the performance of their duty. Lieut. James O'Kane, who had charge of the first division, was severely wounded soon after we commenced the action; but not until he had himself primed, sighted and fired two guns, and from loss of blood fallen to the deck, would he consent to be carried below.

Lieut. James Forney, commanding the marines, had two guns assigned him, and with his men fought most gallantly. I was early deprived of my signal officer and aid, Acting Midshipman John Anderson, by a shot, which cut him and the Signal Quartermaster, Barney Sands, nearly in two. Young Anderson was a most promising and gallant young gentleman, and had only a few days previous volunteered from another vessel, which had been detailed for other duty, to join this ship. He was knocked overboard and killed instantly. Immediately afterwards my young clerk, Mr. J. G. Swift (who had been meanwhile taking notes) asked me to let him act as my aid, and the prompt self-possessed manner in which he performed his duty, in conveying my orders, elicited my highest admiration.

The conduct of Quartermaster James Buck, stationed at the wheel, merits particular mention. Early in the fight he received a severe and painful contusion by a heavy splinter, but for seven hours afterward he stood bravely at his post, and performed his duty, refusing to go below until positively ordered to do so; and on the morning of the twenty-fifth, without my knowledge, he again stole to his station, and steered the ship from early daylight until half-past one P.M.—over eight hours. I beg particularly that you will bring this man's conduct to the especial notice of the Navy Department. Of the part taken in the attack on the two batteries, on the morning of the twenty-fifth, by the ship, you can bear witness, and it is unnecessary for me to write.

In conclusion, sir, permit me to congratulate you upon this most brilliant success. The attack by our squadron upon two strong and garrisoned Forts, steaming within grape and canister range, and partially silencing them, and the pursuit and

destruction of almost their entire fleet of gun-boats, has not been surpassed, if equalled, by any navy in the world. Under the providence of Almighty God, we have achieved a most glorious victory.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
THOS. T. CRAVEN,
Captain.

Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT,
Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

SURGEON FOLTZ'S REPORT.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, NEW-ORLEANS, April 28.

SIR: I have the honor to report the following list of killed and wounded in the fleet, during the brilliant engagements with Forts Jackson and Philip, and the batteries below the city of New-Orleans, on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth inst., namely:

KILLED.

On the flag-ship Hartford—Joseph Lawrence, seaman, by a shot; William Brown, landsman, by a shell; Aug. Thomas, captain of the forecandle, by a shell. Total, three.

On the Brooklyn—John Anderson, midshipman, struck and knocked overboard by a cannon-shot; Wm. Lenahan, marine; Daniel McEmery, boy; Barry Sands, Quartermaster; Thos. White, captain of the maintop; Henry H. Roff, marine; Andrew Rourke, seaman; Dennis Leary, ordinary seaman; John Wade, seaman. Total, nine.

On the Pensacola—Theodore Myers, seaman; James Murray, ordinary seaman; Thos. Gunnin, landsman; Nelson D. Downing, landsman.

On the Richmond—John B. Brady, aged nineteen, Acting Master's Mate, born in Brownsville, N. Y., killed by a rifle-ball; W. M. Brady, ordinary seaman, aged twenty-three. Total, two.

On the Iroquois—James Philipps, seaman; Alexander von Vredenburg, ordinary seaman; Maurice Murphy, ordinary seaman; Edwin R. Parcell, boy; Jacob Scheenteldt, marine; George W. Cole, Master's Mate. Total, six.

On the Pinola—Thomas Kelly, captain of the forecandle; Robert H. Johnson, landsman; John Notton, landsman. Total, three.

On the Varuna—Andrew A. Smith, landsman; Charles Hartford, seaman; Daniel McPherson, ordinary seaman. Total, three.

THE WOUNDED.

On the flag-ship Hartford—Philip Morgan, seaman, severely; Charles Banks, landsman, severely; Theodore Douglass, officers' steward, severely; Randall Talifaira, landsman, severely; Henry Manning, ordinary seaman, severely; Henry King, marine, severely; Jabail Doane, seaman, slightly; Geo. White, marine, slightly; Mr. Caley, carpenter, severely; Mr. Heisler, lieutenant of marines, slightly. Total, ten.

On the Brooklyn—Mr. James O'Kane, Master, severely; Jas. Stafford, Acting Master, slightly; E. J. Lowe, Master's Mate, slightly; Wm. McBride, seaman, severely; Levin Heath, marine, slightly; Thos. Griffin, landsman, severely; John

Willoughby, ordinary seaman; John Chase, seaman, slightly; E. Blanchard, ordinary seaman, severely; J. R. Sanders, marine, contusion; Mr. Wells, seaman, contusion; Robert Hamson, ordinary seaman, contusion; J. Hassett, landsman, contusion; G. Coventry, gunner, contusion; L. Killion, marine, slightly; Cornelius Martin, ordinary seaman, probably mortally; James H. Powell, ordinary seaman, slightly; H. O. Buskin, ordinary seaman, severely; John Willis, ordinary seaman, severely; John Daurin, landsman, slightly; James Welbey, captain of the mizzen-top, severely; Alexander Anderson, landsman, severely; James Black, Quartermaster, slightly; Joseph —, seaman, slightly; John Griffith; James Williams, captain of the main-top, slightly. Total, twenty-six.

On the Pensacola—John Ryan, Quartermaster, mortally; George Mowry, Quartermaster, mortally; Jonathan Roberts, ordinary seaman, severely; Michael McKeene, landsman, severely; Gustavus Mason, landsman, severely; Thomas Kelly, boatswain's mate; Edward Brown, captain of the guard, severely; John Sherlock, ship's cook, severely; John Jenkins, ordinary seaman, severely; James O'Haniel, seaman, severely; Samuel Cooper, ordinary seaman, slightly; David Henderson, ordinary seaman, slightly; A. C. Gifford, ordinary seaman, slightly; John Stuart, ordinary seaman, slightly; Samuel Randolph, ordinary seaman, slightly; P. McKay, landsman, slightly; Edward Bowman, landsman, slightly; Edward Lee, first-class boy, slightly; Henry Stambach, sergeant of marines, slightly; George Perkins, marine, slightly; Michael O'Brien, marine, slightly; Frederick Daoz, marine, slightly; Francis Pepper, marine, slightly; John Brogan, marine, slightly; John C. Harris, lieutenant of marines, slightly; Shultz Gerard, Acting Master, slightly; John C. Hadley, Third Assistant Engineer, slightly; Wilson Goodrich, boatswain, slightly; Joseph B. Cox, carpenter, slightly; Alfred Reynolds, Master's Mate, slightly; George Dolliver, slightly. Total, thirty-three.

On the Richmond—John Gordon, seaman, severely; Charles A. Benson, ordinary seaman, slightly; Ed. Collins, ordinary seaman, slightly; John Ford, seaman, slightly. Total, four.

On the Iroquois—James Noland, seaman, mortally; Walter J. White, corporal of marines, mortally; Robert Lewis, armorer, severely; George Clark, gunner, severely; Robert Greenleaf, seaman, severely; John Smith, boy, severely; Martin Winter, boatswain's mate, severely; John Brown, captain of maintop, slightly; John Conway, ship's corporal, slightly; George Higgins, seaman, slightly; Benjamin Rockwell, seaman, slightly; Wm. Pool, ordinary seaman, slightly; Henry Walters, ordinary seaman, slightly; Wm. Morgan, landsman, slightly; Thos. Kealy, landsman, slightly; Owen Campbell, landsman, slightly; Alfred Green, boy, slightly; Alfred Jackson, marine, slightly; James Bolin, seaman, slightly; James McCumiskey, seaman, slightly; Thomas Francis, ordinary seaman, slightly; Frank R

Harris, Third Assistant Engineer, slightly. Total, twenty-two.

On the Pinola—Thomas Foster, ship's cook; Thomas Ford, landsman, severely; Thomas H. Jones and Henry Stakely, officers' cook, severely; William Ackworth, Quartermaster, slightly; Thomas L. Smith, coal-heaver, slightly; James A. Bassford, ordinary seaman, slightly. Total, seven.

On the Cayuga—John Lawson and Frederick O. G. Frinke, landsmen, severely; Francis Neesall, ordinary seaman, John Humphrey, coal-heaver, James Smith, landsman, John Titus, officers' cook, all slightly. Total, six.

On the Scioto—Francis Moser and J. Harrington, slightly. Total, two.

On the Varuna—M. Reagan and F. Johnson, ordinary seamen, slightly; Wm. Joyce, landsman, slightly; J. Gordon, marine, severely; D. McLaughlin, Wm. Perkins, J. Logan, boy, slightly. Total, nine.

Total killed, 30

Total wounded, 119

Several vessels have not yet made their official returns. I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. M. FOLTZ,
Fleet-Surgeon.

To Flag-Officer DAVID G. FARRAGUT,
Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

JOSEPH S. HARRIS'S REPORT.

SOUTH-WEST PASS, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, May 4, 1862.

F. H. Gerdes, Esq., Ass't U. S. Coast Survey:

SIR: While engaged in the survey of the injuries received by Fort Jackson during the bombardment, and the passage of the fleet, several incidents came under my notice, which, at your request, I have now the honor to submit to you in writing.

While waiting for the boat to take us off, on the last day on which we were engaged in the survey, Mr. Oltmanns and I fell into conversation with some men who had been in the Fort as part of the garrison. One of them, who said he was a New-Yorker, particularly impressed us as a reliable, intelligent man, from the moderation of his statements, and I think his information well worthy of note.

I shall merely record his statements, as the conversation on our part which drew forth information on the points where we especially desired it, is not necessary to the understanding of them, and this communication is likely to be very long without the introduction of any irrelevant matter.

Gen. J. K. Duncan had command of both Forts, and Col. Higgins, who some years ago was an officer of the United States Navy, had the immediate command of Fort Jackson. Col. Higgins has the credit of being a most brave and vigilant officer.

For forty-eight hours my informant thought Col. Higgins had not left the ramparts, and never seemed in the least disconcerted when the bombs were falling thickest around him.

A large proportion of the forces inside the Forts were Northern men, and there were also many foreigners. The party that seized the Fort early in 1861 was a company of German Yagers, and there were a number of Irish also. In all there were some six hundred or seven hundred men in the Fort about the time of the bombardment. The Northern men were mostly sent down at an early stage of the proceedings, and I imagine most of them volunteered, hoping in that way to avoid suspicion, and, perhaps, not have to fight against the Government after all. [Col. Higgins had no expectation of being attacked, that is, he thought no fleet could be brought against him sufficiently strong to risk an attack.]

There was a company of sharpshooters attached to the forces, under the command of Capt. Mullen. They numbered about two hundred, and were largely recruited from the riff-raff of New-Orleans. They scouted as far down as eight or nine miles below the Forts, and brought nightly reports to Fort Jackson, travelling by the bayous and passages on the south-west side of the river. The main body, however, lay in the edge of the woods below Fort Jackson, about a mile and a half from it. From here they fired on a boat that pulled up under that shore on the fourteenth. The grape and canister-shot that the Owasco threw into the bushes made their berth uncomfortable, and they broke up their camp, came into the Fort, all wet and draggled, having thrown many of their arms away, and swore they would go to New-Orleans, and they went.

My informant voluntarily gave the credit of reducing the Forts to the bomb flotilla. The Fort was so much shaken by this firing that it was feared the casemates would come down about their ears. The loss of life by the bombs was not great, as they could see them coming plainly, and get out of the way, but the effects of their fall and explosion on the Fort no skill could avert.

About one shell in twenty failed to explode, even those that fell in the water going off as well as the others.

It is well worth noting that the bombs that fell in the ditch, close to the walls of the Fort, and exploded there, shook the Fort much more severely than any of those that buried themselves in the solid ground.

The firing was most destructive the first day, and the vessels lying on the north-east side of the river, which were in plain view of the Forts, made much the most effective shots.

The bomb-vessels lying on the other side of the river, were at all times totally invisible, the best glasses failing to distinguish their bushed tops from the trees around them.

During the bombardment the only guns that were much used were the rifled guns, of which there were three, and the columbiad and Dahlgren guns, eight in number. The mortars fired occasionally. One of the rifled guns mounted on the Fort proper before the bombardment, was sent, two days before the fire opened, to Island Number Ten.

One of the rifles in the water-battery was originally one of the barbette guns, a thirty-two-pounder. It was sent to New-Orleans to be rifled, and a week after a second one was sent, but the first, on trial, proving a failure, the second was not changed. The large columbiad in the water-battery was made somewhere in Secessia, but exactly where my informant did not know.

The Fort was in perfect order when the bombardment commenced, it always having been very strictly policed, and the dirt which now disfigures everything is the accumulation of a few days. The water did not enter the Fort until the levee had been broken, and during the summer of 1861, when the Mississippi was even higher, their parade-ground was entirely dry.

There was very little sickness in the Fort, the water probably not having stood long enough to create a nuisance.

The discipline in the Fort was very strict, but what seemed to be felt more than the strictness, was the bringing in of very young and entirely inexperienced officers, who were placed in command of others much their superiors in knowledge.

Suspected men were closely watched, and the punishment for improper talk among them was to be a rope around the offenders, and let them float in the "stinking ditch."

The impression we derived from this part of the conversation, however, was that the Fort was very well governed, and that the man who was speaking had not often come under the displeasure of the authorities, for he was not eloquent on the subject of his wrongs.

The chain, as first stretched across the river, was quite a formidable obstacle. The chain was brought from Pensacola, and was a very heavy one. It was supported by heavy logs, thirty feet long, only a few feet apart, to the under side of each of which the chain was pinned near the upstream end. The chain was kept from sagging down too far by seven heavy anchors, from which smaller chains ran to the main chain. These anchors was buoyed with can-buoys taken from Pilot Town. In a few months a raft formed on the upper side of this chain which reached up to the Forts, and its weight swept away the whole obstruction and went to sea, carrying the buoys with it.

It was then replaced by the lighter chain, buoyed by hulks, which we found there three weeks ago.

Two of the large can-buoys were placed in the magazine in the water-battery.

The night that Flag-Officer Farragut's fleet passed up, Col. Higgins was so sure of destroying it that he allowed the first vessels to come up with the Fort before opening fire, fearing that they would be driven back prematurely and escape him.

When they succeeded in passing, he remarked: "Our cake is all dough; we may as well give it up."

During this engagement, a Capt. Jones, from the back country, had charge of those casemate

guns which were firing hot shot. He depressed the muzzles of his guns very considerably, fearing to fire too high; and, being desirous of working his guns very vigorously, had them run out with a jerk, the consequence of which was that the balls rolled harmlessly into the moat, and the guns blazed away with powder and hay wads at a most destructive rate. This continued until some of the officers on the ramparts, observing how much his shot fell short, told him of it.

He then commenced operations on one particular vessel, which he kept at until some one informed him that he was devoting himself to one of their own chain-hulks.

The enemy's gunboats did not come up to the expectations that were formed of them.

The Louisiana especially was very much relied on, but her crew of two hundred men were drunk at the time that they should have done their duty best. I could not find out anything about her from this man, as he had never been aboard of her, and did not believe the exaggerated stories that were told him about her.

The small loss of life in the Fort is due, to a great extent, to the fact that the men were carefully kept below, only the guns' crews being allowed out of shelter. The New-Yorker was a powder-passer for the battery in which the rifled gun and the large columbiad of the main fort were, and therefore had a good opportunity of seeing what went on, they being in pretty constant use.

One bomb broke into the officers' mess-room, while they were at dinner, and rolled on the floor. As it lay between them and the door they could not escape, but all gathered in a corner and remained there in terrible suspense, until it became evident that the fuse had gone out and they were safe.

On the first night of the firing, when the citadel and outhouses were all in flames, the magazine was in very great danger for some time, and a profuse supply of wet blankets was all that saved it. There was great consternation that night, but afterward the garrison got used to it and were very cool.

A bomb broke into the secret passage out of the Fort.

One of the soldiers went down into it some distance, when he was discovered by Gen. Duncan and ordered out.

The passage was then filled up, and a guard placed over the entrance to keep every one away from it.

This was told me by Major Sawtelle, Commandant of the Fort.

Fort Jackson mounted

- 33 32-pounder guns on main parapet.
- 2 Columbiads on main parapet.
- 1 Rifled cannon on main parapet.
- 2 Columbiads in second bastion.
- 1 9-inch mortar in second bastion.
- 1 Columbiad in third bastion.
- 2 8-inch mortars in third bastion.
- 8 32-pounder guns in north-west casemates.
- 6 32-pounder guns in north-east casemates.
- 10 Short 32-pounder guns in bastion casemates.

2 Brass field-pieces.

2 Rifled guns in water-battery.

1 10-inch columbiad in water-battery.

1 9-inch columbiad in water-battery.

3 32-pounder guns on outer curtain.

—
75 guns in all.

I am not positive about the calibre of the guns. Those that I have called thirty-two-pounders had a calibre of six and four tenths inches, and I am not quite positive that there are ten short thirty-two-pounder guns in the bastion casemates, though such is my recollection.

Of these guns four were dismantled, but I could not see that the gun proper was injured in any case.

Of the gun-carriages, eleven were struck, several of these being entirely destroyed, and of the beds and traverses, no less than thirty were injured. A large proportion of the last injuries were on the western side of the outer curtain, (where only three guns were mounted,) twenty out of thirty-nine being more or less injured.

The ramparts of the Fort proper were very severely damaged.

On every side, but particularly on the two northern ones, there has been great patching with sandbags needed. Several of the entrances from the parade-ground under the ramparts, are masses of ruins — some of them being one third choked with debris.

The casemates are cracked from end to end. One of the bastion casemates has the roof broken through in three places; another in one place, and its walls are so badly cracked that daylight shows through very plainly, the crack being about four inches wide.

The entrances to the casemates are nearly all damaged, the roofs cracked, and masses of brick thrown down or loosened.

All the buildings were destroyed by fire or shell, the two western bastions and the citadel being completely burned out. The walls of the citadel are cracked in many places very badly—eighty-six shot and splinters of shell struck its face.

The amount of damage here reported would hardly be credited by any one who had taken a casual survey of the premises, and I myself should have considered it exaggerated if I had read it, after passing through hastily the first time.

After a careful examination, however, the impression left on my mind, is of a place far gone on the road to ruin, which would stand but little more before it would come down about its defenders' ears.

Everything about the Fort seems to have started from its place, some hardly perceptible, others so much that it would be hard to find where the proper place is.

I do not profess an acquaintance with such matters, but it looks to me as if the whole structure would have to be demolished and rebuilt, if the Government ever intends to fortify the site again.

I have thus, sir, hastily thrown together the

more important part of the information I was able to collect. Had my time been more extended I might have been able to gather more of the incidents of the siege, and had I supposed it desirable to reduce it to writing I might have obtained a fuller account from those I did question, but my conversation was merely to gratify my own curiosity and pass away an unoccupied hour. Hoping that you may find this communication of some value, I remain your obedient servant,

JOSEPH S. HARRIS.

MEMORANDUM OF MEN PAROLED AT FORT JACKSON,
APRIL 28, 1862.

Co. H, Jackson artillery, (C.S.A.) four sergeants, two corporals, forty-two privates.

Co. E, Jackson artillery, three sergeants, one corporal, twenty-three privates.

Co. I, Jackson artillery, four sergeants, four corporals, fifty-three privates, and three musicians.

Co. B, Jackson artillery, five sergeants, three corporals, forty-two privates, and three musicians.

Co. J, Twenty-third regiment Louisiana volunteers, five sergeants, three corporals, thirty-five privates.

Co. I, Twenty-second regiment Louisiana volunteers, four sergeants, four corporals, twenty-three privates.

Co. H, Twenty-second regiment Louisiana volunteers, two sergeants, one corporal, thirty-seven privates.

St. Mary's cannoniers, four sergeants, four corporals, seventy-seven privates, and two musicians.

LETTER OF COMMODORE FARRAGUT.

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
OFF THE CITY OF NEW-ORLEANS, April 27, 1862. }

G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy:

DEAR SIR: In the excitement of the last two days you must not be surprised if I leave undone many things which I ought to do, and one of which was to write you on the occasion of my taking this city. But thank God it has been done, and in what I consider a handsome style.

I had two Union men on board who had been forced into the confederate service at Fort Jackson as laborers or mechanics. They informed me that there were two forts near the city, and as we approached the locality I tried to concentrate the vessels, but we soon saw that we must take a raking fire for two miles, so we did not mince the matter, but dashed directly ahead.

They permitted us to approach to within a mile and a quarter before they opened on us. Capt. Bailey, in the Cayuga, Lieut. Com. Harrison, was in advance of me, and received the most of the first fire; but, although the shooting was good, they did not damage his little vessel much. He fell back, and the Hartford took her place. We had only two guns, which I had placed on the top-gallant fore-castle, that could bear on them until we got within half a mile. We then sheered off, and gave them such a fire "as they never dreamed of in their philosophy." The Pensacola

ran up after a while, and took the starboard battery off our hands; and in a few minutes the Brooklyn ranged up and took a chance at my friends on the left bank. They were silenced in, I should say, twenty minutes or half an hour. But I cannot keep a note of time on such occasions. I only know that half of the vessels did not get a chance at them. The river was too narrow for more than two or three vessels to act to advantage, but all were so anxious that my greatest fear was that we would fire into each other, and Capt. Wainwright and myself were hollering ourselves hoarse at the men not to fire into our ships.

This last affair was what I call one of the little elegancies of the profession—a dash and a victory. But the passing of the Forts Jackson and St. Philip was one of the most awful sights and events I ever saw or expect to experience. The smoke was so dense that it was only now and then you could see anything but the flash of the cannon and the fire-ships or rafts, one of which was pushed down upon us (the Hartford) by the ram Manassas, and in my effort to avoid it ran the ship on shore, and then the fire-raft was pushed alongside, and in a moment the ship was one blaze all along the port side, half-way up to the main and mizzen tops. But, thanks to the good organization of the fire-department by Lieut. Thornton, the flames were extinguished, and at the same time we backed off and got clear of the raft. But all this time we were pouring the shells into the Forts, and they into us, and every now and then a rebel steamer would get under our fire and receive our salutation of a broadside.

At length the fire slackened, the smoke cleared off, and we saw to our surprise that we were above the Forts, and here and there a rebel gunboat on fire. As we came up with them, trying to make their escape, they were fired into and riddled, so that they ran them on shore; and all who could, made their escape to the shore.

I am told, I don't know how truly, that Gen. Lovell had gone down that evening to make an attack with thirteen gunboats, a large ram of eighteen guns, and the Manassas. The Mississippi and the Manassas made a set at each other at full speed, and when they were within thirty or forty yards, the ram dodged the Mississippi and ran on shore, when the latter poured her broadside into her, knocked away her smoke-stack, and then sent on board of her, but she was deserted and riddled, and after a while she drifted down the stream full of water. She was the last of the eleven we destroyed.

The larger ram was still at Fort Jackson, but they say here she was sent down before she was ready, and that she cannot stem the current. She will have to surrender with the Forts, which I hope will be to-day or to-morrow. I will give them my attention as soon as I can settle the affairs of the city.

I demanded the surrender of the city yesterday of the Mayor, through Capt. Bailey, as the second in command. His reply was that the city was under martial law, and he would consult Gen.

Lovell. His lordship said he would surrender nothing, but at the same time he would retire and leave the Mayor unembarrassed.

This morning the Mayor sent his secretary and the chief of police to see me and say that he would call the City Council together at ten o'clock and give me an answer; that the General had retired, and that he had resumed the duties of his office as Mayor, and would endeavor to keep order in the city and prevent the destruction of property. I sent him by his secretary the letter No. One, (copy enclosed.) I also sent him a letter demanding the surrender of the city, in conformity with the demand made by me yesterday through Capt. Bailey, (copy No. Two.)

This morning at six A.M. I sent to Capt. Morris, whose ship commanded the Mint, to take possession of it and hoist the American flag thereon, which was done, and the people cheered it. At ten I sent on shore again and ordered Lieut. Kortz, of the navy, and Lieut. Brown, of the marines, with a marine guard, to hoist the flag on the Custom-House; but the excitement of the crowd was so great that the Mayor and Councilmen thought it would produce a conflict and great loss of life.

At eleven a signal was made to the fleet for divine service, under a general order, (copy No. Three.)

April twenty-sixth, in the afternoon, having been informed that there were two forts eight miles above the city, at a place called Carrolton, I determined to take a look at them and demolish them. We accordingly ran up, but to our surprise we found the gun-carriages all on fire, and upon examination found the guns all spiked. It was a most formidable work for Foote to encounter on his way down, but we took it in the rear. They had also a long line of defences extending back from the river to Lake Ponchartrain, both above and below the city, on which were twenty-nine and thirty guns each.

Immediately on my getting above the Forts, I sent Capt. Boggs, who is now deprived of a command by the sinking of his ship, (which he had so nobly defended,) down to Capt. Porter, through the bayou at quarantine, directing him to demand the surrender of the Forts. His demand was at first refused, but the soldiers told their officers that we were in their rear, and that they would not be sacrificed. So this morning the gallant Bailey brought us the intelligence in the Cayuga, Capt. Harrison, that the Forts had surrendered, the ram blown up, and that the American flag floats over both Forts.

I have sent down for Gen. Butler's troops to come up and occupy this city, and will soon be off for Mobile. Depend upon it, we will keep the stampede upon them.

I send Capt. Bailey home as bearer of despatches. He has done his work nobly, and that while suffering under an infirmity which required attention and repose.

I am, very truly and respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron

The papers enclosed in the foregoing letter are as follows:

OFF NEW-ORLEANS, April 26, 1862.

To his Excellency the Mayor of the City of New-Orleans:

SIR: Upon my arrival before your city I had the honor to send to your Honor Capt. Bailey, United States Navy, second in command of this expedition, to demand of you the surrender of New-Orleans to me, as the representative of the Government of the United States. Capt. Bailey reported the result of an interview with yourself and the military authorities.

It must occur to your Honor that it is not within the province of a naval officer to assume the duties of a military commandant. I came here to reduce New-Orleans to obedience to the laws and to vindicate the offended majesty of the Government of the United States. The rights of persons and property shall be secured. I therefore demand of you, as its representative, the unconditional surrender of the city, and that the emblem of sovereignty of the United States be hoisted over the City Hall, Mint, and Custom-House by meridian this day. All flags and other emblems of sovereignty other than those of the United States must be removed from all the public buildings by that hour.

I particularly request that you shall exercise your authority to quell disturbances, restore order, and call upon all the good people of New-Orleans to return at once to their vocations; and I particularly demand that no person shall be molested, in person or property, for professing sentiments of loyalty to their Government. I shall speedily and severely punish any person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday, by armed men firing upon helpless women and children for giving expression to their pleasure at witnessing the old flag.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-Officer Western Gulf Squadron.

REPLY OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW-ORLEANS.

CITY HALL, April 26, 1862.

Flag-Officer D. G. Farragut, U. S. Flag-Ship Hartford:

SIR: In pursuance of a resolution which we thought proper to take, out of regard for the lives of the women and children who still crowd this great metropolis, Gen. Lovell has evacuated it, with his troops, and restored to me the administration of its government and the custody of its honor.

I have, in council with the city fathers, considered the demand you made of me yesterday, for an unconditional surrender of the city, coupled with a requisition to hoist the flag of the United States on the public edifices, and haul down the flag that still floats upon the breeze from the dome of this Hall. It becomes my duty to transmit to you an answer, which is the universal sentiment of my constituents no less than the prompting my own heart dictates to me on this sad and solemn occasion.

The city is without the means of defence, and is utterly destitute of the force and material that might enable it to resist an overpowering armament displayed in sight of it. I am no military man, and possess no authority beyond that of executing the municipal laws of the city of New-Orleans. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to lead an army into the field, if I had one at command; and I know still less how to surrender an undefended place, held, as this is, at the mercy of your gunners and your mortars. To surrender such a place were an idle and unmeaning ceremony. The city is yours by the power of brutal force, not by my choice, or consent of its inhabitants. It is for you to determine what will be the fate that awaits us here. As to hoisting any flag other than the flag of our own adoption and allegiance, let me say to you that the man lives not in our midst whose hand and heart would not be paralyzed at the mere thought of such an act; nor could I find in my entire constituency so wretched and desperate a renegade as would dare to profane with his hand the sacred emblem of our aspirations.

Sir, you have manifested sentiments which would become one engaged in a better cause than that to which you have devoted your sword. I doubt not but that they spring from a noble though deluded nature, and I know how to appreciate the emotions which inspired them. You have a gallant people to administrate over during your occupancy of this city — a people sensitive to all that can in the least affect their dignity and self-respect. Pray, sir, do not fail to regard their susceptibilities. The obligations which I shall assume in their name shall be religiously complied with. You may trust their honor, though you might not count on their submission to unmerited wrong.

In conclusion, I beg you to understand that the people of New-Orleans, while unable to resist your force, do not allow themselves to be insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by their dastardly desertion of our cause in the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, or such as might remind them too powerfully that they are the conquered, and you the conquerors. Peace and order may be preserved without resort to measures which I could not at this moment prevent. Your occupying the city does not transfer allegiance from the government of their choice to one which they have deliberately repudiated, and they yield the obedience which the conqueror is entitled to extort from the conquered.

Respectfully, JOHN T. MONROE,
Mayor.

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, }
AT ANCHOR OFF THE CITY OF NEW-ORLEANS, April 26. }

To his Honor the Mayor of New-Orleans:

Your Honor will please give directions that no flag but that of the United States will be permitted to fly in the presence of this fleet, so long as it has the power to prevent it; and as all displays of that kind may be the cause of bloodshed, I

have to request that you will give this communication as general a circulation as possible.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant, D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, }
OFF THE CITY OF NEW-ORLEANS, April 26, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER.

Eleven o'clock this morning is the hour appointed for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood. At that hour the church pennant will be hoisted on every vessel of the fleet, and their crews assembled, will in humiliation and prayer make their acknowledgments therefor to the Great Dispenser of all human events.

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

THANKS TO COM. FARRAGUT AND HIS COMMAND.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, May 10, 1862. }

SIR: Capt. Bailey, your second in command, has brought to the Department the official despatches from your squadron, with the trophies forwarded to the National Capitol. Our navy, fruitful with victories, presents no more signal achievement than this, nor is there any exploit surpassing it recorded in the annals of naval warfare. In passing and eventually overcoming Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the batteries above and below New-Orleans, destroying the barriers of chains, steam-rams, fire-rafts, iron-clad vessels and other obstructions, capturing from the rebel forces the great Southern Metropolis, and obtaining possession and control of the lower Mississippi, yourself, your officers, and our brave sailors and marines, whose courage and daring bear historic renown, have now a nation's gratitude and applause. I congratulate you and your command on your great success in having contributed so largely toward destroying the unity of the rebellion, and in restoring again to the protection of the National Government and the national flag the important city of the Mississippi valley, and so large a portion of its immediate dependencies.

Your example and its successful results, though attended with some sacrifice of life and loss of ships, inculcates the fact that the first duty of a commander in war is to take great risks for the accomplishment of great ends. One and all, officers and men, comprising your command, deserve well of their country.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
GIDEON WELDES.

To Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT,
Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, New-Orleans.

OFFICIAL REBEL CORRESPONDENCE.

The following official despatch is from Major-General Lovell to Brigadier-General Duncan, commanding at Fort Jackson:

NEW-ORLEANS, April 23, 1862.

SAY to your officers and men that their heroic fortitude in enduring one of the most terrific bombardments ever known, and the courage which they have evinced, will surely enable them to crush the enemy whenever he dares come from under cover. Their gallant conduct attracts the admiration of all, and will be recorded in history as splendid examples for patriots and soldiers. Anxious but confident families and friends are watching them with firm reliance, based on their gallant exhibition thus far made, of indomitable courage and great military skill. The enemy will try your powers of endurance, but we believe with no better success than already experienced.

M. LOVELL,

Major-General Commanding.

To Brig.-Gen. J. K. DUNCAN,

Commanding Fort Jackson.

Gen. Duncan's reply to Major-General Lovell runs thus:

FORT JACKSON, April 23, 1862.

I have to report this morning same upon same. The bombardment is still going on furiously. They have kept it up furiously by reliefs of three divisions. One of their three masked gunboats painted gray, came above the point this morning, but was struck and retreated. We are hopeful, in good spirits, and I cannot speak in too high praise of all my officers and men. No further casualties to report. Let the people have faith and fortitude and we will not disgrace them.

J. K. DUNCAN,

Brigadier-General.

To Major-General MANSFIELD LOVELL,

Commanding Department of Louisiana.

Doc. 150.

THE CHARGE OF COMPANY H, FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

NEAR YORKTOWN, VA., APRIL 26, 1862.

FIVE companies of Massachusetts troops participated in a splendid little action which took place this morning. One company made a brilliant charge on a rebel redoubt, drove the rebels away, killed quite a number, and hemmed in fourteen who were taken prisoners. The redoubt is situated in front of a piece of woods, and faces an open cornfield to the right of the Yorktown road. It was determined last evening to reduce the work and ascertain what fortifications were behind, beyond the woods.

Early this morning three companies of the First Massachusetts regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Welles, and two companies of the Eleventh, under Major Tripp, left camp and arrived on the ground just about daylight. Company A, Captain Wild, was deployed as skirmishers to the left across the field to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. Company I, Captain Rand, was held in reserve towards the right near a small ravine, while Company H, under Capt. Carruth, advanced at double-quick across the field and charged upon the work. Led by Lieut.-Colonel

Welles, they dashed ahead in the most gallant manner.

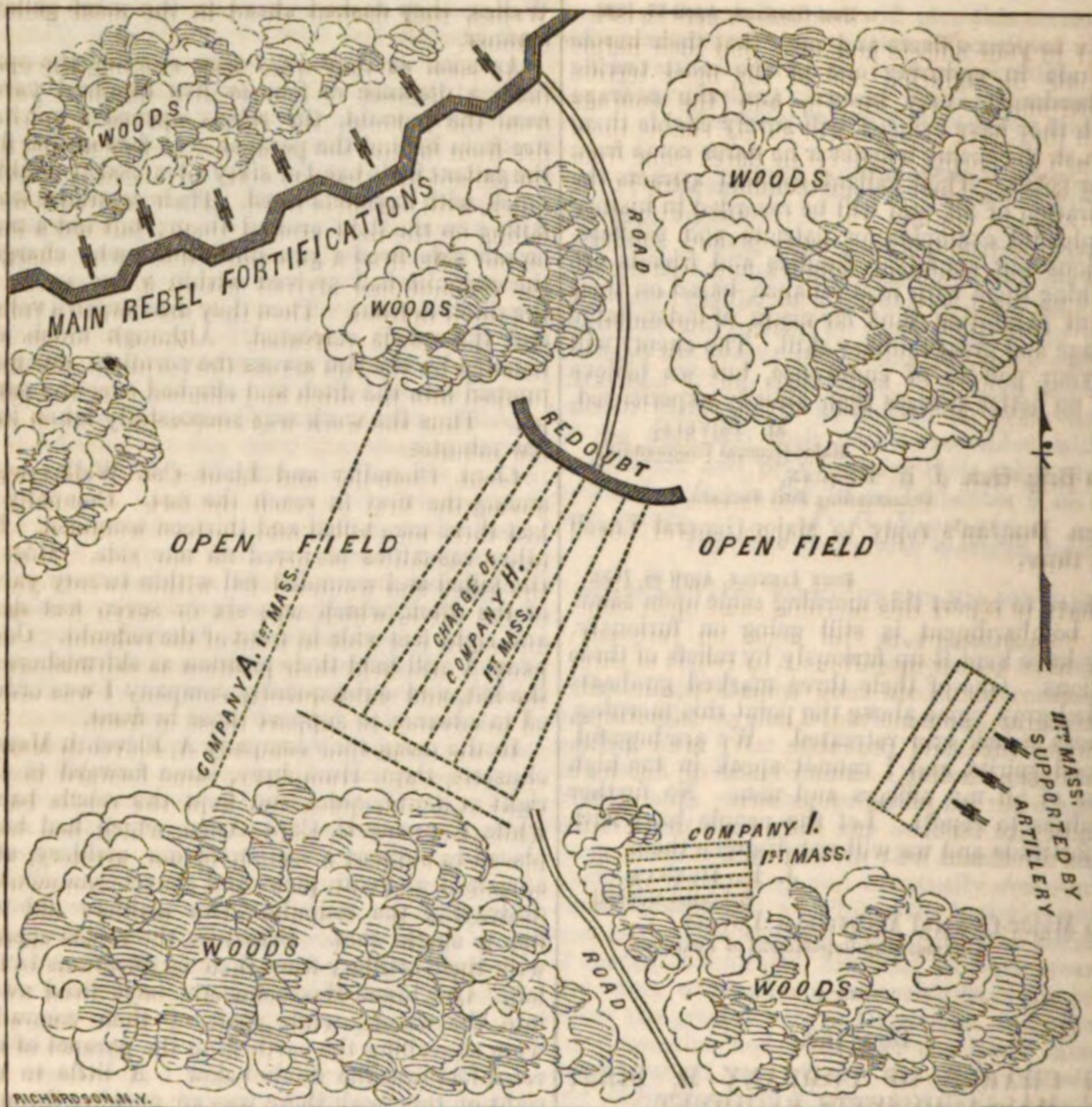
As soon as they were seen crossing the open field, a distance of four or five hundred yards from the redoubt, the rebels opened a spirited fire from behind the parapet. In face of this fire the gallant little band of sixty advanced at double-quick, with bayonets fixed. Their comrades were falling on the field around them; but not a man on our side fired a gun until those who charged the redoubt had arrived within a few yards of the ditch in front. Then they discharged a volley and the rebels retreated. Although much exhausted by the run across the cornfield, our men jumped into the ditch and climbed over the parapet. Thus the work was successfully taken in a few minutes.

Lieut. Chandler and Lieut.-Col. Welles were among the first to reach the fort. Company H lost three men killed and thirteen wounded. No other casualties occurred on our side. Most of the killed and wounded fell within twenty yards of the ditch, which was six or seven feet deep and eight feet wide in front of the redoubt. Company A still held their position as skirmishers to the left, and subsequently company I was ordered to advance to support those in front.

In the mean time company A, Eleventh Massachusetts, Capt. Humphrey, came forward to the right at double-quick and kept the rebels back, while company G, Capt. Allen, which had been placed to support a section of our artillery, also advanced, and with picks and shovels commenced destroying the redoubt. Our artillery did not fire a single shot. Presently the rebels opened with their artillery from their fortifications to the left. Our brave Massachusetts boys fired away into the woods, while some of their comrades were shovelling the earth from the parapet of the rebel fort into the ditch below. A little to the right of this work there was an opening through the woods and a clearing behind, where another rebel redoubt was situated.

From this the rebels poured forth a continuous fire, but the skirmishers from the Eleventh regiment filed off to the right and left, covered by the woods, and thus escaped the effect of their fire. When the attack was made on our left the rebels were driven in confusion in every direction. Fourteen of them got on a small strip of ground behind which was a stream which they could not cross. Hence they were taken prisoners. One of them rushed out with a white haversack on his musket and begged our men not to shoot. Firing in that direction ceased for a moment. He said there were thirteen others who wanted to surrender. Soon they appeared, and were taken prisoners.

Fourteen rebels were captured altogether—one sergeant, one corporal, and a dozen privates. They all belonged to company E, Nineteenth Virginia regiment. They were a company of sharpshooters who were on duty in the fort. They said they were completely taken by surprise, and when we opened the attack there was great confusion among them; but they were soon



supported by other troops on the right and left. Our soldiers acted in the most gallant manner, and were highly complimented by the Brigadier-General, who was on the ground. The object of the movement having been most successfully accomplished, our men retired from the field in perfect order.

When they were retiring the rebels commenced a brisk cannonade from the forts to the left, which were not more than seven or eight hundred yards distant. It was beautiful to see how splendidly our skirmishers retired in the midst of this heavy fire from the enemy's artillery. Shells were bursting all around them, scattering dirt over many of them; but the regiment had been so well drilled in skirmishing that this company came in cautiously, without losing a single man. No one thought of running. On the contrary, all seemed reluctant to leave the field of action.

Company H, First Massachusetts, which took the principal part in this splendid little action, was one of the three companies which bore the brunt of the battle at Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run, on the eighteenth of July. On that occa-

sion, as on this, Lieut.-Col. Welles commanded. On that occasion, as on this, the company lost nearly one third its number killed and wounded. Several who were wounded in the first affair, when they dashed down to the stream in front of a fortification, were also wounded this morning when they charged on the rebel redoubt.

Private Grantman, who was wounded twice in the arm at Blackburn's Ford, received three wounds in the left leg, near the groin, this morning. He is now doing well. Private Kingsbury, who was also slightly wounded on the first occasion, was wounded mortally this morning. The rebel prisoners say that several of their killed and wounded comrades lay near the stream where they themselves were captured. The following is a complete list of our killed and wounded:

KILLED—COMPANY H, FIRST MASSACHUSETTS.—Private George A. Noyes, Private Wm. D. Smith, Walter B. Andrews.

WOUNDED—COMPANY H.—Wm. Grantman, Allen A. Kingsbury, mortally, George L. Stoddard, George H. Campbell, Wm. H. Montague, Thomas

Chilleck, Horace A. Lamos, George H. Stone, Wm. H. Lane, Oliver C. Cooper, Wm. T. Wright, Jos. W. Spooner, Wm. P. Halgreen.

Company A.—Thomas Archer, slightly in the face.

Company I.—Stephen Wright, seriously in the head, George G. S. Norris, slightly in the face.

Doc. 151.

THE FIGHT AT NEOSHO, MO.

THE following private letter furnishes the particulars of Major Hubbard's gallant exploit at and near Neosho:

CASSVILLE, April 27, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER: We left Cassville April 20th, to go on a scout of three days, out towards the Indian nation, having heard that there was a band of jayhawkers out there with a large drove of horses, mules, cattle, etc., which they had taken from the citizens of Missouri. We travelled about thirty miles the first day, encountering some twenty-five or thirty of them, which we had quite a chase after, taking some five or six prisoners. We then camped about three miles north of Priceville, Mo., where we staid till about twelve or one o'clock that night, when we started out for their camp, about fifteen miles distant. We pushed ahead as fast as possible till about twelve o'clock the next day, when we came up with about twenty of them, all of whom we took prisoners without much trouble, killing one man, capturing also their wagons and forty or fifty mules and horses. One of our companies was then sent out to scour around and see if they could observe anything. They went about twelve miles from camp, and the first thing they knew they were surrounded by about one hundred and fifty men; but they cut their way through, and got back to camp without losing a man. Major Hubbard, in command, took about one hundred men the next morning and went back. When we got there, we found about one hundred of them all drawn up in line of battle ready for us. The Major gave the command to charge, which we did, when they all broke and ran like good fellows, without firing a single shot. We run them about four miles, but they got into the timber and we couldn't find them, so we had to give up the chase and started back to the camp from which they ran. While going back, Doctorman and another of our boys started after three of them who were running across the prairie, and pursued them about three miles, when they came upon about thirty more, and were taken prisoners. They ran them off in the timber, and we could not get at them. We took twelve of their men prisoners that day, making in all about fifty. The Major told a captain's wife that if they hurt Dock or his fellow-prisoner, he would hang every one of their men he had or could get.

We started back for camp about one o'clock, and got there about five o'clock in the evening.

On arriving we found we were surrounded on three sides by about two thousand men, including Colonel Stainwright's regiment of Indians. We staid in camp all night, sleeping on our arms, but they did nothing but fire on our pickets three or four times during the night, just enough to keep us from sleeping. They wounded one of our pickets, shooting him through the leg just below the knee, but not breaking the bone. We started for Cassville the next morning, having been gone four days, but we found it a very serious undertaking, for we had to fight our way through. It was one continual roar of guns from the time we started till we reached Neosho, Mo., having literally cut our way through two thousand men. Our force was not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred men. Our boys knew it was life or death, and they fought manfully. We had one piece of artillery with us, which we let loose at them whenever we could get forty or fifty of them in a bunch. We reached Neosho about five o'clock, and camped there for the night, for we were nearly tired out, having had no rest for two days and three nights. But we were destined to a harder night than any we had yet experienced.

The citizens told us we would be attacked, but we hardly believed it, as they were all secesh; but we thought it well enough to be on the alert, and took every precaution so as not to be surprised. We threw out very heavy pickets, and slept on our arms. An alarm was given about two o'clock the next morning, and we were all out ready, expecting them every minute. We stood in ranks until about daybreak, when we concluded that they were not going to attack us, and so broke ranks to find our horses and get our breakfast. In about ten minutes after we laid down our arms, the *Indian war-whoop* sounded right in our midst, and there they were. They had crawled up through the bushes, and got right into our camp before we knew anything about it. About fifty of our boys snatched up their guns and pistols, and rushed right up on to them, and ran them out of camp. They killed one of our men in bed. It was a hard battle, but we were victorious as usual. We drove them clear off, killing five, mortally wounding one, and wounding a great many, which they carried off with them. We lost four men killed, three dangerously wounded, and two slightly wounded. I am among the last. Two balls struck me, one passing under the skin of my left thigh, just enough to draw blood, and the other just over my right eye, knocking me down, and stunning me for a minute or two, but I am all right now, and on duty. My wounds never stopped me. I followed them a quarter of a mile, and fired twelve shots at them; none of the other boys firing more than six or seven. We killed two Indians belonging to the Seneca nation. There were between four and five hundred of them, and only about fifty of us, but our boys met them face to face, and *they couldn't stand the press*.

We waited for them to come back till about ten o'clock, when we thought it was about time

to start. We were afraid if we staid till night, they might attack us again, and clean us out. So we started for Cassville, which was about thirty-five miles from Neosho. We travelled about ten miles, and camped in a large prairie, so that if they attacked us we could have a fair chance at them; but they never made their appearance. We reached Cassville last night about five o'clock, having been gone six days instead of three. We had taken about seventy-five prisoners, one hundred horses, twelve or fifteen mules, and shot-guns, rifles and pistols in abundance. We were met in town by Major Black, commanding the Thirty-seventh Illinois. They gave us cheer after cheer, until the air was rent with their noise.

I forgot to mention some of the incidents of the battle. When they charged on us, Lieut. Williams, myself and two others, were in the lead. We came to an Indian lying down, as we supposed, wounded, but just as we were about to pass on, he raised up and fired at Lieut. Williams, the ball just grazing his head. He turned and shot the savage through the head.

When they ran as we charged on them, about one hundred and fifty of them ran down into the town, thinking we would not fire into the town, but they were mistaken. The Major ordered the cannon to be loaded with round shot and shell and fired into them. The shot passed through the steeple of the church, and wounded some four or five of them. The shell passed through a smoke-house, cutting a side of bacon in two, and killing three and wounding ten or twelve of them. It came near killing a woman.

I have some trophies which I took on the field, which I will send home by Lieut. Brach. The rebel force was headed by Cols. Stainwright and Coffey, and Major Russell. Yours, etc., W. R.

Doc. 152.

FRANKLIN COUNTY, MO., RESOLUTIONS.

On the twenty-seventh of April, 1862, the people of Franklin County, Missouri, gave their response to the Emancipation Message of President Lincoln in the following resolutions:

The people of Franklin County, Missouri, in mass meeting assembled, appreciating the blessings of Liberty, as we have enjoyed and received them under the Constitution and Government of the United States, do resolve:

I. That we will neither vote nor give our influence for any man, for any office, who we know or believe is now, or ever has been, in favor of a dissolution, nor who has not been at all times of unshaken and outspoken loyalty, nor who has ever hesitated to acknowledge the supremacy of the authority of and the duty of allegiance to the Federal Government, as paramount to all other authority or allegiance; nor will we submit, until we have exhausted our constitutional and legal means of resistance, to the exercise of civil authority over us by any man who has ever counselled, aided, or abetted the crime of treason

against the Constitution and Government of the United States, or resistance to the exercise of lawful authority by the President, or other officers legally invested with authority, under the Constitution and Laws of the United States.

II. That the people of Missouri are the sole judges of what local and domestic institutions they require for their peace, happiness, and prosperity as a people, and in the exercise of that right we declare our solemn conviction *that Negro Slavery is destructive of all these blessings. We therefore pledge ourselves to a hearty support of any practical measure for the gradual emancipation and colonization* of the slaves now in Missouri, which may be just and fair toward the present loyal owners, and which the law-makers of our State may be able to devise in harmony with the policy of President Lincoln, as announced in his annual and recent messages to Congress.

III. *That the intimate alliance of treason with Slavery* in Missouri is a sufficient reason for all loyal citizens to oppose the perpetuation of the latter with the same vigor they seek the eradication of the former; and it is a duty we owe ourselves, our posterity, and the cause of free government, to demand such legal enactments as will place the institution of Slavery in Missouri upon a footing that the public mind will rest satisfied of its gradual extinction.

IV. That we will neither vote nor give our influence for any man for Governor, or for the Legislature, who is not pledged to the support of a proposition having for its object the erection of a legal barrier to the further immigration of slaves into this State, nor who is not pledged to the support of a practical, just, and fair proposition for the emancipation and colonization, outside of the Union, of all the slaves in the State.

V. That the doctrines and policy enunciated by President Lincoln, in his recent and annual messages, for the preservation of the Union, meet our hearty and undivided support; and while we deprecate civil war, and desire the smile of peace to illumine our country again, we feel that the "Union must be preserved," and the war should not cease until the national authority is practically reacknowledged.

VI. That we recommend Samuel T. Glover, Esq., of St. Louis, to the loyal people of the State as a candidate for Governor, and invite them to join with us in soliciting him to become a candidate.

These resolutions were adopted unanimously.

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THE TENNESSEE EXPEDITION.

CINCINNATI "COMMERCIAL" ACCOUNT.

CAMP SHILOH, FIVE MILES FROM }
PITTSBURGH LANDING, April 30, 1862. }

On Sunday morning, twenty-seventh instant, Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Wallace to make a demonstration in the neighborhood of Purdy, a

town of about eight hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles distant from our camp, deriving a small degree of importance from its location on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. It is about twenty miles from Corinth, on a direct railroad line. It was not known when the expedition started what force the rebels had at the point, but it was supposed they had a pretty strong garrison there, and were prepared to repel such a cavalry "dash" as is ordinarily made for the destruction of railroad bridges. Accordingly it was determined to send a large force, and to make the attack partake of the nature of a surprise. Seven regiments of infantry, from Gen. Wallace's division, including the Seventy-eighth and Twentieth Ohio, two batteries of artillery, and the Fourth and Eleventh Illinois and Fifth Ohio cavalry, were ordered to be in readiness by noon, with three days' cooked rations. The preparations in the camp in which I chanced to be at the time the order was received—the destination was of course not stated—were on such an extensive scale that I thought the long-expected movement against Corinth was about to be made, and without further deliberation resolved to proceed with Col. Taylor's regiment.

We started at two o'clock P.M., Wallace, with the infantry and artillery, in the advance. Our road lay through woods, swamps, and ravines, over "corduroy" bridges and across swollen creeks, through mud and water of every variety of depth and thickness. The weather when we left camp was very fine, though very warm; the sun pouring his rays down upon us with tropical vigor, made it uncomfortable to ride and fatiguing to march, and we had proceeded but a few miles when the effect became visible in the many returning stragglers from the infantry regiments who lazily dragged their muskets and themselves in a homeward direction.

We passed a number of very respectable residences, the first of the kind seen by this army since its occupation of Pittsburgh. They are all owned by wealthy men, every one of whom, we learned, are more or less identified with the rebel cause; some are in the confederate army, others have sons in it, and others have contributed of their means to its support. A couple of officers stopped at one of the houses to ask for a drink of water. The inmates, an elderly woman, two handsome daughters, and a few young contrabands, appeared very much excited at the approach of the Federal warriors. Before the officers had time to state the peaceful object of their visit to the domicile, the old lady eagerly exclaimed: "He didn't want to go, but they told him he must, or he'd be took prisoner." "We would like to get a drink of water of you, please," said Capt. H—; "we are very thirsty." "Oh! yes, certainly," replied the agreeably astonished matron. "I thought as how ye come after my son, because he was in the Southern army." A conversation followed, which resulted in the revelation that a son of the hostess had been drafted for Beauregard's army; that he had fought at Pittsburgh, and was dangerously wounded on the

first day of the battle. He was conveyed to Corinth. His mother became apprized of his condition, and immediately sought the confederate military authorities, of whom she obtained a "sick furlough" for him. He is now under the maternal roof, but will not survive his injuries.

At about six o'clock we halted in the woods, midway between Pittsburgh and Purdy. After an hour's delay Gen. Wallace ordered the infantry and artillery to bivouac for the night, and the cavalry to proceed to Purdy. The General himself made his headquarters for the night in a neat frame-house in the neighborhood. The woods were soon illuminated with the great fires the soldiers built, and around which they gathered to pass away the night. Strong picket-guards were stationed in every direction, so that the improvised Federal city in the wilderness of Tennessee felt secure from a rebel surprise.

The cavalry, numbering in all about two thousand, continued its road to Purdy. Col. Dickey, of the Fourth Illinois, was in command. We had enjoyed a few hours of pleasant riding since five o'clock, but now our prospects changed, and not for the better. As evening changed into night, the sky became thickly clouded, and in less than an hour after our second start, the rain began to fall in torrents. The road grew worse and worse as we advanced, and the night darker and darker every hour. We had a guide, but he was a poor one, and had less confidence in himself than we had in him. We proceeded, however, making our way by the dim outlines of the forest on either side of us. The rain continued; at times it was furious. A great many of our men were unprovided with overcoats or waterproof blankets, but the word was forward! to Purdy! What was hitherto darkness became impenetrable blackness, until we could not discern an object three feet ahead of us. Consider two thousand mounted men now galloping along a narrow road, now wading through a black swamp, and once or twice almost swimming a swiftly-running creek, and all of this in the darkest night that any out of the two thousand men ever saw. The "clashing of arms" was for once a welcome noise, and formed the only guide by which we kept together.

At about twelve o'clock we came to a halt about two miles from Purdy, Col. Dickey fearing, and very properly, that the whole party would get lost before morning. As it was, a number of our men had abandoned the hope of being able to keep up with us, and had remained along the road behind us. A whole company at one time declared their inability to proceed, and still it rained harder than ever. After standing still an hour under the "pelting of the pitiless storm," "about face!" was ordered, and we started for the point where we left the infantry, arriving there just at daylight.

Here the men were ordered to dismount and feed their horses. The effect of the night's "tramp" was visible on every countenance. Many of our stoutest and hardest men "gave out" altogether and were compelled to return to

camp when morning came. Some of them lay down on the road-side, glad to seize the opportunity of an hour's "rest," even though the rain beat heavily on their closed eyelids.

At five o'clock the order was given for us to return—not to camp but to Purdy. Many of us received the order with dissatisfaction, and some obeyed it with reluctance. Col. Taylor, of the Fifth cavalry, was taken seriously ill, (he was quite unwell when he left camp,) and could not command his regiment; the Lieut.-Col. was also compelled from sickness to abandon his intention of returning, so the command devolved upon the senior Major, E. G. Ricker, an officer who has given frequent proofs of his efficiency and valor. The entire cavalry force started back, and in a couple of hours were in Purdy. They were disappointed to learn that about one hundred rebels who had garrisoned the place, had left just in time to save themselves.

Col. Dickey sent a small force to skirmish two miles below Purdy, (there were three thousand rebels at Bethel, four miles below,) while another force destroyed the railroad bridge two miles above it. The work was accomplished; the bridge was torn up, and the connection between Purdy and Corinth completely destroyed. While the men were at work a locomotive with four men—two officers, one engineer, and a fireman—came from Bethel to ascertain what was the matter. I should have said that our men had cut their telegraph wires also; this caused the alarm at Bethel. Our skirmishers withdrew, let the locomotive pass by to where the road was torn up, and then issued forth to demand a "surrender." The four men were taken prisoners, the locomotive destroyed, and thus ended the expedition. None of our men were killed by the enemy, but I fear many of them will die from the exposure to inclement weather and the fatigue of the trip experienced by all.

The cavalry returned to camp last night; the infantry and artillery this morning. After what we have gone through, our leaky tents appear to us like metropolitan hotels. I will speak for myself, and say I want no more expedition for several days to come.

MACK.

Doc. 154.

FIGHT AT BRIDGEPORT, ALA.

GENERAL MITCHEL'S DESPATCH.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., April 30, 1862.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

ON yesterday, the enemy having cut our wires, and attacked during the night one of our brigades, I deemed it my duty to head in person an expedition against Bridgeport.

I started by a train of cars in the morning, followed by two additional regiments of infantry, and two companies of cavalry.

I found that our pickets had engaged the enemy's pickets four miles from Bridgeport, and

after a sharp engagement, in which we lost one man killed, drove them across a stream, whose railway-bridge I had burnt.

With four companies of infantry, two pieces of artillery, dragged by hand, and two companies of cavalry, at three P.M. we advanced to the burnt bridge, and opened our fire upon the enemy's pickets on the other side, thus producing the impression that our advance would be by the railway.

This accomplished, the entire force was thrown across the country about a mile, and put on the road leading from Stevenson to Bridgeport.

The whole column now advanced at a very rapid pace. Our cavalry scouts attacked those of the enemy, and forced them from the Bridgeport road. We thus succeeded in making a complete surprise, and deliberately formed our line of battle on the crest of a wooded hill, within five hundred yards of the works constructed to defend the bridge.

At our first fire, the guards broke and ran. They attempted to blow up the main bridge, but failed. They then attempted to fire the further extremity, but volunteers, at my call, rushed forward, in the face of their fire, and saved the bridge from the island; to the main shore we could not save it. It is of small moment, its length being only about four hundred and fifty feet.

Prisoners taken report that five regiments of infantry, and eighteen hundred cavalry, were stationed at the bridge.

The campaign is ended, and I now occupy Huntsville in perfect security, while all of Alabama, north of Tennessee River, floats no flag but that of the Union.

O. M. MITCHEL,

Brig.-General Commanding Third Division.

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE" ACCOUNT.

BRIDGEPORT, ALA., April 30, 1862.

Gen. Mitchel has finished his campaign by the complete victory which he gained over the forces of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, at this place, yesterday afternoon, and which you have doubtless had by telegraph. On Tuesday the march began, under command of Gen. Mitchel, who had come up, and we pushed eastward, along the line of the railroad, dragging two pieces of artillery by hand, for a distance of twenty miles at the least.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of yesterday—Sunday—that we came upon the enemy's pickets, three miles from Bridgeport. They were stationed on the side of a small stream, the bridge across it having been burned, and we soon found they were supported by an infantry and two cavalry regiments, the former of which came up, and engaged our advance, the Thirty-third Ohio. This regiment was the only one which appeared to the sight of the rebels, and after half an hour's work they fell back unpursued, as no means were had by the rebels for crossing the stream.

Gen. Mitchel, in the mean time, made a detour to the left, with his whole force, and after marching a mile, came upon a road which led

to Bridgeport. He immediately started for this point, and after an hour's weary march, approached the rebel fortifications, on the bank of the Tennessee. This march was one of incredible difficulty and danger. General Mitchel was placing himself, with five regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, between two divisions of the enemy, much stronger combined than himself. Had he been defeated, he could not have managed to retreat—it would have been an utter impossibility.

We halted at six o'clock, at the foot of a hill, and the column deployed right and left, and formed into line of battle, where they stood hid from the enemy by the hill. The artillery stood in the centre, the Thirty-third and Second Ohio on the right, with the Tenth Wisconsin and Twenty-first Ohio on the left. As soon as formed in line, the whole column advanced, and reaching the crest of the hill, looked down upon the enemy. Again they came to a halt. Peering above the top of the hill, I saw the whole of the rebel force below the hill, in their intrenchments.

The setting sun glistened on thousands of stacked guns, and two pieces of brass cannon. The men had evidently been drawn up in line of battle at the first alarm, but when it had ceased, they stacked arms, and were now engaged in eating supper. Capt. Loomis, when the force halted, stepped forward, saw the enemy, calculated the distance, and stepped back undiscovered.

In a moment he had given his orders, the cannon were charged with canister, and moved to a position in which they were brought to bear on the main body. This evidently consisted of four full or parts of regiments of infantry. The first warning which the rebels had of their danger, or of our near approach, was the discharge of our artillery, and the launching of the terrible death-dealing missiles in their very midst. They sprang instantly to their guns, hundreds, however, firing in every direction.

The main body evidently intended standing, but a second discharge added to the panic, and the whole force fled as our columns in line marched to the top, and began the descent of the hill on a charge bayonets. The frightened rebels, without a single general discharge, broke for the river, and quickly crossed the bridge. When we reached the works of the rebels, they were deserted—a few dead and wounded alone remaining.

The rebels fled with precipitancy, their speed increasing as they went, followed by the shells of Captain Loomis. They managed to fire the bridge, and a good portion of it was destroyed, but the half west of the island was saved by General Mitchel's personal exertions. Having reached the other shore, the rebels abandoned their camp and stores on that side, and, by the whistling of a locomotive, I imagine went off at railroad speed.

Capt. Loomis continued to throw shells after them for several rounds, when, by order of Gen. Mitchel, he ran his two pieces down the hill, and placed them in position to receive the body

on the railroad, who, it was anticipated, would come to the aid of their friends, now already and completely defeated. A second line of battle was formed in the works of the rebels, and we awaited for the rest of the rebels to attack us.

We had not long to wait. In a short time we saw the infantry on a double-quick, coming through the woods, along the line of the railroad, and the cavalry right and left. They came into the open fields, and formed in splendid line of battle. The cavalry looked magnificent, and came dashing along in splendid style. They got within three hundred yards of us, before they discovered their mistake, and then the artillery told them of it.

The canister was poured into them, and away they went in every imaginable direction—infantry and cavalry mixed in one conglomerated mass of frightened and flying humanity. The cavalry was sent in pursuit, when they had got out of artillery range, and the prisoners were being sent in every hour, until I lay down to try to sleep.

This morning I find we have killed and wounded seventy-two, and taken three hundred and fifty prisoners, and two pieces of artillery.

Gen. Mitchel has entire possession of the railroads from Bridgeport, ten miles east of Stevenson, west to Huntsville, thence south to Decatur, north to Athens, and in a month will have the railroad lines running to Nashville, via Columbia, from Decatur, and via Murfreesboro from Stevenson.

Doc. 155.

ATROCITIES AT BULL RUN, VA.

THE Joint Committee on the Conduct of the Present War made the following report in the United States Senate, on the thirtieth of April:

On the first day of April the Senate of the United States adopted the following resolution, which was referred to the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

Resolved, That the Select Committee on the Conduct of the War be directed to collect the evidence with regard to the barbarous treatment by the rebels, at Manassas, of the remains of officers and soldiers of the United States killed in battle there; and that the said select committee also inquire into the fact whether the Indian savages have been employed by the rebels, in their military service, against the Government of the United States, and how such warfare has been conducted by said savages.

In pursuance of the instructions contained in this resolution, your committee have the honor to report that they examined a number of witnesses, whose testimony is herewith submitted.

Mr. Nathaniel F. Parker, who was captured at Falling Waters, Va., testifies that he was kept in close confinement, denied exercise, and with a number of others, huddled up in a room; that their food, generally scant, was always bad, and sometimes nauseous; that the wounded had nei-

ther medical attention nor humane treatment, and that many of these latter died from sheer neglect; that five of the prisoners were shot by the sentries outside, and that he saw one man, Tibbitts, of the New-York Twenty-seventh regiment, shot as he was passing his window, on the eighth of November, and that he died of the wound on the twelfth. The perpetrator of this foul murder was subsequently promoted by the rebel government.

Dr. J. M. Homiston, surgeon of the Fourteenth New-York or Brooklyn regiment, captured at Bull Run, testifies that when he solicited permission to remain on the field and to attend to wounded men, some of whom were in a helpless and painful condition, and suffering for water, he was brutally refused. They offered him neither water nor anything in the shape of food. He and his companions stood in the streets of Manassas, surrounded by a threatening and boisterous crowd, and were afterward thrust into an old building, and left, without sustenance or covering, to sleep on the bare floor. It was only when faint and without food for twenty-four hours, that some cold bacon was grudgingly given to them. When, at last, they were permitted to go to the relief of our wounded, the secession surgeon would not allow them to perform operations, but intrusted the wounded to his young assistants, "some of them with no more knowledge of what they attempted to do than an apothecary's clerk." And further, "that these inexperienced surgeons performed operations upon our men in a most horrible manner, some of them were absolutely frightful." "When," he adds, "I asked Doctor Darby to allow me to amputate the leg of Corporal Prescott, of our regiment, and said that the man must die if it were not done, he told me that I should be allowed to do it." While Dr. Homiston was waiting, he says a secessionist came through the room and said: "They are operating upon one of the Yankee's legs up-stairs." "I went up and found that they had cut off Prescott's leg. The assistants were pulling on the flesh at each side, trying to get flap enough to cover the bone. They had sawed off the bone without leaving any of the flesh to form the flaps to cover it; and with all the force they could use they could not get flap enough to cover the bone. They were then obliged to saw off about an inch more of the bone, and even then, when they came to put in the sutures (the stitches) they could not approximate the edges within less than an inch and a half of each other; of course, as soon as there was any swelling, the stitches tore out and the bone stuck through again. Dr. Swalm tried afterward to remedy it by performing another operation, but Prescott had become so debilitated that he did not survive." Corporal Prescott was a young man of high position, and had received a very liberal education.

The same witness describes the sufferings of the wounded after the battle as inconceivably horrible; with bad food, no covering, no water. They were lying upon the floor as thickly as they

could be laid. "There was not a particle of light in the house to enable us to move among them." Deaf to all his appeals, they continued to refuse water to these suffering men, and he was only enabled to procure it by setting cups under the eaves to catch the rain that was falling, and in this way he spent the night, catching the water and conveying it to the wounded to drink. As there was no light, he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees to avoid stepping on their wounded limbs: and, he adds: "It is not a wonder that next morning we found that several had died during the night." The young surgeons, who seemed to delight in hacking and butchering these brave defenders of our country's flag, were not, it would seem, permitted to perform any operations upon the rebel wounded. "Some of our wounded," says this witness, "were left lying upon the battle-field until Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. When brought in, their wounds were completely alive with larvæ deposited there by the flies, having lain out through all the rain-storm of Monday, and the hot, sultry sunshine of Tuesday." The dead lay upon the field unburied for five days; and this included men not only of his own, the Fourteenth regiment, but of other regiments. This witness testifies that the rebel dead were carried off and interred decently. In answer to a question whether the confederates themselves were not also destitute of medicine, he replied: "They could not have been, for they took all ours, even to our surgical instruments." He received none of the attention from the surgeons on the other side, "which," to use his own language, "I should have shown to them had our position been reversed."

The testimony of William F. Swalm, Assistant Surgeon of the Fourteenth New-York regiment, who was taken prisoner at Sudley's Church, confirms the statement of Dr. Homiston in regard to the brutal operations on Corporal Prescott. He also states that after he himself had been removed to Richmond, when seated one day with his feet on the window-sill, the sentry outside called to him to take them in, and on looking out he saw the sentry with his musket cocked and pointed at him, and withdrew in time to save his life. He gives evidence of the careless, heartless, and cruel manner in which the surgeons operated upon our men. Previous to leaving for Richmond, and ten or twelve days after the battle, he saw some of the Union soldiers unburied on the field, and entirely naked. Walking around were a great many women, gloating over the horrid sight.

The case of Dr. Ferguson, of one of the New-York regiments, is mentioned by Dr. Swalm. "When getting into his ambulance to look after his own wounded he was fired upon by the rebels. When he told them who he was, they said they would take a parting shot at him, which they did, wounding him in the leg. He had his boots on, and his spurs on his boots, and as they drove along his spurs would catch in the tail-board of the ambulance, causing him to shriek with agony." An officer rode up, and, placing

his pistol to his head, threatened to shoot him if he continued to scream. This was on Sunday, the day of the battle.

One of the most important witnesses was Gen. James B. Ricketts, well known in Washington and throughout the country, lately promoted for his daring and self-sacrificing courage. After having been wounded in the battle of Bull Run, he was captured, and as he lay helpless on his back, a party of rebels passing him cried out: "Knock out his brains, the d—d Yankee." He met Gen. Beauregard, an old acquaintance, only a year his senior at the United States Military Academy, where both were educated. He had met the rebel General in the South a number of times. By this head of the rebel army, on the day after the battle, he was told that his (Gen. Ricketts's) treatment would depend upon the treatment extended to the rebel privateers. His first lieutenant, Ramsey, who was killed, was stripped of every article of his clothing but his socks, and left naked on the field. He testified that those of our wounded who died in Richmond were buried in the negro burying-ground among the negroes, and were put into the earth in the most unfeeling manner. The statement of other witnesses as to how the prisoners were treated is fully confirmed by Gen. Ricketts. He himself, while in prison, subsisted mainly upon what he purchased with his own money, the money brought to him by his wife. "We had," he says, "what they called bacon soup—soup made of boiled bacon, the bacon being a little rancid—which you could not possibly eat; and that for a man whose system was being drained by a wound is no diet at all." In reply to a question whether he had heard anything about our prisoners being shot by the rebel sentries, he answered: "Yes, a number of our men were shot. In one instance two were shot; one was killed and the other wounded, by a man who rested his gun on the window-sill while he capped it."

Gen. Ricketts, in reference to his having been held as one of the hostages for the privateers, states: "I considered it bad treatment to be selected as a hostage for a privateer, when I was so lame that I could not walk, and while my wounds were still open and unhealed. At this time Gen. Winder came to see me. He had been an officer in my regiment; I had known him for twenty-odd years. It was on the ninth of November that he came to see me. He saw that my wounds were still unhealed; he saw my condition; but that very day he received an order to select hostages for the privateers, and notwithstanding he knew my condition, the next day, Sunday, the tenth of November, I was selected as one of the hostages."

"I heard," he continues, "of a great many of our prisoners who had been bayoneted and shot. I saw three of them—two that had been bayoneted, and one of them shot. One was named Louis Francis, of the New-York Fourteenth. He had received fourteen bayonet wounds—one through his privates—and he had one wound very much like mine, on the knee, in consequence

of which his leg was amputated after twelve weeks had passed; and I would state here that in regard to his case, when it was determined to amputate his leg, I heard Dr. Peachy, the rebel surgeon, remark to one of his young assistants, 'I won't be greedy; you may do it;' and the young man did it. I saw a number in my room, many of whom had been badly amputated. The flaps over the stump were drawn too tight, and some of the bones protruded.

"A man by the name of Prescott (the same referred to in the testimony of Surgeon Homiston) was amputated twice, and was then, I think, moved to Richmond before the taps were healed. Prescott died under this treatment. I heard a rebel doctor on the steps below my room say, 'that he wished he could take out the hearts of the d—d Yankees as easily as he could take off their legs.' Some of the Southern gentlemen treated me very handsomely. Wade Hampton, who was opposed to my battery, came to see me and behaved like a generous enemy."

It appears, as a part of the history of this rebellion, that Gen. Ricketts was visited by his wife, who, having first heard that he was killed in battle, afterwards that he was alive but wounded, travelled under great difficulties to Manassas to see her husband. He says: "She had almost to fight her way through, but succeeded finally in reaching me on the fourth day after the battle. There were eight persons in the Lewis House, at Manassas, in the room where I lay, and my wife, for two weeks, slept in that room, on the floor by my side, without a bed. When we got to Richmond there were six of us in a room, among them Col. Wilcox, who remained with us until he was taken to Charleston. There we were all in one room. There was no door to it. It was much as it would be here if you should take off the doors of this committee-room, and then fill the passage with wounded soldiers. In the hot summer months the stench from their wounds, and from the utensils they used, was fearful. There was no privacy at all, because there being no door, the room could not be closed. We were there as a common show. Col. Wilcox and myself were objects of interest, and were gazed upon as if we were a couple of savages. The people would come in there and say all sorts of things to us and about us, until I was obliged to tell them that I was a prisoner, and had nothing to say. On our way to Richmond, when we reached Gordonsville, many women crowded around the cars, and asked my wife if she cooked, if she washed, how she got there. Finally, Mrs. Ricketts appealed to the officer in charge, and told him that it was not the intention that we should be subjected to this treatment, and if it was continued she would make it known to the authorities. General Johnson took my wife's carriage and horses at Manassas, kept them, and has them yet for aught I know. When I got to Richmond, I spoke to several gentlemen about this, and so did Mrs. Ricketts. They said, of course, the carriage and horses should be returned; but they never were. There is one debt," says this gal-

lant soldier, "that I desire very much to pay, and nothing troubles me so much now as the fact that my wounds prevent me from entering upon active service at once."

The case of Louis Francis, who was terribly wounded and maltreated, and lost a leg, is referred to by Gen. Ricketts; but the testimony of Francis himself is startling. He was a private in the New-York Fourteenth regiment. He says: "I was attacked by two rebel soldiers, and wounded in the right knee with the bayonet. As I lay on the sod they kept bayoneting me until I received fourteen wounds. One then left me, the other remaining over me, when a Union soldier coming up, shot him in the breast, and he fell dead. I lay on the ground till ten o'clock next day. I was then removed in a wagon to a building; my wounds examined and partially dressed.

"On the Saturday following we were carried to Manassas, and from there to the general hospital at Richmond. My leg having partially mortified, I consented that it should be amputated, which operation was performed by a young man. I insisted that they should allow Dr. Swalm to be present, for I wanted one Union man there if I died under the operation. The stitches and the band slipped from neglect, and the bone protruded; and about two weeks after, another operation was performed, at which time another piece of the thigh-bone was sawed off. Six weeks after the amputation, and before it healed, I was removed to the tobacco-factory."

Two operations were subsequently performed on Francis — one at Fortress Monroe and one at Brooklyn, N. Y.—after his release from captivity.

Revolting as these disclosures are, it was when the committee came to examine witnesses in reference to the treatment of our heroic dead that the fiendish spirit of the rebel leaders was most prominently exhibited. Daniel Bixby, Jr., of Washington, testifies that he went out in company with G. A. Smart, of Cambridge, Mass., who went to search for the body of his brother, who fell at Blackburn's Ford in the action of the eighteenth of July. They found the grave. The clothes were identified as those of his brother on account of some peculiarity in the make, for they had been made by his mother; and, in order to identify them, other clothes made by her were taken, that they might compare them.

"We found no head in the grave, and no bones of any kind — nothing but the clothes and portions of the flesh. We found the remains of three other bodies all together. The clothes were there; some flesh was left, but no bones." The witness also states that Mrs. Pierce Butler, who lives near the place, said that she had seen the rebels boiling portions of the bodies of our dead in order to obtain their bones as relics. They could not wait for them to decay. She said that she had seen drumsticks made of "Yankee shin-bones," as they called them. Mrs. Butler also stated that she had seen a skull that one of the New-Orleans artillery had, which, he said, he was going to send home and have mounted, and that

he intended to drink a brandy-punch out of it the day he was married.

Frederick Scholes, of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., testified that he proceeded to the battle-field of Bull Run, on the fourth of this month, (April,) to find the place where he supposed his brother's body was buried. Mr. Scholes, who is a man of unquestioned character, by his testimony fully confirms the statements of other witnesses. He met a free negro, named Simon or Simons, who stated that it was a common thing for the rebel soldiers to exhibit the bones of the Yankees. "I found," he says, "in the bushes in the neighborhood, a part of a Zouave uniform, with the sleeve sticking out of the grave, and a portion of the pantaloons. Attempting to pull it up, I saw the two ends of the grave were still unopened, but the middle had been prised up, pulling up the extremities of the uniform at some places, the sleeves of the shirt in another, and a portion of the pantaloons." Dr. Swalm (one of the surgeons, whose testimony has already been referred to) pointed out the trenches where the secessionists had buried their own dead, and, on examination, it appeared that their remains had not been disturbed at all. Mr. Scholes met a free negro, named Hampton, who resided near the place, and when he told him the manner in which these bodies had been dug up, he said he knew it had been done, and added that the rebels had commenced digging bodies two or three days after they were buried, for the purpose, at first, of obtaining the buttons off their uniforms, and that afterwards they disinterred them to get their bones. He said they had taken rails and pushed the ends down in the centre under the middle of the bodies, and prised them up.

"The information of the negroes of Benjamin Franklin Lewis corroborated fully the statement of this man Hampton. They said that a good many of the bodies had been stripped naked on the field before they were buried, and that some were buried naked. I went to Mr. Lewis's house and spoke to him of the manner in which these bodies had been disinterred. He admitted that it was infamous, and condemned principally the Louisiana Tigers, of Gen. Wheat's division. He admitted that our wounded had been very badly treated." In confirmation of the testimony of Dr. Swalm and Dr. Homiston, this witness avers that Mr. Lewis mentioned a number of instances of men who had been murdered by bad surgical treatment.

Mr. Lewis was afraid that a pestilence would break out in consequence of the dead being left unburied, and stated that he had gone and warned the neighborhood and had the dead buried, sending his own men to assist in doing so. "On Sunday morning, (yesterday,) I went out in search of my brother's grave. We found the trench, and dug for the bodies below. They were eighteen inches to two feet below the surface, and had been hustled in in any way. In one end of the trench we found, not more than two or three inches below the surface, the thigh-bone of a man

which had evidently been dug up after the burial. At the other end of the trench, we found the shin-bone of a man which had been struck by a musket-ball and split. The bodies at the ends had been prised up.

"While digging there a party of soldiers came along and showed us a part of a shin-bone five or six inches long, which had the end sawed off. They said they had found it, among many other pieces, in one of the cabins the rebel had deserted. From the appearance of it, pieces had been sawed off to make finger-rings. As soon as the negroes noticed this they said that the rebels had had rings made of the bones of our dead, and that they had them for sale in their camps. When Dr. Swalm saw the bone he said it was a part of the shin-bone of a man. The soldiers represented that there were lots of these bones scattered through the rebel huts sawed into rings," etc. Mr. Lewis and his negroes all spoke of Col. James Cameron's body, and knew that "it had been stripped, and also where it had been buried." Mr. Scholes, in answer to a question of one of the committee, described the different treatment extended to the Union soldiers and the rebel dead. The latter had little headboards placed at the head of their respective graves and marked; none of them had the appearance of having been disturbed.

The evidence of that distinguished and patriotic citizen, Hon. William Sprague, Governor of the State of Rhode Island, confirms and fortifies some of the most revolting statements of former witnesses. His object in visiting the battle-field was to recover the bodies of Col. Slocum and Major Ballou, of the Rhode Island regiment. He took out with him several of his own men to identify the graves. On reaching the place he states that: "We commenced digging for the bodies of Col. Slocum and Major Ballou at the spot pointed out to us by these men who had been in the action. While digging, some negro women came up and asked whom we were looking for, and at the same time said that 'Col. Slocum' had been dug up by the rebels, by some men of a Georgia regiment, his head cut off, and his body taken to a ravine thirty or forty yards below, and there burned. We stopped digging and went to the spot designated, where we found coals, and ashes, and bones, mingled together. A little distance from there we found a shirt (still buttoned at the neck) and a blanket with large quantities of hair upon it, everything indicating the burning of a body there. We returned and dug down at the spot indicated as the grave of Major Ballou, but found no body there; but at the place pointed out as the grave where Col. Slocum was buried, we found a box, which, upon being raised and opened, was found to contain the body of Col. Slocum. The soldiers who had buried the two bodies were satisfied that the grave which had been opened, the body taken out, beheaded, and burned, was that of Major Ballou, because it was not in the spot where Col. Slocum was buried, but rather to the right of it.

They at once said that the rebels had made a mistake, and had taken the body of Major Ballou for that of Col. Slocum. The shirt found near the place where the body was burned I recognised as one belonging to Major Ballou, as I had been very intimate with him. We gathered up the ashes containing the portion of his remains that were left, and put them in a coffin, together with his shirt and the blanket with the hair left upon it. After we had done this we went to that portion of the field where the battle had first commenced, and began to dig for the remains of Captain Tower. We brought a soldier with us to designate the place where he was buried. He had been wounded in the battle, and had seen from the window of the house where the Captain was interred. On opening the ditch or trench, we found it filled with soldiers, all buried with their faces downward. On taking up some four or five, we discovered the remains of Captain Tower, mingled with those of the men. We took them, placed them in a coffin, and brought them home."

In reply to a question of a member of the committee, as to whether he was satisfied that they were buried intentionally with their faces downward, Gov. Sprague's answer was, "Undoubtedly! Beyond all controversy!" and that "it was done as a mark of indignity." In answer to another question, as to what their object could have been, especially in regard to the body of Col. Slocum, he replied: "Sheer brutality, and nothing else. They did it on account of his courage and chivalry, in forcing his regiment, fearlessly and bravely, upon them. He destroyed about one half of that Georgia regiment, which was made up of their best citizens." When the inquiry was put, whether he thought these barbarities were committed by that regiment, he responded: "By that same regiment, as I was told." While their own dead were buried with marble head and foot-stones, and names upon them, ours were buried, as I have stated, in trenches." This eminent witness concludes his testimony as follows: "I have published an order to my Second regiment, to which these officers were attached, that I shall not be satisfied with what they shall do unless they give an account of one rebel killed for each of their own number."

The members of your committee might content themselves by leaving this testimony to the Senate and the people without a word of comment; but when the enemies of a just and generous Government are attempting to excite the sympathy of disloyal men in our own country, and to solicit the aid of foreign governments by the grossest misrepresentations of the objects of the war and of the conduct of the officers and soldiers of the Republic, this, the most startling evidence of their insincerity and inhumanity, deserves some notice at our hands.

History will be examined in vain for a parallel to this rebellion against a good government. Long prepared for by ambitious men, who were made doubly confident of success by the aid and

counsel of former administrations, and by the belief that their plans were unobserved by a magnanimous people, they precipitated the war at a moment when the general Administration had just been changed, under circumstances of astounding perfidy. Without a single reasonable ground of complaint, and in the face of repeated manifestations of moderation and peace on the part of the President and his friends, they took up arms and declared that they would never surrender until their rebellion had been recognised, or the institutions established by our fathers had been destroyed. The people of the loyal States, at last convinced that they could preserve their liberties only by an appeal to the God of battles, rushed to the standard of the Republic in response to the call of the Chief Magistrate.

Every step of this monstrous treason has been marked by violence and crime. No transgression has been too great and no wrong too startling for its leaders. They disregarded the sanctity of the oaths they had taken to support the Constitution; they repudiated all their obligations to the people of the free States; they deceived and betrayed their own fellow-citizens, and crowded their armies with forced levies; they drove from their midst all who would not yield to their despotism, or filled their prisons with men who would not enlist under their flag. They have now crowned the rebellion by the perpetration of deeds scarcely known even to savage warfare.

The investigations of your committee have established this fact beyond controversy. The witnesses called before us were men of undoubted veracity and character. Some of them occupy high positions in the army, and others high positions in civil life. Differing in political sentiments, their evidence presents a remarkable concurrence of opinion and of judgment.

Our fellow-countrymen, heretofore sufficiently impressed by the generosity and forbearance of the Government of the United States, and the barbarous character of the crusade against it, will be shocked by the statements of these unimpeached and unimpeachable witnesses, and foreign nations must, with one accord, however they have hesitated heretofore, consign to lasting odium the authors of crimes which, in all their details, exceed the worst excesses of the Sepoys of India.

Inhumanity to the living has been the leading trait of the rebel leaders, but it was reserved for your committee to disclose, as a concerted system, their insults to the wounded, and their mutilation and desecration of the gallant dead. Our soldiers taken prisoners in honorable battle have been subjected to the most shameful treatment.

All the considerations that inspire chivalric emotions and generous consideration for brave men have been disregarded. It is almost beyond belief that the men fighting in such a cause as ours, and sustained by a Government which in the midst of violence and treachery has given repeated evidences of its indulgence, should have been subjected to treatment never before resorted to by one foreign nation in a conflict with another.

All the courtesies of professional and civil life seem to have been discarded.

Gen. Beauregard himself, who, on a very recent occasion, boasted that he had been controlled by humane feelings, after the battle of Bull Run coolly proposed to hold Gen. Ricketts as a hostage for one of the murderous privateers, and the rebel surgeons disdained intercourse and communication with our own surgeons, taken in honorable battle. The outrages upon the dead will revive the recollections of the cruelties to which savage tribes subject their prisoners. They were buried in many cases naked, with their faces downward. They were left to decay in the open air, their bones carried off as trophies sometimes, as the testimony proves, to be used as personal adornments, and one witness deliberately avers that the head of one of our most gallant officers was cut off by a secessionist, to be turned into a drinking-cup on the occasion of his marriage. Monstrous as this revelation may appear to be, your committee have been informed that during the last two weeks the skull of a Union soldier has been exhibited in the office of the Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives, which had been converted to such a purpose, and which had been found on the person of one of the rebel prisoners taken in a recent conflict. The testimony of Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, is most interesting. It confirms the worst reports against the rebel soldiers, and conclusively proves that the body of one of the bravest officers in the volunteer service was burned. He does not hesitate to add that this hyena desecration of the honored corpse was because the rebels believed it to be the body of Col. Slocum, against whom they were infuriated for having displayed so much courage and chivalry in forcing his regiment fearlessly and bravely upon them. These disclosures, establishing, as they incontestably do, the consistent inhumanity of the rebel leaders, will be read with sorrow and indignation by the people of the loyal States. They should inspire these people to renewed exertions to protect our country from the restoration to power of such men. They should, and we believe they will, arouse the disgust and horror of foreign nations against this unholy rebellion.

Let it be ours to furnish, nevertheless, a continued contrast to such barbarities and crimes. Let us persevere in the good work of maintaining the authority of the Constitution, and of refusing to imitate the monstrous practices we have been called upon to investigate.

Your committee beg to say, in conclusion, that they have not yet been enabled to gather testimony in regard to the additional inquiry suggested by the resolution of the Senate, whether Indian savages have been employed by the rebels in military service against the Government of the United States, and how such warfare has been conducted by the said savages, but that they have taken the proper steps to attend to this important duty.

B. F. WADE,

Chairman

POETRY AND INCIDENTS.

THE NATION'S NEW YEAR.

BY JOHN J. PIATT.

THE air takes voices; from the past they rise;
They haunt your sleep—you waken with their cries.
For many a bard's and many a warrior's grave
The imploring hand and voice are lifted, "Save!"
The world is old, and Hope has struggled long;
The patriot's death, the poet's prophet-song,
In vain the world their nobler sense have given,
If the last star a meteor—was in heaven!
In vain blind eyes have seen, great hearts have beat
Consoling victories over old defeat;
In vain have Freedom's martyrs gone to rest,
Smiling from flames, and, dying, whispered, "West."
In vain your great assembled Congress there,
With the proud scroll in Memory's Sabbath air;
In vain the battle-bloom which wreathes the Past,
That tried men's souls, and found the gleam at last;
In vain the starlit banner of the world
To the wide winds and for all men unfurled;
In vain were Bunker Hill and Concord Plain,
And Yorktown Heights—and Washington in vain,
If the Great Constellation's bond be riven,
And all the Pleiad sisters fall from heaven!
Lo! in the East an awful dream; and lo!
Like a weird painting o'er the life below,
Solemn and calm, with silence in their eyes,
"Congress assembled"—watchers from yon skies!
Above the storm, serene with high reproof,
Sorrow, not anger—silence, shame, and love!
Lo! from your sacred places rise the grand
And haloed guardians of your hallowed land,
Wherever lying, dust in earth, but yet
Voices in council men may ne'er forget.
Webster's calm looks the waves of discord sun;
Words broken rise, "*Now and for ever, one!*"
And over Ashland's folded sod forever
A spirit rises, "*Never! never! never!*"

A year ago were writ these pleading words,
While the black skies throbbed full of prophet-birds,
And (wraths world-old, whose maws have no remorse)
Grim vultures wheeling for a nation's corse.
These words, a year ago, I could but deem
The haunting memory of some waking dream.
The year has gone, and God's horizon still
Flames with the unread mystery of his will.
A year has gone; lo! all the winter nights
Crimson around with waiting battle-lights!

VOL. IV.—POETRY 1

About the Christmas hearths vague shadows came;
Close mists of sorrow damp the sparkling flame
For many a household missed its dearest head,
And many a Rachel mourned her children dead;
Our people, looking in the embers low,
Familiar with the ashes, talked with woe.
The angels' song that hailed the mystic birth,
"Glory to God, peace and good-will on earth,"
Though echoed, and the burthen of a prayer,
Weighed the heart's wings, and hope seemed half de-
spair,
Till Christ, perchance, on his dear mission came
Into the fireside's saddened ring of flame,
And soothed the mourners with his whispering,
"Man's cause is mine! Peace and the Sword I
bring."

To-day, flushed morn of greetings, Memory's hands
Warm with new blood, and gathered household bands
Radiant with home's gentle atmosphere—
Muffle the bells that rock the cradled year!
We may not gladden the old holiday
With mirthful words and fancies brightly gay.
'Tis not for Time, and what Time takes, we grieve,
But for the shadows that his pinions leave.
Rise from thy coffin, Eighteen Sixty-One!
Rise from our hearts, with every sunken sun!
Rise with thy awful spirits, Death's and thine,
And sweep the stage like Banquo's ghostly line,
That we, the long procession hushing through,
In camp and cot may hold our still review.
—Nay! rather in thy deep sepulchre lie
Wrapped in the costliest robes of History,
Praised by the poet till the world shall end,
The Year of Man, and Freedom's dearest friend!
For though we trembled at thy coming, and
Felt a great earthquake's footsteps walk the land—
Our land, and man's—'twas God's own footfall broke
Deaf slumbers, on our threshold, and we woke!
We woke, at last! nor woke to hear "Too Late,"
The awful monosyllables of Fate;
We heard thee, Year, a warrior armed for strife,
"I am thy Resurrection and thy Life;"
Then saw thee, a fierce sower, go abroad,
"In bloody furrows drop the seed of God."
Not when of old the dragon's teeth were sown
For armed men, was swifter harvest grown.
They rose, the Men! one-voiced, one-hearted, one
In a great lighted purpose, like a sun
Of Right in every soul, on every face.
"Who guards our Union, guards the human race!"

The ice grew fire, and left the mountain's crown,
When April's echoes shook the avalanche down.
The awful marches of the People came
Like the volcano's leaping ranks of flame.
They rose, the hot Defenders, swift and strong,
From nightmare dreams that kissed them down so
long;

One with a myriad hearts and myriad feet,
From field and fireside, lane and thronged street!
The battle-fires were leaping up as one,
When Baltimore reëchoed Lexington!
—Kentucky! though unnerved thy mighty hand,
Till in thy breast had warmed the traitor band,
Thank God! the serpent nursed and nourished there,
Timely thrust forth to bite the winter air,
Poisons no more where it would fain have fed,
And hisses harmless wrath till trampled dead.
Thank God, though late, the righteous cause is thine,
Ready to drink thy cup like festal wine.

Thank God, however dark thy day be found,
Patriots shall sow with flowers the Bloody Ground.
Thank God, for Breckinridge and Buckner's shame;
Crittenden speaks, and Rousseau's sword's aflame;
(And, Prentice!—blame your newsboy!—by the
Eternal,

You take the War Department of—the Journal!)
Lo! where they stand, the impious-hearted ones,
Who dare to call themselves Kentucky's sons!
No! the old Mother knows them not; she knows
Her household shame, her fireside's fiercest foes.
Her curse is on them—lo! the Mother saith,
“Scatter my chaff before the cannon's breath!”
—Therefore, O Year, within thy coffin lie,
Wrapped in the costliest robes of History;
Thy soul shall rise in many an after sun,
And Freedom's saviour shall be Sixty-One!

Oh, thou New Shadow of Old Time, we meet
Thee not, embracing on old thresholds sweet;
We meet thee not, as yonder Year we met,
Suppliant, but sentinel with the bayonet.
Time is best friend of those who use him best,
Therefore we do not fear thee, welcome guest.
Thou hearest, here, no words of trembling prayer,
To demon-bands our dearest bonds to spare;
Thou knowest but our righteous will, their doom;
Thou find'st us waiting for the battle-gloom.
The crimson altar of a people burns,
And for the fire, the impatient offering yearns.
What though the mother gives her dearest son;
Though leaves the loving, the beloved one;
Though the wife lingers by the embers' glow,
Or weeps, a widow, in the ashes low;
Though the bare orphan, in the market-place,
Moans at the winter demon's hungry face;
Though the hushed sun, arising flushed and red,
Finds death upon his crimson battle-bed—
Open, dumb cannon-lips, and speak your thought:
“When God remembers man, be men forgot.”

O God, remember! Let our battle be
True to mankind, and therefore true to Thee!
If 'tis no selfish hate or pride that now
Flames in the heart and frowns upon the brow;
If the Great Sacrifice our Land shall give
Through thy red Priest, be that our Land shall live
Worthier, remember us. Our lips are dumb,
Unless strong faith, thy word of life, may come.
O give us faith to feel our cause is just,
In thy own breath, the Right, our right hands trust.
O give us strength to fight the battle through;

The victory thine, our blood the crimson dew;
Let the great wrath which stains the skies above,
Be but the dawning of the Day of Love;
And may this year our Nation's New Year be,
With light for man, and endless praise for Thee!

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

O GOD OF BATTLES! by whose hand,
Uplifted to protect the right,
Are led the armies of our land,
To be triumphant in the fight;
Without whose smile, the solemn Night,
Which now in shadow veils the sky,
Would never yield to Morning light,
Bend down and hear thy people's cry.

Bend from thy heaven of heavens, and see
A nation, which had grown so great
That, drawing off their hearts from thee,
They worshipped fortune, fame, and fate,
And called upon thy name too late.
Thy righteous anger we deplore;
Oh, look upon their hapless state,
And be our sure defence, once more.

Be thou, who wast our fathers' God,
Our own reliance, strength, and stay;
And let the sacred path they trod
Still be their children's chosen way,
Illumined by that glorious ray
Which guided through the desert drear,
A fire at night, a cloud by day,
For many a sad, despairing year.

O thou, whose smiling face appears
At last behind war's awful frown,
The tribute of our grateful tears,
Like rain in Summer falling down,
Accept, and let thy mercy crown
This contest, holy in thy sight;
And thine be all the vast renown,
And ours the victory of Right.

New York, Nov. 28, 1861.

OUR CHIEF.

An old man sits in his old oak chair—
Full seventy years have crossed the line,
Deep ploughed on his ample brow by care,
Where torrid and temperate zones combine:
Through years, through care, from first to last,
The flag of his country he nails to the mast.

His eye glances over the map of the world—
For the moment, the war-cry in Europe is stilled;
While the dark crimson banner at home is unfurled,
And the States, disunited, with discord are filled:
The patriot mourns—but, still true to the last,
The flag of his country he nails to the mast.

The Stars and the Stripes are in danger to-day!
Carolina's secession the world fills with dread—
But the chieftain laments with a deeper dismay;
For his own native State lies like one of the dead!
Virginia, the mother of States and of men,
To the music she taught us will ne'er march again!

We will fight for our flag with that chieftain commanding—

The Southrons are false to the red, white, and blue—
The "bow in the cloud" that our fathers left standing,

We swear to preserve it—mast, pennon, and hue!
Mid Sinai's deep thunders its colors were blended—
With those thunders alone shall its glories be ended!

The bonnets of blue to the pibroch will rally—

The fader-land utters its deep-stirring cry—

Green Erin!—oh when, to the tip of shilaly,

Was Erin e'er wanting when battle was nigh?

The blue lilies shake—not with fear—and they may yet

Give to treason the lesson once taught by Fayette!

The gauntlet we fling when we fain would unglove—

We have shoulder to shoulder in battle once stood—

Not lost to our hearts the old national love,

When a Sumter poured forth for his country his blood:

That name, if we take, we but keep to restore,

Undimmed, when our brothers' short madness is o'er.

We are Saxon—we cling to the land we inherit;

We are Norman—we cling to the lands we have won;

For their pet, Annexation, we claim not the merit!

But, tho' crooked the bow, straight the arrow went on:

They may work at the warp—at the woof—at their will;

But a weaver too mighty is mocking their skill.

Then up with the thistle—the shamrock—the lilies—

The tri-color gathers the nations in one!—

Each patriot, armed with the strength of Achilles,

Will strike for the flag that floats nearest the sun!

Mid Sinai's deep thunders its colors were blended—

With those thunders alone shall its glories be ended!

—*Home Journal.*

THE GEORGETOWN BATTLE.

I had a dream the other night,

When sleeping snug and nice:

I thought I saw an awful fight

Between our folks and PRICE

With pen and paper in my hand,

Near Georgetown, there I stood;

I never had described a fight,

But thought I quickly should.

I saw an army from the West,

On stolen horses come—

Just then I heard from our side

The fife, the horn, and drum.

I turned and saw the music man,

But not a word was said;

He had a stick within his hand,

A *bearskin* on his head.

He waved his wand and gave a wink—

A thousand horns were tooting;

I recollect it made me think

They'd better all been shooting.

I looked to see the horsemen come,

And saw their horses prance;

It seemed the horns, and pans, and drums,

Prevented their advance.

Just then I heard an awful crash—

Ten thousand shells were flying,

And many a man and stolen horse

Were bleeding, limping, dying.

I heard the Rebel General say,

"This place is rather *shelly*:"

I feel just like I did that day—

The pains were in my ———."

I thought about the Booneville fight—

Thought this a noble omen;

Just then I heard the General scream—

"You must not shoot a woman."

I turned to see what he could mean—

My place was nice and shady;

No stranger sight was ever seen—

Our General was a lady!

I saw her on a splendid coach,

By four white horses drawn;

But ere she made a close approach,

The Rebels all had gone.

Just then I saw a Chief in sight,

With firm and steady gait,

And knew that *he* would end the fight,

If PRICE would only wait.

Ere now, his train, and staff, and guard,

Would have surrounded PRICE,

Had they not had to toil so hard

With bergs of rolling ice!

I thought a shower struck my head

From an iceberg streaming;

I 'woke, all shivering in my bed,

And found I had been dreaming.

—*St. Louis Ev'g News, Oct. 15.*

THE WATCHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beside a stricken field I stood;

On the torn turf, on grass, on wood,

Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain;

But all the air was quick with pain,

And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head,

And folded wings, and noiseless tread,

Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland,

And lips of blessing, not command,

Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit;

His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,

His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of Peace,
 "Is there no respite?—no release?—
 When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?"

"Oh Lord, how long!—One human soul
 Is more than any parchment scroll,
 Or any flag the winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
 How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?
 Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?"

"Oh brother! if thine eye can see,
 Tell how and when the end shall be—
 What hope remains for thee or me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
 No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
 When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock;
 I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock;
 I walked with Sydney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread;
 Through Jersey snows the march I led;
 My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,
 I watch a vague and aimless fight
 For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
 One guards through love his ghastly throne,
 And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed
 By open foes, or those afraid
 To speed thy coming through my aid?"

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—
 I shake the dust against them all;
 I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;
 The doom is near, the stake is great;
 God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare
 Where I, with folded wings of prayer,
 May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied;
 "Too late!" its mournful echo sighed;
 In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
 An upward gleam of lessening white,
 So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
 Hung down the listening sky to tell
 Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
 Must fall, the wine-press must be trod;
 But all is possible with God!"

—Independent.

JONATHAN TO JOHN.

A YANKEE IDYL.

It don't seem hardly right, John,
 When both my hands was full,
 To stump me to a fight, John—
 Your cousin, tu, John Bull!
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 We know it now," sez he;
 "The lion's paw is all the law,
 Accordin' to J. B.,
 Thet's fit for you an' me!"

Blood ain't so cool as ink, John:
 It's likely you'd ha' wrote,
 An' stopped a spell to think, John,
 Arter they'd cut your throat!
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 He'd skurce ha' stopped," sez he,
 "To mind his p's and q's ef that weasan'
 Hed b'longed to ole J. B.,
 Instid o' you an' me!"

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
 On *your* front-parlor stairs,
 Would it jest meet your views, John,
 To wait an' sue their heirs?
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 I on'y guess," sez he,
 "Thet, ef Vattell on *his* toes fell,
 'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,
 Ez wall ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads, I win—ditto, tails?
 "J. B." was on his shirts, John,
 Unless my memory fails.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 (I'm good at thet,)" sez he,
 "Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
 For ganders with J. B.,
 No more than you or me!"

When your rights was our wrong, John,
 You didn't stop for fuss:
 Brittany's trident-prongs, John,
 Was good 'nough law for us.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Though physic's good," sez he,
 "It doesn't foller that he can swaller
 Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
 Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:
 You mustn't take it hard
 Ef we can't think with you, John,
 It's jest your own back-yard.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,
 "The fencin'-stuff'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
 Of honor, when it meant
 You didn't care a fig, John,
 But just for *ten per cent.*?
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 He's like the rest," sez he:
 "When all is done, its number one
 Thet's nearest to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Coz Abram thought 'twas right;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
It is a fact," sez he—
"The surest plan to make a man
Is, Think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 'twould win applause, John,
Ef nowhere else, from you.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now, which is your idee?

Ole Uncle S. says he, "I guess
John preaches wal," sez he;
"But, sermon thru, an' cum to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love or hate, John?
It's you thet's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men forgive," sez he,
"But not forget; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long; an' thet J. B.
May learn like you an' me!"

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE MASON AND SLIDELL CASE.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Bigelow, of the "Bigelow Papers."

Goin' abroad to sell yer country,
Was you, Gentlemen? Do tell!
Got tripped up afore you done it;—
My! 'Twas something of a "Sell."
Folks that do sich dirty business,
Travelin' on the devil's route,
O'rt to ask theirselves the question,
"Does your mother know you're out?"

Reckon we're a *leetle* smarter
Than they took us for afore;
Anyhow, my boys, we've nabbed 'em!
Show 'em in an' shet the door.
'Tis n't jest the kind o' quarters
They'd 'ave chose, I tell you what;
Never mind, they're very welcome;
Jest as lives they'd stay as not.

Give 'em bread and water plenty,
May be it 'ill bring 'em round;
'Taint the beverage they're used to
Where they come from, I'll be bound.
Should'nt wonder if they're homesick;
Folks are apt to be, but still,
They've a mighty pleasant prospect,
Lookin' out on Bunker Hill.

Wonder ef it ever strikes 'em
How their Fathers fought an' bled
Settin' up the glorious Union
They're a knockin' in the head.
Reckon 't must be quite refreshin',
Layin' wide awake o' nights,
Callin' back them grand old struggles,
Them old Revolution Fights.

Well, they say the world's progressin';
May be 'tis,—but ain't it queer,
While old Bunker Hill is standin',
We should have sich doins here?—
Rebels fightin' 'gainst their country,
Traitors crossing ocean's wave,
All to damn the blessed Union
That their Fathers died to save!

I'm not over-cute in guessin',
But I reckon I can tell
Pretty nigh the bone you're after,
Messrs. Mason and Slidell.
It's "no go," depend upon it.
You ca'n't come it quite—cause why?
We're as wide awake as you are;
Guess you'll learn it, by an' by.

Stranger, when yer suit of homespun
With its Yankee buttons blazed,*
Didn't think you'd come to this now,
Did you? ain't you some amazed?
Well, things do turn out the cutest,
And, for one, I'm mighty glad
Jest to welcome ye to Boston,
And, for two, you're mighty mad!

* Mr. M., it is said, has worn for a year or two past, "a coarse suit of gray clothing, claimed to be home-spun in Virginia, as indicative of his extreme Southern views, but which was covered all over with Connecticut buttons."

The ice grew fire, and left the mountain's crown,
When April's echoes shook the avalanche down.
The awful marches of the People came
Like the volcano's leaping ranks of flame.
They rose, the hot Defenders, swift and strong,
From nightmare dreams that kissed them down so
long;

One with a myriad hearts and myriad feet,
From field and fireside, lane and thronged street!
The battle-fires were leaping up as one,
When Baltimore reëchoed Lexington!
—Kentucky! though unnerved thy mighty hand,
Till in thy breast had warmed the traitor band,
Thank God! the serpent nursed and nourished there,
Timely thrust forth to bite the winter air,
Poisons no more where it would fain have fed,
And hisses harmless wrath till trampled dead.
Thank God, though late, the righteous cause is thine,
Ready to drink thy cup like festal wine.
Thank God, however dark thy day be found,
Patriots shall sow with flowers the Bloody Ground.
Thank God, for Breckinridge and Buckner's shame;
Crittenden speaks, and Rousseau's sword's aflame;
(And, Prentice!—blame your newsboy!—by the
Eternal,

You take the War Department of—the Journal!)
Lo! where they stand, the impious-hearted ones,
Who dare to call themselves Kentucky's sons!
No! the old Mother knows them not; she knows
Her household shame, her fireside's fiercest foes.
Her curse is on them—lo! the Mother saith,
“Scatter my chaff before the cannon's breath!”
—Therefore, O Year, within thy coffin lie,
Wrapped in the costliest robes of History;
Thy soul shall rise in many an after sun,
And Freedom's saviour shall be Sixty-One!

Oh, thou New Shadow of Old Time, we meet
Thee not, embracing on old thresholds sweet;
We meet thee not, as yonder Year we met,
Suppliant, but sentinel with the bayonet.
Time is best friend of those who use him best,
Therefore we do not fear thee, welcome guest.
Thou hearest, here, no words of trembling prayer,
To demon-bands our dearest bonds to spare;
Thou knowest but our righteous will, their doom;
Thou find'st us waiting for the battle-gloom.
The crimson altar of a people burns,
And for the fire, the impatient offering yearns.
What though the mother gives her dearest son;
Though leaves the loving, the beloved one;
Though the wife lingers by the embers' glow,
Or weeps, a widow, in the ashes low;
Though the bare orphan, in the market-place,
Moans at the winter demon's hungry face;
Though the hushed sun, arising flushed and red,
Finds death upon his crimson battle-bed—
Open, dumb cannon-lips, and speak your thought:
“When God remembers man, be men forgot.”

O God, remember! Let our battle be
True to mankind, and therefore true to Thee!
If 'tis no selfish hate or pride that now
Flames in the heart and frowns upon the brow;
If the Great Sacrifice our Land shall give
Through thy red Priest, be that our Land shall live
Worthier, remember us. Our lips are dumb,
Unless strong faith, thy word of life, may come.
O give us faith to feel our cause is just,
In thy own breath, the Right, our right hands trust.
O give us strength to fight the battle through;

The victory thine, our blood the crimson dew;
Let the great wrath which stains the skies above,
Be but the dawning of the Day of Love;
And may this year our Nation's New Year be,
With light for man, and endless praise for Thee!

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

O GOD OF BATTLES! by whose hand,
Uplifted to protect the right,
Are led the armies of our land,
To be triumphant in the fight;
Without whose smile, the solemn Night,
Which now in shadow veils the sky,
Would never yield to Morning light,
Bend down and hear thy people's cry.

Bend from thy heaven of heavens, and see
A nation, which had grown so great
That, drawing off their hearts from thee,
They worshipped fortune, fame, and fate,
And called upon thy name too late.
Thy righteous anger we deplore;
Oh, look upon their hapless state,
And be our sure defence, once more.

Be thou, who wast our fathers' God,
Our own reliance, strength, and stay;
And let the sacred path they trod
Still be their children's chosen way,
Illumined by that glorious ray
Which guided through the desert drear,
A fire at night, a cloud by day,
For many a sad, despairing year.

O thou, whose smiling face appears
At last behind war's awful frown,
The tribute of our grateful tears,
Like rain in Summer falling down,
Accept, and let thy mercy crown
This contest, holy in thy sight;
And thine be all the vast renown,
And ours the victory of Right.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28, 1861.

OUR CHIEF.

An old man sits in his old oak chair—
Full seventy years have crossed the line,
Deep ploughed on his ample brow by care,
Where torrid and temperate zones combine:
Through years, through care, from first to last,
The flag of his country he nails to the mast.

His eye glances over the map of the world—
For the moment, the war-cry in Europe is stilled;
While the dark crimson banner at home is unfurled,
And the States, disunited, with discord are filled:
The patriot mourns—but, still true to the last,
The flag of his country he nails to the mast.

The Stars and the Stripes are in danger to-day!
Carolina's secession the world fills with dread—
But the chieftain laments with a deeper dismay;
For his own native State lies like one of the dead!
Virginia, the mother of States and of men,
To the music she taught us will ne'er march again!

We will fight for our flag with that chieftain commanding—

The Southrons are false to the red, white, and blue—
The "bow in the cloud" that our fathers left standing,

We swear to preserve it—mast, pennon, and hue!
Mid Sinai's deep thunders its colors were blended—
With those thunders alone shall its glories be ended!

The bonnets of blue to the pibroch will rally—

The fader-land utters its deep-stirring cry—

Green Erin!—oh when, to the tip of shilaly,

Was Erin e'er wanting when battle was nigh?

The blue lilies shake—not with fear—and they may yet

Give to treason the lesson once taught by Fayette!

The gauntlet we fling when we fain would unglove—

We have shoulder to shoulder in battle once stood—

Not lost to our hearts the old national love,

When a Sumter poured forth for his country his blood:

That name, if we take, we but keep to restore,

Undimmed, when our brothers' short madness is o'er.

We are Saxon—we cling to the land we inherit;

We are Norman—we cling to the lands we have won;

For their pet, Annexation, we claim not the merit!

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They may work at the warp—at the woof—at their will;

But a weaver too mighty is mocking their skill.

Then up with the thistle—the shamrock—the lilies—

The tri-color gathers the nations in one!—

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Prevented their advance.

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And many a man and stolen horse

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I heard the Rebel General say,

"This place is rather *shelly*:"

I feel just like I did that day—

The pains were in my ———."

I thought about the Booneville fight—

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"You must not shoot a woman."

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By four white horses drawn;

But ere she made a close approach,

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With firm and steady gait,

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If PRICE would only wait.

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From an iceberg streaming;

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THE WATCHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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 Britanny's trident-prongs, John,
 Was good 'nough law for us.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Though physic's good," sez he,
 "It doesn't foller that he can swaller
 Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
 Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:

You mustn't take it hard
 Ef we can't think with you, John,
 It's jest your own back-yard.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,
 "The fencin'-stuff'll cost enough
 To bust up friend J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so dreffle big, John,

Of honor, when it meant
 You didn't care a fig, John,
 But just for *ten per cent.*?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 He's like the rest," sez he:
 "When all is done, its number one
 Thet's nearest to J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Coz Abram thought 'twas right;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
It is a fact," sez he—
"The surest plan to make a man
Is, Think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 'twould win applause, John,
Ef nowhere else, from you.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now, which is your idee?

Ole Uncle S. says he, "I guess
John preaches wal," sez he;
"But, sermon thru, an' cum to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love or hate, John?

It's you thet's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men forgive," sez he,
"But not forget; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long; an' thet J. B.
May learn like you an' me!"

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE MASON AND SLIDELL CASE.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Bigelow, of the "*Bigelow Papers*."

Goin' abroad to sell yer country,
Was you, Gentlemen? Do tell!
Got tripped up afore you done it;—
My! 'Twas something of a "Sell."
Folks that do sich dirty business,
Travelin' on the devil's route,
O'rt to ask theirselves the question,
"Does your mother know you're out?"

Reckon we're a *leetle* smarter
Than they took us for afore;
Anyhow, my boys, we've nabbed 'em!
Show 'em in an' shet the door.
'Tis n't jest the kind o' quarters
They'd 'ave chose, I tell you what;
Never mind, they're very welcome;
Jest as lives they'd stay as not.

Give 'em bread and water plenty,
May be it 'ill bring 'em round;
'Taint the beverage they're used to
Where they come from, I'll be bound.
Shouldn't wonder if they're homesick;
Folks are apt to be, but still,
They've a mighty pleasant prospect,
Lookin' out on Bunker Hill.

Wonder ef it ever strikes 'em
How their Fathers fought an' bled
Settin' up the glorious Union
They're a knockin' in the head.
Reckon 't must be quite refreshin',
Layin' wide awake o' nights,
Callin' back them grand old struggles,
Them old Revolution Fights.

Well, they say the world's progressin';
May be 'tis,—but ain't it queer,
While old Bunker Hill is standin',
We should have sich doins here?—
Rebels fightin' 'gainst their country,
Traitors crossing ocean's wave,
All to damn the blessed Union
That their Fathers died to save!

I'm not over-cute in guessin',
But I reckon I can tell
Pretty nigh the bone you're after,
Messrs. Mason and Slidell.
It's "no go," depend upon it.
You ca'n't come it quite—cause why?
We're as wide awake as you are;
Guess you'll learn it, by an' by.

Stranger, when yer suit of homespun
With its Yankee buttons blazed,*
Didn't think you'd come to this now,
Did you? ain't you some amazed?
Well, things do turn out the cutest,
And, for one, I'm mighty glad
Jest to welcome ye to Boston,
And, for two, you're mighty mad!

* Mr. M., it is said, has worn for a year or two past, "a coarse suit of gray clothing, claimed to be home-spun in Virginia, as indicative of his extreme Southern views, but which was covered all over with Connecticut buttons."

Never mind, my boys, we've got 'em,
 And I take it 'tis a sign
 Of the blessed Futur' comin',
 Only stand and toe the line.
 Their "Peculiar Institution,"
 Knock it into *pi*, and see
 What a mighty power and plucky,
 Lays in those two words, "BE FREE!"

Mr. President, your pardon,
 But to me it's plaguy clear,
 Ef we'd meet 'em with that weapon,
 It would settle all this 'ere.
 'Taint no use to treat 'em tender;
 Pitch right into 'em, I say,
 Ef they call their black folks cattle,
 Confiscate 'em, right away!

That's the talk; it's no use wastin'
 Words to prove the tother side;
 God Almighty's in the business,
 Ef we shirk it He'll decide.
 And I tell you what, my hearties,
 When He takes the matter up,
 Whatsoever draught we mingle,
 You and I must drink the cup.
 —Salem Register.

PROJECTILES FIRED AT PORT ROYAL.—The ordnance report received by the Navy Department from the fleet at Port Royal, shows the following to have been the quantity of powder and projectiles expended in the capture of the works on Hilton Head and Bay Point: 22,980 pounds of cannon powder, 300 11-inch shells, 54 10-inch shells, 568 9-inch shells, 701 8-inch shells, 704 32-pound shells, 128 80-pound Dahlgren rifle projectiles, 52 12-pound Dahlgren howitzer projectiles, 66 80-pound Parrott projectiles, 205 20-pound Parrott projectiles, 2 68-pound solid shot, 75 32-pound solid shot.

TAKEN BY THE PIRATES.

The following letter is from a young Scotchman, who married a wife, and set sail from New York early in October for Cardenas; the vessel was taken by a rebel piratical craft, and the party had the pleasure of a visit to Charleston, S. C.:

MATANZAS, Nov. 11, 1861.

We sailed from New York on board the brig Betsy Ames, on Oct. 5th. In all we were six passengers, beside Mrs. Bartlett, the wife of the captain. We were bound for Cardenas, and all went well until the morning of the 17th ult., when we observed a schooner making right for us. There was nothing suspicious about her at first sight, but about 9 A. M., she fired at us, her shot falling short about a quarter of a mile. Captain Bartlett then ordered all sail to be made, but the breeze shortly after died away, and the now suspicious schooner made upon us, and fired another shot, which also fell a little short of our vessel. A third shot was fired, but we could not see in what direction it went. They fired a fourth shot, which passed close alongside our brig. This latter result caused our captain to take in sail and jog along more leisurely, till the schooner made up to us about twelve o'clock, M. Still, we could not tell what the little craft was, as she had no color flying.

When she came up to us the captain of the schooner ordered our captain to take one of his boats and

come on board with his papers, to which he responded, "My boats are unfit for service." The captain of the schooner then said, "I will come on board your brig, then," which he immediately did. He came in his own boat with an officer and four men, when the captain and his officer went down into the cabin with our captain, and took possession of all his papers, then told him that he was a prisoner of the Confederate States of America.

While the officers were in the cabin, the men who were left in the boat sprang on deck and into the forehold, from which they took two barrels of potatoes, about two dozen cabbages, and a coil of rope, and put them into their boat.

When the officers came up on deck again, they ordered our crew to the boat, and thence to the privateer, which proved to be the Flying Sally, of Charleston, on board of which there were about sixty men and two pivot-guns. In a short time a prize crew was sent on board, and as our captain had his wife, they did not transfer him.

The prize crew were seven in all. The master was an old cooper, named Joseph Tully, who used to cooper both at Mantanzas and Cardenas. He evidently knew nothing of seamanship.

About 2 o'clock we parted with the pirate schooner, and nothing particular occurred until the 24th, at daybreak, when we made land, but did not know where we were. Some of the crew said we were north of Charleston; but, as it turned out, we were south of North Edisto, where we ran aground and lost our false keel, but got off again, and went to sea. On the following day we saw no land, and on the evening of the 27th we made the land of St. Helena, almost the exact place where we were on the 25th. After tacking off and on all night, we were still in the same place. Then we beat up to the North Edisto Inlet.

While beating up we espied a schooner, which fact caused the crew to take alarm, and, to a man, they rushed below, armed themselves with their swords, knives and pistols, bagged their clothing and a few little valuables, then prepared for the boats, as they intended to beach the brig. They were apprehensive that the vessel sighted was a United States gunboat. When they came on deck, however, and took another observation, they discovered that it was only a little schooner. Then we made the inlet, when a boat's crew, armed to the teeth, came on board, and piloted us up to the anchorage, about 40 miles inland. There they discharged their prizes, and the vessels were towed up to Charleston by tow-boats.

We arrived at Charleston at about 3 o'clock P. M. on the 27th. Next morning the steamer General Clinch took us on board with our baggage. I may also state that the steamer Planter towed us up to this safe "pirates' village ground."

When we got into Charleston the prize captain took us to a private boarding-house, his agent having closed his office previous to our arrival.

Next morning we strolled about the city, and called upon the British Consul, who told us, strange as it may seem, that he could render us no assistance, as we had done wrong in taking our passage on board an Americal vessel, knowing that the *two countries* were at war, therefore, if the owners of the prize had the good feeling to pay our expenses it was only to be expected from their generous character, but they could not be forced to do so. About 12 o'clock we were called upon to go to the marshal's office, and when we got there the marshal told us that we were

prisoners. We were then sent to the city jail. The Captain's wife and the other lady of our company did not accompany us to the jail. We remained in this limbo till half-past eight o'clock P. M. having been released at that time through the exertions of Her British Majesty's Consul, Mr. Bunce, who had been induced to act then only because an old English captain who saw us in prison went to him and prevailed upon him to use his influence in our behalf.

The next day we looked round to see if we could devise any means of getting away. The Spanish Consul informed us that the only schooner which was going for some time had been loaded and had sailed already for Matanzas. However, we had the good fortune to meet Mr. Salas, the owner of two vessels which were ready for sea, and it appeared that Mr. Bunce had been to him to endeavor to procure us a passage; and as he could not assist us, Mr. Salas offered to take us to Matanzas on credit. That arrangement included the other British passengers, my wife, and myself. The other three passengers were Germans, having American passports, and could not be taken on board the schooner Jasper. The crew on board this craft declared her unseaworthy, after getting their advanced pay, and left. Mr. Salas had therefore to ship another crew, and we got ready for sea. As the bark Rowena was getting her name changed to the St. Helena of Charleston, S. C., having been loaded with a cargo of naval stores, awaiting a favorable opportunity to run the blockade, we waited and went out with her. So, on the night of the 2d inst., she was taken in tow by a steamer, and we followed her as closely as we could out past the United States vessels, and in half an hour were after her, and could see the lights of the United States ships quite distinctly, although none of them seemed to make any movement, and did not observe us. It was about ten o'clock P. M. when we got clear of their lights. Then we thought ourselves safe on the sea once more. We arrived here safely on the night of Saturday, the 9th inst.

And now when I think of the scenes I have passed through since I left New York, (the scenes of a honeymoon excursion,) what impressed me most was the almost death-like solemn appearance of Charleston, and the entire absence of any thing like business. It appeared as if a Scotch fast-day was being observed. At least one-half of the stores have "To Let" posted upon the shut doors, and those which are occupied are all closed at noon every day, and every man has to turn out to drill, or be fined by the police the next day.

Another thing which struck me was the almost entire absence of "hard cash." One of my companions and I went into a bar-room to have a drink, and the only money we had to offer was Spanish. My friend offered a two dollar piece, but the bar-keeper was bewildered; he did not know its value, and asked us what it was worth. Being informed that it was worth two dollars twelve and a half cents in Cuba, he offered two dollars twenty-five cents in paper change. Then a crowd gathered around us, staring their eyes out of their heads, almost, at the novelty of the sight of gold, and many of them seemed really anxious to be the possessors. We saw no small change except pieces of paper which certify that they are "good for five cents," "good for ten cents," and so on.

I must say that men, women, and children in Charleston seem united in the cause of secession. When they found that one of my fellow-passengers

and myself were Scotchmen, they treated us very respectfully. Though our Consul did not at first seem to sympathize with us, still he exerted himself well on our behalf when he found that we were in prison. All seemed to have great respect for him in Charleston.

A PROPHECY.—The following, translated a few years since by a lady, who is an inmate of a religious institution in the vicinity of Washington, has a peculiar interest at this time. The original is in Latin, and bears marks of great antiquity. It is said to have been written by a recluse, some centuries since:

"Before thirteen united
Shall be thrice what they are,
The eagle shall be blighted
By the lightning of war.

"When sixty is ended,
And one takes its place,
Then brothers offended
Shall deal mutual disgrace.

"If white remain white,
And black still be black,
Once more they'll unite
And bring happiness back.

"But whenever the Cross
Stands aloft 'mong the Stars
They shall gain by their loss,
And thus end all their wars."

—*Cincinnati Times*, Nov. 7.

SOUTHERN SEQUESTRATION.—Merchants and all other persons residing in Nansemond, Norfolk City, city of Portsmouth, Princess Anne, and Isle of Wright who owe debts to alien enemies, or have property of any kind in their possession, or under their control, belonging to any such alien enemies, and who have failed and neglected to make report thereof, are hereby notified that unless a report of the said debts and information of said property is rendered by them to the undersigned, Receiver of this District, on or before Saturday, the 30th (Nov.) inst., they will be reported as delinquents and subject to the fine of five thousand dollars imposed by law.

JOHN T. FRANCIS, Receiver.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

CHIVALROUS C. S. A.!

BY "B."

AIR—"Vive la Compagnie!"

I'll sing you a song of the South's sunny clime,
Chivalrous C. S. A.!
Which went to housekeeping once on a time;
Bully for C. S. A.!
Like heroes and princes they lived for awhile,
Chivalrous C. S. A.!
And routed the Hessians in most gallant style;
Bully for C. S. A.!

CHORUS—Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they!
Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they!
In C. S. A.! In C. S. A.!
Ay, in chivalrous C. S. A.!

They have a bold leader—Jeff. Davis his name—
 Chivalrous C. S. A. !
 Good generals and soldiers, all anxious for fame ;
 Bully for C. S. A. !
 At Manassas they met the North in its pride,
 Chivalrous C. S. A. !
 But they easily put McDowell aside ;
 Bully for C. S. A. !
 CHORUS—Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they ! &c.

Ministers to England and France, it appears,
 Have gone from the C. S. A. !
 Who've given the North many fleas in its ears ;
 Bully for C. S. A. !
 Reminders are being to Washington sent,
 By the chivalrous C. S. A. !
 That'll force Uncle Abe full soon to repent ;
 Bully for C. S. A. !
 CHORUS—Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they ! &c.

Oh, they have the finest of musical ears,
 Chivalrous C. S. A. !
 Yankee Doodle's too vulgar for them, it appears ;
 Bully for C. S. A. !
 The North may sing it and whistle it still,
 Miserable U. S. A. !
 Three cheers for the South !—now, boys, with a will !
 And groans for the U. S. A. !
 CHORUS—Chivalrous, chivalrous people are they ! &c.

THE DESPOT'S SONG.

BY "OLE SECESH."

With a beard that was filthy and red,
 His mouth with tobacco bespread,
 Abe Lincoln sat in the gay White House,
 A-wishing that he was dead.
 Swear ! swear ! swear !
 Till his tongue was blistered o'er ;
 Then, in a voice not very strong,
 He slowly whined the Despot's song :

Lie ! lie ! lie !
 I've lied like the very deuce !
 Lie ! lie ! lie !
 As long as lies were of use ;
 But now that lies no longer pay,
 I know not where to turn ;
 For when I the truth would say,
 My tongue with lies will burn !

Drink ! drink ! drink !
 Till my head feels very queer !
 Drink ! drink ! drink !
 Till I get rid of all fear !
 Brandy, and whiskey, and gin,
 Sherry, and champagne, and pop,
 I tipple, I guzzle, I suck 'em all in,
 Till down dead-drunk I drop.

Think ! think ! think !
 Till my head is very sore !
 Think ! think ! think !
 Till I couldn't think any more !
 And it's oh ! to be splitting of rails,
 Back in my Illinois hut ;
 For now that every thing fails,
 I would of my office be "shut !"

Jeff. ! Jeff. ! Jeff. !
 To you as a suppliant I kneel !
 Jeff. ! Jeff. ! Jeff. !
 If you could *my* horrors feel,
 You'd submit at discretion,
 And kindly give in
 To all my oppression,
 My weakness and sin !

SWEETHEARTS AND THE WAR.

Oh, dear ! it's shameful, I declare,
 To make the men all go
 And leave so many sweethearts here
 Without a single beau.
 We like to see them brave, 'tis true,
 And would not urge them stay ;
 But what are we poor girls to do
 When they are all away ?

We told them we could spare them there,
 Before they had to go ;
 But, bless their hearts, we weren't aware
 That we should miss them so.
 We miss them all, in many ways,
 But truth will ever out,
 The greatest thing we miss them for
 Is seeing us about.

On Sunday, when we go to church,
 We look in vain for some
 To meet us, smiling, on the porch,
 And ask to see us home.
 And then, we can't enjoy a walk
 Since all the beaux have gone,
 For what's the good, (to use plain talk,)
 If we must trudge alone ?

But what's the use of talking thus ?
 We'll try to be content ;
 And if they cannot come to us,
 A message may be sent.
 And that's one comfort, any way.
 For though we are apart,
 There is no reason why we may
 Not open heart to heart.

We trust it may soon come
 To a final test ;
 We want to see our Southern homes
 Secured in peaceful rest.
 But if the blood of those we love
 In freedom's cause must flow,
 With fervent trust in God above,
 We bid them onward go ;

And we will watch them as they go,
 And cheer them on their way ;
 Our arms shall be their resting-place
 When wounded sore they lay.
 Oh ! if the sons of Southern soil
 For Freedom's cause must die,
 Her daughters ask no dearer boon
 Than by their side to lie.

LITTLE EDDIE, THE DRUMMER-BOY.

A REMINISCENCE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

CAMP BENTON, Friday, December 20, 1861.

A few days before our regiment received orders to join General Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of the camp, and brought before our Captain, who asked him "what business he had within the lines?" He replied: "I know a drummer that you would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service, he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this, he must be on the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters during the beating of the *réveille*, a good-looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly-looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her story was soon told. She was from East-Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer for the short time that we had to remain in the service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the Captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out: "Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum." This was spoken with so much confidence, that the Captain immediately observed, with a smile: "Well, well, Sergeant, bring the drum, and order our fifer to come forward." In a few moments the drum was produced, and our fifer, a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow, from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height, soon made his appearance.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped down, with his hands resting upon his knees, that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment, he observed: "My little man, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee." Our fifer immediately commenced straightening himself upward until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his fife in his mouth, and played the "Flowers of Edenborough," one of the most difficult things to follow with the drum that could have been selected, and nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be a master of the drum. When the music ceased, our Captain turned to the mother and observed: "Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she continued, "Captain, if he is not killed—" here her maternal feelings overcame her utterances, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon the forehead. As she arose, she observed: "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks."

In an hour after, our company led the Iowa First out of camp, our drum and fife playing "The girl I left behind me." Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons was the first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fifer wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

During the fight at Wilson's Creek I was stationed with a part of our company on the right of Totten's battery, while the balance of our company, with a part of the Illinois regiment, was ordered down into a deep ravine upon our left, in which it was known a portion of the enemy was concealed, with whom they were soon engaged. The contest in the ravine continuing some time, Totten suddenly wheeled his battery upon the enemy in that quarter, when they soon retreated to the high ground behind their lines. In less than twenty minutes after, Totten had driven the enemy from the ravine, the word passed from man to man throughout the army, "Lyon is killed!" and soon after, hostilities having ceased upon both sides, the order came for our main force to fall back upon Springfield, while a part of the Iowa First and two companies of the Missouri regiment were to camp upon the ground and cover the retreat next morning. That night I was detailed for guard duty, my turn of guard closing with the morning call. When I went out with the officer as a relief, I found that my post was upon a high eminence that overlooked the deep ravine in which our men had engaged the enemy, until Totten's battery came to their assistance. It was a dreary, lonesome beat. The moon had gone down in the early part of the night, while the stars twinkled dimly through a hazy atmosphere, lighting up imperfectly the surrounding objects. Occasionally I would place my ear near the ground and listen for the sound of footsteps, but all was silent save the far-off howling of the wolf, that seemed to scent upon the evening air the banquet that we had been preparing for him. The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened, I found that it came up from the deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened—the sound of the drum was familiar to me—and I knew that it was

Our drummer-boy from Tennessee
Beating for help the *réveille*.

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, and he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me he dropped his drum-

sticks and exclaimed, "O Corporal! I am so glad to see you. Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty. I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when thinking that I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying: "Don't leave me, Corporal—I can't walk." I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon-ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face and said: "You don't think I will die, Corporal, do you? This man said I would not—he said the surgeon could cure my feet." I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he had crawled to him, taken off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddy up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy the little fellow was dead.

It is now about two weeks since I made my escape from McCulloch's grasp. I have reenlisted for the war, and as we are likely to be in camp for some time I may write again of other scenes through which I have passed.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE BLACK FLAG IN LYNCHBURG, VA.—Our people were greatly surprised on Saturday morning to see the "black flag" waving over the depot of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Company. We are for displaying that flag throughout the whole South. We should ask no quarter at the hand of the vandal Yankee invaders, and our motto should be an entire extermination of every one who has set foot upon our sacred soil. Let that flag, then, float over every hill-top and valley throughout the whole South, and as the breezes fan its folds, let it tell to the Hessian scoundrels the welcome they will have on Southern soil—death, death to each, one and all.—*Lynchburg Republican*.

WOODEN SHOE MANUFACTORY.—A correspondent of the Raleigh, N. C., *Standard* (Jan. 1) gives the following: We visited, a day or two since, the wooden shoe manufactory of Messrs. Thuim & Fraps of this city. We had frequently heard of this establishment, but we had no idea until our visit to it that it was so thorough and interesting in its operations as we found it to be. The enterprising manufacturers have in their employment some thirty hands, and are turning out about one hundred pair of shoes per day. The shape and size of the shoes are first marked and sawed out, and then it is bored and scooped out and fashioned at the bottom, and sand-papery, and lined, and painted, and topped with leather, and thus finished in various rooms in the same building. Most of this work is done by machinery driven by steam.

The wood is gum and poplar, which is well steamed before the shoe is made. We understand that these shoes are actually lighter than the leather brogan of the same number, and as for durability, the bottoms will last until the next war. We learn that Messrs.

Thuim & Fraps, who are finishing one hundred pair per day, have more orders than they can fill.

Wooden shoes are worn in the northern part of Europe, and in some localities in this country; but we suppose this is the first manufactory of the sort, by machinery and steam, which has been established.

HEMMING COTTON.

"Hem them in!" is the country's cry;
See how the bayonet needles fly!
Nothing neglect and nothing leave,
Hem them in from skirt to sleeve.
Little they reck of scratch or hurt
Who toil at hemming the Southern shirt;
Little they'll care, as they shout aloud,
If the Southern shirt proves a Southern shroud,
Hurrah for the needles sharp and thin!
Cotton is saved by hemming it in.

—*Continental Monthly*

THE Mobile Register gives the following novel treatment for curing chills:

"It is stated that a soldier of a Mississippi regiment, at Pensacola, went to his tent and blankets the other day to fight through an ague. A bottle of hot water to his feet not being convenient, some of his comrades went out and picked up one of the numerous shells Col. Brown had sent over during the bombardment, heated it at the fire, and put it to bed with the sick man's feet. Unhappily, the shell had lost its cap, but had not exploded. The heat of the camp-fire accomplished what Lincoln pyrotechny had failed in, to wit, an explosion. The tent was blown to pieces, and some of the men a little hurt and greatly astonished. We are happy to learn that no one was killed by the mishap."

"WHEN YOU IS ABOUT, WE IS."—The Booneville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial* writes:

"These Missouri niggers know a great deal more than the white folks give them credit for, and whether Missouri goes for the confederacy or the Union, her slaves have learned a lesson too much to ever be useful as slaves. I was struck with the apt reply of one of a crowd who came from a big house to the road to see us pass the other day. Says I: 'Boys, are you all for the Union?' 'Oh! yes, massa, when you's about we is.' 'And when Price comes, you are secesh, are you?' 'Lor, yes, massa, we's good secesh then. Can't allow de white folks to git head niggers in dat way.' The darkeys understand the whole question and the game played."

A PATRIOTIC RECORD.—The *Portland Transcript* says: "A young lady residing in a country town, not many miles from this city, has knit *one hundred pair of mittens* for the solders, furnishing the yarn herself. Can any young lady show a more patriotic record than this?"

EIGHT GREAT BLUNDERS.—The *Religious Herald*, a Baptist paper at Richmond, says the South has committed at least eight great blunders, namely

1. In firing upon Fort Sumter.
2. In believing there would be a divided North and an apathetic Federal Government.
3. In believing that they would have the hearty sympathies of Europe.

4. In believing that the bonds of their Confederacy would be readily taken in Europe.

5. In believing that the military power of the North would be directed in a crusade against slavery rather than employed for the overthrow of treason, and the establishment of the Union and the Constitution.

6. In believing that Northern courage and physique were no match for Southern, or that in battle one Southerner equalled five Yankees.

7. In believing that the flag of the Cotton Oligarchy would wave above the Capitol at Washington, and the roll of slaves be called on Bunker Hill.

8. In believing that the fancied omnipotence of Cotton would dominate the commerce of the world.

ABE LINCOLN AND QUEEN VICTORIA.—We mention as one of the *on dits* of the day, by the flag of truce, that Abe Lincoln, the President of the Rump, has been prevailed upon to sue out a writ of divorce from "his Polly Ann," for the purpose of marrying Queen Vic., and thereby secure the interest and assistance of Great Britain in suppressing the rebellion; and it is said the Yankees are greatly rejoiced at the opportune demise of Prince Albert, as it thus opens a road to them to effect so desirable an arrangement. — *Norfolk Day Book*, Dec. 27, 1861.

SUSPENDED.—We regret to learn that the West-Baton Rouge *Sugar Planter* has been compelled to suspend publication temporarily, on account of paper. The last number of the *Planter* contains the following, which we copy for the especial benefit of the worthy editor, our old friend 'Squire Hyams. — *Richmond Dispatch*, Dec. 28, 1861.

Wanted.—The editor of this paper being now out of employment, owing to a temporary suspension of the same, is anxious and willing to do something for a livelihood. He is desirous of accepting any small job, such as sawing wood, sweeping chimneys, nursing a baby, milking ducks, watering turkeys, "toting" bundles, grinding an organ with monkey accompaniment, running for Congress, speculating in shin-plasters, selling wood or charcoal, or in any capacity his valuable services may be required.

N. B.—Has no objection to serving as deck-hand on a flat-boat, selling ice-cream, or acting as paymaster to the militia.

TREATMENT OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS BY FLOYD.—The Western Virginia correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* relates the following:

A case of rebel atrocity in the treatment of our prisoners has recently come to light, which gives us new ideas of Virginia barbarism. One of the Seventh Ohio prisoners taken by Floyd at the Cross Lanes *flasco*, was slightly wounded in the calf of the leg. The wound did not impair the use of the leg. He could even walk upon it; and all that was needed was to have the wound properly cleansed and dressed and it would speedily have healed. *That young man's leg was amputated above the knee by Floyd's surgeon!* The prisoner remonstrated and resisted, the surgeon hesitated, and Floyd himself commanded him to go on with the operation! I have heard of similar cases at Richmond, but have never believed that civilized beings in a Christian land could become such utter savages. Of this case, however, there can be no doubt. The young man's amputated leg shows for itself, and his companions testify to the insignificant

character of the wound. Yahoos might do worse, but I doubt it.

PATRIOTISM AT A WEDDING.—A wedding occurred at a church in Boston, Mass., at which the bride appeared in white, and the two bridesmaids respectively in red and blue. — *N. Y. World*, December 26, 1861.

The London Court Journal of a recent date says: "A second petition has been received from the inhabitants of Maine, praying for reannexation to her Majesty's dominions." — *N. Y. Tribune*, Dec. 27, 1861.

The Norfolk Day Book, December 29, also says that "General Scott has arrived in New-York, and that he left England at the request of the English authorities, and that England was about to declare war against the United States."

THE WOMEN OF NORTHERN OHIO.—There arrived yesterday in this city sixteen large boxes of hospital stores, sent by the Women's Soldiers' Aid Society in Northern Ohio. When opened, the boxes were found to contain large quantities of almost every article which could contribute to the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers. All praise to the loyal women of Northern Ohio. — *Lexington (Ky.) Observer*, December 28, 1861.

THE pastor of the "Church of the Unity," Boston, a few Sabbaths since, in his sermon, said he wanted to see Charleston laid in ashes, the ground ploughed up and planted with salt, and a pillar of midnight blackness set up to mark the spot. After this was done he proposed to have South-Carolina towed out into the Atlantic Ocean and sunk. Whether he proposes to build this pillar of negroes or not, he did not state. Such remarks are unbecoming, extravagant, uncharitable, and unchristian. — *Cincinnati Press*, December 28, 1861.

A DARING EXPLOIT.—A few days since a squad of some half-dozen left Colonel Shackleford's regiment, at Calhoun, on Green river, to bring back three soldiers who had gone to Todd County. While on their route, after night, they came upon some rebel cavalry, and our men seeing that resistance would be useless, took to the woods. One of them, named Wilkins, was separated from his companions, and in winding about through the woods, came several times in close proximity to rebel squads, but succeeded in eluding them. He at last overtook three of them, and seeing that his chances were desperate, he determined to join them and pass himself off as one of their number. By keeping a little in the rear he watched a favorable opportunity, when he drew his revolver, and firing rapidly, killed one, badly wounded another, and caused the third to take to flight. Wilkins succeeded in making his escape, and returned to camp at Calhoun, where a gentleman arrived the next day from Elkton, and stated that the rebel cavalry reported that the country was overrun with Federal troops, and that they had been forced to retreat before a superior force. The camp at Calhoun contains plenty of such pluck in the regiments under Colonels Shackleford, Jackson, Hawkins, and Burbridge. The men are eager for fight, and will rout the rebels whenever and wherever they meet them. — *Louisville Journal*, Dec. 29, 1861.

THURLOW WEED, writing from London, December 8, says: "A pleasant incident occurred yesterday. Bishop McIlvaine, who attended church, was identified and invited into the pulpit, after which prayers were read for not only the Queen, but for the President, Congress, and people of the United States."—*Buffalo Courier*, January 2.

AN AIR GUNBOAT.—A correspondent from Jeffries' Creek sends the *Charleston Mercury* the following suggestion, which it publishes in its editorial columns, with the comment that it "certainly possesses the merit of intense originality:"

Among the many projects for destroying the blockade the following plan seems to me to combine less risk of life than would attend any other with an equal chance of success. Prepare a number of large iron shells, loaded with one hundred pounds of powder and a due proportion of destructive missiles. Let the shells be heavier on one side, and let this side be fitted with nipples for percussion-caps, communicating with the charge. Take these shells up in balloons, and when at a convenient altitude above the blockading squadron, allow them to descend upon the enemy's decks. The shells should be of sufficient weight to penetrate the deck of any vessel upon which they might be dropped. Even if this plan were impracticable upon the seas, it might serve to clear our harbors, such as Tybee and Port Royal.

THE following is the superscription of a letter that passed through the Louisville, Ky., post-office:

"Feds and Confeds, let this go free
Down to Nashville, Tennessee;
This three-cent stamp will pay the cost
Until you find Sophia Yost.

"Postmasters North, or even South,
May open it and find the truth;
I merely say my wife's got well,
And has a baby cross as — you know."

—*Louisville Journal*, December 24.

MRS. Sarah Larrabee, an old lady residing in Rockville, Massachusetts, has four sons, seventeen grandsons, and one great grandson now in the Union army.—*National Intelligencer*, December 25, 1861.

DRAFTING SOLDIERS IN MISSISSIPPI.—The following is the plan adopted in Mississippi, by law, for securing volunteers: "After providing for a thorough organization into companies of all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and fifty years, it is made the duty of each company commander, immediately after the organization of his command, to prepare a number of tickets, equal to the number of his company, one third of which shall be numbered 'one,' one third numbered 'two,' and one third numbered 'three.' They are then to be placed in a box or hat, and be drawn by the members of the company. Those drawing number one shall constitute the first class, and shall be transferred into active service first, and the second class next, and the third class next. Any person who furnishes a substitute must take the place of the substitute in the class from which he was taken. A like classification is to be made annually, and no man shall be required to serve in the regular service for more than twelve months."—*Idem*.

TRUE SOLDIERS.—An incident worthy of note, and in pleasing contrast with the usual scenes under like

circumstances, occurred on board the steamer Canada during her passage from Dubuque toward St. Louis.

On Saturday evening, while many of the passengers were engaged in conversation, others wiling away their time at "euchre," while some more rude perhaps, with the ribald jest and ungentlemanly oath, were passing the evening away, a young man seated himself at one of the tables, and engaged in reading his Bible. Another, and still another took their places around this temporary altar, until nearly all of that little band of soldiers, numbering about twenty, were reading the Scriptures. An aged man took his station in their midst. He had a pious and venerable air, for his hoary locks proclaimed that many a winter had passed over his head. There, those farming boys, with that old man, formed a group, whose actions indeed, were worthy of all commendation. The creaking machinery of the boat, the dirge-like music of the wind, was loud; yet, above the clatter, all things else, we know those boys were heard in heaven, and that their prayers will be answered! Their Bibles, precious gift of home, are sacred with them, and will shield them too, when the glittering mail of yore would fail. Parents and friends of home, fear not for such brave sons, who, relying on Heaven, are not ashamed nor afraid to praise God, and do battle for the Star-Spangled Banner.

They are the soldiers of the Regular Army, enlisted by our honored Capt. Washington, now in Dubuque.—*Dubuque Times*, Oct. 11, 1861.

AN incident that carries its own comment, is related by a visitor on his way to one of the patriot camps in the Old Dominion. Seated by the road-side was a soldier, his musket in one hand and a volume in the other, which he was reading with deep interest. He was clad roughly but comfortably, and bore the evidences of having seen hard service. As the party approached, he rose to his feet, advanced into the road, and exclaimed: "Halt! Let me see your pass." After carefully inspecting the strangers and their pass, he quietly told them to move on, and resumed his seat and his book. One of the party glanced at the volume, and found that it was a beautiful copy of Tennyson's Poems.

A DARING EXPLOIT.—Among the many instances where the bravery of the National officers and men have shone conspicuous, the following is almost unequalled.

Captain Spencer, aid to Gen. Wool, received information from two ladies who went from Norfolk to Fortress Monroe with a flag of truce, that near midnight a six-oared boat was to leave Norfolk for Richmond with money for the payment of the rebel soldiers. He requested permission of Major-General Wool to attempt their capture, and was told not to place too much confidence in the information received. Nevertheless, permission was given, and selecting two good oarsmen on whom he could rely, with their oars muffled, he started at dark and awaited the coming of the enemy's boat. He had previously given direction to his men to pull directly for the boat, and on the moment of striking to "back water" instantly. About midnight the boat was heard approaching, and taking his station in the bows with a nine-inch shell in his hands, he gave the order to "give way." The moment his bows struck the rebel boat, he threw the shell into the middle of it, and was himself drawn back, luckily receiving no injury from the explosion.

Not so the boat and occupants, however, the former of which was broken in two, and the latter were scattered in all directions in the water, not however, before discharging their pistols at him, two balls going through his cap and three perforating his coat. The men were then told that if they submitted quietly they would be saved, otherwise he would leave them to their fate. They preferred the former, and arming himself with his pistol in one hand and a dirk (taken by him at the Battle of Bull Run from a "secesh") in the other, he took them in his boat one by one, handcuffing them as they were pulled in. In addition to which, from the stern of the enemy's boat, which floated, he took eleven hundred dollars in gold and five thousand dollars in their worthless paper money. It was with some difficulty that he reached the Fort, the gunwale of the boat being almost level with the water with its increased freight. — *Boston Saturday Gazette.*

THE NEW-YEAR — 1862.

BY MARY A. RIPLEY.

The Old Year's pulse is low. The life that blazed
And like a fiery tide poured through his veins
Only a twelvemonth since, is faint and cold.
Look on him as he lies before you now!
Where is the grace that dwelt in that still form?
Where is the brightness of the dull, dead eyes?
This is the dying year. But I can see—
I have it pictured in a hidden shrine—
The young year with fair, promising lips, and arms
O'erladen with the gifts, should make me rich.
And like a bauble-loving child, I fear
My hands have grasped the tinsel, not the gold.
And yet I would not lose my last year's life;
I had no love for the dear mother-land,
No holy pride in her free floating flag,
Till Sumter fell, and hearts beat martially,
And voices rang like trumpets in my ears,
And gathering thousands sought the Capital,
To stay the threatening flood that treason poured.

A year ago, upon Potomac's banks,
Silence was sleeping; and the stars shone down
On quiet cities, on the talking waves,
Or glanced through lovely forests. But to-night
The hills are white with tents; the camp-fires glow;
The cannon wait to utter burning words;
The sentries keep their watch. And God looks down
Upon the infant nation as it learns
A newer, harder lesson. There are homes
That rang with mirth and song a year ago,
Whose lights are quenched in death. Young hearts
have laid

Their life upon the altar, and lone graves
Are scattered over prairies, and white hands
And marble brows lie under wintry clods;
And o'er them all the nation rains her tears,
And Fame, with diamond-point, cuts deep their names,
Upon our history's page. Beneath our flag
They struggled—nobly died. *God knows their names.*

The New-Year comes not with the dancing feet
Of an unburdened youth; his heritage
Is an untrodden wine-press; and our strength
Must crush the grapes that lie in purple piles,
Full of the blood-red wine. Oh! let me give
My life up in this vintage, if I may
But drain one cup of the celestial draught
That from these hills shall flow through all the earth.

NEW-YEAR IN THE CAMP.

BY MARIE.

A happy New-Year! Ho! comrades all,
Let's welcome its light nor fear it;
A happy New-Year! Ring out the call
Till the rebels beyond us hear it.
A happy New-Year! I wish you a score
Of years undimmed by a sorrow;
We'll beat a retreat from dull care once more,
Though bullets may rattle to-morrow.

Ho! gather more brands till the fire glows bright,
Let's sit where the shadows won't find us,
And dream we are back in our homes to-night,
With the dear ones left behind us.
No womanish tears for the peace we've lost,
No grief for the struggle before us;
For God and our country we'll stake the cost
With the bright New-Year before us!

You know when we sat by our hearths last year,
And drank to old Time's retreating;
We'd laugh should a vision but paint us here,
Thus shouting our New-Year's greeting.
We walked in the groves of our idle life,
Nor dreamed of what fortune brought us,
Nor fancied we'd learn 'mid war and strife,
The wonderful love she taught us.

Wonderful love! ay, I see you doubt,
You think it scarce worth the winning;
Through toil and through danger to ravel out
This web of Mis-Fortune's spinning.
But I—I would count in a higher scale,
The soul of our country's glory;
The spirit that rode on the crashing gale,
Through battle-fields red and gory.

I'd count the great hearts that so proudly broke
From the trammelling ties that bound them;
I'd count the great spirits whose life and hope
Is cast in the struggle around them.
I'd count all the listlessness crushed and gone,
All the energy waked and cherished,
And believe in the spirit of Sixty-one,
No light of the past has perished.

Then a happy New-Year to ye, comrades all,
To the brave hearts far and near us;
A happy New-Year! ring out the call,
Till the echoes laugh back to hear us.
A happy New-Year! who doubts it will be,
With such hands and such hearts to win it;
Good night, my old comrades, I leave you to see
That the future has blessings within it!
SOUTH-QUINCY, January, 1862.

"THE FLAG OF SECESSION."

A REPLY TO THE SONG OF THE SAME HEADING.*

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

AIR—"Star-Spangled Banner."

I.

Oh! yes, I have seen by the early dawn's light,
What your minions have hailed as "*the flag of Se-*
cession,"
Base rebeldom's glory! a pitiless sight,
Defiantly waves o'er the Union's possessions;

* See page 34, Vol. III, Rumors and Incidents.

With Davis your tool,
In a fanatical school,
You'll pillage and burn o'er the country you'll rule;
Then "*the flag of Secession*" in darkness will wave
O'er the land of our freedom and Liberty's grave.

II.

You've trampled the laws of our land 'neath your feet,
And now e'en exult that your slaves still pursue it;
But the day is forthcoming when freemen you'll meet;
Then, bitterly then, will your hirelings rue it.
But if a defeat
Our armies should meet,
No life will be spared but to those that are fleet,
When rebeldom's banner in darkness will wave
O'er the downfall of freedom and Liberty's grave.

III.

No *despot* has ever *polluted* your soil,
For Freedom's proud banner is over it streaming;
We come not, we come not your land to despoil,
But to arouse ye, our brethren from *Secession-*
dreaming.
No patriot's afraid,
By the laws they have made,
That the banner of Freedom in its grandeur will fade,
But forever, majestic, continue to wave
A terror to tyrants, o'er rebeldom's grave.

IV.

We would meet you as friends—yet it cannot be so,
Our friendship is spurned by the whole rebel nation,
You term us "base Hessians," the "Southern man's
foe,"
And scorn us, your brethren, with fierce exultations;
"Go let us alone,"
A half-stifled moan,
We hear as they reap now the harvest they've sown;
For the Union's proud standard defiant will wave
Protection to freedom o'er the land of the brave.
BALTIMORE, MD., *January, 1862.*

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BY S. C. MERCER.

O infant Year! whose new-born limbs are swathed
And cradled in convulsion—O dread Heaven!
Unsealing o'er this land of many woes
The Apocalyptic vials—O my torn
And bleeding country! by thy sons defloured,
And stricken of thy God—how shall I sing
A festal anthem on a broken lyre—
To ears made dull by sorrow?

From her dreams,
With music lulled, all-queenly, and perfumed
With odors from the Summer's lips distilled,
The startled nation woke—awoke to hear
Rebellion's demons in her citadel,
By dark and perjured sentinels invoked—
Singing her dirge, like the volcanic bass
Of *Ætna's* organ chiming with the sea
When groans the Titan in immortal pangs—
The trepidation of conflicting hosts,
Mixed with the wild alarm of clamorous bells,
The strife—the shout—the wailing of despair.

Time, by whose hands the mouldering dust of death
Is shovelled in the vaults of confined realms,

What Nemesis insatiate still inspires
The suicide of Empires? In her breast,
Greece nursed the serpent faction with her blood,
That stung her to the heart. Rebellion's steel
Pierced the fair bosom of imperial Rome
By foreign foes unconquered; and the land
Of God's own people drank the fatal cup
Which dark dissension pressed upon her lips.

As midnight's bell proclaims with double tongue
One year departed and another born,
Swift throng around me with imperial mien
And god-like brow, and eyes of sad reproach,
As angels look in sorrow, the great dead
Who walked Mount Vernon's shades, and Marshfield's
plains,
And Monticello's height, and Ashland's groves
Still vocal with unearthly eloquence—
Statesmen and Chiefs who loved their native land
And led her up to fame. With solemn air
And thrilling voice they point to freedom's flag,
War-rent and laced with sacrificial blood
By noble martyrs shed; and thus they speak—

"O sons once named Americans, but now
The world-mocked orphans of a nameless land,
Why rush ye to destruction? Happier far
Than ye the tawny tribes your fathers drove
From the primeval forests—the red chiefs
Who bravely perished on their hunting-grounds,
Or passing o'er the mountains of the West,
Went down in gloom, like nature's final sun,
To rise no more forever! Better thus
Than live the foul dishonor of your sires,
Whose progeny like Lucifer of old
Rebelled against the power that made them gods,
And perished in their treason. Come, ye winds,
Swift-winged couriers of the tropic sky,
Heralds of death and ruin—come, ye fires
That in volcanic caverns ever burn,
And crisp pale cities in your molten jaws—
Come, burning plagues, and ye tempestuous waves,
Who strangle navies in your watery arms—
Earthquakes and lightning strokes, all earthly ills
Which Heaven inflicts and trembling men abhor—
Fell bolts in God's red armory of wrath,
With all your terrors in one stroke combined,
Come! and in mercy blast the land with ruin
Rather than we should see Columbia's plains
Drenched in a crimson sea of fratricide,
Lust, rapine, malice, treachery, revenge,
The tall and crowning infamy of time."

I hear a passing bell—the muffled drum
Rolls its sepulchral echoes on the night
Which spreads across the sky the starless pall
Of desolation. And upon my ear
Falls the wild burden of a dismal song
Like that of mocking fiends in revelry.

Fiends who in the lurid gloom
Of hell do ply the fatal loom,
Weave a banner of despair
For Columbia's tainted air.
Like the boding raven's wing
All the land o'ershadowing,
In the murky woof embroider
Darkness, death, and hell's disorder.

On the fatal standard show
Every form of guilt and woe—
Murder drinking deep of blood,
Rolling round him like a flood,

Faction's diabolic art,
Perjured tongue and traitor heart—
All the fetid gall that drips
From the land's infected lips,
In the murky woof embroider
Darkness, death, and hell's disorder.

Weave we in the magic loom
Piles of slain without a tomb,
Cities lit with midnight fires,
Crashing walls and toppling spires,
Famine's sunken, ghastly cheek,
Outraged woman's helpless shriek,
Hoary age and infancy
Plunged in one wide misery;
In the murky woof embroider
Darkness, death, and hell's disorder.

Let the banner's folds be bound
With a fiery serpent round;
Eden's destroyer shall recal
The new temptation, sin, and fall.
We have changed the stripes of flame
To the burning blush of shame,
And the streaks of spotless white
To the pallor of affright,
And the stars which blazoned all
To wormwood in its endless fall.

The song of treason ceased—the demons fled,
And as I mused in the dark bitterness
Of grief to this sad prophecy of woe,
I heard a sound, as when the ocean moves
His moist battalions to the tempest's march,
To storm the fortress of the rocky isles,
And hosts innumerable thronged around
In panoply of war. From every height
And every valley, rolled the martial drum,
And bugles calling to the gory charge
The loyal and the bold, while streamed on high
Gay banners glittering with the hues of heaven.
"We come, O bleeding country!" was their cry,
"To beat aside the parricidal steel,
And shield the snowy breast that gave us life."

New-England's seamen swelled the rallying cry
Along the coasts, the Middle States replied
From thronging marts, the echoes leaped along
The Mississippi Valley, whose vast floods
Throb like the pulses of the Nation's heart,
And pale Virginia, all besprinkled now
With War's red baptism, to Kentucky spoke,
Kentucky tried but faithful unto death
To sad Missouri called, Missouri passed
The kindling watchword to the vast North-west,
Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,
Who louder sang than Niagara's roar
To the unconquered heights of Tennessee;
Hoarse echoes, like the low sepulchral moan
Of subterranean fires, disturbed the Gulf—
The bleeding Gulf betrayed and overawed—
Then swelling loud as an Archangel's trump,
Or shrill winds piping o'er the stormy flood,
It thundered back from far Pacific's coast.

Come to the tombs by mourning millions thronged
Beneath the oak of weeping. Glorious dead
Fame's cemetery holds no hero dust
More dearly honored in sublime repose.
Pale ashes, with a nation's tears bedewed,
And fanned by sighs as numerous as the winds,
The laurels that you nurture shall be green

And bloom forever round the precious urns
Of Baker and of Lyon. Fortune smiled
Upon them, casting from her ample lap,
Her lavish stores of fame and wealth and ease,
And wooed them to repose. Though sweet her song,
She sang unheeded. Honor, fortune, life
They offered freely on their country's shrine,
In the red heat and fury of the fight,
Deeming the dearest jewels of the world
Were nought when weighed against the nation's life.

He who led our faltering ranks
Up the ambuscaded banks—
He who poured his heart's red rain
Over Springfield's stormy plain,
Heeding not the volleys deadly,
Nor the life-blood running redly,
Cold in death shall lead no more
Where our country's eagles soar.

Such, O War! thy fearful pleasure,
Priceless blood and costliest treasure,
Still the victims whom thou smitest
Are the loveliest and brightest.
But the martyrs shall be glorious
When our flag returns victorious:
Death, who seals such patriot eyes,
Opens them in Paradise.

As wistfully I gazed upon their graves
A vision passed before me. On a mount
That glowed with light ineffable, appeared
The New-Year, in imperial garments clad,
Erect and tall and godlike in his mien,
With strength immortal in his manly limbs,
And hope and courage beaming from his eyes.
In either hand a hideous serpent writhed,
Gasping and struggling in the pangs of death,
Seeking in vain to sting with venomous fangs
The hand that grasped them. On the scaly folds
Of one appeared the reptile's name—SECESSION—
The other bore the legend ABOLITION;
And these twin dragons, ever linked together,
Moved by one fell intent and mortal hate,
Still twining with inseparable coils,
Writhed with the self-same pangs, and hissed, and died.
The New Year cast the reptiles at his feet,
And lo! swift breaking from the clouds, he saw
Coming in splendor like the morning sun,
The reunited Empire of the West,
Swelled on the ear the ever-murmuring hum
Of populous cities on unnumbered streams,
And marts of commerce by a hundred lakes.
The teeming fields, with varied harvests, waved,
And tinkling bells on distant hills revived
Sweet memories of Arcadia's pastoral days.
Fair science led her train by every grove
And hill and stream, and pure religion filled
Her solemn temples with perpetual hymns
And fervent supplication to her God.
And from above the shades of years departed
Sang with a voice that filled the firmament:
"Hail, New-Year, hail! the noblest child of Time!
The Power which brought the fathers o'er the flood
Has saved the offspring from the seven-fold fire.
A Union healed shall date its life from thee,
Redemption's golden era. From its shield
No star shall vanish in forlorn eclipse,
Nor exiled Pleiad chant in skies remote
Her solitary song, nor sundered be
The marriage bond of States, by law confirmed
And the eternal oracles of God."

SOUTH-CAROLINA GENTLEMAN.

AIR—*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*

Down in a small Palmetto State the curious ones may find,

A ripping, tearing gentleman of an uncommon kind,
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap who takes his
whisky straight,

And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate
vengeance which a clergyman of high stand-
ing has assured must be a sinner's fate;

This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

You trace his genealogy, and not far back you'll see,
A most undoubted Octoroon or mayhap a mustee,
And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his
brow,

You'll find every other hair is varied with a kink that
seldom denotes pure Caucasian blood, but on
the contrary, betrays an admixture with a race
not particularly popular now;

This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

He always wears a full dress coat, pre-Adamite in cut,
With waistcoat of the broadest style, through which
his ruffles jut;

Six breast-pins deck his horrid front, and on his fin-
gers shine

Whole invoices of diamond rings which would hardly
pass muster with the original Jacobs in Chat-
ham street for jewels gen-u-ine;

This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

He chews tobacco by the pound and spits upon the
floor,

If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest door;
And when he takes his weekly spree, he clears a
mighty track

Of every thing that bears the shape of whisky-skin,
gin and sugar—brandy sour, peach, and honey,
irrepressible cocktail, rum, and gum, and lus-
cious apple-jack,

This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an awful
hand,

Especially when those he tricks his style don't under-
stand,

And if he wins, why, then, he stops to pocket all the
stakes,

But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate stranger
who had chanced to win, "It's my opinion
you are a cursed Abolitionist, and if you don't
leave South-Carolina in one hour, you will be
hung like a dog;" but no offer to pay his
losses he makes,

This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who credit
give,

Yet manages upon the best the market yields to live,
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to heed,

This honorable gentleman instantly draws his bowie-
knives and a pistol, dons a blue cockade, and
declares that in consequence of the repeated
aggressions of the North, and its gross viola-
tions of the Constitution, he feels that it would

utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatever,
and that in fact he has at last determined to
SECEDE,

This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

DON'T FRET.

"Be patient, or you break the sinews of our plot."—*Twelfth
Night.*

Be patient with your rulers, men;
They can't be in a hurry;
No man is worth a feather's weight,
When always in a flurry.

And spare that nimble cracking whip,
Your fiery mettle save;
Abe Lincoln is your servant, sure,
But he is not your slave.

You charge that he was Southern born,
And winks at Old Kentuck;
That witches of the border States
Have stolen all his pluck.

I'll let you prove his woful birth,
And magnify the sin;
But only *one* smart Southern witch
Could ever take him in!

And in that very act she proved
Upon the *union* side!
And every prank of hers has shown
The Union was her pride.

You say our leaders hardly heed
The foeman's lightning red;
And thus admit how cool they keep
In marching straight ahead.

Emancipation, you proclaim,
Is now within their power;
But, since the fruit is ripening fast,
Await the gathering hour.

For every thing there is a time,
We may not fix the date;
But when we find the harvest sure,
With gladness we should wait.

In consternation soon the foe
Will feel the settling stroke,
And find old Lincoln's cool delay
A thundering sort of joke!

I am not e'en a prophet's son,
But I predict a rout,
That soon will make the nations pause,
And hills and valleys shout.

We then shall hear the eagle-scream
Above the cannon's roar,
And see the country's flag restored
From shore to farthest shore!

Be patient with your rulers, then;
They can't be in a hurry;
No man is worth a feather's weight,
When always in a flurry.

—KEEP COOL.

AN EDITOR BEFORE THE CABINET.

The editor of the Chautauqua, N. Y., *Democrat* is spending his time in Washington, and writing home letters for publication. One of them, it is claimed, contained "contraband news," and the editor (if his statement may be believed) has been summoned before the Cabinet to answer for the heinous offence. Here is his account of the affair.

So many weeks had slipped away since my friends in Jamestown commenced sending the *Democrat* regularly to the members of the Cabinet and Gen. McClellan, that the vision of a file of ferocious soldiers had departed from my imagination, when one morning the subscriber received a gilt-edged, jockey-club scented note, requesting his distinguished presence at the White House at a certain hour. I had no doubt but the note was from Mrs. Lincoln, who I supposed wished to apologise for the blunder that she made in my not receiving her invitation to the White House ball.

So giving my boots an extra blacking, and my moustache an extra twist, I wended my way to the President's domicile. After disposing of hat, cane, etc., I was conducted into the room used for Cabinet meetings, and soon found myself in the presence of the President, Messrs. Seward, Stanton and Welles. Mr. Seward, whom I had met at a dinner-party at Gen. Risley's in Fredonia, during the campaign of 1860, recognised me, and at once alluded to the excellence of Gen. Risley's brandy, and proposed to Abe that he should send over to his cellar at the State department, and get a nice article that he had there. I noticed three copies of the Chautauqua *Democrat* spread out on the table, bearing certain initials, which for the sake of avoiding personalities I will not mention. I also noticed ominous black lines drawn around certain passages which I recognised as being part of my letter of several weeks ago. They looked like Mr. Benton's expunged resolutions on the Senate Journal.

Mr. Welles was so deeply engaged in reading a fourth copy, that he did not look up as I went in. It seems that the "mailing clerks" at Jamestown had neglected to furnish the Navy Department with a copy, and the Secretary was deeply absorbed in its perusal. Mr. Stanton was busy writing his recent order, thanking God and Gen. Halleck for the victory and slaughter at Pittsburgh Landing, and paid no attention to my entrance.

Mr. Lincoln said: "A Cabinet meeting had been called at the request of Gen. McClellan, to consider my offence in writing the letter conspicuously marked in the *Democrat* before us, and which had been kindly furnished several of their number by certain patriotic and high-toned gentlemen in Jamestown, N. Y. But they would have to delay a few minutes, to await the arrival of the Commodore from Yorktown, with despatches from Gen. McClellan, who had telegraphed that the business must not go on till his despatches arrived."

During the interval, *me*, and Abe, and Seward, sauntered through the rooms, looking at the various objects of interest. On entering the library, we found that the messenger had returned from Seward's cellar, with some of the Secretary's best Auburn brand. The cork was drawn, and we sampled the fluid. We next visited the ladies' parlor, and were presented to "Mary," who came forward and shook me cordially by the hand, and desired to know "how I flourished?" Said "she never should forgive me for not attending her ball." She was greatly shocked to hear that there had been a failure to connect, about getting the card of invitation.

We were soon summoned to the council; the Commodore had arrived, bringing seventeen of Gen. McClellan's staff, who had been delegated by him to transmit to the President his copy of the *Democrat*, which he had received at Fortress Monroe. On opening it, the same ominous ink-marks were drawn around the passages intended to be brought to the especial notice of the General. The staff-officers then withdrew, and the President proposed to proceed to business. At this juncture Mr. Welles looked up from the paper he had been so busily perusing, and inquired of the President: "If he had ever heard anything about the fight the *Democrat* spoke of, between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and the danger there was of the latter getting out and coming up the Potomac and bombarding Washington?" Mr. Lincoln said: "It was a fact." The Secretary seemed greatly surprised, and said: "He must write to his brother-in-law in New-York, to send round a vessel to Hampton Roads, to watch the Merrimac, and also to send him the *Weekly Post*, so that he could get the news." He chose the *Post*, because he had been in the habit, aforesaid, of contributing essays for its columns. He also remarked that there was "much valuable and deeply interesting news in the *Democrat*," which was then only some four weeks old.

Mr. Stanton here proposed that the contraband article should be read, as he had been so busy of late, he had not read the copy sent him by his patriotic correspondents at Jamestown. So Mr. Seward read the article through carefully. When it was completed, Mr. Stanton brought his fist down on the table with the energy and vigor for which he is celebrated, and, says he: "Them's my sentiments, by —." The Secretary, contrary to the opinion of many who know him only by his short, pungent, pious, pithy, patriotic and peculiar proclamations, profanes pretty profusely when excited. During the reading he had been fumbling his vest-pocket. Says he: "What's the price of that paper per annum?" I informed him that it was furnished to advance paying subscribers at \$1. He handed me a gold dollar, and says he: "Send it along." Mr. Welles, who was just then absorbed in reading the account of the "embarkation" of the army from Alexandria, looked up and said: "He had thought of subscribing himself, but as Mr. Stanton had done so, he would have George send him the *Post*, and they could exchange."

The President now called for an opinion from the other members of the Cabinet, Mr. Stanton having voted, as I have before remarked. Mr. Seward, who was in a happy frame of mind, said that: "Perhaps it was impolitic to have written just such an article, as he was always opposed to the expression of any decided opinions, but he thought the editor of the *Democrat* knew good liquor when he smelt it, and in view of the fact that he hailed from Old Chautauqua, whose inhabitants he remembered with pride, having once been a resident there, he voted that the article was not contraband, but that the writer must not do so again."

Mr. Welles said: "He did not know enough about the subject under consideration to give an opinion. He had been much interested in the perusal of the article, and had found some useful hints in it in regard to the danger to be apprehended from the Merrimac, which he thought he should act upon by next year—on the whole, he thought the good balanced the evil, and he was for calling it square."

It was the President's turn, now, to decide the matter. He always gets the opinion of his "constitu-

tional advisers" all round, and then does as he has a mind to. Abe turned to me with a merry twinkle in his eye, and his lovely and expressive countenance seemed more seraphic than ever, and says he to me, says he: "Your letter on McClellan reminds me of a story that I heard in the days of John Tyler's Administration. There was an editor in Rhode-Island, noted for his love of fun—it came to him irresistibly—and he couldn't help saying just what came into his mind. He was appointed Post-master by Tyler. Some time after Tyler vetoed the Bank Bill and came into disrepute with the Whigs, a conundrum went the rounds of the papers. It was as follows: 'Why is John Tyler like an ass?' This editor copied the conundrum, and could not resist the temptation to answer it, which he did as follows: 'Because he is an ass.' This piece of fun cost him his head, *but it was a fact.*"

"On the whole," said Abe, "here's a dollar; send me your valuable paper for a year, and be careful in future how you disclose Government secrets that have been published in the *Norfolk Day Book* only two weeks."

I promised to be more discreet hereafter, pledging myself not to interfere further with Gen. Thomas "or any other man" in his exclusive right to give the rebels the earliest information possible; also pledging myself to the best of my ability to aid the Government in its patriotic efforts to promote "loyal ignorance" among the masses of the Northern people.

J. P.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

THE TIMES.

BY KATE.

INSCRIBED TO ALL "GOD'S FREEMEN."

Come, list to my song,
It will not be long,
Of a war-fire cursing our nation;
By demagogues cruel,
With *Republican* fuel,
It threatens our land's desolation.

"Old Abe" was elected,
Just what I expected,
"Chief ruler," "chief justice," "the law,"
But since they've crowned him,
Wise men have found him
A Northern fanatic's gew-gaw.

On a "platform" he stands,
Of "free niggers," free lands,"
"Free all," save a Freeman's communion;
A "splitter," his trade,
Thus a "wedge" he has made
Of war to dis sever the Union.

He is spoken of freely
Through *Monitor Greeley*,
Who stands at the head of the "stairs,"
On the "planks of Chicago,"
As bold as "Iago,"
And curses all Southern affairs.

The South this have taken,
And cannot be shaken,
It matters not what they assert;

They'll "poke at 'em fun,"
Like that of "*Bull's Run*,"
And say, with Abe, *nobody's hurt!*

I've heard it before,
Down in Baltimore,
Of "*mixing with water, strychnine*,"
'Twas said that old Butler,
(Abraham's sutler,)
Was this "Borgia," or vile "Catiline."

At no distant day,
All freemen will say,
Thus rightly give Abe his desert;
"This war we ignore—
We've told you before,
It must cease, or 'somebody's hurt.'"

Then England with France,
And Spain, too, may dance,
We'll ask not, nor care not about them;
For with all united,
(If the South is arighted,)
We'll laugh and live happy without them.

FAIRFAX C. H., VA., July 30, 1861.

LINES WRITTEN IN FORT WARREN.

BY A CAPTIVE.

See ye not that the day is breaking—
Freemen from their slumbers waking—
Mightier efforts daily making
To break the oppressor's chain?

Who would bow to Northern power?
Who would quail in this stern hour?
Who, when clouds of darkness lower,
Could tamely yield again?

Freemen, to the tented field!
Right and justice be your shield;
Make the cruel foeman yield
Your rights and liberty!

Strike—as ye have struck before!
Strike—as ye have struck once more!
Strike—as patriot sires of yore,
Determined to be free!

Strike the vile usurper low;
Strike with freedom's hand the blow—
Teach the proud, insulting foe
What freemen feel and dare.

Day is breaking in the West,
O'er the land that I love best,
Patriot fires in every breast,
God and Liberty are there!

THE VOLUNTEERS TO THE "MELISH."

BY WILLIAM C. ESTRES.

Come forth, ye gallant heroes,
Rub up each rusty gun,
And face these hireling Yankees,
Who live by tap of drum.
We volunteers are wearied,
By twelve months' "sojourn;"
We want to rest a little,
And then we'll fight "again."

We've won some five pitched battles,
But will yield you our "polish;"
And if you want some glory,
Why pitch in now, "Melish."
Don't refuse to leave your spouses,
Our own are just as dear,
And each lonely little woman
Longs for her volunteer.

Don't mind your sobbing sweethearts;
For though 'tis hard to part,
We'll volunteer to chase 'em,
And console each troubled heart.
For the sake of old Virginia,
Come and fight! *that's if you can,*
And let your prattling babies
Know their daddy was a man.

For you *we've* fought and struggled,
Had "no furloughs"—nary one—
We want a little resting,
And so we're coming home.
Then *forward*, bold Militia!
"If you're coming, come along,"
Or, by the gods! we'll force you out
To your duty—right or wrong.
Co. H., 1st Va. Reg't.

CAMP NEAR CENTREVILLE.

O JOHNNY BULL MY JO JOHN!

AIR—*John Anderson my Jo.*

It was stated in the *Dispatch* during the last days of December, that a gentleman just from the West-Indies had said that there were eighty-seven British ships-of-war lying in those waters. This statement gave rise to the following imitation of an old song:

O Johnny Bull my Jo John! I wonder what you mean,
By sending all these frigates out, commissioned by the
Queen;
You'll frighten off the Yankees, John, and why should
you do so?
Best catch and sink or burn them all, O Johnny Bull
my Jo!

O Johnny Bull my Jo John! when Yankee hands
profane,
Were laid in wanton insult upon the lion's mane,
He roared so loud and long, John, they quickly let
him go,
And sank upon their trembling knees, O Johnny Bull
my Jo!

O Johnny Bull my Jo John! when Lincoln first began
To try his hand at war, John, you were a peaceful
man;
But now your blood is up, John, and well the Yankees
know,
You play the d—l when you start, O Johnny Bull
my Jo!

O Johnny Bull my Jo John, let's take the field to-
gether,
And hunt the Yankee Doodles home in spite of wind
and weather,
And ere a twelvemonth roll around, to Boston we will
go,
And eat our Christmas dinner there, O Johnny Bull
my Jo!

—*Richmond Dispatch, January 22.*

REBELS.

Rebels! 'tis a holy name!
The name our fathers bore,
When battling in the cause of Right,
Against the tyrant in his might,
In the dark days of yore.

Rebels! 'tis our family name!
Our father, Washington,
Was the arch-rebel in the fight,
And gave the name to us—a right
Of father unto son.

Rebels! 'tis our given name!
Our mother, Liberty,
Received the title with her fame,
In days of grief, of fear and shame,
When at her breast were we.

Rebels! 'tis our sealed name!
A baptism of blood!
The war—ay, and the din of strife—
The fearful contest, life for life—
The mingled crimson flood.

Rebels! 'tis a patriot's name!
In struggles it was given;
We bore it then when tyrants raved,
And through their curses 'twas engraved
On the doomsday book of heaven.

Rebels! 'tis our fighting name!
For peace rules o'er the land,
Until they speak of craven woe—
Until our rights receive a blow,
From foe's or brother's hand.

Rebels! 'tis our dying name!
For although life is dear,
Yet freemen born and freemen bred,
We'd rather live as freemen dead,
Than live in slavish fear.

Then call us rebels if you will—
We glory in the name;
For bending under unjust laws,
And swearing faith to an unjust cause,
We count a greater shame.

A LOVE SONG.

The following lines were taken at the Battle of Newbern, from a wounded rebel soldier, named Levi F. Jones, by John Chase, of Co. G, Fourth R. I. Regiment.

CAMP FISHER, HIGH POINT, }
GILFORD COUNTY, NORTH-CAROLINA. }

So fare you well, my darling,
So fare you well, my dear,
Don't grieve for my long absence
While I am present here.

Since it is my misfortune
A soldier for to be,
Oh! try to live contented,
And don't you grieve for me.

I am agoing away to-morrow,
To tarry for a while,
So far from you, my darling,
About five hundred miles.

She wrung her lily white hands,
So mournful she did cry,
You will list as a soldier,
And in the war you will die.

In the battle you will be wounded,
On the field you will be slain,
You will burst my heart asunder
If I never see you again.

The cannons loudly roaring,
The bullets whistling by,
The fife and drum are sounding,
To drown the soldier's cry.

Stand steady by your cannon,
Make balls and grape-shot fly;
Oh! trust in God your Saviour,
And keep your powder dry.

I hope the time is coming,
When you and I will meet;
With words and kisses
We will each other greet.

HURRYING ON.

Hurrying on in the midst of excitement,
Pushing extravagant projects through,
Few of us know or pause ever to question—
Ever to ask where we're hurrying to;
Hurrying on over blessings unheeded,
Chasing some joy, like the butterfly, gone,
What is the good of our wonderful frenzy?
What is the use of our hurrying on?

We have been hurrying on from our cradles—
What but its shadows have we for the Past?
We are still hurrying on as expectant—
What shall we get by our hurry at last?
Graves are so thick that we cannot well miss them,
Going with only the clothes we shall wear;
Where shall be, then, all we're hurrying after?
What shall we have with our hurry when there?

Hurrying on in the wake of the phantoms
Conjured alone in the fever of haste,
Hurrying on with extravagant projects,
Little we reck of treasures we waste;
Little we know of the diamond moments,
All to be gathered and garnered in store,
Making our worthy or worthless possessions,
Up in the land where we'll hurry no more.

Treasures that lie all around us in plenty
We never heed as we are hurrying on,
And when in heaven our coffers are empty,
We shall first know how they're lost and are gone;
Then we shall know how our spirits have wasted,
Wealth of Eternity planted in Time,
The soil for its seed growing barren as ashes,
While we are hurrying out of its clime.

God works but slowly—but slowly, my brothers,
Not hurrying onward in passion and strife—
Works with love only, and only for others,
Not for himself in the green fields of life;
Let us sit down, and be calm and be thoughtful,
Lifting our hearts to eternity's brink—
Let us cease living alone for the present,
Let us cease hurrying—what do you think?

NEW-ORLEANS, October 23.

—*Charleston Mercury.*

A FIGHTING CLERGYMAN.—Rev. B. C. Ward, pastor of a Congregational church in the village of Geneseo, Ill., conceives it to be his duty to forsake the pulpit for the field. He has received authority to raise a company of infantry, but proposes to enlist clergymen only. An appeal to his clerical brethren, published over his own signature, calls upon "the fighting stock of the Church militant" to prove to the world their willingness to "seal with their blood what they have talked in their pulpits," and closes with this extraordinary passage.

"Much as we have said and done to prove our loyalty, we have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin. Shall we now, at the call of Christ, come out from behind our velvet-cushioned barracks, whence we have so often hurled bold, indignant words at the giant iniquity of the age, and meet it face to face with the hot shot of rifled artillery, with the gleaming bayonet, or with clashing sabres in hand to hand encounter?"

FEMALE TRAITORS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—This morning it was rumored that the female prisoners confined in the Sixteenth-Street Prison were to be removed to the Old Capitol Prison, where, in consequence of their rebellious proclivities, quarters have been prepared for them. Accordingly, we visited Lieut. N. E. Sheldon, a native of New-York, and an officer of the Sturgess Rifles, the body-guard of General McClellan during his campaign in Western Virginia, who, for some time past, has been detailed as the guard of these prisoners, and were admitted, after some delay, into his quarters.

It is well known that since the attempt made to rescue the prisoners at this house on the first of the year, the utmost vigilance has been displayed in the approach of visitors to this point. And hence it was that when we applied for admission at the quarters of Lieut. Sheldon, we were obliged to *halt* for a few moments, until our character and the object of our visit were ascertained. The call for the corporal was made by the guard, and our communication subsequently conveyed to the Lieutenant, by whom, as we have said before, we were admitted.

As we entered the building we must confess that the emotions of our mind were sad rather than otherwise. We were perfectly cognizant of the fact that, instead of approaching the place of confinement of those who were the male enemies of the Government, we were being admitted to the presence of the *female* enemies of the law and the Constitution; and thus it was that our feelings were of the nature that we have described.

That woman should, in the hour of our struggle, desert us, and side with our enemies, was more than we expected. And when the first traitoress was arrested in this city and confined in the Sixteenth-Street Prison, we not only pitied, but in the longings of our hearts forgave her the offence that she had committed. Such has been the history of the war, however, that not only men have been convicted of the charge arraigned against them, but women have also been as instrumental in interfering with the plans of our warfare, by giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and aiding them to escape the judgment that would have been visited upon them by the Government.

When we visited the establishment referred to, we were admitted to the parlor of the house, formerly occupied by Mrs. Greenhow, fronting on Sixteenth street. Passing through the door on the left, and

we stood in the apartment alluded to. There were others who had stood here before us—we have no doubt of that—men and women of intelligence and refinement. There was a bright fire glowing on the hearth, and a *tête-à-tête* was drawn up in front. The two parlors were divided by a red gauze, and in the back room stood a handsome rosewood piano, with pearl keys, upon which the prisoner of the house, Mrs. G., and her friends, had often performed. The walls of the room were hung with portraits of friends and others—some on earth and some in heaven—one of them representing a former daughter of Mrs. Greenhow, Gertrude, a girl of seventeen or eighteen summers, with auburn hair and light-blue eyes, who died some time since.

In the picture a smile of beauty plays around the lips, and the eyes are lighted with a strange fancy—such as is often seen in the eyes of a girl just budding into womanhood.

On the east wall hangs the picture of Mrs. Fanny Moore, whose husband is now in our army, while the walls of the back room are adorned with different pictures of the men and women of our time. Just now, as we are examining pictures, there is a noise heard overhead—hardly a noise, for it is the voice of a child, soft and musical.

"That is Rose Greenhow, the daughter of Mrs. Greenhow, playing with the guard," says the Lieutenant, who has noticed our distractment. "It is a strange sound here: you don't often hear it, for it is generally very quiet." And the handsome face of the Lieutenant is relaxed into a shade of sadness. There are prisoners above there—no doubt of that—and may be the tones of this young child have dropped like the rains of spring upon the leaves of the drooping flowers! A moment more, and all is quiet, and, save the stepping of the guard above, there is nothing heard.

The Sixteenth-Street Jail has been an object of considerable interest for months past, to citizens as well as visitors. Before the windows of the upper stories were "blinded," the prisoners often appeared at these points, and were viewed by pedestrians on the other side of the way; but since the "cake affair" of New-Year's Day the prisoners have been forbidden to appear at the windows, and the excitement, instead of being allayed, has been still further increased.

The first person incarcerated at the prison was Mrs. Rose O. H. Greenhow, as she signs herself. She was arrested on the eleventh of August of the last year, and has been confined in the prison ever since. Her husband was formerly employed in the State Department in this city. She is a woman of letters, and was born in the South, although brought up in Washington. She is confined in her own house, in one of the upper stories, and has the attendance of a servant, beside the company of her own daughter, an interesting child of some twelve years. Beside these confined here were Mrs. Phillips, her sister, Mrs. Levy, and her two daughters, Misses Fannie and Lena. Mrs. Phillips is a Jewess, and her husband married her at Savannah, Ga. Mrs. Levy was a widow, and her husband, who was formerly in the army, died. Her two daughters are finely educated. These latter were, after being confined six weeks, sent to Fortress Monroe.

Next in turn comes Mrs. Betty A. Hassler, who was born and reared in Washington. She possessed the least education of any woman ever confined in this prison. Her husband is a Southern man. She is fas-

cinating in appearance, but has not much decision of character. She was released on parole by order of the Secretary of War.

Mrs. Jackson, the mother of the assassin of Ellsworth, has also been confined at this point. She came here with nothing but a flannel gown on, and wearing slave shoes. She was incarcerated but two days and nights. She has now gone South, to Richmond, where she has been endeavoring, with but little success, to obtain funds for the support of her family. It is rumored that she is not able to collect enough funds to support her from day to day.

Miss Lilly Mackle, a daughter of Mackle, a clerk in one of the departments, and belonging to one of the most respectable families of Washington, was also confined here for two months.

Mrs. M. A. Onderdonk, who sometimes represents herself to be a widow and sometimes a wife, was arrested in Chicago some months since, and after being confined here six weeks, was released on parole. Forty dollars were given her to pay her expenses back to Chicago, but instead of going there, she went to New-York. She was last heard of at St. Louis.

An English lady, Mrs. Elena Lowe, who was arrested at Boston, and whose son was with her, having come with a commission in the rebel army, has also been confined in this institution. The son was afterward sent to Fort Warren, and she returned to England.

Beside the above, there were some eight or ten persons arrested at Alexandria and in this city, whose names are not remembered, and who, after being confined at this prison, were shortly afterwards liberated on taking the oath of allegiance.

Miss Ellie M. Poole, alias Stewart, was arrested and brought to the prison on the 11th of August, 1861. She came from Wheeling, where, after having been confined for some time in the prison there, she made her escape by tying the sheets together and letting herself down from the prison window. She has been in communication with the rebel leaders in Kentucky, advising them to make certain changes in their plan of operations. When arrested the second time, within ten miles of the enemy's lines in Kentucky, \$7500 of unexpended money, furnished by the rebels, was found upon her person. She has been a correspondent of the *Richmond Enquirer* and the *Baltimore Exchange*. Miss Poole is yet in confinement in the Sixteenth-Street Jail.

Among the number yet confined here is Mrs. Baxley, formerly a resident of Baltimore. She was arrested on the 23d of December. She had just come from Richmond, and had been in conversation with Jeff. Davis, from whom she had obtained a commission in the rebel army for her lover, Dr. Brown. She is, as she represents herself, a very "explosive" woman, and it was from this fact that her arrest took place on board the boat, while approaching Baltimore from Richmond. This woman has refused to sleep under a blanket marked "U. S." ever since her confinement here.

The above is a hurried sketch of the prisoners liberated and now confined in the Sixteenth-Street Jail. Their quarters are of the most comfortable character, and under the care of Lieutenant Sheldon, they are furnished with everything that, saving their "Secesh" principle, can make them happy.

The report that the cake sent to Mrs. Greenhow on New-Year's came from Mrs. Douglas, to whom Mrs. G. sustains the relationship of aunt, is a mistake. The

cake was sent by a party well known to the Government, upon whom a strict watch is kept.

To-day the three last-named persons will probably be sent to the jail on old Capitol Hill—an escort of the Sturgess Rifles, under command of Lieutenant Sheldon, being prepared to accompany them.

There was the same patter of nimble feet overhead when we left the prison. At the windows, from the outside, we saw the face of Mrs. Greenhow, standing within the room above. Our voices had been heard in the room beneath, we know, and even the musical tones of the piano, that had been performed upon during our presence. There may have been a memory of other days recalled by these signs of festivity, and the hearts of some above may have beat with a quicker pulsation at the thought of the circumstances that now surrounded them.

Who knows but what then and there there were heart-strings that were almost snapped asunder, and that there were consciences that sunk beneath the weight of ignominy imposed upon them?

THE Rev. H. A. M. Henderson, of Alabama, who has been passing some time in Kentucky, writes a letter to the New-Orleans *Christian Advocate*, from which the following is extracted:

"To give you the *animus* of the Northern Methodist Church in Kentucky, allow me to tell your readers about one Rev. (?) Mr. Black, stationed in Newport, opposite Cincinnati. On one Sabbath he had his church ornamented with U. S. flags and brass eagles; his hymns were the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'the Red, White, and Blue,' and 'Hail Columbia.' He prayed that the Union may be preserved, 'even though blood may come out of the wine-press even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs.' In the course of his sermon he said: 'I trust our troops will rally and wipe out the disgrace of Manassas, though it cost the life of every rebel under arms. Let Davis and Beauregard be captured to meet the fate of Haman. Hang them up on Mason and Dixon's Line, that traitors of both sections may be warned. Let them hang until the vultures shall eat their rotten flesh from their bones; let them hang until the crows shall build their filthy nests in their skeletons; let them hang until the rope rots, and let their dismembered bones fall so deep into the earth that God Almighty can't find them in the day of resurrection.'"—*Mobile Tribune*.

HOW CHEATHAM CHEATED 'EM.—The Cairo correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* visited the rebel camp at Columbus under a flag of truce. He relates the following story, told by the rebel Gen. Cheatham, of the manner in which he escaped capture at the battle of Belmont, Mo.:

Just as the opposing armies were approaching one another, Gen. Cheatham discovered a squadron of cavalry coming down a road near his position. Uncertain as to which force it belonged, accompanied only by an orderly, he rode up to within a few yards of it, and enquired:

"What cavalry is that?"

"Illinois cavalry, sir," was the reply.

"Oh! Illinois cavalry. All right; just stand where you are!"

The cavalry obeyed the rebel order, and unmolested by them, who supposed he was one of the Federal officers, the General rode safely back, directly under

the guns of another Federal regiment, which had by that time come up, but who, seeing him coming from the direction of the cavalry, also supposed that he was one of them. Some of our officers remembered the incident, and agreed with the hero of it, that if they had known who he was, it was very probable that there would have been one rebel general less that night.

THE following is reported by the Pawtucket *Gazette*. Some Irish women searched the market for a very large chicken, and on being shown one, asked if it would hold a pint flask. The dealer thought that it would, and the flask being produced, he satisfied them that it would. That was the chicken they wanted. The women finally admitted that they were going to cook the chicken, place the flask, after filling it with brandy, inside of it for stuffing, and send it to camp. That "contraband" will probably pass the lines in safety.—*Ohio Statesman*, Dec. 28.

DESERTERS BRANDED AND WHIPPED BY THE REBELS.—A letter in the *Memphis (Tennessee) Appeal*, dated "Camp Beauregard, near Feliciana, Ky., December 22d, says: On Friday all the troops at this station were assembled together and formed into square, for the purpose of witnessing the punishment of three men, belonging to the First Missouri regiment, convicted of desertion.

"It is not necessary to give their names, or the facts drawn out by the court-martial concerning their crime. They were branded on the left hip with the letter D, with a hot iron made in the shape of that letter, then their heads were closely shaved, and finally they were each hit fifty lashes on the bare back, in the presence of all their comrades, and drummed out of the service to the tune of the Rogue's March. Volunteers who often speak of quitting the service upon the slightest provocation, without the proper discharges, and who seem to regard the act lightly, should take warning from the fate of these poor unfortunate fellows."

THE LAST MAN OF BEAUFORT.*

'Tis the last man at Beaufort
Left sitting alone;
All his valiant companions
Had "vamosed" and gone;
No secesh of his kindred
To comfort is nigh,
And his liquor's expended,
The bottle is dry!
"We'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
Or harshly condemn—
Since your friends have all 'mizzled,'
You can't sleep with them;
And it's no joking matter
To sleep with the dead;
So we'll take you back with us—
Jim, lift up his head!"
He muttered some words
As they bore him away,
And the breeze thus repeated
The words he did say:
"When the liquor's all out,
And your friends they have flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This Beaufort alone?"

* On the day the town of Beaufort, S. C., was entered by the National troops, all the inhabitants were found to have fled, except one white man, who, being too much intoxicated to join his compatriots in flight, had been forced to remain behind.

RUMORS AND INCIDENTS.

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.—A chaplain in one of the regiments on the Potomac narrates the case of a sick soldier, which strikingly illustrates the reasoning of many men in the camp and out of it. Some one had mentioned to the soldier the case of the Vermonter who was sentenced to be shot for sleeping on his post. During the evening following, the fever set in violently, the sick man imagined he was the one sentenced to be shot. The surgeon being called, the following conversation ensued:

"Doctor, I am to be shot in the morning, and wish you to send for the chaplain. I desire to make all necessary preparations for my end."

"They shall not shoot you; I'll take care of you. Whoever comes to take you from here, I shall have them arrested and put under guard."

"Will you, dear doctor? Thank you, thank you—well then, you need not send for the chaplain 'just yet.'"—*Boston Christian Era.*

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T BE MADE A PRISONER.

THE New-Orleans *Crescent* gives the following version of an exploit in the Mississippi Sound:

A HEROIC ADVENTURE.—On Thursday last, while about a dozen oyster smacks were on their way to the "banks" in Mississippi Sound, they were surrounded by a number of launches from the enemy's ships; all were seized in the name of the Gorilla Government, and a guard put aboard each to conduct them under the guns of the ships-of-war. One of the smacks thus seized was the Clide, commanded and owned by Capt. King, a man who has resided in this city since boyhood, and who is well known as a brave and determined seaman by all of his acquaintances around the New-Basin. A sergeant and one soldier were placed aboard the Clide, with orders to steer for the New-London, then some twelve or eighteen miles off. The wind was ahead and the boat had to beat all the way. The Clide, somehow, strange to say, worked badly; all the rest of the smacks were soon several miles ahead, and still the contrary wind was blowing, and the lazy boat dragging slowly along. So passed the great part of the day, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the fleet was yet several miles off. The soldiers on board the Clide grew hungry, and asked Capt. King if he had anything to eat aboard. He politely told them that there was plenty in the cabin—a sort of little hold in the after part of the craft, reached by a narrow scuttle and two or three crooked steps. The sergeant volunteered to go down and get the victuals, directing the soldier to keep a sharp watch while he did so. He started down the steps with rifle in hand, Capt. King standing near officiously showing the way. As soon as he had got into the cabin and was about to stoop and go forward, the hitherto polite and kind Captain suddenly seized his rifle, and, jerking it from his hand, shot him dead on the spot. Not stopping to swap jack-knives, Captain King jumped forward, and seizing the other soldier's gun before he had time to recover from his fright and astonishment, commanded him to surrender. The soldier saw there was no use to resist, gave up, and was securely tied and laid in the hold.

Capt. King then set sail for Fort Pike, and, as if understanding the necessity for haste, the little craft recovered from her languor and sped over the water at railroad speed. And it was well she did, for the men on the other boats had heard the musket-shot, and suspecting something wrong from seeing the Clide suddenly change her course, made chase, one and all.

The affair then grew exciting, and for a while Captain King's chances for safety were rather squally; but his gallant little craft was in earnest, and rushed on towards the haven of safety as if she understood the whole affair. Night soon came on, and darkness hiding her from the view of her pursuers, enabled her to get safely to Fort Pike, where Capt. King recited his adventures, and excited the admiration of the garrison. Leaving the Fort on Friday morning, he arrived in the New-Basin on Saturday, with his prisoner and dead sergeant, who were placed in the hands of the military authorities. Besides his prisoner, Captain King captured a fine six-oared launch, nearly new, one Minie rifle, one musket, three bayonets, one sergeant's sword, and four cartridge-boxes filled with ammunition—quite a good day's work for a simple oysterman.—*Richmond Examiner, January 7.*

JEFF. DAVIS's agents at Havana made the most of the Phelps (Ship Island) proclamation, to create the impression with the Spaniards that if the "Federals" subjugate the "Southern Confederacy," Mr. Lincoln would turn his army and navy against "slavery" and the "Roman Catholic religion" in the island of Cuba.—*Boston Traveller, January 4.*

J. M. LEARNED, of Oxfordville, New-Hampshire, has three twins in the army. Two of them, twenty-three years old, are in the Massachusetts Fourteenth. The third, whose mate is a girl, is nineteen years old, and is in the Fifth New-Hampshire regiment.—*Ohio Statesman, January 1.*

THE PET LAMBS.—The *Wheeling Intelligencer* chronicles the arrival there on the 26th of December of thirty-four "secesh" prisoners known as Moccasin Rangers. They were caught in Wirt, Roane, and Gilmer Counties. The cold weather had driven them in for shelter. They had eaten up everything in the woods, including hoop-pole bark, and were forced to come into a civilized neighborhood to get something to eat. Some of them are lame, halt, and frosted, and there is scarcely a comfortable suit of clothes in the whole crowd. Among the number is the notorious Dan Dusky, who boasted that he had a little graveyard of his own in which he had buried a considerable number of Union men. Coming up on the boat during Christmas day, Capt. Baggs got a pitcher of whisky, and gave the "pet lambs," as he calls them, a Christmas drink all round.

GENERAL LANE'S STAFF.—Champion Vaughan will be on Gen. Lane's staff, with the rank of Colonel. He is a South-Carolinian, but for many years a noted anti-slavery man. When Lane was confirmed a Brigadier-General by the Senate, the other day, Vaughan sent a despatch to Leavenworth in these words: "Lane is confirmed. Glory to God! Let the rebels hunt their holes!"

WHEN Mr. Ely, in Richmond, (exchanged for Mr. Faulkner) called at the office for his passport, a hearty laugh occurred over the *brown paper* on which it was printed, and which had been contracted for by the superintendent of public printing. He asked if it was Southern manufacture. The passport officer replied in the affirmative, and suggested that he should exhibit it, the specimen, in the North, and say that although crude in its origin, we would refine upon it, and never cease striving for independence until we could make

as good paper as the Yankees. The Yankee M. C. said he had no doubt we would arrive at the dignity of *white paper*.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

TROPHIES.—There are thousands of arms—muskets, rifles, pistols, swords, and carbines—the property of the Confederate States, having been captured from the United States, which are in the hands of citizens throughout the Confederacy, and are held by them as trophies. The most urgent need of these arms, every one of them, old and new, good and bad, broken and sound, is upon us. For every one of them a volunteer is kept out of the field, or sent to risk his life with a fowling-piece or flint-lock.

Money will not supply their places. They were bought with blood, and their absence from the field will surely cost us more blood. All having these arms, or even parts of them, are implored to return them, and magistrates and police officers everywhere are requested to apply the law to those who have neither honesty nor patriotism. Let them be sent immediately by express to "Ordnance officer," Manassas Junction, when all charges on them will be paid.

E. P. ALEXANDER,
Chief Ordnance, A. P.

—*Richmond Examiner*, February 17.

TO JOHN BULL.

If to threaten be to fright,
And to bluster be to fight,
As on paper now you do,
It is bully, John, for you.

But if war means more than words,
Crashing bullets, bloody swords—
Victory on the land and sea,
'Twill be bully, John, for me.

A NEW TRACT SOCIETY.—From the following advertisement it would appear that the rebels have organised a tract society of their own:

A NOBLE WORK.—GIVE IT YOUR AID.—The Evangelical Tract Society is doing a good work in supplying with religious reading the soldiers of our confederate army, in their various camps. The necessity for this is great. Many regiments have no chaplains. Thousands and thousands of our soldiers never heard a sermon. Deprived of this means of grace, and exposed to so many and so powerful demoralizing influences, what is to become of them, if divine truth in some form does not reach them? Shall no man care for their souls? Shall we leave them to perish, and not make earnest efforts for their salvation? And will not the blood of souls be upon us? Let us look our responsibilities in the face, and endeavor by Divine aid to fulfil them! Let this noble enterprise which proposes, as far as possible, to supply the lack of religious services in the camps by the employment of colporteurs, and by those little messengers of Gospel truth—tracts—be amply sustained.

If you are disposed to aid a great cause—the cause of patriotism and of religion, the cause of country and of Christ—please remit your contributions to

JAMES E. CUTHBERT,
Treas. of the Evan. Tract Society, Petersburg, Va.

Extract from the Constitution of the Evangelical Tract Society:

ART. XI. To promote in the highest degree the object of this society, the officers and the directors shall

be elected from different denominations of Christians. The Publishing Committee shall contain no two members from the same ecclesiastical connection, and no tract shall be published to which any member of that Committee shall object.

Jan. 20.—A year ago, when Gen. Cass—grieved and indignant—left Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, Mr. Attorney-General Black was transferred to the portfolio of State, and Mr. Stanton, then absent from Washington, was fixed upon as Attorney-General. The same night he arrived at a late hour, and learned from his family of his appointment. Knowing the character of the bold, bad men then in the ascendancy in the Cabinet, he determined at once to decline; but when, the next day, he announced his resolution at the White House, the entreaties of the distressed and helpless President, and the arguments of Mr. Black, prevailed upon him to accept.

At the first meeting of the Cabinet which he attended, the condition of the seceded States, and course to be pursued with the garrison at Fort Sumter were discussed, Floyd and Thompson dwelling upon "the irritation of the Southern heart," and the folly of "continuing a useless garrison to increase the irritation." No one formally proposed any course of action, but the designs of the conspirators were plain to the new Attorney-General. He went home troubled. He had intended, coming in at so late a day, to remain a quiet member of this discordant council. But it was not in his nature to sit quiet longer under such utterances.

The next meeting was a long and stormy one, Mr. Holt, feebly seconded by the President, urging the immediate reënforcement of Sumter, while Thompson, Floyd, and Thomas contended that a quasi-treaty had been made by the officers of the Government with the leaders of the rebellion, to offer no resistance to their violations of law and seizures of Government property. Floyd especially blazed with indignation at what he termed the "violation of honor." At last Mr. Thompson formally moved that an imperative order be issued to Major Anderson to retire from Sumter to Fort Moultrie—abandoning Sumter to the enemy and proceeding to a post where he must at once surrender.

Stanton could sit still no longer, and rising, he said, with all the earnestness that could be expressed in his bold and resolute features: "Mr. President, it is my duty, as your legal adviser, to say that you have no right to give up the property of the Government, or abandon the soldiers of the United States to its enemies; and the course proposed by the Secretary of the Interior, if followed, is treason, and will involve you and all concerned in treason." Such language had never before been heard in Buchanan's Cabinet, and the men who had so long ruled and bullied the President, were surprised and enraged to be thus rebuked. Floyd and Thompson sprang to their feet with fierce, menacing gestures, seeming about to assault Stanton. Mr. Holt took a step forward to the side of the Attorney-General. The imbecile President implored them piteously to take their seats. After a few more bitter words the meeting broke up. That was the last Cabinet meeting on that exciting question in which Floyd participated. Before another was called, all Washington was startled with a rumor of those gigantic frauds which have made his name so infamous. At first he tried to brazen it out with his customary blustering manner, but the next day the Cabinet waited long for his appearance. At

last he came; the door opened, his resignation was thrust into the room, and Floyd disappeared from Washington. Such was the end of Floyd and the beginning of Stanton.—*St. Louis Republican*, Jan. 20.

A PATRIOTIC old lady named Jane Arbicht, aged seventy years, and a resident of Sugar Creek Township, Hancock County, Ind., has put in, with her own hands, during the past season, about ten acres of wheat. She has sent her two sons to fight the battles of the Union, and nobly applied herself to their labor.—*Princeton Standard*.

THE BELGIAN MUSKETS.—Are we to have an end of the severe and dangerous swindle, the Belgian muskets? An inquiry should be instituted as to how many of these double-acting shooting-irons we have in the country—double-acting, because about equally dangerous at either end. A good story is told of one of our Illinois Colonels, who was heard praising the arm. Says he: "In platoon firing with the Belgian musket, I can tell what I cannot with any other arm, and that is, how many pieces have been fired."

"How can you tell that?"

"Oh! I count the men on the ground. It never deceives me. It is 'fire and fall back' flat."

One of these Belgian muskets will kick like a mule, and burst with the greatest facility. Several soldiers in our Illinois regiments have been killed in this way. The bayonet, too, is a novelty—a soft iron affair, apparently designed to coil round the enemy as it is introduced, thus taking him prisoner.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A MEMBER of the First Wisconsin regiment, who was at the engagement at Falling Waters, Va., relates a singular incident which took place at that fight:

"In a clump of bushes the rebels had a piece of artillery with which they harassed our troops considerably. The attention of the officer in command was directed to this circumstance, upon which he ordered the battery to be silenced. A piece of heavy ordnance was immediately brought to bear upon the group of secesh who had gathered around their gun and stood there watching the effect of their firing upon our ranks.

"Our gun was some improved affair, and was under the supervision of one of the most experienced artillerymen in the army. Giving the piece a great elevation, after sighting it, he discharged its contents toward the desired point. The deadly missile described a graceful curve through the air, and fell in the midst of the little circle of men, and immediately burst. It was a percussion-shell, and struck upon the breech of the rebel cannon. After the engagement was over, fourteen dead bodies were found near this gun, literally torn to pieces by the explosion of a single shell."

REBEL SUPPLIES.—The Provost-Marshal at St. Louis permits the friends of the secesh prisoners under his charge to send them presents of provisions and clothing, and the most delicately prepared preserves and jellies, the richest cakes, the best wines, the finest roasted turkeys, chickens, broiled quails, cans of oysters, loads of fresh bread, and various other delicacies, such as nineteen twentieths of the prisoners have never before seen or tasted, have been constantly showered in upon them. On the first, so plentiful were the gifts for the prisoners, that they were unable to eat more than a third of the perishable provisions. The Second

Iowa boys accordingly appropriated as much as they wanted, and had a first-rate New-Year's feast at the expense of the secesh. Last week, in the examination of some of the delicacies sent to the prisoners, a fat turkey was made to disgorge a number of bowie-knives, and a large ham was found to contain several small tools similar to those used by burglars.—*N. Y. Atlas*.

THE Louisville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes, under date of the twelfth of December, 1861, the following facts relative to the attempt of the Tennessee authorities to draft soldiers:

"I have news from Nashville to the sixth. Indignation of Gov. Harris' orders to raise troops by draft from the militia was intense, even among the secessionists. The *Daily Gazette* denounced it in unmeasured terms, declaring that it was worse than Lincoln's call for men to 'subdue the South.' In the fourth ward of Nashville, Capt. Patterson refused to obey orders for conscription, but was afterward forced to obedience by a threat of court-martial. In South-Nashville, on the second inst., a mob of more than one hundred men rushed upon the Governor's officers, and broke up the boxes used in drafting. A fight ensued between the Confederate officers and the people, in which two persons were killed and ten or twelve wounded.

"Gov. Harris was compelled to keep his room at the St. Cloud up to the time my informant left, under strong guard, for fear of assassination by the incensed people. He had received many anonymous letters threatening his life. Col. Henry Claibourne, of the militia, was also afraid to show his head on the streets.

"The writer further states that J. O. Griffith, financial proprietor of the Nashville *Union and American*, original secessionist, and Hugh McCrea, an Irish original secessionist, were among those drawn for militia service. Three wholesale dry goods merchants, Alfred Adams, Tom Fife, and W. S. Akin, had also been selected to shoulder the musket. Some wealthy persons offered as high as two thousand dollars for substitutes."

TO JOHN PIERPONT.

Servant of Christ, erect, unwearied, strong,
Fresh from the toils of nearly fourscore years—
A work-day in his vineyard brave and long—
The evening hour thou giv'st to man, to God,
The last the brightest of thy life appears.
On! to the Holy City, which the foe
Of man and God assails, to overthrow
The fairest temple mortal hands have raised,
And tramp with Slavery's hoofs where Freedom trod.
Thou girdest on thy armor. God be praised.
Lift high his Cross. By that his hosts be led.
Soldier of God! his banner wave; thy head
Bearing its mortal crest of silver white,
Thy lofty soul wreathed with immortal light.

LIBERTAS.

A YANKEE TRICK IN MISSOURI.—The following is told of Major Hovey of the Twenty-fourth Indiana regiment, in connection with General Pope's exploits in Missouri:

While at some point near Clinton, Major Hovey took one hundred men, put them in wagons, so as to hide them from view, and then putting a few stragglers to walk, as if guarding the train, he started out. Secession, shot-gun in hand, hiding in the brush,

saw the *cortège*, and supposed it a Federal wagon-train, poorly guarded, and hence an easy as well as legitimate prize. Reasoning thus, Secession walked from the brush, presented its shot-gun, and demanded a surrender, which demand was instantly met by fifty men rising from the wagons, presenting a row of glittering muskets, and requesting a similar favor of astonished and now mortified secession. Secession generally complied, and worked off its ill-humor by cursing such "mean Yankee tricks," unknown to all honorable warfare, and unworthy all chivalrous hearts. In this way many a petulant rebel was confounded, and in two cases, where fight was preferred rather than surrender, two rebel sons of chivalry bit the dust, from the effects of Minie bullets, which left canister-like auger-holes clear through their heads. Before his return, Major Hovey captured a large number of prisoners, and burnt one mill, which was grinding for Price.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

Two rebel printers were killed at the battle of Dranesville, Va. They were both formerly employed upon the Washington (D. C.) *Globe*. Their names were Melvin Gibbs and John Henry.

THE Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, gives currency to the assertion that ex-Minister Faulkner, exchanged for Mr. Ely, actually carried despatches from his colleagues in Fort Warren, to the rebel authorities at Richmond, and that he concealed several in the stem of his large pipe, and put a number in the shape and likeness of cigars.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE ARMY.

The Louisville *Journal* says: The fame of Spartan mothers is to be rivalled by the firmness, devotion, and loyalty of the mothers of America. The present war calls forth the exhibition of the noblest traits of the female heart. We have seen scores of letters which, if collected in a printed volume, might accompany the "book of books," as a most fitting commentary on the value of its inculcations, and show the rich produce of the ripe harvests which spring from its seeds of righteousness and truth. But we are permitted to copy an extract from one addressed to Col. J. M. Shackelford, which, in its tone of Christian confidence and patriotic self-sacrifice, is above and beyond all praise. Written from a secluded country home, "that Shenstone might have envied"—a home where "peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around"—it pours forth the hopes and fears of a mother, who, leaning on the Almighty arm, trusting to His power, and confident in the justice of her country's cause, gives up her eldest son to her God and to that country. The simple pathos of the letter is the highest eloquence, and its religious confidence the most holy characteristic of an American mother. It reads as follows:

"COL. JOHN M. SHACKELFORD: I send my son to you; yes, my eldest child, with the full confidence that you will care for, guide, and protect him as you would your own son.

"My boy has been as tenderly cared for, and his morals as strictly guarded as a girl's. He is young, unsophisticated, and innocent as the most refined female. God grant that he may remain so, although I know the camp is calculated to demoralize and unfit a man for the social circle. My boy is gentle,

but firm and unwavering. He can be managed by kindness, but not by harshness. This I know by experience. I know martial laws are rigid; be gentle and forbearing in consequence of his youth and inexperience.

"Pardon the feelings and partiality of a doting mother. I now give my darling boy up to his God and his country, and may the just God of battles preside over and shield your devoted regiment, is the prayer of your unhappy friend."

SOCKS AND VERSE.—The following verses were found in a pair of socks sent to the "Army of the Potomac:"

"These socks were knit by ancient dame,
Past three-score years and ten;
Her heart doth glow with loyal flame,
Her fingers nimble, too, as when
She knit for *one*, her honored sire,
Who fought and bled at 'Bunker's fire.'

"She sends this pair (an offering small)
To some good soldier brave,
Who left his home at country's call,
That country for to save;
Whoe'er he is these socks shall wear,
God bless and keep him, is her prayer.

—*Boston Transcript*.

MATRON.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* relates the following incident which occurred in the office of the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton:

"Judge Kelley came in with a youthful-looking officer, whose empty coat-sleeve hung from his left shoulder. He was introduced to the Secretary as Brevet Lieut. Harry Rockafellow, of Philadelphia. 'My friend,' continued the Judge, 'left a situation worth eight hundred dollars per year, three days after the President's proclamation for troops, to carry a musket at eleven dollars a month, with his regiment, the New-York Seventy-first. After the term of his enlistment had expired, he marched with his regiment to Bull Run. Early in the day he received that ugly rifle-ball in his mouth, (pointing to a Minie ball that was hung to his watch-key,) and for two hours and a half he carried it in his fractured jawbone, fighting like a true hero, until a cannon-ball took off his arm and rendered him powerless.

"He was captured, and for three months lay in a mangled condition in a tobacco warehouse in Richmond, without proper surgical treatment. He was breveted a lieutenant by his Colonel for his bravery, and is now filling a small clerkship. I beg of you to appoint him in the regular service.' 'But where could I put him if I were to?' said Mr. Stanton. The Judge was about to reply when the young man raised his arm and said with an imploring look: 'See, I have a right arm still, and Gen. Kearney has only his left; send me into the line where there is fighting to be done! I have letters from—' he tried to draw a bundle of letters from his pocket. Mr. Stanton stopped him. 'Put up your letters, sir; you have spoken for yourself. Your wish shall be granted. The country cannot afford to neglect such men as you!' Ere the soldier could thank him for his kindness, his case was noted. He turned to leave, and remarked to the Judge as they left: 'I shall be proud of my commission, for I feel that I have earned it! This day is the proudest one of my whole life.' His heart seemed so

light that we doubt if he then realized the loss he had met with, or remembered the weary nights, and the long, long days he had suffered in the vile prisons of the traitor crew. Congressman Ely came in just as he passed along the aisle and remarked: 'There goes the noblest and most heroic of all our prisoners.' He was the pride of the boys—all loved him as though he were a brother.' "

INCIDENTS OF FORT PICKENS. — The following extract is by an officer on board the United States steamer Richmond, after the bombardment of Fort Pickens:

"I went, by invitation of Lieut. —, of the Engineers, to visit the Fort. Took a circuit first of the covered way, then of the parapet and ramparts. All around the Fort, inside and out, were marks of the enemy's shot and shell. On the glacis, here and there, are deep grooves, ending in a large hole, where the shot had plumped into it, and where there had been shell which had burst. The hole was a great excavation, into which you could drive an ox-cart. Where the projectiles have struck the standing walls, they have clipped off patches of the brick-work (it is a brick and not a stone fort) perhaps eight or ten feet deep, and, where they struck the corners, larger portions have been removed; but in no case has any part of the fortifications received an injury tending in the least to weaken it, and this after two days' heavy firing. The only man who was killed outright during the two days' action, was an artilleryman, who was passing into the casemates with some bread from the bakehouse. A shell exploded at the other side of the area, and one piece, flying a distance of some two or three hundred feet, passed through his body, under his arms. He walked a few steps and fell dead. There were many almost miraculous escapes. A shell was heard coming toward a gun on the parapet, and the men dodged under their bomb-proofs. The shell hit fair on top of the bomb-proof, went through, and dropped into a pail of water beside the officer, where it exploded. When the men came out again to resume their work, all they saw of the officer was his heels sticking out of a pile of rubbish. After digging him out, they stood amazed to see that he was not even hurt. He rose up, shook the sand from his hair and clothes, and coolly said: "Come, come! what are you standing there gaping at? Load that gun there." At it they went again, as if nothing had happened. Another officer, who had charge of a battery of mortars, had no less than seventeen shells strike within ten yards of him. I saw the ground ploughed up in every direction, and yet not a man was hurt. About twenty of the men, who had been relieved from their guns, were sitting smoking and watching the firing in a corner protected from shot by the walls, when half of a huge shell struck and buried itself right in the middle of the group, without disturbing them in the least. 'What's that?' asked one. 'The devil knows, and he won't tell,' indifferently responded another, and went on smoking. A ten-inch columbiad came rolling toward a group, the fuse whizzing and smoking. 'Wonder if that'll hit us?' 'Guess not; we're too near it!' Crack went the shell! flying in every direction, but fortunately escaping them all. The rebel powder was poor; as also their shot, except that portion which they succeeded in stealing before the rebellion broke out. Their practice, however, was said to be good — how could it have been otherwise? Uncle Sam taught them at his unparalleled school at West-Point, but with little

thought that the teaching would be thus employed. — *Louisville Journal*, Jan. 31.

FREEMEN! TO YOUR STANDARD RALLY!

A SONG OF THE UNION MEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

Freemen! to your standard rally!
Come from mountain, hill, and valley;
Forth from town and city sally—
Swear to guard it and defend it;
Round that flag so long victorious,
Stars and stripes, beloved and glorious,
Swear, with voice deep, not uproarious,
This rebellion foul, to end it!

Shall the tree our fathers nourished—
Watered by their blood that flourished,
Till the haughty Briton perished
Out the land—shall it be riven?
Shall the glorious flag they gave us—
Emblem high to guard and save us
'Gainst all foes that would enslave us—
From our natal soil be driven?

Shall the UNION, which our sires
Forged, in patriotic fires,
Perish at the fell desires
Of the base secession crew?
Shall we let such knaves and traitors,
Robbers, thieves, and freedom-haters,
All our nation's great creators'
Most successful work undo?

No! By Washington and Wayne,
Adams, Franklin, Lee, and Penn,
All those brave, true-hearted men
Who Freedom gained and Union gave us—
Up! and fight for Law and Order,
Fight until the last marauder
Ye have driven from your border,
Who oppress and would enslave us!

By that bright and proud array—
Patriot names of later day—
Jackson, Webster, Wirt, and Clay,
Statesmen, orators, and sages—
Who have battled, "armed men strong,"
For the right against the wrong,
That their country loved might long
Stand the hope of unborn ages.

By the God of heaven above us,
By the dear ones loved, who love us,
By all motives pure that move us,
The HERO'S or the MARTYR'S crown—
We will never yield us, never,
Till the fiends who seek to sever
Our loved country are for ever
And for evermore put down!

—*Louisville Journal*.

SECESSION.

The sun's hot rays were falling fast,
As through a Southern city passed
A man who bore 'midst rowdies' low,
A banner with the strange motto—
Secession!

His brow was sad; his mouth beneath
Smelt strong of fire at every breath;
And like a furious madman sung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Secession!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral gallows shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Secession!

"Try not that game!" Abe Lincoln said,
"Dark lower the thunders overhead;
The mighty North has been defied."
But still that drunken voice replied—
Secession!

"Oh! pause," the Quaker said, "and think
Before thee leaps from off the brink!"
Contempt was in his drunken leer;
And still he answered with a sneer—
Secession!

"Beware the pine-tree's bristling branch!
Beware the Northern Avalanche!"
And that was Scott's restraining voice;
But still this was the traitor's choice—
Secession!

At close of war, as toward their homes
Our troops as victors hurried on,
And turned to God a thankful prayer,
A voice whined through the startled air—
Secession!

A traitor by a soldier keen,
Suspended by the neck was seen,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with this strange device—
Secession!

There, to the mournful gibbet strung,
Lifeless and horrible he hung;
And from the sky there seemed to float
A voice, like angel's warning note—
Secession!

THE FLAG OF THE SKY.

Willie stood at the window,
Little Willie of five years old,
Watching the rainbow colors,
As they fade in the sunset's gold.

Red pennants and streamers of fire,
On the blue expanse unfurl,
And over the red the white clouds lie,
Like floating mists of pearl.

"Isn't it beautiful, mamma?
And the dark eyes grow so bright,
They almost seem to catch the glow
Of the sky's wild glory light.

"See, there is the red, mamma,
And there is the beautiful blue;
Did God make the beautiful red,
And did he make the white clouds, too?"

"And away up, up in the sky,
Is such a little bright star;
Why, God is for the Union,
Isn't He, mamma?"

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade:
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

SOUTHERN TREASON.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

Like Jezebel's face at her casement,
Strangely dismayed and perplexed,
The world looks forth in amazement,
Marvelling what's to come next.

The world looks round her in wonder
For beauty and strength destroyed
For brotherhoods broken in sunder,
And statecraft quite made void!

Alas! for America's glory!
Ichabod—vanished outright;
And all her magnificent story
Told as a dream of the night!
Alas! for the heroes and sages,
Saddened in Hades to know
That what they had built for all ages,
Melts like a palace of snow!

And woe for the shame and the pity,
That, all for no cause, to no end,
City should fight against city,
And brother with brother contend!
Alas! what a libel on freedom—
Patriots—gone to the bad,
Citizens—Arabs of Edom,
Slave-drivers—liberty-mad!

How sadly, through sons so degraded,
Pigmies, ill-sprung from great men,
Even your glories look faded,
Washington, Franklin, and Penn!
Popular government slandered
'Mid the deep scorn of the world—
Liberty's star-crowded standard
Fouled by black treason and furred!

Southerner! shame on such treason!
Woe for your folly and guilt,
Woe for this war of unreason,
Woe for the brothers' blood spilt!
Curse on such monsters unfilial,
Tearing their mother to shreds—
Curse on those children of Belial—
Curse on their parricide heads!

ALBURY, September 23, 1861.

K. T. DID.

We learn from Kansas Territory that Captain Jennison, of border fame, has offered six hundred of his well-known "Jay-Hawkers," all bold riders and well mounted, to the Union cause; also, that other mounted regiments will shortly be organised. Good for K. T.—*Western Paper*.

From her borders far away,
Kansas blows a trumpet call,
Answered by the loud "hurrah!"
Of her troopers, one and all.
"Knife and pistol, sword and spur!"
Cries K. T.
"Let my troopers all concur
To the old flag, no demur,
Follow me!"

Hence the song of jubilee,
Platyphillis from the tree,
High among the branches hid,
Sings all night so merrily—
"K. T. did,
She did—she did!"

Thirty score Jay-Hawkers bold,
Kansas men of strong renown,
Rally round the banner old,
Casting each his gauntlet down.
"Good for Kansas," one and all
Cry to her;

Riding to her trumpet call,
Blithe as to a festival,
All concur!

Hence the revel and the glee,
As the chanter from the tree,
High among the branches hid,
Sings all night so merrily—

"K. T. did!
She did—she did!"

—*Vanity Fair*.

FORWARD!

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

God, to the human soul,
And all the spheres that roll,
Wrapped by his spirit in their robes of light,
Hath said: "The primal plan
Of all the world, and man,
Is Forward! Progress is your law—your right."

The despots of the earth,
Since Freedom had her birth,
Have to their subject nations said, "Stand still;"
So, from the Polar Bear,
Comes down the freezing air,
And stiffens all things with its deadly chill.

He who doth God resist—
God's old antagonist—
Would snap the chain that binds all things to him;
And in his godless pride,
All peoples would divide,
And scatter even the choirs of seraphim.

God, all the orbs that roll
Binds to one common goal—
One source of light and life—his radiant throne.
In one fraternal mind
All races would he bind,
Till every man in man a brother own.

Tyrants with tyrants league,
Corruption and intrigue
To strangle infant Liberty conspire.
Around her cradle, then,
Let self-devoted men
Gather, and keep unquenched her vital fire.

When Tyranny, grown bold,
To Freedom's host cries, "Hold!
Ye towards her temple at your peril march;"
"Stop," that great host replies,
Raising to heaven its eyes,
"Stop, first, the host that moves across yon arch!"

When Tyranny commands,
"Hold thou my victim's hands,
While I more firmly rivet on his chains,
Or with my bowie-knife,
I'll take your craven life,
Or show my streets bespattered with your brains."

Freedom, with forward tread,
Unblenching, turns her head,
And drawing from its sheath her flashing glave,
Calmly makes answer: "*Dare
Touch of my head one hair,
I'll cut the cord that holds your every slave!*"

WEST-MEDFORD, September, 1861.

"WHERE IS THAT FLAG, OH! WHERE?"

BY W. H. HAYWARD.

At the battle of "Carnifax Ferry," Va., the color-bearer of the Tenth Ohio regiment, Fitzgibbons, who was terribly wounded, as he lay dying, looked frantically to a companion, and not seeing the colors which he himself carried and grasped with a dying tenacity after he fell, exclaimed, in paroxysms of despair, his life-blood flowing: "Where is that flag, O heavens! where is it? keep it and preserve it." These were his last dying words.

Where is that Flag? *Fitzgibbons* cried,
Confided to my care;
My flag! the glorious Stars and Stripes,
Triumphant everywhere.

I swore to guard and bear it safe,
'Mid flashing cannons' glare;
But wounded, bleeding, here I lie—
Where is that flag, oh! where?

Where armies meet in dread array,
When brave hearts charging, dare
To fight, the Union to maintain,
And death and peril share,

To shield, protect it with my life,
Each Star and Stripe all there;
I grasped and bore it in the fight—
Where is that flag, oh! where?

He raised his sinking, dying head,
With wild, convulsive stare—
"O heavens! where is it? keep it safe,
Preserve the flag I bear."

His pulse grew weak, his eyes grew dim;
His blood fast oozing there;
In agony he faintly sighed:
"My flag, my colors, here they are!"

And as he gasping now beheld
His flag beside him there,
He died, a soldier's glorious death;
"Preserve that flag!" his prayer.

With the above came the following:
To the Colonel of the Tenth Ohio regiment, or any officer who was a friend of "*Fitzgibbons*," brave, noble, true-hearted color-bearer of the Tenth Ohio regiment, who fell at the battle of "Carnifax Ferry," this little song is respectfully forwarded with the compliments of the author.

WM. H. HAYWARD, J. P.,
Baltimore City, Maryland.

"WITH THY SHIELD, OR UPON IT."

BY S. C. MERCER.

The loss of a shield was regarded as peculiarly disgraceful by the Greek soldiers. The dead were borne home upon their shields. "Return with thy shield, my son, or upon it," was the heroic injunction of a Spartan mother.

Sound the trumpet, sound! The die is cast,
The rubicon of fate is passed,
The loyal and the rebel hosts,
Kentucky, throng thy leaguered coasts,
And on the issue of the strife
Hang peace and liberty and life;
All that the storied past endears,
And all the hopes of coming years;
The startled world looks on the field—
Thou canst not fly—thou dar'st not yield—
Then strike! and make thy foemen feel
Thy triply-consecrated steel,
And *with* or *on* thy shining shield
Return, Kentucky, from the field.

Strike! though the battle's dead be strown
O'er land and wave, from zone to zone;
Strike! though the gulf of human blood
Roll o'er thee like the primal flood.
Treason at home—beyond the sea
Its ally, ancient tyranny,
Democracy's relentless foe,
Aim at thy heart their deadliest blow;
Freedom's last hope remains with thee,
O armies of democracy!
Then lead thy martial hosts abroad
In the grand panoply of God,
And *with* or *on* thy shining shield
Return, Kentucky, from the field.

Wave, banners, wave, and let the sky
Glow with your flashing wings on high,
There's music in each rustling fold
Sweeter than minstrel ever told.
Oh! who that ever heard the story
Of all our dead who fell in glory,
Still pressing where the starry light
Streamed like a meteor o'er the fight,
Till their expiring bosoms poured
The red libation of the sword,
Would leave Kentucky *now*, or thrust
Her beaming forehead in the dust,
Where treason's reptiles writhe and hiss
Like fiends shut out from Eden's bliss?
Better the freeman's lowliest grave
Than golden fetters of a slave;
Then *with* or *on* thy shining shield
Return, Kentucky, from the field.

If bribed by lust of power or gold,
Thy country's welfare thou hast sold,
Iscaiot-like thy name shall be
In Freedom's dark Gethsemane;
Disgrace and fell remorse shall plough
Eternal furrows o'er thy brow;
By angels, men, and fiends abhorred—
Like Judas who betrayed his Lord.
Outcast at home—across the sea,
Shunned like a leper thou shalt be—
No spring shall slake thy burning thirst,
The fire shall shun thee as accursed—
Day shall be cheerless—no repose
At night thy swollen eye shall close—
Lift to indignant Heaven thine eye,
Curse God in black despair and die!
Kentucky, hast thou son so base
Thy fame unsullied would disgrace?
Attaint his blood, disown his race,
His line, his very name efface.
Then charge! thy grand battalions free
From all attaint of treachery—
Charge on thy foes! make all the air
Vocal with Freedom's holiest prayer,
And *with* or *on* thy shining shield,
Return, Kentucky, from the field!

State of the "Dark and Bloody Ground,"
The trumpet peals its final sound,
Down every mountain height, arrayed,
Comes thundering on the long brigade;
By every valley, pass, and river,
Sabres and bayonets flash and quiver;
Shame to the faithless son who falters
When impious hands assail their altars,
And fill each font of happiness
With waves of woe and bitterness;

The dead their august shades present
 By Frankfort's battle monument—
 Not now their souls can be at rest,
 Though in the Islands of the Blest—
 "Remember us," their voices cry,
 "When comes the hour of conflict nigh,
 Draw on the traitor ranks abhorred
 The sword of Gideon and the Lord!
 And *with* or *on* thy shining shield,
 Return, Kentucky, from the field!"

Jan. 16. — Amongst the prisoners lately returned from Richmond, is Capt. Ralph Hunt, of the First Kentucky regiment. In September last, his regiment formed a part of the force under Gen. Cox, encamped near "Gauley Bridge," in Western Virginia. The enemy were desirous of dislodging the General, and about the third of September attempted a reconnoissance in some force. The pickets were driven in, and Capt. Hunt was ordered out with his company to make observations of the force and movements of the enemy, and report thereon. The whole country thereabouts is thickly covered with scrubby pine and cedar, so that a man may escape notice at a few yards distance. Pushing his way through the bushes and scrubby trees until he obtained a position commanding the road by which the rebels must advance, the Captain halted his men where they were well concealed from observation, and ordered them to lie quiet and await orders. A few men had been sent in advance as scouts, but it seems that these were bewildered amidst the dwarf pines and bushes, and, in making their way back, unfortunately got into the Captain's rear. The Captain, after posting his men, had gone forward a few yards, accompanied by two of his men, (one of whom, Corporal Samuel Duff, is amongst the prisoners lately released,) and, hearing an advance upon the road, stepped forward a few paces, in expectation of seeing his returning scouts, but the party advancing along the road turned out to be the leading files of the advanced guard of the rebel forces. With these was a fine-looking officer named Loughborough, who had been sent out to drill the confederate troops in that region. This officer was marching some distance in advance of his men, and catching sight of Capt. Hunt, poured forth a torrent of imprecations, exclaiming, "Come out, you damned Yankee son of a —, and be shot!" at the same time raising to his shoulder his Mississippi rifle. The Captain had a musket with him, (the ordinary smooth bore,) which he instantly levelled at his adversary. The combatants were about fifty yards apart; each fired at the same instant; the Adjutant's ball whistled close by the Captain's ear, but the Adjutant himself, with a curse upon his lips, fell dead with a bullet through his brain. So instantaneous was the death that not a limb stirred after the body touched the earth. Not less than seven shots were instantly fired at Captain Hunt, none of them, fortunately, taking effect. The enemy, enraged at the loss of a favorite officer, were at first inclined to be revengeful, but the gallantry he had just displayed, and the coolness with which he bore himself when in their power, finally won their respect. The men of Capt. Hunt's company supposed their leader to be killed, and made good their escape to camp. Hunt and the two men with him were so surrounded that escape was impossible. Refusing to give his parole, Capt. Hunt was ironed, and after visiting with his guard several of the towns of Virginia, at length was confined in a "tobacco-factory" at Richmond. Here he found Mr. Ely and a crowd

of fellow-prisoners captured at Bull Run. Amongst them was Lieut. Morrill, of the Engineers. After some weeks passed in close confinement, Capt. Hunt, Lieut. Morrill, and another of the prisoners formed a plan of escape, but the night appointed for their escape found the Captain too ill and weak to make the attempt; but, after a delay of three weeks, finding that his health was becoming still worse, Capt. Hunt urged his friends to make the attempt without him. Unfortunately, after travelling some twenty-five miles from Richmond, Lieut. Morrill and his friend were retaken. Since then he is treated with more harshness. His friends believe that he will not be selected by the rebels for exchange, and that he will be apt to remain a prisoner for a long period, unless the Government gives special attention to his case. Since his release, Capt. Hunt's health is rapidly improving, and he will soon be able to rejoin his regiment.—*National Intelligencer*, Jan. 16.

HOW ZOLLICOFFER WAS KILLED.—Mrs. Fry, wife of Col. S. S. Fry, of the Fourth Kentucky regiment, received a letter at Danville, from Col. Fry, written after the battle near Somerset. He details in the letter the manner in which he killed Gen. Zollicoffer, which varies somewhat from the many statements we have seen. Col. Fry was in the act of leading his regiment into a charge upon the Mississippians, when Gen. Zollicoffer, accompanied by his aid, rode up to him and said: "You are not going to fight your friends, are you? These men (pointing to the Mississippians) are all your friends." In the mean time Zollicoffer's aid fired upon Col. Fry, wounding his horse, from which wound the animal died. Col. Fry then turned and fired upon Zollicoffer with fatal effect. Gen. Zollicoffer evidently labored under the impression that Col. Fry was a rebel officer. The stories about the old intimacy of the two officers are all untrue. They had never met before, nor did Col. Fry know the rank of the officer upon whom he fired, as the evidences of his rank were covered by a cloak which Gen. Zollicoffer wore in battle.

INCIDENTS OF MILL SPRING.—A gentleman direct from the vicinity of Somerset, informs us that there were eleven of the Tenth Indiana killed, ten of the Second Minnesota, eight of the Fourth Kentucky, eight of the Ninth Ohio, and one or two of the Wolford cavalry. The Michigan Engineer and Mechanics' regiment dug trenches and buried the dead, the funeral service having been appropriately performed on the occasion. Wounded prisoners state that there was no general enthusiasm, but that the growing discontent induced Gen. Zollicoffer to make a speech to his troops the day before he led them to battle, in which he declared with emphasis, that "he would take them to Indiana, or go to h—l himself!" After Col. Fry's horse was shot and disabled, he mounted the splendid gray charger which Zollicoffer had ridden. As the Federal army advances, the Union people creep out of their holes and hiding-places, and evince the most frantic delight; they are eager to receive arms and to be marched against those who have so long terrorized their homes. As plenty of muskets were found in the deserted camp of the rebels, we presume their wishes will be gratified. One man, residing on the Cumberland, had been robbed of six hundred bushels of corn, and he is willing to give the marauders a receipt in full for it, if he can only get a few cracks at them. Capt. Noah, of the Second Minnesota, informs us that a large number of the dead

rebels were shot through the head, which shows the precision of the aim of our marksmen. Capt. Kinney's Ohio battery of four rifled and two smooth-bore six-pounders, threw elongated shells charged with shrapnel, which did terrible execution, filling the forest with rebel dead like cordwood.

A confederate flag, which was taken from Zollicoffer's intrenchments, was constructed of silk, and bore the following: "Presented to the Mountain Rangers, Captain Ashford, by Mrs. W. V. Chardovagne." The banner was exhibited at the Galt House, and was subsequently taken to headquarters.—*Louisville Journal*, Jan. 24.

MUNCHAUSENISM.—The rebel version of the defeat of Humphrey Marshall, near Prestonburg, Kentucky, is, that he was retreating with a force of three thousand five hundred men before a force of eight thousand Federal troops, when the Federals came upon him in a narrow gorge, and a desperate struggle took place. A Lynchburg (Va.) despatch says: "Colonel Moore's regiment charged the enemy. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued, which lasted half an hour. The Federals fought gallantly, but finally broke and run in Bull Run style. Marshall's force, being exhausted and so much smaller than the enemy, fell back to Prestonburg. The confederate loss is twenty-five killed and fifteen wounded. The enemy lost over two hundred." No wonder that the Confederate Congress is considering (if it has not passed) a stringent law to restrain newspapers from publishing any more "war news."—*National Intelligencer*, Jan. 25.

COLORS TROOPS SOUTH.—The New-Orleans *Picayune* of January 10th, gives an account of a grand review of the rebel troops in that city on the previous day, in which occurs the following:

"We must also pay a deserved compliment to the companies of free colored men, all very well drilled, and comfortably uniformed. Most of these companies, quite unaided by the administration, have supplied themselves with arms without regard to cost or trouble. One of these companies, commanded by the well-known veteran, Capt. Jordan, was presented, a little before the parade, with a fine war-flag of the new style. This interesting ceremony took place at Mr. Cushing's store, on Camp, near Common street. The presentation was made by Mr. Bigney, and Jordan made, on this occasion, one of his most felicitous speeches."

OLD DICK, THE DRUMMER.—A few days ago, Dick, a venerable darkey in uniform, was arrested for carrying a huge bowie-knife. He was on his return home to Danville from a campaign against the Yankees, and the Mayor discharged him after confiscating the knife.

The person referred to has occupied the position of chief drummer for the Eighteenth Virginia regiment for the last eight months, and is highly esteemed by the regiment, not only as a musician, but as a brave and gallant old man. He is a hero of two wars, and in several instances has rendered good service to the country. When the war with Mexico broke out, he enlisted as musician for a South-Carolina regiment, and followed it through the war, and was present when the glorious Gen. Butler fell. The war being successfully terminated, he returned home to his usual avocations. Upon the breaking out of our present war, though old and gray, he was among the first to respond to Virginia's call for volunteers, and was regularly

mustered into service with the Eighteenth regiment. Since that time he has not only carried his drum, but also the bowie-knife referred to above, and a musket.

In the memorable battle of the 21st July, he deserted his drum, and, with musket in hand, followed the regiment throughout the battle. Several days after the battle, while strolling through the woods, he discovered the hiding-place of what he thought a Yankee, and on reporting it, went down with several of the regiment, and captured three of the creatures—one of them Col. Wood of the Fourteenth Brooklyn. In every scene of danger or of difficulty, old Dick has accompanied the regiment with bowie-knife by his side and musket in hand. When on picket duty at Mason's Hill, in sight of the enemy, he would go beyond the picket-lines to get a fair crack at the Yankee pickets. In fine, old Dick, we believe, is a gentleman and true patriot, and we feel sorry that his knife, around which clung so many proud associations to him, should have been taken from him. He valued it above all things except his musket. It is true, the law may have required its confiscation, as setting a bad example to darkeys in civil life; but under the circumstances, it does seem hard to have subjected the old man not only to the loss of his bowie-knife, but the mortification attendant on a suspicion of evil designs. We hope old Dick may live to prove his character still further by bagging his Yankee.—*Richmond Examiner*.

WHO IS OPOTHLEYOHOLO?—Some curiosity having been manifested as to the identity of this notorious Indian chief, *The Fort Smith News*, of the thirteenth December, 1861, answers the question as follows:

"Opothleyoholo, who is now giving so much trouble, is an old man about eighty years of age, and is a leader among what is now termed the Upper Creeks. His first appearance in a public capacity was about 1824 or 1825, soon after the murder, by the Creeks, of Gen. McIntosh, who was killed for making a treaty with the United States. Opothleyoholo's name made its appearance about that time as the leader of the party opposed to the treaty.

He is an eloquent speaker, and wields a mighty influence over the Upper Creeks by his tongue. The McIntosh party compose the Lower Creeks, and there exists still, between the two parties, the remains of the old national feud, and this may be the cause of the present attitude of Opothleyoholo and his followers. Indians never forget injuries, and when life is taken the relatives of the killed seldom ever forget it. It is said that Opothleyoholo and his Creek followers are very hostile to the Creek regiment under Col. McIntosh, who is a descendant of Gen. McIntosh, who was slain by the Creeks years ago."

A PASS FOR A REBEL.—A Kentucky correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times* says:

"I heard an incident, down at Bacon Creek, the other day, which illustrates the character of the secessionists, and the vigorous policy pursued by Gen. McCook.

"A man named Buz Rowe lives down in this region. He was early afflicted with the secession fever, and when the rebels occupied this portion of Kentucky the sickness assumed a malignant form. It was his practice to lie around a tavern at Bacon Creek Station, drink whisky, swagger, blow about Southern rights, and insult Union men. One gentleman informs me that he has seen him draw his pistol, and threaten to

shoot at least twenty Union men, at as many different times. When our troops advanced to Nevin, and the rebels fell back to Green River, Buz changed his tune. He was not disposed to take up arms in behalf of the cause he represented. In fact, to secure peace and safety at home, he expressed his willingness to "take the oath."

On being lectured by Union men, he stated that he was only going through the form to prevent being troubled at home, that when he could do good for the rebel cause he would not regard the obligation in the least. It was some time before Buz could get a Union man to go to the camp with him, but finally, in company with such, he called on Gen. McCook, and asked for the privilege of taking the oath and obtaining a pass. The General knew his man, and addressing the Union man who accompanied him, said:

"Administer the oath to *him* — a ready traitor to his country! What regard do you suppose he would have for the solemn obligations of an oath? A man, sir, who would betray his country, has no respect for his oath."

Buz turned pale. The truth cut him deep, and he began to see that his time had come.

The General absolutely refused to have the oath administered, or to grant a pass. He could not get out of camp without some sort of a document, and he beseeched the interference of those whom he had so greatly abused when they were without protection. At last Gen. McCook agreed to pass him out of camp, and gave him a document which read something in this way:

"To the guards and pickets:

"The bearer is a traitor to his country. Pass him; but, in doing so, mark him well, and if you see him hereafter prowling about our lines, shoot him at once."

This pass the brawling rebel had to show to the whole line of guards and pickets, who all marked him well before they let him pass. Though he had previously been at Bacon Creek every day, he has not been seen there since.

He is as quiet as the army on the Potomac. One interview with Gen. McCook caused him to subside. That sort of medicine is the only kind that will cure Secesh.

POINT OF ROCKS, MD., Jan. 28. — Last night the monotony of camp life was varied by a theatrical performance in camp, tendered by a corps composed exclusively of members of Col. Geary's regiment, and to which a large number of citizens, with their families, together with Gen. Banks's staff, with their ladies, were invited. A rustic stage, with a drop-curtain and dressing-room, was erected near the centre of the camp, the whole enclosed with canvas. In front of the stage and in the form of an amphitheatre were seats for three hundred persons, and surrounding this were a succession of camp-fires, tending to dry and rarify the night atmosphere, as well as to add to the romance of the entertainment.

Special trains brought delegations of spectators from Sandy Hook, Frederick, and intermediate stations, a very considerable portion of whom were ladies, escorted by their male relatives and officers of rank. Not less than two hundred ladies lent their charms to grace the occasion. On the arrival of the trains, wagons were in readiness to convey the passengers to the camp, half a mile distant. On the arrival of the train from Frederick, some disappointment was felt to learn that Gen. Banks was not present, he having left for

Washington at noon in a special train; but he was represented by several members of his staff, with their ladies, as well as the veteran Brig.-Gen. Abercombie and his family, Col. Geary accompanying them.

The curtain rose at eight. A series of Ethiopian performances were first presented. Next followed the play of the "Last Man;" next "The Toodles;" and the entertainment closed with "Bombastes Furioso," happily adapted to the present political state of this country. Among the music performed was, for the first time, the Geary Grand March, composed by the leader of the regimental band, and a capital piece of music it was pronounced to be by competent judges. Of course, under the circumstances, the performances should not be scrutinized with a critical eye, but they were creditable to the actors. The "parts" of the Last Man and Toodles would have been loudly applauded in any metropolitan theatre.

Everything was conducted with the greatest decorum, but so great was the anxiety to witness the performances that invited guests were frequently incommoded by the pressure of officers and privates of the regiment.

THE *Richmond Examiner* of the twenty-third of January, says a scene of indecency, drunken or sober, occurred in the House of Delegates yesterday, while that body was occupied with the question of the election of Confederate Senators, mortifying to the hundreds who witnessed it. *In the midst of the debate, John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, came into the legislative chamber drunk, and sat on the steps leading to the Speaker's chair for the full space of half an hour, with a cigar in his mouth, making himself a spectacle for the whole house and a butt for the jokes of the gallery.* The apparition occurred just as both parties seemed to be in a dead-lock as to who should be Senator. The occurrence might naturally have originated in a drunken imagination that a display so dramatically made at the nick of time might suggest a compromise to both parties, and inspire a sudden enthusiasm for John Letcher and his republican cigar. We can imagine no other explanation for the impertinence and indecency of John Letcher on the Speaker's rostrum, displaying his cigar and making himself such a spectacle to the "assembled wisdom of Virginia."

A NEW KIND OF KITEING.—The *Washington Republican* gives the following account of a plan resorted to with success by rebels in lower Maryland, in communicating with their friends across the Potomac, without being detected:

"A large kite is made, and, instead of paper, is covered with oiled silk, so as to render it impervious to water. The tail is formed by folding letters or newspapers together, and tying them with a loop-knot — each letter, or perhaps two letters together, forming a bob. When the tail is as heavy as the kite can conveniently bear up under, a cord long enough to reach about two thirds of the way across the river is attached, and the kite raised in the air. After the kite has exhausted the string, or has reached a sufficient height, the cord is cut, and the concern, gradually descending, is borne by the breeze to the Virginia shore, where the bobs are taken off by those in waiting, and new ones for their sympathizing friends in Maryland tied on in their stead. With the first favorable wind, back comes the kite to the Maryland shore, and *vice versa*."

THE *Richmond Dispatch* has heard that, in Wayne county, Va., when it was proposed to draft the militia, they instantly, to a man, volunteered for the war. This unexpected response was so unusual that contentions resulted upon the question of remaining at home, and those upon whom this lot fell were loud in their expressions of disappointment.—*N. Y. Herald*, January 29.

A TABLEAU.—A letter from Murfreesboro', N. C., dated January twenty-second, describes a tableau given there for the benefit of the soldiers. It says:

"We should not do justice to the tableau unless we were to describe the first scene. A young gentleman representing King Cotton, sat upon a throne resembling a bale of cotton. Down on one side of the throne sat a representative of the ebon race, with a basket of cotton. The king held a cotton cloth as a sceptre, and one of his feet rested on a globe. Around him stood young ladies dressed in white, with scarfs of red and white looped on the shoulder with blue. On their heads they wore appropriate crowns. These represented the Confederate States. Missouri and Kentucky were guarded by armed soldiers.

"While we were gazing on this picture a dark-haired maiden, robed in black, with brow encircled by a cypress-wreath, and her delicate wrists bound with clanking chains, came on and knelt before his majesty. He extended his sceptre, and she arose. He waved his wand again, and an armed soldier appeared with a scarf and crown, like those worn by her sister States. He unchained this gentle girl at the bidding of his monarch, changed her crown of mourning for one of joy and liberty, and threw the Confederate flag across her, raised the flag over her and led her forward; then Kentucky advanced, took her by the hand, and led her into the ranks. Need we tell you who this maiden of sable garments was intended to represent? We leave that to be understood. If your readers cannot divine, it is owing to our description, and not to the scene. The ceremony was performed in pantomime.

"We will gratify the pride of the F. F. V.'s by saying that their representative had inscribed on her crown '*Mater Herorum*.' After this attempt to praise you, dear *Express*, you will surely pardon us if we tell you that North-Carolina wore on her brow a white crown, on which was the word 'Bethel.' Both of these States were represented by their own daughters."

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.—One of the zealous chaplains of the army of the Potomac called on a colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received, and beckoned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army." "I think so," replied the Colonel. "Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?" "Well, I don't know," replied the Colonel. "A lively interest has been awakened in the — regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have been already baptized." [This was a rival regiment.] "Is that so, 'pon honor?" asked the Colonel. "Yes, sir." "Serjeant," said the Colonel to an attending orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be d—d if I'll be outdone in any respect." The chaplain took note of the interview and withdrew.—*Louisville Journal*, January 14.

THE DEVIL NO SOLDIER.—At the funeral of the late Sergeant Dixon, who was murdered by a soldier in the Seventy-eighth regiment, at the camp at Aldershot, Rev. Mr. Healitt, who preached the funeral sermon, said he would not call the murderer a soldier, because the word soldier was an honorable title, borne by Joshua and David and others mentioned in the Bible; he wished every one to remember that the devil is nowhere in Scripture called by the honorable title of soldier.—*Baltimore American*, January 14.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.—An agent of the Southern Confederation, present in this country, has in his possession letters of marque from the Southern President, for distribution to the commanders of vessels in the Southern interest. The American Minister here may be similarly provided by the government he represents, as President Lincoln very recently announced his intention of issuing letters of marque and reprisal.—*London Shipping Gazette*.

THE flag of the American consul at Southampton, England, Capt. Britton, was deliberately hooted at by a detachment of the Royal Engineers, who were marching past his house on the nineteenth of December, 1861. He had hung the usual emblem at half-mast, in observance of the death of Prince Albert, when the company gave three groans as they passed, and many of them pointed their rifles at it, with menacing gestures. Capt. Britton resented the insult in a most spirited manner by making an immediate complaint to the Commander-in-chief. What reparation or apology has been made, we are not yet informed.—*Philadelphia Press*, Jan. 11.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.—A few days ago, as Gen. Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. W., living in a fine, large house, stood at an open door or window, waved a rebel flag toward him, and cried: "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!" The General reined in his horse, turned toward the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and suavity for which he is remarkable, and surveying the fine house from top to bottom with the eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked: "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours, every room was full of sick soldiers, and Mrs. W. was politely requested to take kind care of them. We heartily congratulate her upon her blessed privilege of ministering to the needs of suffering patriots.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED AS AN ODE.

BY E. F. PORTER, OF ALABAMA.

Sons of the South, arise! awake! be free!
Behold! the day of Southern glory comes.
See where the blood-stained flag of tyranny
Pollutes the air that breathes around your homes.
Rise! Southern men, from villages and farms
Cry vengeance! Oh! shall worse than pirate slaves
Strangle your children in their mothers' arms,
And spit on dust that fills your fathers' graves?
To arms! sons of the South! Come like a mountain-
flood; [blood.
March on! let every vale o'erflow with the invaders'

What would these men, whose lives black treachery stains—

Conspirators, to plunder long endeared?
For whom these vile, these ignominious chains?
These fetters, for our brother's hands prepared?
Sons of the South, for us! Oh! bitter thought!
What transports should our burning souls inspire!
Shall Southern men, by mercenaries bought,
Be sold to vassalage, from son to sire?
To arms! sons of the South! Come like a mountain-flood;
March on! let every vale o'erflow with the invaders' blood.

What! shall this grovelling race who cringe for gold,
Make laws for Southern men, on Southern soil?
Shall these degenerate hordes, to avarice sold,
Crush freedom's sons, and freedom's altars spoil?
Great God! oh! by these iron-shackled hands,
Ne'er shall our necks beneath their yokes be led.
Of despots such as these, shall Southern bands
Ne'er own the mastery, till every heart is dead.
To arms! sons of the South! Come like a mountain-flood;
March on! let every vale o'erflow with the invaders' blood.

Tremble, O tyrants! and you, perfidious tools,
Of every race and party long the scorn!
Tremble, ye base, ye parricidal fools,
The doom of treachery is already born.
All Southern men are heroes in the fray;
If fall they must, o'erpowered in the field,
Long as the race endures, each child for aye
Shall from his cradle strike the sounding shield.
To arms! sons of the South! Come like a mountain-flood;
March on! let every vale o'erflow with the invaders' blood.

Sons of the South! magnanimous in war,
Strike or withhold, as honor bids, your blows.
Spare, if you will, those victims from afar,
Who, ignorant of liberty, become your foes.
But for these bastards of a free-born bed,
These parasites, in freedom's arms caressed,
These beasts, by sin and spoil and rapine bred,
Who dig for blood, deep in their mothers' breast,
To arms! sons of the South! Come like a mountain-flood;
March on! let every vale o'erflow with the invaders' blood.

O sacred love of country! For the South,
Come, brave avengers, rush to every field.
Let cries of "Liberty," from every mouth
Sound the alarm, till the base traitors yield.
Under our glorious flag, let victory
Respond to freedom's call. Wipe off the stain
Of the invaders' feet. Dying, they will see
Thy triumph, and the land redeemed again.
To arms! sons of the South. Come like a mountain-flood;
March on! let every vale o'erflow with the invaders' blood.

—Nashville Gazette, Feb. 4.

TRUE-HEARTED, BRAVE, AND PATRIOTIC GIRLS OF THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

WRITTEN BY A CONFEDERATE PRISONER WHILST IN BALTIMORE.

Daughters of the sunny South,
Where freedom loves to dwell,
How rare your charms, how sweet your smiles,
No mortal lips can tell;

Your native hills, the rippling rills,
The echo wild and free,
Declare you born to hate and scorn
All Northern tyranny.

Girls whose smiles are all reserved,
The Southern youth to bless;
Whose hearts are kept for those who fight
For freedom's happiness.
Your spirits bold so now unfold
What you would willingly do,
Where Yankee spirit, the tyrant's might,
Not wield against you.

For you your loving brothers rush
To overthrow the invader's might—
On martial field the sword they wield,
And Yankee cowards smite.
May heaven bless, with bright success,
Each glorious Southern son;
Be this your prayer, O maidens fair!
And our freedom will be won.

Southern girls, on this we've sworn,
The South *must—shall be free*—
No Northern shackles will be worn,
To them we'll bow no knee;
From hill to hill, exultant, shrill,
Our battle-cry rings forth:
Freedom or death on every breath,
And hatred to the North.

Cease not to smile, brave Southern girls,
On all our efforts to be free—
Whilst life remains, we'll struggle on,
Till all the world shall see
That those who fight for home and right
Can never be enslaved;
Their blood may stain the battle-plain;
Our country must be saved.*

WAR SONG.

BY A. B. MEEK, OF MOBILE.

Wouldst thou have me love thee, dearest,
With a woman's proudest heart,
Which shall ever hold thee nearest,
Shrined in its inmost heart?
Listen, then! My country's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Leave these groves of rose and myrtle,
Drop the dreamy hand of love!
Like young Körner, scorn the turtle
When the eagle screams above!
Dost thou pause? let dotards dally—
Do thou for thy country fight!
'Neath her noble emblem rally—
"God! our country, and her right!"
Listen! now her trumpet's calling
On her sons to meet the foe!
Woman's heart is soft and tender,
But 'tis proud and faithful too;

* MR. FRANK MOORE: The above poem (though rudely composed) is a *verbatim* copy of a poem written by one of the Confederate prisoners captured at Winchester—and who was imprisoned in the Baltimore City Jail—while on their way North. Our secesh ladies thronged the jail-yard for the entire two days of their stay, and while there, the above was thrown to them, with a note. What the note contained I am not able to say, but can assure you as to the origination of the above.

Baltimore, March, 1862.

Yours, with respect,
HENRY J. HOWARD.

Shall she be her land's defender?
 Lover! soldier! up and do;
 Seize thy father's ancient falchion,
 Which once flashed as freedom's star!
 Till sweet peace—the bow and halcyon,
 Stilled the stormy strife of war!
 Listen! now thy country's calling
 On her sons to meet the foe!
 Sweet is love in moonlight bowers!
 Sweet the altar and the flame!
 Sweet is spring-time with her flowers!
 Sweeter far the patriot's name!
 Should the God who rules above thee
 Doom thee to a soldier's grave,
 Hearts will break, but fame will love thee,
 Canonized among the brave!
 Listen, then, thy country's calling
 On her sons to meet her foe!
 Rather would I view thee lying
 On the last red field of life,
 'Mid thy country's heroes dying,
 Than to be a dastard's wife.

Petersburg, Va., Express, Feb. 27.

A SOUTHERN SCENE.

"O mammy! have you heard the news?"
 Thus spake a Southern child,
 As in the nurse's aged face
 She upward glanced and smiled.

"What news you mean, my little one?
 It must be mighty fine,
 To make my darling's face so red,
 Her sunny blue eyes shine."

"Why, Abram Lincoln, don't you know,
 The Yankee President,
 Whose ugly picture once we saw,
 When up to town we went.

"Well, he is going to free you all,
 And make you rich and grand,
 And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,
 Like the proudest in the land.

"A gilded coach shall carry you
 Where'er you wish to ride;
 And, mammy, all your work shall be
 Forever laid aside."

The eager speaker paused for breath,
 And then the old nurse said,
 While closer to her swarthy cheek
 She pressed the golden head:

"My little missus, stop and res'—
 You' talking mighty fas';
 Jes' look up dere, and tell me what
 You see in yonder glass?"

"You sees old mammy's wrinkly face,
 As black as any coal;
 And underneath her handkerchief
 Whole heaps of knotty wool.

"My darlin's face is red and white,
 Her skin is soff and fine,
 And on her pretty little head
 De yallar ringlets shine.

"My chile, who made dis difference
 'Twixt mammy and 'twixt you?
 You reads de dear Lord's blessed book,
 And you can tell me true.

"De dear Lord said it must be so;
 And, honey, I for one,
 Wid tankful heart will always say,
 His holy will be done.

"I tanks mas' Linkum all de same,
 But when I wants for free,
 I'll ask de Lord of glory,
 Not poor buckra man like he.

"And as for gilded carriages,
 Dey's notin' 'tall to see;
 My massa's coach what carries him,
 Is good enough for me.

"And, honey, when your mammy wants
 To change her homespun dress,
 She'll pray like dear old missus,
 To be clothed with righteousness.

"My work's been done dis many a day,
 And now I takes my ease,
 A waitin' for de Master's call,
 Jes' when de Master please.

"And when at las' de time's done come,
 And poor old mammy dies,
 Your own dear mother's soff white hand
 Shall close dese tired old eyes.

"De dear Lord Jesus soon will call
 Old mammy home to him,
 And he can wash my guilty soul
 From ebery spot of sin.

"And at his feet I shall lie down,
 Who died and rose for me;
 And den, and not till den, my chile,
 Your mammy will be free.

"Come, little missus, say your prayers;
 Let old mas' Linkum 'lone,
 The debil knows who b'longs to him,
 And he'll take care of his own."

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.

BY R. S. A.

Wake, every minstrel strain!
 Ring o'er each Southern plain—
 God save the South!
 Still let this noble band,
 Joined now in heart and hand,
 Fight for our sunny land—
 Land of the South.

Armed in such sacred cause,
 We covet no vain applause;
 Our swords are free.
 No spot of wrong or shame
 Rests on our banner's fame,
 Flung forth in freedom's name
 O'er mound and sea.

Then let the invader come;
 Soon will the beat of drum
 Rally us all.

Forth from our homes we go—
 Death! death! to every foe,
 Says each maiden low:
 God save us all!

Ay, when the battle-hour
 Darkest may seem to lower,
 God is our trust.

We have no cause to fear;
Heaven is our shield and spear—
Welcome the bloody bier:
Conquer we must.

Sound, then, with loud acclaim,
Davis, our chief's great name—
God save him long.
May the Almighty power
Blessings upon him shower,
And still, from hour to hour,
Shield him from wrong.

Then, 'mid the cannon's roar,
Let us sing evermore:
God save the South!
Ours is the soul to dare;
See, our good swords are bare—
We will be free, we swear!
God save the South!

—*Richmond Dispatch.*

THE BLACKSMITHS AND THE MERRIMAC.

We alluded to the fact some day or two since that the blacksmith department of the Gosport Navy Yard had volunteered their services to Com. Forrest to perform extra work gratuitously, *in order to expedite the completion of the Merrimac*, or other work, the speedy completion of which would advance the interests of the government. Since then we have come in possession of a list of the workmen who thus proffered their services, which we take great pleasure in transferring to our columns. It is as follows:

We, the undersigned, blacksmiths, finishers, and strikers, agree to do any work *that will expedite the completion of the Merrimac*, free of charge, and continue on until eight o'clock every night; or any other work that will advance the interest of the Southern Confederacy:

BLACKSMITHS AND STRIKERS.

Jas. A. Farmer, M. S.,	David Wilkins,
Chas. Snead, 1st Foreman,	Jas. Wilbern,
Wm. T. Butt, 2d Foreman,	Wm. Reynolds,
Pat. Parks,	Walter Wilkins,
Jno. West,	Thos. Kerby,
Jno. Cain,	Samuel Davenport,
Jas. Watfield,	Jas. Larkin,
H. Tatem,	Lewis Ewer,
Wilson Guy,	Jno. Davis,
Miles Foreman,	Jas. Watson, Sen.,
Hugh Minter,	James Flemming,
Jno. Green,	Samuel Hodges,
Thos. Bloxom,	Alex. Davis,
Jas. Mitchell,	Thomas Guy,
Joseph Rickets,	Smith Guy,
Thos. Franklin,	Michael Conner,
Jas. Patterson,	Wm. Perry,
Wm. Gray,	Patrick Shanasy,
Jno. Moody,	Lawson Etheredge,
Hillory Hopkins,	Joshua Daily,
E. Woodward,	Jas. Morand,
H. Reynolds,	Miles Foreman,
Southey Rew,	Jos. West,
Julius Morien,	Thos. Powell,
Jos. Askew,	Wm. Shephard,
Anthony Butt,	Jno. Curram,
Thos. Bourke,	Opie Jordan,
Wm. Hosier,	Wiley Howard.

FINISHERS.

Jno. B. Rooke,	Charles Sturdivant,
Elias Bridges,	Jesse Kay,
Anderson Gwinn,	William Shipp,
John Stoakes,	William Pebworth,
E. H. Brown,	Lawrence Herbert,
Harvey Barnes,	T. I. Rooke,
Lemuel Leary,	Calder Sherwood,
William Jones,	George Collier,
John Rhea,	Henry Hopkins,
William Leary,	George Bear,
John Wilder,	Walter Thornton,
Frederick Bowen,	Edward Walker,
	Thomas Dunn.

COMMODORE FORREST'S REPLY.

FLAG-OFFICER'S OFFICE, DOCK-YARD,
GOSPORT, VA., Jan. 11, 1862.

SIR: The Commandant has received the proposition from the blacksmiths, finishers, and strikers of this yard, "offering gratuitously to work until eight o'clock every night on the Merrimac, in order to expedite her completion." He embraces an early occasion to express his high appreciation of the loyalty which influenced them in making this tender of their services, affording evidence, if any were wanting, of their patriotism and zeal in the discharge of their duties. If it should be found necessary to require their services as expressed, they will be duly notified by the executive officer of the yard. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. FORREST, Flag-Officer, etc.

Mr. JAMES A. FARMER, Master Blacksmith, N. Y. G.

—*Norfolk Day-Book*, Feb. 6.

THE forests of Aroostook, (Maine,) where for many previous winters thousands of axes have almost incessantly sounded, are almost silent this season. The sturdy lumbermen are away to the wars, and the pines will stand another year. The same is to a large extent true of the lumber districts of the North-west.

EXPULSION OF BRIGHT.—The scene at the close of the expulsion of Senator Bright was dramatic. There was desperate decisiveness in the no! with which Bayard answered to his name. When Carlisle, of Va., voted no, the flutter was significant and loud. He had been counted only among the doubtful. The Californian, McDougal, and Mr. Simmons, were at first absent, but not a moment too soon came in, and thirty-two votes decided the law that in the American Senate hereafter no traitor shall have a seat. When the result was announced, the gallery burst into applause, but was checked instantly. Bright then bundled up the portable property in his desk, turned his back upon the court which had tried him, went to Secretary Forney's room, drew pay to the last cent, and with a defiant stride passed into the public land committee-room, where his wife awaited him. In her presence the actor's costume fell, the ruined politician sat down, and, haggard and crushed, contemplated the wreck he had made of his fortunes.—*Ohio Statesman*, Feb. 7.

Feb. 8.—The Northampton, Mass., *Courier* says that a gentleman arrived in that town, last week, from Columbia, Mississippi, who believed, until he reached the loyal States, that Congress was in session at Chicago. The belief that it is doing business, and that all the archives of the Government have been removed

there, is universal in the South. He was greatly astonished to learn that Congress had been in session lately "at the old stand" in Washington.

A TRAITOR'S HONOR.—A. J. Morey, formerly of the *Cynthiana News*, whose arrest and imprisonment at Camp Chase in October, 1861, has been noticed, was released on his parole of honor about the first of November, to attend the burial of his wife, who had been long in a declining state of health. Instead of reporting himself at Camp Chase, upon the expiration of his parole, he made his way to Tennessee, and in the *Memphis Avalanche* of the fifteenth he publishes a letter in which he depicts the great wrongs to which he has been subjected, and concludes as follows:

"This much, Messrs. Editors, I have deemed proper to say for myself. I do not whine nor ask the sympathies of any one. I am loose from Yankee despotism, and with my musket in one hand and the black flag of extermination to the foe in the other, I intend to avenge my own and my country's wrongs; and, if thoughts of a murdered wife and home made desolate, do not nerve my arm to strength and execution, I should be an ignoble son of Kentucky.

"A. J. MOREY.

"Editor of the *Cynthiana (Ky.) News*."

THE UNION MEN IN EAST-TENNESSEE.—The *Greenville (Tenn.) Banner* of the twenty-sixth February says:

"The third Georgia Battalion had scarcely got out of sight of our town until some of our citizens, who had voluntarily taken the oath to support the Southern Confederacy, began to get very bold in denouncing the South and the Southern army, and advocating the Union—some abusing Governor Harris, wishing to see him hung by the Yankees; others saying that some of the Southern men would have to leave here when the Yankee army 'gets in,' and many other expressions which are characteristic of the individuals expressing them. Col. Ledbetter has not left this country yet, and we give warning to those persons to be careful, lest they may have to face the Colonel in answer for a violation of their pledges to the Southern Confederacy. This is only a friendly admonition, to keep such individuals out of trouble. Our authorities are determined to not be bothered with a foe amongst us, while defending our rights and fighting for freedom and independence."

THE "HOME GUARDS."—Rev. M——, a man about six feet four in his stockings, and of proportions worthy a grenadier, and whose heart is as stout as his frame, a thorough Union man, and in for the war until all treason is thoroughly crushed out, was recently conducting a religious conference meeting, when a brother arose to speak, who, after alluding to his hopes and fears in a religious point of view, branched out in reference to the state of the country, saying that so great was his devotion to the Stars and Stripes, that he had enlisted; and, after a few farther patriotic remarks, begged an interest in the prayers of the church, that he might be protected by Divine Providence on the field of battle, and that should he fall a victim to the bullets of the enemy he might be prepared for the change.

Such a speech at any time would thrill with patriotic fervor the brave heart of our worthy minister, and he consequently spoke a few words of encouragement to

the hero, when the wife of the enlisting brother volunteered her experience, in the course of which, alluding to her husband's enlistment, she expressed a willingness to give him up, even unto death, in the service of his country.

In a few moments after, the meeting came to an end, when the minister, all anxiety for the welfare of the patriot volunteer, proceeded to make some inquiries in reference to his regiment, commencing with the very natural question as to its name and number, when he received the startling reply:

"I've joined the HOME GUARDS!"

FLAG OF TRUCE.—The Seldon on her return from Old Point to Norfolk, Va., under a flag of truce, brought to this city the following passengers:

Mrs. Gen. Gaines, Mrs. Whitley, child, and servant, Dr. Garnette, Col. M. J. Ferguson, Col. W. T. Willey, Major H. Speurlock, Lieut. W. A. Compton, Lieut. T. L. Johnson, Lieut. Julian Myers, J. N. Sample.

Mrs. Gen. Gaines was serenaded last night by Keyton's celebrated Brass Band.—*Norfolk Day-Book*, Feb. 8.

Feb. 5.—Among the advertisements in the *Norfolk Day-Book* of this date is the following:

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—One hundred laborers to work on batteries. Freeman or slaves. Apply at Chamberlain's Wharf, to E. M. Todd, Supply Agent, Engineer Department.

CONVERTED.—Wm. P. Durly, who went to the war, a soldier and slaveryist, has seen enough of the curse of slavery to cause him to change his idea of the sacredness of the institution, and he writes:

"I have changed my opinions in regard to slavery. I am down on the institution. I go in for cleaning out the bone of contention. I have always said policy demanded that we should let the institution alone, but now I say, *Policy*, stand aside, and in its place I would place right and justice, and blot the curse from the face of the earth, if I could. But I think that slavery is as dead as a door-nail. You can't find a soldier, I don't care what his politics is, but what curses slavery and hopes that its death-knell is sounded."—*Grant County Witness*.

SOME writers despondingly fear that the seeds of rebellion are so deeply implanted in the Confederate States that they can never be eradicated. No fear of that. Drusus, an ambitious Roman, was killed for his seditious conduct, and yet he was the grandfather of Porcius Cato the Just, and the progenitor of Marcus Cato, the great supporter of republican liberty.—*Louisville Journal*, February 1.

AN INCIDENT OF MILL SPRING.—After the battle, when the Minnesota regiment returned to its quarters at Camp Hamilton, they marched past the Colonel's marquee with banners flying, and their splendid band playing "Hail Columbia." Standing in front of the tent were Dr. Cliff, Zollicoffer's Brigade Surgeon, Lieut.-Col. Carter, of the Twentieth Tennessee (rebel) regiment, and several of our own officers. "Hail Columbia" affected both the rebel officers to tears—they wept like children—and Carter remarked that: "Although compelled to fight against the old flag, he loved it still."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing of the battle of Somerset, says:

"There is, indeed, retribution in history. The Ball's Bluff slaughter has been fully avenged, as now ascertained. A counterpart to its saddest feature—the drowning of our retreating troops in the Potomac—has been enacted by the retreating rebels. When they reached the bank of the river, after their precipitate flight from the battle-field, they rushed in crowds upon the flat-boat that, with a steamboat, formed their means of crossing. So great was the rush upon the former that many were pushed overboard. Others hung themselves in such numbers in the water, holding on to the sides of the boat, that they threatened to upset the boat, and compelled those upon it to loosen their hold by force. A large number rushed headlong into the river after the boats had stood off the bank, and tried to swim across. Over one hundred and fifty are thus supposed to have found a watery grave. The rebel cavalry dismounted on the bank and tried to swim their horses over, while crossing on the boats. The animals, however, all swam back to this side."

ARMING OF NEGROES AT RICHMOND.—Contrabands who have recently come within the Federal lines at Williamsport, report that all the able-bodied colored men in that vicinity are being taken to Richmond, formed into regiments, and armed for the defence of that city.—*Baltimore Traveller*, February 4.

A SOLDIER, writing of the appearance of the field after the battle of Cliff Creek, says:

"What is most remarkable is the fact which I noticed, that three fourths of all I saw were shot through the head, and none lower than the breast—showing most conclusively that the Tenth Indiana and the Second Minnesota, who did the hardest of the fighting, were determined that they would shoot to kill, and not to wound."—*Cincinnati Gazette*, January 29.

A GALLANT DEED.—A number of launches from the blockading squadron in the Mississippi Sound succeeded in capturing several fishing-smacks off the fishing banks. One of these smacks happened to be the property of an honest German, who, after surrendering his vessel, proceeded to entertain very hospitably the two Yankee sailors or soldiers who were left aboard to guard the prize. In the midst of their jollification, the German getting possession of the musket of one of the Yankees, suddenly brought it in juxtaposition with his cranium, fired and blew the top of his head off. He then charged bayonet on the other Yankee, who surrendered, and permitted himself to be tied up with a rope. The German then waited until it was dark, and setting all sail, slipped off from the squadron, and sailing up the lake, reached Fort Pike in safety, bearing the Stars and Stripes, Union down, from his masthead. He delivered to the commandant of the Fort one dead and one live Yankee—the former was buried at the Fort, and the latter was brought over by his captor and delivered to Gen. Lovell. All honor to the brave Teuton. We regret we have not his name, but the facts here stated are vouched for by the most responsible persons. The honest fisherman deserves, and we hope will receive, some substantial token of appreciation and consideration of his vigorous and effective mode of disposing of Yankee invaders.—*New-Orleans Delta*.

ADVENTURES OF A REBEL HEROINE.

NORFOLK, VA., Jan. 22.—Miss Poole arrived here last evening in the flag of truce steamer, and we had the pleasure of an interview with her. She is an intelligent and pleasing lady, and withal possesses a fervor of patriotism which no tortures of the enemy could dampen. Our conversation with her convinces us that she is a true Virginia lady, and we congratulate her upon her escape from the thralldom of Lincoln and her restoration to Southern soil and society.

Miss Poole was arrested in Wheeling on the twenty-eighth of September last, by order of the Secretary of State, charged with conducting a correspondence with the Southern "rebels." On account of indisposition she was not removed from her home, but was allowed to remain in her room—a guard being placed at the door of the same, and also a guard on the outside of the building. The door of her chamber was securely locked, and the key taken by the officer of the guard. Previously, however, to the lock being turned, a thorough examination of the furniture, etc., in her room was made. While this search was going on, she succeeded, by a ruse, in so far diverting the attention of the officer conducting the examination as to give her an opportunity of removing certain manuscripts which she had placed in her guitar-case. These she concealed about her person, without the movement being observed. During the night she secured a key, or rather found one which had been mislaid, which, on trying, she found to fit the lock of her room. With this she unlocked the door and made her exit through the basement. She then made her way to a house near at hand, but she had not been long there before information was conveyed to her that the guard was on her track.

She made her escape through the back entrance just as the guard appeared in front of the house, and proceeded to another place of refuge, from which she was again hunted. This was repeated four times, but at length she eluded them and went forty miles in a skiff, down the Ohio River, to Martinsville. Here she took passage in a packet to Parkersburg, and again from Parkersburg to Cincinnati. From Cincinnati she proceeded to Louisville, during which journey she had the escort of a Federal officer, who, not being aware of the position she occupied, talked rather freely to her about the affairs of the Government.

While at Louisville Miss Poole visited several who sympathized with her in her political views, and when, upon terminating a visit of this kind at the Galt House, she took her departure, she discovered that she was followed by Detective Blygh, the best detective in Louisville, and who, she afterward learned, had been delegated by Gen. Sherman expressly for the purpose of effecting her arrest. She escaped his vigilance as she thought on this occasion, left Louisville and proceeded to Mitchell, in Indiana. To her surprise she found him in the same train with herself—apparently unconcerned, yet closely watching her movements, in order to obtain some clue which would justify her arrest. He was not aware that she knew him, but he was mistaken, as she had accidentally learned who he was, and was watching him as closely as he was her. From Mitchell she went to Vincennes, where she was finally arrested by this hound Blygh. His behavior toward her after her arrest was coarse and rude—just such as might be expected of a Lincoln detective. He took great delight in alluding to her as she passed a crowd on the street as a "secesh" prisoner, and in various ways endeavored to offend the refined and

delicate creature, whom the authority of a base miscreant had made his captive.

Her baggage was all searched by this fellow, with the hope that he would find something in the shape of manuscript which would convict Miss Poole of the charge against her. Nothing was found, however. She was then, in charge of this Blygh, returned to Louisville and presented to Gen. Sherman at his headquarters. Gen. Sherman confessed that he did not know what disposition to make of her case, but concluded to send her to Washington and have the matter disposed of there. On the way she was again subjected to the insolence of this fellow Blygh, who, at every station, took occasion to make some reference to her in terms calculated to give pain. On her arrival in Washington she was imprisoned in the house of Mrs. Greenhow, and in a room adjoining that occupied by this lady, where she remained up to the time of her release.

While a prisoner, Miss Poole underwent very many privations—being under the strict and constant surveillance of a guard, and was subjected to many inconveniences and annoyances of an unpleasant and distasteful character. She was not, however, altogether without friends, and she refers with lively gratitude to the very many acts of kindness performed for her by Col. E. R. Keys, and Lieut. N. E. Sheldon, of the Federal army. These officers, to their credit be it spoken, did all in their power to render her comfortable, and by their tender solicitude and sympathy shed a gleam of sunshine through the gloom which surrounded her. To them she expresses herself as being very greatly indebted, and at her request this public acknowledgment is made.

In the letter to the *Philadelphia Press*, alluded to in the outset of this article, Miss Poole is said to have escaped from the prison at Wheeling by means of tying her sheets together and letting herself down from the window. The only prison in which she was confined at Wheeling was her own home, and the manner in which she escaped therefrom was not by lowering herself from the window, but in the manner related by us above.

It is also said in this letter that Miss Poole, when arrested the second time, had on her person seven thousand five hundred dollars of unexpended money furnished her by the "rebels." This is also false, as is likewise the statement that on her arrival in Washington she was placed in jail.

WESTERN TROOPER'S SONG.

Old Zolly's got his rights,
Without having many fights,
He never had made one that he could brag on.
He made his last stand
On the rolling Cumberland,
And was sent to the happy land of Canaan.

Old Zolly's gone,
And the secesh will have to mourn,
Because they thought he'd do to depend on;
But he knew his end was nigh
When he met with Colonel Fry,
Who sent him to the happy land of Canaan.

Oh! Zollicoffer's dead,
And the last words he said:
"I see another wild cat a comin'."
Up steps Colonel Fry,
And shot him in the eye,
And sent him to the happy land of Canaan.

THE DEAD BROUGHT TO LIFE AGAIN.—The following remarkable incident occurred in Dodgeville, Wisconsin:

When the present war first broke out, a young man who resided in the above village joined a company commanded by Capt. Tom Allen, which was afterward incorporated in the Second regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, and was present at the terrible and disastrous battle of Bull Run. The intelligence came back to his family at Dodgeville that he was slain upon the battle-field, and his body left to be cared for by the enemy. The news nearly killed his affectionate mother, and she, with the remainder of those relatives who had been nearly related to him, wore mourning for him who had poured out his blood and sacrificed his young life for his country. This gnawing grief had preyed upon these loving hearts for many months, until they had learned to view it with a species of resignation. What could then depict their unspeakable astonishment and joy, when last week he walked into the house, hearty and well.

His story is briefly told thus: He had been left severely wounded, with many others, upon the battle-field. After the engagement was over, and his friends had retreated in confusion, a company of secessionists came where they were lying, and actually bayoneted his wounded companions before his eyes. They even went so far as to stab the bodies of senseless corpses, lest there be some spark of life left in them! A man came to where he was lying on the ground, and raised his ensanguined weapon for the fatal thrust, which he fully expected would end his mortal career. He closed his eyes, fairly sick with the horrid emotion, and waited to receive his fate. His enemy hesitated. He lowered his musket, and finally raised him carefully up and gave him water from his canteen. He was afterward removed to the hospitals of Richmond, where he received careful treatment, and at last was exchanged and allowed to return home.—*Dubuque Times*, February 15.

SAVANNAH, Feb. 15.—It is reported that our Yankee invaders at Port Royal are going rapidly forward with the establishment of their colony, which they call New-Seowth. We see it stated that they already have a steam saw-mill at work. We shall not be surprised to hear that they have a clock-factory in operation in the course of a few weeks, and that they have set the contrabands to raising "garden sass," for the supply of the New-York and Boston markets.—*Savannah News*.

BOUNTIES TO REBEL SOLDIERS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, }
RICHMOND, Feb. 14, 1862. }

Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War:

SIR: I am instructed by his Excellency, the Governor, to inquire of you:

"First. Will the volunteers now in service, who shall reënlist for three years or the war, into the service of Virginia, to be transferred to the Confederate government, be entitled to a bounty of fifty dollars each?

"Second. Will the Virginia volunteers, reënlisting under the late Act of Assembly, for three years—to be credited for the term already served at date of reënlistment—be entitled to the same bounty?

"Third. Will volunteers for three years or the war, who have not heretofore served, be entitled to the same bounty?

"The Governor respectfully asks your response, if practicable, during the morning.

"I am, most respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. BASSETT FRENCH,

"Aid-de-Camp."

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT, }
RICHMOND, February 4th, 1862. }

"Hon John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, Richmond, Va.:

"SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, making inquiry respecting the bounty to be paid to soldiers.

"Your three questions are answered affirmatively. Each soldier furnished by Virginia for the war, in response to the call made by the President, will receive a bounty of fifty dollars when the regiment or company is mustered into the Confederate service, and will also be allowed transportation from home to the place of rendezvous.

"Your obedient servant,

"J. P. BENJAMIN,

"Secretary of War."

—*Richmond Inquirer.*

GOV. WISE AND HIS DEAD SON.—The Norfolk correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch*, under date of the 15th of February, writes:

Last night, when the steamer arrived at Currituck, General Wise directed that the coffin containing the remains of his son be opened. Then, I learn from those who were present, a scene transpired that words cannot describe. The old hero bent over the body of his son, on whose pale face the full moon threw its light, kissed the cold brow many times, and exclaimed, in an agony of emotion: "O my brave boy! you have died for me, you have died for me!" That powerful old hero of Eastern Virginia, as famous for the generous impulses of his soul as for his indomitable bravery and prowess—recovering now from his illness—and nerved, perchance, more strongly by the great loss he has sustained, will fight the enemy with an energy and a determination that will scarcely be successfully resisted by the congregating enemies of freedom and humanity.

QUILP thinks the London *Times* is none the less an amusing print because, forsooth, it affects to despise jesting, and keeps anything like a joke out of its columns as carefully as if it were a fact:

"BIG THUNDER'S" GRAVITY AND STUPIDITY.

The *Times*, ('tis said,) wrapt in its solemn cloak
Of stiff decorum, ne'er descends to joke;
And yet it often makes a comic hit
That sets us laughing like the freshest wit;
The *Times's* blunders, to us Yankee folks,
Are quite as ludicrous as *Punch's* jokes.

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

TESTIMONIAL FOR THE OFFICERS.—The following is a new feature, being no less than a proclamation by the crew of a gunboat that their officers have behaved themselves becomingly. Officers are in the habit of issuing orders, telling of the good conduct of men; why shouldn't the men do the same by the officers, if they can do so honestly? Let us have reciprocity. It may be proper to state that the good of the following is the fact that it is genuine:

GUNBOAT LOUISVILLE, PADUCAH, February —, 1862.

EDS. COM.: Please give the following publication in your paper, and oblige crew of gunboat Cincinnati:

The crew of gunboat Cincinnati having had a conference together, have come to the unanimous conclusion that they ought to express their opinion in regard to their officers; they therefore respectfully tender to Capt. Stembel and his officers their honorable confidence in their ability to lead us into any secesh stronghold, and come out victorious. They also return them thanks for their kind treatment while in their charge. These sentiments also apply to Commodore Foote, whose flag we carried.

Your obedient servant,

CREW OF GUNBOAT CINCINNATI.

—*Idem.*

HOW IT WAS FOUND OUT.—A Richmond correspondent of the New-Orleans *Crescent* relates the following singular story:

As for Columbus, I repeat my confidence in the genius of Beauregard. If the place can be held by human pluck and skill, he will hold it. To show his military intuition, I will tell you a fact which came to me lately from the chief of his staff. Do you remember a story in the Yankee papers about an interview between McClellan, Lincoln, and a third person, whose name was not given? McClellan told Abraham of the trap he had laid to catch our forces at Mason's and Munson's Hills, and said that it must inevitably have succeeded but for the treachery of some person who threw up rockets to give the rebels warning in time to get out of the way. "Only two persons," added McClellan, "knew of this plan; one is myself, the other is now in this room." This other person is believed to have been Adjutant-General Thomas, who, about that time, lost his high position in the United States Army. In truth, though, poor Thomas was as innocent of treason as an unborn babe. When the Yankee advances upon Munson's Hill began, rockets were thrown up by the various divisions to notify each other that they were in motion. Of course this was at night. Gen. Beauregard, seeing the rockets, suspected something was in the wind. He, therefore, caused his Chief of Ordnance, Col. Alexander, to be waked up, and told him that while he was entirely ignorant of the meaning of these rockets, he was satisfied that we ought to throw up rockets too. Alexander threw up the rockets, the Yankees suspected foul play, became alarmed, and took the back track. Hence the mysterious story concocted by the Chinese imagination of the Yankees.—*Baton Rouge (La.) Advocate.*

COMMODORE FOOTE attended the Presbyterian Church. A large congregation was in attendance, but the preacher did not make his appearance. A general impatience beginning to manifest itself, the Commodore sought the elder of the church, and urged him to perform the services. The elder refusing, the Commodore, on the impulse of the moment, took the pulpit, read a chapter in the Bible, prayed and delivered a short discourse from the text: "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God: believe also in me." The congregation was delighted. On coming down from the pulpit, the minister, who had arrived just after the prayer, approached and tendered his thanks, but the Commodore rebuked him for his tardiness of duty, and reproached him for his neglect to take the pulpit immediately on his arrival. This incident is illustrative of the Commodore's energetic, earnest character and sincere piety.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 28.—All kinds of unheard of and improbable rumors were current yesterday. In every community there is a certain number of idle men, who, having nothing else to do, live by setting the apprehensions of other and better people afloat. Richmond seems to have come in for more than her due share of this class of people. By street rumor yesterday we learn that the Yankees have landed 17,000 men at Newport News, within a few days past, and that the same psalm-singing, godly set of people had begun to cross the Potomac to take Winchester. When the truth comes to be known, it will, no doubt, be ascertained that the Yankees have entertained the idea of doing neither one nor the other of the deeds rumor ascribed to them.—*Richmond Dispatch*, Feb. 28.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

BY E. H.

VERY much of the soldier's picket duty in Western Virginia is performed in great, gloomy forests, with which the mountainous regions hereabouts are mainly covered. The picket post is usually on some obscure bridle-path away up in the mountain's side, or in the narrow ravine at its base, which divides it from its neighbor hills, all equally elevated, precipitous and gloomy—and oftentimes miles distant from camp. The writer has himself thus been picketed, where for days together not a soul was to be seen except the members of his own party. In such solitudes, the hush of night is sometimes broken by the bark of the wolf or the panther's plaintive cry, while the mountain fox frequently approaches almost within bayonet-thrust of the startled picket.

A lonely spot! Dark forests dense,
For weary miles outstretch around,
And far the lonely path from hence
That echoes back the wagon's sound.

How monarch-like, leaf-crowned their forms,
Uplift those noble pine and oak—
They know a hundred winter's storms,
But not the axeman's ringing stroke.

A dreary night, nor moon nor star,
Scarce yield one ray to cheer the gloom;
Away from camp and comrade far,
The picket where may be his tomb.

The boughs o'erhead low bending grow,
The moss beneath is old and green;
Amid the bushes crouching low,
He peers, death-still, from forth between.

His rifle rests upon his knee,
And on the stock two firm hands press;
Ah! well he knows how cheerily
It heeds his fingers' quick caress.

Three weary hours—or more—are gone;
The midnight must be drawing nigh;
The brooklet at his feet runs on,
He hears its murmuring melody.

A soothing sound! He thinks of home,
Of loved ones left at duty's call;
And flocking round him there they come,
The same old faces, forms and all.

The grey-haired sire leans on his staff,
The matron lives with God in heaven;
He hears his brother's ringing laugh,
His sister's loving counsel given.

But there is yet another still,
A girlish form of simple grace;
How beats his heart, his pulses thrill,
Still gazing on that trusting face!

Not long! a near, quick startling crash,
And home, and friends, and all are lost,
As where he looked for foeman's flash,
The prowling beast steals past his post.

The night wears on—a full hour more
Creeps drearily and slow away;
The moments pass the midnight hour,
And glide into another day.

The winds arise; he hears o'erhead
Their wrestlings in the upper deep;
He knows to-night the Storm-King dread
No common revelry will keep.

Long-echoed through those forest aisles,
The snuffing wolf his warning brays;
The answering cry from distant hills,
The stealthy panther's haunt betrays.

The flitting nightbirds shrilly scream,
Defiant of the gathering blast;
With hollow roar and fitful gleam,
The storm around him bursts at last.

A fearful storm! The night is black,
The torrent pours, the tree-tops reel,
And as it were dark doomsday's wreck,
Red lightnings flash and thunders peal.

Against his sturdy tree close pressed,
The picket's dripping form is leant,
And though no shelter, it is rest;
Thank heaven! the tempest's wrath is spent.

The quivering leaves their showers distil,
The swollen stream sweeps madly on,
The north wind low is numbing chill
To him that weary waits the dawn.

It comes at last—O beam of hope!
Thank God that doth the day restore;
The sun mounts up the eastern slope,
And, comrades, camp is gained once more.
CAMP ELKWATER, VA., Oct. 14, 1861.

LINES

BY OUR CORPORAL.

Ha! boys, what's that we hear
Out of the South so clear?
Cannon and thunder-cheer,
True hearts and loyal!
Ay, 'tis Du Pont at work,
Shelling the snakes that lurk
Down by Port Royal!

What's this from old Kentuck?
There, down upon his luck,
Puts many a flying scamp?
What could you offer
To stop him as he scuds?
Not all the baby-duds*
Hived in your thieving camp,
Black Zollicoffer!

Straight through Tennessee
The flag is flapping free—
Ay, nothing shorter!

* In Zollicoffer's camp, it seems, were found quantities of children's clothes, plundered from loyal houses by the rebels, and carefully preserved for the use of their own offspring.

But first, with shot and shell,
The road was cleared right well—
Ye made each muzzle tell,
Brave Foote and Porter!
Shear the old Stripes and Stars
Short, for the bloody bars?
No, not an atom!
How, 'neath yon cannon-smoke,
Volley and charge and stroke,
Roar around Roanoke!
Burnside is at 'em!

O brave lads of the West!
Joy to each valiant breast!
Three days of steady fight—
Three shades of stormy night—
Donelson tumbles.
Surrender out of hand!
"Unchivalrous demand!"
(So Buckner grumbles.)

March in, stout Grant and Smith,
(Ah! souls of pluck and pith,)
Haul down, for the Old Flag,
That black and bloody rag—
Twelve thousand in a bag!
True hearts are overjoyed—
But half as many scamper,
(Ah! there's the only damper,)
Through the very worst of weathers,
After old Fuss-and-Feathers
And foul Barabbas-Floyd.

Was't funk that made them flee?
Nay, they're as bold as we—
'Twas their bad cause, d'ye see,
Whereof they well were knowing,
(For all their brag and blowing,
Their cussing and their crowing,)
That is what cowed 'em!
Keep the Old Flag agoing—
Crowd 'em, boys, crowd 'em!

When roll our ranks afresh
Right into foul Secesh?
Ah! 'twould be tellin'—
Stay—was that thunder?
No—stand from under!
Hark to McClellan!

No more palaver!
Speeches an't glory;
Sink whig and tory!
Rifle clean, bayonet keen,
Saddle tight, sabre bright,
These tell the story.
—*Hartford (Ct.) Evening Press*, Feb. 27.

BY THE BANKS OF THE CUMBERLAND.

BY S. C. MERCER.

By the banks of the Cumberland echoes the roar
Of the sentinel's warning—the foe's on the shore!
Our war-drums are beaten, our bugles are blown,
And our legions advance to their musical tone.

By the banks of the Cumberland, slippery and red,
With the death-dew of battle, and strewn with the dead,
Kentucky has routed her insolent foe,
And victory's star gilds the night of our woe.

By those banks, that once bloomed like an Eden of joy,
The demon of treason stalked forth to destroy.

Our rich teeming harvests he swept in his wrath,
And the blaze of our dwellings illumined his path.

Like an eagle-plumed arrow our Nemesis comes.
Shout, soldiers! sound bugles! and clamor, O drums!
Let the land ring aloud in the wildness of joy,
And the bonfires blaze brightly—but not to destroy.

For the God of the Union has prospered the right,
And the cohorts of treason have melted in flight.
Blow, bugles! roll, river! and tell to the sea
That our swords shall not rest till Kentucky is free.

—*Louisville Journal*.

ROANOKE.

BY GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND.

Fair island by the calm, blue Sound,
Where high thy pines their branches sway,
And make low melodies all day
To lull the slumbers of the drowned;
The sea-gull screams along thy strand
To mock the vulture and the crow,
And lonesomely the wreckers go
Down the long aisles of silver sand.
There are no sails across the bar;
Where is the fisherman's canoe,
And all the cunning nets he drew
Before the blighting of the war?
No more the hounds and hunters come
To chase the wild deer from the oak;
For desolation sere and dumb,
Sits in the homes of Roanoke.

There first my pale and sanguine race
A birthplace found—perhaps a grave;*
Her father came too late to save,
He met no welcome and no trace.
And vainly rode the anguished carl—
For so the sole direction ran—
Across the tide to Croatan,
And searched the groves of Albemarle.
Perhaps she loved some Indian brave,
And dusky children learned to know
Far in the land of Manteo;
Or paced, half-famished by the wave,
Where gazing wearily at morn,
She heard the far surf clash and croak
The requiem of the golden corn
That never came to Roanoke.

Thrice ploughed thy sand the English keel—
They turned their helm through Ocracock—
They perished by the tomahawk,
The famine hand, the fever heel.
The brave Sir Walter led the way;
He saw the blue smoke curling go
Up from thy huts, Granganimo,
Where the red Indian children play.
And swearing never to forget
The faith he pledged the tawny chief,
They smoked the first tobacco leaf
In the all-hallowed calumet.
Alas! for Christian oath and plight,
His holy vow the Briton broke,
And murdered in a single night,
The native Lords of Roanoke.

The wild duck flocked the sound astir,
The bear looked out from Secotan—

* Virginia Dare, the first offspring of English parents in the New World, was born on Roanoke Island, 1587.

They saw no living human man,
But only where the ashes were.
And never more the yellow maize
Flecked half the fields of Currituck—
The isle was seared by some ill luck
Till after many weary days.
Still might the squaw and hunter dwell—
Nor had the pale face need to go
Far from the sunny Pamlico—
If but each trusted each as well.
They spurn the pleasant homes they hold:
The old, old peace they ruthly broke,
And wandered vainly after gold
Far up the stream of Roanoke.

Those savage times have waned apace,
The piney isle no red men tread,
Their wigwams and their wives are dead,
And war has blackened all the place;
For treason left its thousand farms,
And broke the calumet in twain;
And called across the stormy main
A host of loyal men at arms.
Thy pines De Monteuil's death bemoan,
Thy surge brave Russell's requiem measures,
And delving for forbidden treasures,
Thy traitors dig but skull and bone.
Two awful days the foemen met,
And when the third all glorious woke,
The spangled flag we worship yet,
Curled all its stripes o'er Roanoke.

The corpse half buried in the sand,
The far-off friends that wait the shock,
The raven brooding on the rock,
The hungry sky, the lonesome land,
The blood, the tears, the sons, the sires—
Oh! these too well the triumph note,
Though ringing from the nation's throat
Acclaims that quench her funeral pyres.
We laugh and weep all unawares;
The flag above, the dead beneath,
The sabre dripping in its sheath,
And on our lips dear household prayers.
See mercy in the arms of fear.
My God! this curse of blood revoke,
May every loyal Northern spear
Be nerved with news from Roanoke.

Philadelphia, February 16, 1862.

TO ENGLISHMEN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

You flung your taunt across the wave;
We bore it as became us,
Well knowing that the fettered slave
Left friendly lips no option save
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. "Mere lack of will,
Not lack of power," you told us;
We showed our free-State records; still
You mocked, confounding good and ill,
Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at slavery; to the verge
Of power and means we checked it:
Lo!—presto, change! its claims you urge,
Send greetings to it o'er the surge,
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could shake,
In slave-abhorring rigor,
Our Northern palms, for conscience' sake;
To-day you clasp the hands that ache
With "walloping the nigger!"*

O Englishmen!—in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakspeare's fame and Cromwell's deed,
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill,
Through centuries of story,
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gifts of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human:
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while for one unshared by each
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
To England's Queen—God bless her!
We praised you when your slaves went free:
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye
Join hands with the oppressor?

And is it Christian England cheers
The bruiser, not the bruised?
And must she run, despite the tears
And prayers of eighteen hundred years,
A muck in Slavery's crusade?

O black disgrace! O shame and loss,
Too deep for tongue to phrase on!
Tear from your flag its holy cross,
And in your van of battle toss
The pirate's skull-bone blazon!

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well.
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop,
Sailing up the Tennessee.

* See English caricatures of America — Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto: "Haven't I a right to wallop my nigger?"

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For death's last despatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors,
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darky's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton,
For 'ese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbie she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee."

"'Pears like she was watching Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbie she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarlton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride.
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair.
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes he bends to see
Where the woodland boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.

Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!

"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin-door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

A PIECE OF BARBARISM.—A chaplain in one of the regiments stationed at Roanoke Island, writes under date of Feb. 13: "Two Massachusetts soldiers have been found in the woods with their throats cut, their ears off, and their parts cut out, and hanging on a tree—the work of rebels. This is authentic."—*N. Y. Times*, February 23.

CRITTENDEN'S RETREAT.

SOMERSET, Feb. 13. —I have just returned from Albany, and receiving a very graphic account of the enemy's retreat or flight from Mill Springs, after the battle of Logan's Field, by a lady living on the road a short distance above Monticello, I send you her statement. Early on Monday morning they commenced passing along the road and through the fields, some riding, some on foot. Some wagons had passed during the night. All who could seemed inclined to run. In a lot near by, some three hundred horses belonging to the tories had been kept to feed and regain strength, as they were in a very bad condition. During the forepart of the day, men passing on foot had taken every horse, often without bridle or saddle; at times a string was used in place of bridles. Not a horse was left along the road. One of their wagons would be passing along a high road; any one who would come along would cut a horse loose, mount and away.

Another would follow suit, until the wagoner was left with his saddle-horse, and he would follow. She often saw as many as three men on one horse. About eleven o'clock in the morning they commenced calling on her for food; said they had not tasted food since early Sunday morning. Strange-looking men would lean against the yard-fence, call for a morsel of bread. "Oh!" said they, "we have lost everything, we are ruined," and cried like children. One old man from Alabama, with two sons, stopped to rest a few moments. He could scarcely totter to a seat. He had been sick for months. When he started to go on, she invited him to stay. "No," he said, "the Yankees are close after me, and will catch and kill me." Many others, sick and wounded, would stop a few moments, but none would remain. The dread Yankees would catch and kill them.

She told them Yankees never killed a captured foe, but it all had no effect to check their mortal fear. One man passed with his brother on his back. Two would be leading and supporting one. Three or four would be packing one. A great many wounded passed. One had an arm shot off, tied up with a rag; some of their wounds appeared to have been dressed by a surgeon.

About three o'clock in the afternoon some four hundred had halted in a field near by. Some guns were fired off up the road; they rushed around and into her house and kitchen, holding up their hands in terror, saying they would be all killed, for they could run no further, and their guns were thrown away. The firing was found to be a few of their own men shooting off their own guns to reload; it was a wet day and they were constantly expecting an attack.

"Well," said I, "Mrs. H., how did it affect you?"

She said she would have helped to hang the last one as they went up, with a good will; but their terrible fear and distressed condition made her forget for the time their being enemies, and she and her negroes cooked and fed, and occasionally dressed their wounds till long into the night.

I saw guns that had been picked up all along the road from Mill Springs to some miles below Monticello, and was told by the citizens along the road that the road and roadsides were strewn with guns, clothing, hats, shoes, etc. There were some forty sick and wounded at Monticello. They are well cared for by our Brigade-Surgeon, Dr. Strew, by order of General Thomas. Many of them expressed a determination to go home and fight no more.—*Baltimore American*, Feb. 22.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S case may be briefly stated. He desired to go North, but before he was ready he was taken sick. He was arrested to protect him from violence. He is still sick at his own house, being too unwell to be removed. When he recovers, he will probably be suffered to depart "to the other side of Jordan," together with his family. He can do no harm there to our cause, while his presence among us might do injury.—*Memphis Avalanche*.

INCIDENTS OF ROANOKE ISLAND.—Col. Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, fell dead from his horse at the head of his regiment, while marching against the enemy. Strange as it may appear, not a scratch was found upon his body when examined, and his death must have come from the wind of a cannon-ball or from excitement.

Lieutenant-Colonel De Monteil, who volunteered in the assault upon the rebel battery, received his death-wound while heading the advance, and while in the act of shouting: "Come on, boys! we'll show them how to fight!"

In the course of the action a shell burst on the United States gunboat Hetzel, and set her magazine on fire. Lieutenant Franklin, her executive officer, ordered the men to the magazine to extinguish the fire; but seeing that they hesitated, he took the hose in his own hands, and sprang down and extinguished the flames before they reached the powder.

A similar occurrence took place on board the Ceres, from the bursting of a gun, when Acting-Master Diarmaid sprang into the magazine and extinguished the fire.

A shell entered the coal-bunks of another of our steamers, setting them on fire. The flames were subdued after much difficulty, with but little damage to the vessel.—*Washington (D. C.) Star*, Feb. 15.

REBUILDING OF GAULEY BRIDGE.—A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, under date of February seventeenth, says:

The Gauley Bridge, burnt by the rebel General Wise, has been rebuilt by Captain E. P. Fitch, the brigade quartermaster, attached to the staff of Gen. Cox.

It was constructed in twenty-three working days from the date of making the contract, and was open for travel on the first day of this month. This bridge is about five hundred and eighty-five feet long, ten feet in width, divided into three spans. The main sustaining parts are one and one quarter inch wire ropes.

The roadway is of wood and so ingeniously braced

that detachments of cavalry ride over it at a charge, producing no more, or in fact not as much vibration as is induced under similar circumstances on a thorough truss-bridge. The Twenty-eighth regiment, Ohio volunteers, Col. Moor, Capt. Simmons's battery, and Capt. Schonberg's cavalry, marched and counter-marched across it some days since, for the purpose of trying its stability. The entire Twenty-eighth regiment was closely packed on one span and a half, two sections of Capt. Simmons's battery occupying another span at the same time.

This immense load upon the bridge was borne at a halt and in motion, portions of it marching to the music of the band at cadence step, without producing the slightest evidence of weakness. The entire work was executed by Messrs. Stone, Quigley & Burton, bridge-builders of Philadelphia.

TIRED OF SECESSION.—The *Wheeling Press* of February twenty-second says:

"We learn from a reliable source that the prisoners who were taken at the fight at Bloomery Gap, by Gen. Lander, express a desire to enlist in the Union army. They were sent on Thursday to Camp Chase, and the officer who had a portion of them in command informed us that the privates thus expressed themselves. One of them was asked in Cumberland whether he would prefer the prison or the confederate army. He replied that he would much rather be in prison. The question was then asked: How came you in the secesh army? He replied: I was forced into the army. On being asked by whom, he replied, pointing to Col. Baldwin, his commander: *There* is the villain that forced me into the rebel service. Such, no doubt, is the feeling of more than one half the private soldiers in the rebel army. Oh! how black the crime of these rebel leaders! How will they ever expiate the guilt that rests upon their heads?"

EIGHT UNION MEN STARVED TO DEATH.—A Fort Donelson correspondent states that the bodies of several Union men, on whom could be found no wounds, were discovered in Dover jail. It was supposed that they were either starved or poisoned, but all the rebels said they knew nothing about them. The *Terre Haute Express*, without apparently having heard the above particulars, states that one of the prisoners who passed through that place on Saturday, said that last summer eight Union men had been taken and confined at Dover, Tennessee, and literally starved to death! This atrocity deserves a thorough investigation.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, February 25.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 23.—"I want to speak to you a moment," said a noted secessionist to a young friend of ours upon the street this evening. "Not now, I am in a hurry," answered the latter. "Well," said the rebel, "I merely wanted to say, that, although I have been a secessionist, I am now as good a Union man as any of you."—*Louisville Journal*, February 24.

Feb. 22.—At Louisville, Ky., about one o'clock P.M., the clouds, which covered the heavens but did not appear to be thick or heavy, assumed a singular yellow hue, and a seemingly preternatural darkness overspread the land. Candles and gas-lights were brought into requisition. The strange phenomenon lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, and passed suddenly off.

It is probable that this portentous gloom began and ended with the reading of Jeff. Davis's Inaugural Address. The Richmond sacrilege seems to have been enough to darken for a little while even the glorious birth-day of Washington.—*Louisville Journal*, February 24.

A BRAVE FELLOW.—In the Fort Henry gunboat fight, in the explosion on the Essex, one of the seamen was shockingly scalded. His clothing was at once removed, linseed oil and flour applied to his par-boiled flesh, and he was carefully wrapped in blankets and placed in bed. A few moments after, came the news that the rebel flag was struck, and the Fort surrendered. In his enthusiasm he sprang out of his berth, ran up on deck, and waved his blanket in the air, huzzaing for the Stars and Stripes. The poor fellow, after the first excitement was over, was assisted below, and in the night he died, full of rejoicing to the last at the triumph of the old flag.—*Louisville Journal*, February 24.

THE REBELS AND THE RIVER COMMODORE.

The rebels say, in boasting way,
They'll every inch of ground dispute;
A brag, indeed, we'll better heed
Whenever they withstand one Foote.

THE DESECRATION OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

PORT DEPOSIT, MD., Feb. 20, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Lest the necessary brevity of your special despatch per telegraph last evening should not give a proper understanding of the outrage perpetrated here on the flag of our country by the two secessionists, McClure and Henderson, from Baltimore, I beg to submit the following statement:

These two gentlemen, Douglas McClure and Edward Henderson, Esqs., after abusing the hospitalities of our town, took the liberty, yesterday evening, about five o'clock, to cut down the American flag which was suspended across the street on lines attached to the residences of Capt. John W. Taylor and Mrs. E. T. Rinehart. When the halyards were cut, the flag fell in the mud, where it was noticed by a few of our citizens, who raised it from its place of disgrace, and flung it again to its native breeze. As soon as it was known among the people how the flag got there, search was made for the two "bloods," who had escaped into the house of Capt. Taylor. Henderson was found under a *clothes-basket*, after the style of the "French Lady," while McClure escaped in some other way. Meanwhile our citizens became intensely excited, and took measures to mete out vengeance on the heads of the "chivalry." They were allowed fifteen minutes to leave town, which time was lengthened until eight o'clock, on account of no conveyance. Finally they were allowed to take their departure under escort in an open row-boat, in the midst of a drenching rain, and in darkness as black as that of Egypt. They bore away for Harford county, since which we have not heard from them. Nothing saved them from the vengeance of the people but respect for Capt. John W. Taylor, at whose house they were stopping. Capt. Taylor was not at home when the outrage was committed, but when he arrived he promptly ordered the heroes off. Upon this, McClure threatened to blow Capt. Taylor's brains out in his own house, seizing a double-barreled gun belonging

to Capt. Taylor. Both barrels were loaded, but fortunately there were no caps on. Capt. Taylor hastened to arm himself, but fortunately the people came to the rescue, when our guests were marched off. It is providential that there was not a tragedy on the spot. Capt. Taylor has the deepest sympathies of the people, and they regret that he and his family were exposed to the mortifying circumstances of this disagreeable affair.

Yours, truly,

STARS AND STRIPES.

—*Baltimore American*, February 24.

A REBEL SONG.—The following "song," composed by some enthusiastic rebel soldier, was found in Fort Bartow, Roanoke Island. It is written on a half-sheet of foolscap paper:

Sir William was king georges son to the north the waryers race was run he wore A star all on his breast to show you a sign of the waryers dress, come young ladies will you list and go, come young ladies will you list and go. A new silk dress you shall put on, to follow up the music fife and drum, the drum shall beat and the fife shall play, the drum shall beat and the fife shall play its A merry lives we'll march away.

new york.s A pretty place,; and so is philadelphia the streets are lined with doll. bills and pretty girls a plenty.

Come my love com go with me, for I am a roveing dandy, I, ll take you home I'll treat you well, I ll feed you on sweet candy, where coffee grows on white oak stump and the rivers flow with brandy, and little hills are lin'd with gold and the girls are sweet as candy.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, February 27.

MUNCHAUSENIANA.

FREDERICK, MD., Feb. 19.—On Saturday night, at a complimentary dinner tendered to Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, at Martinsburg, Va., that gentleman, in a speech, said in effect, that the policy of secession, as it had been carried out, was a failure. It had been accompanied with an unnecessary waste of life, the best blood of the South, and immense sacrifice of property. If this course was continued in, it would pile ruin on ruin. The public sentiment of Western Virginia was opposed to it. He also intimated that he had no affiliation with those who wished the present war to continue. His remarks were acquiesced in by the large audience present, and he had no doubt but they reflected the true sentiments of nine tenths of the people of the upper counties of the Potomac.

Reports from usually reliable sources say between three and four hundred of the Berkley county militia have deserted in a body, and are *en route* to cross the Potomac and join our ranks.

THE London papers of the twenty-ninth of January published the following monster hoax, under the heading "Rumored Confederate Victory at Port Royal":

"The Asia has brought intelligence from New-York of a battle having been fought on the twelfth of January on the main land, in the vicinity of Port Royal, between Gen. Lee's forces and the Federal troops, resulting in the total defeat of the latter, with a loss of one thousand seven hundred killed and wounded.

"The Washington Government, we are informed, had taken steps to suppress the news of this reverse, which, nevertheless, has reached a highly respectable party in Liverpool, through a private channel."

NASSAU, N. P., Feb. 8.—The Southern schooner Louise arrived yesterday from Charleston, and reports that the expedition under Gen. Burnside had failed, some of the gunboats having been driven ashore during a gale at North-Carolina, and *seven thousand of the troops and sailors taken prisoners.*

The Federalists are said to have suffered another defeat at Bowling Green, three thousand having been killed and five thousand taken prisoners.

The small-pox has broken out in Washington, to the great alarm of the civil and military authorities. Army and people are being vaccinated, but vaccine matter is scarce.

The Federalists have gained a victory over a large body of Confederates at Mill Hill, Kentucky.—*Nassau Guardian, February 8.*

NEW-YORK, Feb. 26.—We are well assured that a proposition from the rebel leaders for a new *compromise* has been submitted to our Government, and that either the programme or its substance is in the hands of a leading Democrat of our city. The object of the rebels in transmitting it to him we presume to be the manufacture of public sentiment in its behalf. The gist of the proposition we understand to run thus:

1. An armistice for a specified term, with a view to a peaceful adjustment of all differences.

2. A Convention of the States, with a view to such a revision of the Federal Constitution as will induce the slaveholding rebels to condescend to govern us in the future on terms nearly as favorable as in the past.

We believe this is all for a beginning.—*New-York Tribune, February 26.*

NEW-ENGLAND, having patiently turned cheek after cheek to the buffeting of Southern arrogance, cannot be very seriously blamed now for returning the compliment with its gallant Foote.—*Cincinnati Gazette, February 27.*

DEATH OF A GALLANT SOLDIER.—Among the incidents of the fight at Fort Donelson is the following:

A private in the Ninth Illinois regiment was shot through the arm in the early part of the engagement at Fort Donelson, which paralyzed it for a moment. Leaving the ranks, he went back a short distance to where the temporary hospital was placed, had his arm dressed, and returned to take his place. Shortly afterward he received a shot in the thigh, which prostrated him. To some of his companions who came up to render him assistance, he remarked, "I guess I can manage to get back," and by the assistance of his gun he once more limped to the hospital. Feeling considerably better after his wound was dressed, he again sought his regiment and took his place in the ranks. While in a stooping position as a skirmisher, a ball entered the back part of his neck, and passed lengthways through his body. Before he fell headlong to the ground, four or five other balls struck him in the head, literally shattering it to pieces and scattering his brains in every direction.—*Louisville Journal, February 26.*

PATRIOTIC JERSEY WOMEN.

The following letter, from a highly respectable young lady of Hightstown, New-Jersey, shows the sympathy there felt by the sex for those soldiers who have risked their lives in the present war. New-Jersey in 1862, as in 1776, is not a whit behind her sister States in true patriotic feeling and love for the Union.

The articles contained in the box will be found enumerated in another column.

HIGHTSTOWN, February 24, 1862.

J. SWAIM, Esq.: SIR: You will find inclosed a duplicate list of articles contained in our box, which, according to previous arrangement, we have this day forwarded to your laboratory to be sent by you to Missouri for the sick and wounded soldiers. The great need existing among the soldiers of the West for aid of this description has stimulated us to renewed efforts in their behalf, and if we can only hear that our box has been of some little service, we shall be fully repaid for our labor and expense.

Our association has sent several boxes to the Potomac, but we resolved that this one should go where, from recent events, it is likely to be more needed, and the appeal in your newspapers strengthened our resolve; but the great expense of freight was a drawback, as our treasury is considerably reduced at present. We trust, however, from your kind offer, that the terms will be made as easy to us as possible. The weight of our box, as given at the railroad dépôt here, is four hundred pounds.

Very respectfully, yours,

MAGGIE S. MORRISON.

—*Philadelphia Press, February 27.*

MAJOR D. H. Hill, who was captured at Roanoke, is rather a remarkable character. He has written one or two theological works of some note. He is also a mathematician. The youthful rebels are allowed to regale themselves at school with Hill's Elements of Algebra, a work which is conceived in the true spirit of a gallant Southron. One would think it rather difficult to give mathematical instruction such a form as to imbue pupils with contempt and hatred for the North. But Hill has attempted the work, and has displayed no little ingenuity in the effort. He has framed problems beginning in the following style:

"A Yankee mixes a certain quantity of wooden nutmegs, which cost him one fourth cent apiece, with a quantity of real nutmegs, worth four cents apiece," etc.

"A Northern railroad is assessed one hundred and twenty thousand dollars damages for contusions and broken limbs caused by a collision of cars."

"The years in which the Governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut send treasonable messages to their respective legislatures, is expressed by four digits."

"The field of battle of Buena Vista is six and a half miles from Saltillo. Two Indiana volunteers ran away from the field of battle at the same time."—*Rhode Island Country Journal, February 28.*

COL. WARDROP'S SWORD.—Gen. Hill, captured at Roanoke Island, has a sword belonging to Col. David W. Wardrop, of the Union Coast Guard. The sword, which was presented to Col. Wardrop by his friends while he was a captain, and is inscribed accordingly, was loaned to Theodore Winthrop, and was taken by Hill at Big Bethel. It is a pity that Col. Wardrop's wish to have a hand in the next tussle with Hill was not gratified. Several companies of his command were engaged in the affair.—*Boston Journal.*

WISDOM AT ROANOKE.

A couplet slightly changed will show
Why Burnside lost his boastful foe;
"He that is *Wise* can run away,
And live to fight another day."

ONE CONSOLATION.

The rebels mourn a sad defeat,
That might have been completer :
For Burnside, though he had a fleet,
Must yield to Wise as *fleeter* !

CONFEDERATE WAGS.—The Cairo (Ill.) correspondence abounds in such incidents as the following:

Many amusing illustrations of rural simplicity were witnessed among the prisoners. A newsboy rushed on board the T. L. Magill, just arrived from Donelson, vociferously shouting: "Here's yer mornin' papers." A stalwart Tennessean shouted: "Give me the *Appeal*." He really believed he could buy the Memphis and New-Orleans papers at Cairo, and when told they were not for sale, earnestly remarked: "Why, the last time I was here, I bought all our papers here. Are ye afeard to sell 'm?" Another individual bought a ten-cent pie from a poor woman, and tendered her in payment ten dollars in confederate scrip, at the same time stretching forth his hand for nine dollars and ninety cents in change. The pastry-merchant declined the proffered "bill;" when the Southerner assured her: "I took fur good as gold. It passes down our way right enough." A third prisoner having written a letter to his wife, got a Federal officer to "direct it" for him, and putting a Jeff. Davis postage-stamp on it, requested a sentinel to mail it for him.

SPILLING COFFEE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* relates the following anecdote, which was told him by an officer of Bushrod Johnson's staff:

On Friday morning, the fourteenth, early, heavy skirmishing had commenced between the sharpshooters, while Gen. Johnson and his aids were taking their breakfast from two barrel-heads in the General's quarters. Capt. Moorman does not drink coffee himself, but he filled a cup and passed it to the General. While *en route* a rifle-ball took off the base of the cup so nicely as not to disturb the superstructure, spilling the coffee, while the General took the empty cup.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC AMONG THE SOLDIERS.—A letter from Hatteras Inlet (N. C.) says: The New-England troops excel in the musical faculty, and in every regiment from Massachusetts, Connecticut or New-Hampshire, music-teachers or good singers abound, and many an otherwise tedious evening has thus been beguiled by the elevating influence of music. In this respect no regiment, perhaps, is more favored than the Massachusetts Twenty-third, composed chiefly of Salem, Marblehead, Danvers and Boston men. Many of the officers were members of the best musical societies, and leaders or pillars in their church choirs at home. Could their friends have looked in upon us on board of the Highlander, during many of the boisterous nights we have been anchored in this Sound, while the storm howled without, they might have heard:

"Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beat the heavenward flame."

On board of the Huzzar, which carries the left wing of the Twenty-third, they have their full share of sweet singers, and a very excellent band of music, under the lead of Henry C. Brown of Boston. In the centre of the fleet, which covers an area of some two miles of the bay, is anchored the S. R. Spaulding, the present flagship of Gen. Burnside. From her high deck he can easily survey the entire fleet, and observe all that is

going on. On the deck of one or two vessels near us are gathered quiet groups of soldiers, and the sublime strains of "Old Hundred" which float across the waters, human voices mingling with the bands, testify that they are engaged in religious worship. To many of these brave and earnest men it will be, perhaps, their last Sabbath on earth.

ON THE DEATH OF ZOLLICOFFER.

The spirit of Felix K. Zollicoffer wrote this in the hands of the medium, Lucretia Russell.

He lay upon the battle-field,
His lips gave not a sound,
He fought with brave and manly aid
When on the battle ground.

His aged mother bent her knee
In one most fervent sound,
He lay there—looked like marble white—
With mourning friends around.

Brave Zollicoffer called his men,
I'm dying, men, cried he,
And from this day for evermore,
I never shall happy be.

Tell my mother not to weep for me,
Nor give one lingering sigh,
For when I fell from off my horse
I never flinched to die.

Another General gave command,
I could not hear that sound,
But off they ran and left me there
Dead—lifeless on the ground.

—*Louisville Journal*, February 10.

A BRILLIANT CHARGE.—The most brilliant charge in the entire siege of Fort Donelson, was that of the Second and Fourth Iowa, and the Eleventh and Twenty-fifth Indiana, under the command of Gen. C. F. Smith, who led them in person, amid a storm of balls and bullets, and cheered them through all the terrible strife.

He even rode his horse upon the breastworks, and for fifteen minutes exposed himself as a target to every one of the passing messengers of death. That he was not killed or wounded is something marvellous, for the brave soldiers were falling all around him.—*Boston Traveller*, February 24.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

Richmond, Va., February 28.—It was observed yesterday morning, that the walls in different parts of the city were scrawled over with inflammatory and treasonable mottoes. The circumstance attracted but little attention at first, as the chalked letters were supposed to be the amusement of some idlers. On further examination, however, it was found that these mottoes were displayed all over the city, with a system and consistency that showed that there were purpose and organization in this appeal to the multitude. The following are some of these mottoes; they are written in large and singularly well-formed letters, at different points in the city, extending even to the suburbs on Church Hill, and show a literary merit that could hardly be ascribed to the blackguard, and is seldom found in mere rowdy scrawls on the street-corners:

"Nationals, to the rescue!"

"Nationals, arise and gird on your strength!"

"Unionists! it is time to assert your rights!"

"Too many stars on the flag!"

"The Scorpion of Secession—it has stung itself."

"The South—the land of the white man."

"The Northern advance—it is the tread of the free-man," etc.

We candidly believe that these devices, appearing in different parts of Richmond, and betraying a singular unity of design, was the work of traitors in our midst. Without any police worth the name, and with traitors scrawling their appeals in the most public places of the city, while Mr. Mayo's night-watchmen are snoring in the doorways of houses, the time has come for our citizens to wake up to their situation, and to establish at once a Vigilance Committee for their protection against the spies, incendiaries and assassins who are lying in wait, perhaps only for the next disastrous turn in our affairs. Every man and woman too, (for there are Union brawlers and adventurers in petticoats as well as in breeches,) who utters treasonable sentiments should be held to instant responsibility, and the villain who should be found making an inflammatory appeal like those referred to above, should be shot dead in his tracks. Such retribution would be mercy in the end. A Vigilance Committee at present is demanded by the most conservative and precious interests of society; it is demanded for safety; terror must be struck in the minds of Lincoln's agents and emissaries in Richmond, and treason must be reduced by prompt measures before the debt of vengeance becomes too large and too terrible, and the blood of hundreds is demanded at our hands.—*Richmond Examiner, February 28.*

INCIDENTS OF THE PAINTVILLE BATTLE.—A body of the enemy was posted on a commanding hill, and it became necessary to dislodge them. The Fourteenth Kentucky volunteered for the service, as they knew the nature of the ground. Said Col. Garfield: "Go in, boys; give them ——— *Hail Columbia!*"

The hill was cleared, and soon the reserve of the brigade came in at a double-quick. As soon as he saw them, Col. Garfield pulled off his coat, and flung it up in the air, where it lodged in a tree out of reach. The men threw up their caps with a wild shout, and rushed at the enemy, Col. Garfield, in his shirt-sleeves, leading the way.

As the Federal troops reached the top of the hill, a rebel officer shouted in surprise: "Why, how many of you are there?" "Twenty-five thousand men, d—n you," yelled a Kentucky Union officer, rushing at the rebel. In an instant the rebels broke and ran in utter confusion.

Several instances of personal daring and coolness are related. A member of Capt. Bushnell's company in the Forty-second, was about to bite a cartridge when a musket-ball struck the cartridge from his fingers. Coolly facing the direction from which the shot came, he took out another cartridge and exclaimed: "You can't do that again, old fellow."—*Cleveland Herald, January 16.*

THE ROLL OF "INFAMY."—The *Richmond Express* says: Resolutions have been introduced in the South-Carolina Legislature, recording as infamous, for the execration of posterity, the names of Wm. Bradford Shubrick, Cornelius Stribling, Captains in the United States Navy; Percival Drayton, Henry K. Hoff, John

J. Missroon, Chas. Steedman, Ed. Middleton, Henry Lorando, Commanders in the United States Navy; Henry C. Flagg, John F. Hammond, C. S. Lovell, United States Army. These men still claim to be citizens of South-Carolina.

Boston, Mass., has furnished two hundred and seventy-eight commissioned officers for the war, since April fifteenth, 1861.—*N. Y. World, January 20.*

The *Nashville Banner* says that Captain Robert J. Breckinridge, son of the great Presbyterian divine—Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge—is a candidate in the Eleventh district of Kentucky, for the Congress of the Confederate States. The father and the son, in this instance, are diametrically opposed to each other—the old man being for Lincoln, while the son is for Jeff. Davis.

TO THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND BRETHREN: Through a sanguine love for the welfare of my beloved Virginia, and feeling that there is not enough of true patriotism in our State Convention now assembled, to direct our little bark, Virginia, into a proper port, I, an humble and an illiterate farmer of Prince George, will venture a few suggestions which, I hope, will be of some importance to them, by way of showing them what they are through their self-love, and what they should be through pure philanthropy and true patriotism. I will premise by saying that most men at this day are so fond of worldly honor and popular favor, that many of them would almost sacrifice their country and their God to obtain them; hence an envy and a jealousy have sprung up in the human family which choke every thing calculated to benefit us as a people. It really seems to me that if our Lord and Saviour were to descend and to go into that Convention and offer a series of resolutions as pure and as immaculate as the driven snow of heaven, there would be some one presumptuous enough to rise from his seat and offer an amendment. We have too many would-be smart men; they have ruined our country by making a grand display of their acquired folly, at a cost of from four to eight dollars per day to our State and Federal Government. I, for one, am tired of such a useless tax, and will now suggest a form of government which will rid the people of it and them. I propose that Virginia forthwith declare herself independent of the Federal Government, and then that every county in the State of Virginia declare itself independent of the State government—each county taking care of itself; every county will be taken care of. Justice being the law, and magistrates enforcing it, we shall have no need of learned ignoramuses to legislate for us.

By throwing open our ports we should make friends of the world, and have no need of standing armies, nor Old Abe as President.

Our postal affairs can be much better conducted by express companies, on the insurance principle.

Respectfully submitted by

L. L. LEE,

EDEN, April 9, 1861.

Of Prince George County, Va.

P. S.—Let him that is opposed to me challenge for debate;

Those that take sides with me will promulgate.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

FLIGHT OF DOODLES.

The following was found in the camp of the First Texas Regiment, by a member of Co. G, First Massachusetts Regiment.

I come from old Manassa, with a pocket full of fun—
I killed forty Yankees with a single-barreled gun;
It don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you or I,
Big Yankee, Little Yankee, all run or die.

I saw all the Yankees at Bull Run,
They fought like the devil when the battle first begun.
But it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
or I,
They took to their heels, boys, and you ought to see
'em fly.

I saw old Fuss and Feathers Scott, twenty miles away,
His horses stuck up their ears, and you ought to hear
'em neigh,
But it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
Old Scott fled like the devil, boys, root, hog, or die.

I then saw a "Tiger," from the old Crescent City,
He cut down the Yankees without any pity—
Oh! it don't make a diff-a-bitterence to neither you
nor I,
We whipped the Yankee boys and made the boobies
cry.

I saw South-Carolina, the first in the cause,
Shake the dirty Yankees till she broke all their jaws—
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
South-Carolina give 'em h — ll, boys, root, hog, or die.

I saw old Virginia, standing firm and true,
She fought mighty hard to whip the dirty crew—
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
Old Virginia's blood and thunder, boys, root hog, or
die.

I saw old Georgia, the next in the van,
She cut down the Yankees almost to a man—
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
Georgia's sum in a fight, boys, root, hog, or die.

I saw Alabama in the midst of the storm,
She stood like a giant in the contest so warm—
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
Alabama fought the Yankees, boys, till the last one
did fly.

I saw Texas go in with a smile,
But I tell you what it is, she made the Yankees bile—
Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
Texas is the devil, boys, root, hog, or die.

I saw North-Carolina in the deepest of the battle,
She knocked down the Yankees and made their bones
rattle—

Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
North-Carolina's got the grit, boys, root, hog, or die.

Old Florida came in with a terrible shout,
She frightened all the Yankees till their eyes stuck
out—

Oh! it don't make a niff-a-stiffence to neither you
nor I,
Florida's death on Yankees, root, hog, or die.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

AIR—"Dixie."

Oh! here I am in the land of cotton,
The flag once honored is now forgotten;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's
land.

But here I stand for Dixie dear,
To fight for freedom, without fear;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's
land.

CHORUS.

For Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
To live or die for Dixie's land.
Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's
land.

Oh! have you heard the latest news,
Of Lincoln and his kangaroos;
Fight away, etc.
His minions they would now oppress us,
With war and bloodshed they'd distress us!
Fight away, etc.

Abe Lincoln tore through Baltimore,
In a baggage-car with fastened door;
Fight away, etc.
And left his wife alas! alack!
To perish on the railroad track!
Fight away, etc.

Abe Lincoln is the President,
He'll wish his days in Springfield spent;
Fight away, etc.
We'll show him that Old Scott's a fool,
We'll never submit to Yankee rule!
Fight away, etc.

At first our States were only seven,
But now we number stars eleven;
Fight away, etc.
Brave old Missouri shall be ours,
Despite old Lincoln's Northern powers!
Fight away, etc.

We have no ships, we have no navies,
But mighty faith in the great Jeff. Davis;
Fight away, etc.
Due honor too we will award,
To gallant Bragg and Beauregard!
Fight away, etc.

Abe's proclamation in a twinkle,
Stirred up the blood of Rip Van Winkle;
Fight away, etc.
Jeff Davis' answer was short and curt
"Fort Sumter's taken, and 'nobody's hurt!'"
Fight away, etc.

We hear the words of this same ditty,
To the right and left of the Mississippi;
Fight away, etc.
In the land of flowers hot and sandy,
From Delaware Bay to the Rio Grande!
Fight away, etc.

The ladies cheer with heart and hand,
The men who fight for Dixie's land;
Fight away, etc.
The "Stars and Bars" are waving o'er us,
And Independence is before us!
Fight away, etc.

MARTINSBURG, Va., Dec. 10, 1861.

B.

YANKEE VANDALS.

AIR—"Gay and Happy."

The Northern Abolition vandals,
Who have come to free the slave,
Will meet their doom in "Old Virginny,"
Where they all will get a grave.

CHORUS.

So let the Yankees say what they will,
We'll love and fight for Dixie still,
Love and fight for, love and fight for,
We'll love and fight for Dixie still.

They started for Manassas Junction,
With an army full of fight,
But they caught a Southern tartar,
And they took a bully flight.
So let the Yankees, etc.

"Old Fuss and Feathers" could not save them,
All their boasting was in vain,
Before the Southern steel they cowered,
And their bodies strewed the plain.
So let the Yankees, etc.

The "Maryland Line" was there as ever,
With their battle-shout and blade,
They shed new lustre on their mother,
When that final charge they made.
So let the Yankees, etc.

Old Abe may make another effort,
For to take his onward way,
But his legions then as ever,
Will be forced to run away.
So let the Yankees, etc.

Brave Jeff. and glorious Beauregard,
With dashing Johnston, noble, true,
Will meet their hireling hosts again,
And scatter them like morning dew.
So let the Yankees, etc.

When the Hessian horde is driven,
O'er Potomac's classic flood,
The pulses of a new-born freedom,
Then will stir old Maryland's blood.
So let the Yankees, etc.

From the lofty Alleghanies,
To old Worcester's sea-washed shore,
Her sons will come to greet the victors,
There in good old Baltimore.
So let the Yankees, etc.

Then with voices light and gladsome,
We will swell the choral strain,
Telling that our dear old mother,
Glorious Maryland's free again.
So let the Yankees, etc.

Then we'll crown our warrior chieftains,
Who have led us in the fight,
And have brought the South in triumph,
Through dread danger's troubled night.
So let the Yankees, etc.

And the brave who nobly perished,
Struggling in the bloody fray,
We'll weave a wreath of fadeless laurel,
For their glorious memory.
So let the Yankees, etc.

O'er their graves the Southern maidens,
From sea-shore to mountain grot,
Will plant the smiling rose of beauty,
And the sweet forget-me-not.
So let the Yankees, etc.

"CALL ALL! CALL ALL!"

BY "GEORGIA."

Whoop! the Doodles have broken loose,
Roaring round like the very deuce!
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack,
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back.

Bull-dog, terrier, cur and fice,
Back to the beggarly land of ice;
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky is caved from under,
Tennessee is split asunder,
Alabama awaits attack,
And Georgia bristles up her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone!
Still his spirit is marching on,
Lantern-jawed, and legs, my boys,
Long as an ape's from Illinois!

Want a weapon? Gather a brick!
Club or cudgel, or stone or stick,
Anything with a blade or but,
Anything that can cleave or cut.

Anything heavy, or hard, or keen!
Any sort of slaying machine!
Anything with a willing mind,
And the steady arm of a man behind.

Want a weapon? Why, capture one!
Every Doodle has got a gun,
Belt and bayonet, bright and new,
Kill a Doodle and capture two!

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire!
All, call all! to the feast of fire!
Mother and maiden, and child and slave,
A common triumph, or a single grave.

—Rockingham, Va., Register.

A SCOUTING ADVENTURE.—The following account of the capture of Brig.-Gen. Price, and other rebel officers, is from an authentic source, and corrects some errors in the statement heretofore published.

On Saturday, Capt. J. D. Thompson, our Acting Major, with parts of four companies of the First Iowa cavalry, numbering one hundred and twenty men, and parts of two companies of the Sixth Iowa Infantry under Capt. Stubbs, started from Sedalia in pursuit of some five hundred rebels, who were making their way to join the main body under Price. Starting at sundown toward Clinton, they learned about midnight that the rebels instead of coming to that place had taken the road toward Belmont, and therefore the command changed its course, and moved down on the Warsaw road. When within eight miles of Warsaw, Major Thompson learned that they had been crossing their forces over the Osage during the evening. He immediately ordered the column forward at a rapid rate, and when within four miles of the town, came

upon their pickets, which, after a short skirmish, were driven in, and chased at a smart gallop into the town, in time to intercept the prisoners named. The infantry coming up a half an hour afterward were posted on the bank of the river, and as soon as it was daylight fired upon their camp, wounding two or three, when the rest of the rebels broke and fled. Major Thompson, being unable to cross the river in time to make a successful pursuit, returned to Sedalia with his prisoners, whom he brought to St. Louis on Thursday, on their way to Alton. They were Brig.-Gen. Price, Col. C. Dorsey, Major Cross, and Capt. Inge.—*Louisville Journal*, February 26.

HIDING BEHIND A TREE.—There is a rebel General named Blanchard at Norfolk. He issued the following order, under date of February nineteenth:

No drill is needed for a hunter to get behind a tree and hit his mark, and if every man will shoot only when he is sure to kill an enemy, he will do good service. If the men have no shot-guns, let them take axes and spades, and obstruct the roads and rivers, under the direction of their officers. Be of good heart, and let our righteous cause make us strong, and with the blessing of God, which we must all ask, we will drive back the foe. ALBERT G. BLANCHARD, Brig.-Gen. P. A. C. S., Commanding Third Brigade.

THE Rev. Dr. Moore, of Richmond, Va., delivered a lecture in that city on the origin and meaning of words, in which many curious facts were developed, among which were that the word *Davis* means, "God with us," and that *Lincoln*, when subjected to etymological analysis, means, "on the verge of a precipice."

GRATITUDE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—A Fort Donelson correspondent writes that in the terrible engagement there, an orderly sergeant seeing a rebel point a rifle at the captain of his company, he threw himself before his beloved officer, received the bullet in his breast, and fell dead in the arms of the man he had saved. The brave fellow had been reared and very generously treated by the captain's father, and had declared when enlisting that he would be happy to die to save the life of his benefactor's son. The affection shown each other by Damon and Pythias did not exceed that of this nameless soldier.

AMONG the rebels who fell at the siege of Fort Donelson, was Dabney Carr Harrison, who commanded a company from Hanover County, Va. He was wounded in the struggle of Saturday, and was carried on board a steamboat and died on his way to Clarksville. Alluding to his death, the *Lynchburgh Virginian* says:

"He was a son of the Rev. Peyton Harrison, of Cumberland, and was himself a minister of the Presbyterian Church. He was chaplain for two years of the University of Virginia, and for some months temporarily in charge of the First Presbyterian Church, in this city. The war found him in charge of a congregation in Hanover County. Impelled by a lofty patriotism, he deemed it his duty to enter the army. He was chosen chaplain of a volunteer company, and soon showed the qualities of an excellent soldier. He was a Christian gentleman of the highest order; a man of education, fine intelligence, genial disposition and polished manners. His brother, a gallant young officer, and three first cousins, fell on the bloody field of Manassas."

MAKING WAR IN DEAD EARNEST.

CAIRO, February 14, 1862.

The following facts and correspondence show the exasperated nature of the war in these parts. Soon the cry will be: "No quarter!"

Col. Kellogg, commanding at Cape Girardeau, telegraphed to Acting Brig.-Gen. Paine, at Cairo, thus:

"Yesterday (February eighth) several companies of our cavalry, with one company of Ross's infantry, scoured the country west, bringing in fifty prisoners. Our cavalry also encountered a large force of rebel cavalry, fifteen miles below Bloomfield. They succeeded in routing them, killing seven, wounding many, and taking twenty prisoners. We had two missing and one wounded. They found five bodies, known to be Union men, *murdered*. W. P. KELLOGG,

"Colonel Commanding.

"Gen. E. A. PAINE,
"Commanding, Cairo."

GENERAL PAINE'S REPLY.

"Col. Kellogg, Commanding, Cape Girardeau:

"Hang one of the rebel cavalry for each Union man *murdered*; and, after this, two for each. Continue to scout, capture, and kill. E. A. PAINE,

"Brigadier-General Commanding.

"CAIRO, February 8."

That's laconic and specific. Had this policy been pursued from the start, rebels would have been scarce in Missouri. I hope Gen. Hitchcock, Gen. Paine's successor, will act out the example of General, now Colonel Paine.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

PRESENTATION TO MRS. EVERSOL.—On the evening of the fifth February, at Cape Girardeau, Capt. Ben. Sousley, in behalf of the Alton Packet Company, presented to the heroic and loyal Mrs. Eversol the sum of two hundred dollars, in acknowledgment of her courage, humanity and patriotism, in recently saving the passengers of the steamboat *City of Alton* from being captured by Jeff. Thompson's marauding band. It will be remembered that, as the boat was approaching the shore where the enemy waited to seize her, Mrs. Eversol ran to the levee, and by her exclamations and gesticulations warned those on board of the danger, and enabled them to escape. The handsome testimonial to her merit was richly deserved, but a richer one is assured to her in the memories of her countrymen and countrywomen.

Captain Sousley subsequently received from Mrs. Eversol the following modest and appropriate note:

"COMMERCE, Mo., February 5th.

"J. J. Mitchell, President Alton Packet Company:

"DEAR SIR: Permit me, through you, to tender to the members of your Company my thanks for the unmerited token of respect which they were pleased to convey to me through the hands of Capt. Sousley, and received by me to-day. In reply to their earnest solicitations to visit St. Louis and Alton, allow me to say that I would be most happy to do so when the weather and travelling are pleasant; although I would again assure them that in any part I might have taken on the twenty-ninth day of December, in the preservation of the lives of my fellow-beings and their property, I only obeyed the impulse of a loyal heart.

"With my kindest wishes for the prosperity and happiness of the members of your Company and yourself. I remain yours, respectfully,

"SARAH L. EVERSOL."

—*Missouri Democrat*, February 10.

A PATRIOTIC CLERGYMAN.—John P. Bruce, Esq., editor of the *St. Joseph (Mo.) Journal*, writes thus to his paper:

"I travelled, in coming here, in company with Rev. Dr. Cox, of Chicago, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had been to St. Louis, and bought one of the Presbyterian churches, that originally cost eighty-seven thousand dollars, for thirty-seven thousand dollars. He intends to have a purely Union church. The flag with the Stars and Stripes will be placed on the top of the church, and service will be opened regularly by singing 'Hail Columbia,' and close with the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Another feature in this new church will be, that in addition to the usual questions asked at the altar, of those who desire to unite themselves to the Church, will be: 'Are you for the Union, and have you always been true to the flag?' If these questions cannot be answered affirmatively, the applicant is rejected, no matter how truly penitent the poor sinner may be. Dr. Cox is rather of the opinion that there is no room in heaven for those who do not love this glorious Union, and who have rebelled against the best government in the world without a cause. The Doctor is an energetic, able preacher, and will visit St. Joseph before long."

THE REBEL RETREAT FROM MILL SPRING.—In the course of a eulogistic notice of Capt. C. C. Spiller, the *Republican Banner* gives the following particulars of the rebel retreat from Mill Spring:

"The Noble Ellis was at Gainsboro; three ineffectual attempts had been made to take her up the river, to where our army was. Finally Captain Spiller was ordered to bring the boat; it was executed. Before the fight, he asked permission to lead his company, but General Zollicoffer ordered him to remain at the river, in charge of operations there. The battle was fought, and our army driven back to the river, where a successful and skilful crossing alone could have saved it from utter ruin. Spiller was the man for the post—the world could not have furnished a better. The crossing began at three o'clock p.m. One of the enemy's batteries opened on the boat, and the fire was incessant until dark. The steamer was run all night. At four o'clock in the morning, when two thousand five hundred men were yet to cross, the captain and pilot left. It was understood that the engineer would leave her the next trip, and Spiller sent for Dick Fields, then one of his cavalry company, but formerly an engineer on one of his Tennessee river-boats. Spiller knew Dick—together they had braved danger before that on the water. Sure enough, the engineer and deck-hands quit the boat, Dick took his place, and the boat was manned from the company. At daylight the work was done, and the last man was over. During the night the enemy had placed a Parrott gun in position, and at the earliest dawn the firing began. The first shell fell short but a few yards, the third passed through the chimney, and exploded over the wheel, scattering its fragments in every direction. Now that the troops were over, and all the horses that could be saved, were saved, the torch was applied to the Noble Ellis. Spiller's company were near by; they had been ordered to fall back out of range of the enemy's fire, but they would not; their Captain, whom they loved, was at his post, and they would not leave him. As the flames spread over the boat, and told that the army had crossed, and that all chance of pursuit was

gone, the gallant Spiller, at the head of his troops, moved away to aid the retreating forces. But three of his men left him."—*N. Y. Times*, March 2.

A DISTINGUISHED DUEL occurred on the battle-field of Fort Donelson, between one of Col. Birge's sharpshooters, and a crack-shot inside the enemy's fortifications. Both fired accurately, but both concealed their persons as much as possible, and endeavored to deceive each other by putting their hats on their ramrods, and thrusting their coats from behind the fortifications or the trees. Whatever was exposed, almost invariably received a bullet; but the two were so wary and skilful, that it seemed they might fire until doomsday without danger to either. About four o'clock in the afternoon, however, the rebel, forgetful of prudence, thrust his head over the breastworks, thinking, no doubt, as his enemy had not fired for five minutes, that he might be dead. The movement was fatal. His head was not exposed five seconds, but in that brief period the sharpshooter's ball passed into the rebel's brain, and stretched him out a corpse, before the unfortunate fellow had been able to determine where his enemy was lurking, or by whose hand he was destined to fall.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*, March 3.

A PATRIOTIC FAMILY.—Judge S. A. Foot, of Geneva, N. Y., has three sons in the war, battling for the Union. The eldest, John, is captain of company I, Second Minnesota, and was in the hottest of the fight near Somerset. The whole regiment was complimented by their commander, for their gallantry "during the severe and close engagement in which they took part."

The second son, Samuel C., is master's mate on board the gunboat *Stars and Stripes*, flag-ship of the second naval division in the battle of Roanoke Island. He discharged the responsible duties of signal-officer during the fight—a position requiring great coolness and courage.

The third son, Alfred, went out with the famous Seventh regiment, on the opening of the war, and was subsequently appointed first lieutenant in the Fourteenth regular infantry. He is fully imbued with the patriotic spirit of his brothers. It is an honor to be the father of such sons.—*N. Y. Commercial*, March 4.

A PROVOST-MARSHAL IN TROUBLE.—Some ludicrous incidents are told of the precipitate flight of the rebel Provost-Marshal and Military Board of Hopkinsville on the announcement of the fall of Fort Henry. The rebel postmaster, R. B. Lander, started out on foot, trudging through the deep mud and tremendous torrent of rain to Clarksville. Thos. Bryan, one of the rebel Military Board, went around bidding his secesh friends a final good-by, and crying and blubbering like a spanked child. The Provost-Marshal, Dr. Rowland, however, was the most luckless fellow. He had been particularly tyrannical and insulting to the Union men, and was in the habit of compelling old men to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, before he would give them a pass. On hearing of the rebel reverse, he fled to Clarksville, and took a boat to Nashville; but while on the boat he insulted the clerk, and, about midnight, in a torrent of rain, was set ashore, with his trunks, in the woods, and left to his own pleasant reflections.—*Louisville Journal*, March 4.

A DEGENERATE SON.—Gen. Albert G. Blanchard, of the Confederate Army, is a native of Charlestown, Mass.; was educated at its free schools, and married for his first wife a niece of the late Hon. Benjamin Thompson. His second wife was a native of Louisiana, and hence his secession proclivities. He distinguished himself for bravery in the Mexican war. Several of our merchants were his schoolmates, and a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, N. Y., is his son.—*Boston Transcript*, March 3.

GEN. HALLECK ON RETALIATION.—Colonel Kellogg wrote to Gen. Paine, commanding at Cairo, Ill., that the cavalry under his command had discovered that the rebels had murdered five Union men; Gen. Paine replied: "Hang one of the rebel cavalry for each Union man murdered, and after this kill two for each. Continue to scout, capture, and kill." Gen. Halleck has issued a general order, strongly disapproving of Gen. Paine's order, which is very properly characterized as contrary to the rules of civilized war, and if its spirit should be adopted, the whole country would be covered with blood. Gen. Halleck also blamed the officer mentioned for furnishing the correspondence to the press, and declared that any officer who publishes, without proper authority, information respecting the movements of the armies, even of battles won, or any official papers, will be arrested and tried by a court-martial.—*N. Y. World*, March 4.

A FIGHTING EDITOR.—Among the wounded at Fort Donelson was Capt. L. M. Rose, company G, Eleventh Illinois, whose name has not been reported. He was formerly the editor of the *Effingham (Ill.) Gazette*. He received four wounds by bullets; one in each hip, in the left shoulder, and left hand. The wounds on the left hip and shoulder were occasioned by spent balls. Capt. Rose and Major Chipman, of the Second Iowa, who was wounded in the thigh, lay two days in the woods before they were discovered, and the first night upon the ground in a drenching rain-storm, suffering inconceivable pain. Capt. Rose's company took a most active part in the fight on Saturday, and suffered more than any other company in the regiment. Out of eighty-one men brought into action, only six remained, the balance having been either killed or taken prisoners. W. J. Boyce, First Lieutenant of the company, was killed at the first fire. W. M. Murray, Second Lieutenant, was wounded in the neck and arm, slightly.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, March 3.

DEATH OF ZOLLICOFFER.

DANVILLE, KY., Feb. 23, 1862.

To the Editors of the *Louisville Journal*:

Yesterday I had an interview, of two hours, with Colonel S. S. Fry, the hero of Mill Spring, henceforth forever to be associated in American history with the misguided Zollicoffer. He gave us a description of the battle of January nineteenth, in which he figured so conspicuously. It differs somewhat from the accounts given by the press. It was not Bailie Peyton who fired at Fry, but Lieut. Fogg, aid to Zollicoffer. Fogg was mortally wounded by Capt. Vaughn, of Fry's regiment, and has since died. Zollicoffer wore a light drab overcoat, buttoned to the chin, thus concealing his military rank. He doubtless intended to deceive Col. Fry, and succeeded. Fry was in undress uniform, and, of course, was at once recognised as a Federal

officer. They rode side by side several paces, so near that their knees touched, Fry all the time supposing Zollicoffer to be a Federal officer—hence his reply: "I do not intend to fire upon our men." The mistake was not discovered until Fogg fired upon Fry, killing his horse. At once, Fry drew his revolver upon Zollicoffer, shooting him through the breast. Instantly he threw up his arms, fell from his horse, and expired. Zollicoffer's horse was secured by the rebels. His sword is in possession of Col. Fry. He has no other trophies save a note, taken from the pocket of Zollicoffer, by which he recognised the rebel General.* I send you a copy of the original. When he fell, a rebel threw down his gun, crept up to Zollicoffer, and was just in the act of taking him up to bear him from the field, when he was shot by Capt. Vaughn and instantly killed.

Col. Fry narrowly escaped death. With only three hundred and ninety men, he kept at bay two rebel regiments for more than an hour. One ball passed so near his left temple as to touch his hair. Another pierced his clothes, grazing the skin. After the battle, one of the prisoners said to him: "So many of us pointed our guns directly at you, I congratulate you that you are alive, but you must be mighty hard to shoot." A Tennessean from one of the rebel regiments managed to escape to our ranks. He took his stand among Fry's men, seized the gun of one who had fallen by his side, fired forty rounds, killing the very man he most hated, one who had pressed him into the rebel service.

Col. Fry does not drink or swear, but he did bawl most lustily to the rebels who were fighting his men guerrilla fashion: "You sneaking, cowardly, infernal scoundrels, why do you not come up and fight us like men?" And so, forsooth, his secession neighbors, not being able to find other fault, accuse him of swearing. *Harper's Monthly* makes him a giant, whereas he is but five feet nine inches. He is not at all egotistical, does not seem disposed to boast of his achievements. He is a brave, fearless man, a true patriot. A Southerner by birth, living in the heart of a rebellious region, he was one of the first in Kentucky to raise his voice in behalf of our national Government; striving to preserve his State loyal in spite of all the promises, protestations, and threatenings of the leaders of this fearful conspiracy to persuade, invoke, and force her out of the Union; using his time, influence, and purse for the overthrow and extinction of this great American rebellion. We may thank him for Camp Dick Robinson. He ought to be made a Brigadier-General. We all know his experience and bravery as a military man. The part he took in the battle of Buena Vista has not been forgotten. Col. Fry is a resident of Danville; an elder in the First Presbyterian Church; Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and Treasurer of the Caldwell Institute.

F. C. B.

STORY OF BEAUREGARD'S SICKNESS.—A despatch says that the story of Beauregard's being sick is false. We know that it was true. We had a long and interesting interview, with a perfectly reliable Pittsburgher,

* A COPY OF THE NOTE FOUND.

GEN. F. K. ZOLLICOFFER: DEAR SIR: We desire to pass over the river to-day. We have business with Dr. Woolsey, of Bledsoe's cavalry, and the quartermaster of Col. Stanton's regiment, and others. We are from Kentucky, and are Southern men. Yours,

PLEASANT MILLER,
ALVIN C. HUFF,
ELY F. JOHNS.

who was in Columbus, Kentucky, on last Tuesday week, after the battle of Donelson, and Beauregard was there. This gentleman knows and conversed there with Generals Polk, Cheatham, and Beauregard's staff-officers, and says that Beauregard had been quite sick, but not dangerously so—nothing worse than a very severe cold, which had quite enfeebled him. After his arrival, he mounted a horse and rode around for two hours, carefully surveying the natural and artificial defences of the place, and his report was, in short: "You must evacuate. You have a wonderful amount of guns here, but no casemates. You couldn't hold the place two hours, and as for that trap down yonder," pointing to the water-battery placed on a level with the Mississippi and its posterior flat, "it is a perfect slaughter-pen. Every gunner there would be killed in twenty minutes." This Pittsburgher states that there was a terrible panic there when he left. He states, also, that Gen. Polk has not the confidence of a single man in the army; that he swears like a trooper, and that in case of a fight he would be the first to be shot, and by his own soldiers. On the contrary, Pillow has the reputation of a man of great coolness and bravery.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*, March 1.

A NEGRO'S ACCOUNT OF THE WILD CAT RETREAT.—A gentleman whose slave accompanied a young confederate officer on the Wild Cat expedition, asked the darky on his return to Nashville, how long the army was on the march from its encampment to the battle-field. "About four days," was the reply. "Well, how long were they in marching back?" "About two days, massa." "Why, how is that, Joe? Could the men travel any faster back, when they were broken down with four days' march and a severe fight, than they travelled forward after a good rest in camp?" "Oh! I'll tell you what made the difference, massa," said old Joe; "it was the music. They marched toward Wild Cat to the tune of Dixie. When they marched back, the tune was: 'Fire in the mountains—run, boys, run!'"

REBEL FEMALES IN BALTIMORE.—Many of the secesh women have got it into their heads that all the soldiers of the Federal army are of the lowest classes of the communities from whence they hail, and far below, in point of social position, those in the rebel army. One of these secesh madams, on passing in the street, recently, a couple of the New-York Zouaves, of the corps stationed on Federal Hill, cast an unprovoked insult upon them. As this was not the first time this thing had happened, the Zouaves determined upon their course, and watched at a distance the entry to the residence of madam. Ringing the bell, an audience of the gentleman of the house was solicited and obtained, when the case was stated to him, and satisfaction was required. Madam was called, and rebuked on the spot by her husband, who remarked that he had often warned her that she would get into trouble by her conduct in such a course, and insisted that she should make a suitable apology to the soldiers—which was promptly acceded to, and thus the affair ended.—*Baltimore Clipper*.

WINE AND SENTIMENT.—Mrs. C. M. Love returns her grateful thanks to Miss Breckinridge and other kind ladies of Princeton, New-Jersey, for another liberal donation of hospital stores, including a large supply of superior currant-wine, made by a lady of Princeton,

with a beautiful, patriotic, Christian sentiment written upon nearly all the bottles, of which the following are specimens:

Currant-wine from the old battle-fields of Princeton, New-Jersey. "Let no traitor's feet pollute the glorious emblem of our freedom."

"Soldiers! may the stars which float over your heads point you to heaven, and may you be gathered there in brighter and more enduring clusters."

"Brave soldiers in Kentucky, fighting for us here, we have been, and are now watching you with intense interest. We grasp the papers to read of your deeds of noble daring, and while rejoicing over them, our tears flow at the toils, the hardships, the sufferings by which they are won. We think of you, we pray for you, and may our heavenly Father bless and save you all."

"Currant-wine from Princeton, New-Jersey, may it refresh you, brave men from Illinois."

"Kentucky is almost erect in her struggles; New-Jersey's arms entwine her more closely than ever."

"Forget not the invisible hand that leads you to victory."

"New-Jersey extends her hand to you, brave Tennesseans; she has watched you with deep interest and warm sympathies; our heavenly Father bless and keep you under the dear old *Stars and Stripes*."

"Let no dark clouds prevent you from seeing the bright sunlight beyond."

"Forget not, forfeit not your time-honored name, brave Kentuckians."

"New-Jersey honors the Union soldiers in Kentucky, no matter where from."

"The ladies of Princeton, New-Jersey, think and talk of nothing else scarcely, but the brave soldiers fighting and suffering for our glorious Union."

"Remember Washington, the great Father of his country, and emulate his virtues."

"You suffer in a holy cause; may you receive an everlasting reward."

"Be patient, be hopeful, the day is dawning."

"This wine was made on the battle-field of Princeton, Mercer County, New-Jersey, not far from where Washington led his army on to victory, and where the gallant Mercer fell for this our glorious Union. May it bear to you invigorating, refreshing, and healing virtues, is the prayer of the one who made it."

"Currant-wine for our brave defenders. The Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

"The ladies of Princeton, New-Jersey's best wishes for your present and future welfare."—*Louisville Journal*, March 5.

THE SUBSTITUTE SYSTEM.—The following advertisements are taken from the *Richmond Dispatch* of February 18:

A resident of Maryland who has lately run the blockade, wishes to become a substitute for any man who is willing to pay him his price. For particulars inquire at C. A. Brockmeyer's seegar-store, No. 21 Main street.

WANTED—A substitute for the war; one of good character, not subject to military draft. A liberal price will be paid if accepted. Apply at my office.—Edw. D. EACHO, 14th st., near Exchange Hotel.

WANTED—Two persons to raise fifteen recruits each for a new volunteer company, for which they will receive lieutenantcies. Address M. M. B., Norfolk, Va.

WANTED—this morning, twenty substitutes. I will pay more than can be obtained by any other agent in

the city for good substitutes. Apply this morning to T. B. REES, No. 3 Tenth st., below Main.

WANTED.—A substitute on board Confederate States steamer Patrick Henry, as wardroom steward. Apply at the *Dispatch* office.

WANTED.—TO ALL SUBJECT TO MILITIA DUTY.—I want fifty men to man the Game Point Battery at Aquia Creek. All persons not wishing to be drafted in the militia, who are desirous of being convenient to their families, will find this a very desirable post. Substitutes will be received in this company. All persons wishing to enrol themselves will apply at once at the corner of Tenth and Main streets, or at Crawford's saloon on Tenth street. Our country needs fighting men. So come at once. For particulars apply at either of the above places to WM. J. DABNEY, Lieutenant.

WANTED.—NOTICE TO ARTILLERYMEN.—I wish it to be distinctly understood that I want to-day fifteen substitutes to go in the very best company, and that the price of bounty is no object to get the men.—ROBERT HILL, Substitute Agent, Bank street.

A HEROIC UNION GIRL.

PADUCAH, KY., Feb. 11.—In these times of terror and peril in this district, some of the most heroic acts have been performed, but perhaps the noblest of all was perpetrated a few days since by a young lady of Graves County, well known to the writer, Miss Anna Bassford. Her father and family are devotedly for the Union. The old man having information that the notorious H. C. King, expelled from our Legislature for treason, and his robber band intended to visit the house for the purpose of taking horses, guns, etc., hid the gun and brought his horses to this place. Whilst here, three of King's robbing band visited the house, demanded the gun and alarmed Mrs. Bassford, who ordered a son some fifteen years old to find the gun and deliver it over. The boy, after considerable search, found the gun; the robbers then demanded a pistol, which they were informed belonged in the family, whereupon the daughter, some seventeen years old, told them she knew where the pistol was, but they could not get it. The robbers insisted with loud, vulgar oaths, but the girl was determined, and seeing they were foiled in this, they ordered the feeble, sickly boy to mount up behind one of their clan, as they intended to take him to Camp Beauregard in place of his d—d Lincolnite father. The boy and mother in tears protested, but to no effect, and the boy was in the act of mounting, when the heroic sister stepped between her brother and the robbers, and drawing, cocking and presenting the pistol, ordered her brother back to the house, and, with eagle-piercing eye fastened on the robbers, and death-dealing determination in her countenance, dared them to hinder or touch her brother and she would lay the robber dead at her feet. Suffice it to say, the three brigands scampered off and left the family without further molestation.

NEIGHBOR.

—*Louisville Journal*, February 18.

Richmond, February 21.—We announced in our yesterday's issue that forty of the employees in the government workshops had, on Tuesday last, refused to take the oath of allegiance, and we should have published their names but for a positive order to the contrary, given by Gen. Winder to the gentlemen at the artillery works who has the list of the recusants in possession.

Yet, though these names are kept secret, the fact that so large a number of traitors have been hitherto employed in those important departments, the laboratory and the artillery works, has given rise to much angry excitement and indignant comment. Men recollected yesterday, and compared notes, of rumors which have from time to time come to us, regarding the quality of the ammunition furnished by this city to our army on the Potomac.

It has been told here, and never contradicted, that the Richmond fixed ammunition was so mean, and even dangerous, that the Washington Artillery refused to use it after the first experiment—one of the shells, designed to be thrown half a mile, having exploded within ten feet of the gun. A shell is also said actually to have exploded before leaving the barrel of a cannon of the Pendleton artillery.

And, further, it is said that not one in ten of the Richmond shells exploded at all, so defective are the fuses. Since the discovery of this large party of our enemies in our midst, our people think they perceive already explanation of the complaints of the artillery corps in the field.—*Richmond Examiner*, Feb. 21.

WHO FIRST ANSWERED THE PRESIDENT'S CALL?

CAMP GRIFFIN, VA., January 4, 1862.

In your issue of the thirty-first of December, under the head of "Record of the Rebellion, etc.," you assert that the Ringgold Artillery, of Reading, Pa., was the first company of volunteers that responded to the call of the President. In a subsequent issue, a letter from a former member of the Ringgold Artillery, goes to prove that the artillery *was not* the first company, but that it arrived at Washington *together with four other companies*—one from Allentown, two from Pottsville, and one from Lewistown. The latter company, the Logan Guards, commanded by Capt. John B. Selheimer, if any, were the first to answer the President's call, and it is about time they receive the credit for so doing.

On the morning of the sixteenth of April, at nine o'clock, the Logan Guards received orders from Gov. Curtin to proceed immediately to Harrisburgh, and by nine o'clock that night they were ready to leave for that place with one hundred members. Through some mismanagement of the railroad company, they did not get off until the next morning at four o'clock. As a consequence, they arrived in Harrisburgh about six o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth, which was, however, at least *one hour before the arrival of any other company*. After the other companies arrived, they were all sworn in together; and on the morning of the eighteenth the five companies left Harrisburgh for Washington City. During their passage through Baltimore, and their entrance into Washington, *the Logan Guards had the right, and were the first company to report themselves for duty to the Adjutant-General*. It is but just, therefore, that the credit should fall on those who deserve it—the gallant Logan Guards, Capt. John B. Selheimer, of Lewistown, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

—*Philadelphia Press*.

AN INCIDENT.—When the United States vessels were on their way to attack Fernandina, they picked up a contraband who had ventured to sea in a small boat to notify them that the rebels were deserting the place. While questioning the black, some of the officers of the Alabama remarked that he should have

brought them newspapers to let them know what was going on. "I thought of dat," replied the contraband, "and fotched a Charleston paper wid me." With this he put his hand in his bosom and brought forth a paper, and with the air of a man who was rendering an important service, handed it to the circle of inquirers. They grasped it eagerly, but one glance induced a general burst of laughter, to the profound astonishment of poor Cuffee, who, it seems, could not read, and imagining that one paper was as good as another, had brought one dated 1822. This South-Carolina relic was forwarded to Thomas B. Stillman, Esq., of this city, as one of the curiosities of the war. It is a little odd that this paper, which has floated so long down the stream of time, contains an article in favor of negro emancipation.—*New-York Commercial Advertiser.*

A BATTLE HYMN.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

God, to thee we humbly bow,
With hand unarmed and naked brow;
Musket, lance and sheathed sword
At thy feet we lay, O Lord!
Gone is all the soldier's boast
In the valor of the host:
Kneeling here, we do our most.

Of ourselves we nothing know:
Thou, and thou alone canst show,
By the favor of thy hand,
Who has drawn the guilty brand.
If our foemen have the right,
Show thy judgment in our sight
Through the fortunes of the fight!

If our cause be pure and just,
Nerve our courage with thy trust:
Scatter, in thy bitter wrath,
All who cross the nation's path:
May the baffled traitors fly,
As the vapors from the sky
When thy raging winds are high!

God of mercy, some must fall
In thy holy cause. Not all
Hope to sing the victor's lay,
When the sword is laid away.
Brief will be the prayers then said;
Falling at thy altar dead,
Take the sacrifice, instead.

Now, O God! once more we rise,
Marching on beneath thy eyes;
And we draw the sacred sword
In thy name and at thy word.
May our spirits clearly see
Thee, through all that is to be,
In defeat or victory.

"I HAVE BEEN TO WASHINGTON."

BY RUTH N. CROMWELL.

I have been to Washington, to see the famous sights,
The President, the Cabinet, the people and the fun;
The forts, and the batteries, the hills and the heights,
The General, and the colonels, and the soldiers every one;
The roll, and the reveille, the flourish and the trill;
I have been to Washington, to see the famous drill.

"Attention, company!"—"Turn out your toes."
Roll goes the drum, and loud the bugle blows.
Flash go the bayonets, merrily and swift.
"Ram down cartridge!"—"Prime!"—"Charge."
"Fire!"—says the Captain, feeling very large.
Up speaks the Colonel, tone rather harsh:
"Right flank," "left flank!"—"forward march."
Oh! the wisdom, and the strategy, the science, and the skill!

I have been to Washington, to see the famous drill.

I have been to Washington, to see the splendid show—

Red coats, green coats, blue coats, and grey;
Cockade and epaulettes—Zouaves all the go;
Dragoons and Chasseurs, rollicking and gay;
Volunteers and regulars, the loyal and the true,
I have been to Washington, to see the grand review:
"Attention, company!" columns in repose—
Roll goes the drum, and loud the bugle blows.
"Present sabres!"—flashing down the line—
Thousands of sabres, looking very fine.
"Flanks file forward!"—"Platoons wheel!"
Merrily go the horses, dancing in a reel—
Cavalry handsome, cutting quite a dash,
Flying Artillery, riding very rash.

Oh! the piping and the fifing, for the red, white and blue!
I have been to Washington, to see the grand review.

I have been to Washington, to see the honored pile

Where freedom sang her anthem, eighty years ago;
Born at her altar, reared in her aisle,
We will strike for her banner, though a world be the foe;

Where the strength and the sinew of a brave land pour,

I have been to Washington, to see the pomp of war.

Above the clamor of her friends, and the malice of her foes.

Roll goes the drum, and loud the bugle blows—
Ambassadors with badges, feeling very grand,
Senators and warriors marching hand and hand;
Levees at the White House—women, very militaire;

Fogy on the side-walk, looking very glum
At the rattle of the battle, and the beating of the drum.

Hearts very jubilant—hearts very sore—

I have been to Washington, to see the pomp of war.
—*Missouri Democrat.*

NIGHT SCENES.

I.

BEFORE YORKTOWN, OCTOBER 19TH, 1781.

A thousand camp-fires light the tented plain;
A weary army breathes in peaceful sleep;
The restless billows on the sleepless main
Like fawning greyhounds, to their mistress leap;
And twinkling stars night's silent watches keep;
While sulphury storm-clouds in the dark west lower,

And wailing winds from o'er the waters sweep.

A nation's birthright, and a tyrant's power,
Hang in the trembling scales, in the lone midnight hour.

Yorktown's grim battlements, that dimly lift
Their shattered walls against a gloomy sky,
Shield an invader's arm—a monarch's gift
To his weak children; and the widow's cry

Has mingled with the mother's broken sigh,
And both have found a God. O death and pain!
Mankind will not advance save ye are nigh:
There needs be loss where'er there is a gain;
The sinful world was ransomed through a Saviour slain!

Enwrapt in sleep, unconscious that when morn
Shall rise from out her curtained couch, and fling
Her gift unto the world, and night forlorn
In shame shall flee her face, and westward wing
Her shadowy way, the waiting dawn will bring
A victory that shall thrill the people's soul:
Shall break in twain the power of England's king,
And write our name upon the nations' scroll—
The weary army rests, lulled by the ocean's roll.

II.

BEFORE YORKTOWN, — — —, 1862.

An hundred thousand camp-fires dot the plain,
And send afar pale rays of wavering light,
A mimic counterfeit of the vast train
Attending the still chariot-wheels of Night.
A nation's army sleeps in conscious might
Dread war again has visited the land
Where Freedom's sword was first unsheathed for
right,
And ruthless Treason, with destroying hand,
Has scattered far and wide the desolating brand.

Yorktown's grim citadel again protects
Our country's foemen—nourished on her breast!
A bridge with but a single arch connects
Ten centuries past, with this; its black piers rest
On tyrants' tombstones in the hoary East—
On monuments which slavery has raised
In our dear land! The tuneful angels cast
Their silent harps away, and stand amazed!
But morning's beams will pierce the gloom: let God
be praised.

The lifted finger of prophetic Hope,
Points backward to the hour when, tired and weak,
Our brave though rude forefathers dared to cope
With Europe's mighty power, and sought to break
Oppression's rod; they bled for Freedom's sake.
And now our *brethren* lie beneath the sod,
And on life's wave floats many a saddening wreck.
Not all in vain has flowed such noble blood.
Let us take heart and trust our righteous cause with
God. C. U. E.

ON THE VICTORIES

GAINED BY THE NINTH REGIMENT OF NEW-JERSEY VOL-
UNTEERS, AT ROANOKE AND NEWBERN, N. C.

Composed in German by A. LOEWE. Translated by L. F.
KAMPMANN.

As the angry storm-clouds crashing
O'er the dark horizon go,
Pealing thunder, lightning flashing,
So we marched against the foe.

We behold the grave-like passes,
Isle of Roanoke, so drear!
But we heed not thy morasses,
Nor thy blazing batt'ries fear.

Each his polished weapon aiming,
Toward the battery we drew,
Jersey rifles fast proclaiming
That they carry far and true.

This th' affrighted rebels seeing,
Leave their ground with panic dread;
'Fore the men of Jersey fleeing,
Who those deadly bullets sped.

Driving them from each position,
Like the wild hunt, on we go,
Till they yield without condition:
Thus we overcame the foe.

In the west the sun sinks glorious,
And our work is fully wrought;
Roanoke sees us victorious,
Quicker than we erst had thought.

Bolder grew the fearless bearing
Of our Burnside from that day;
"Up!" he cries, "ye men of daring!
Up! once more unto the fray!"

Passed our three weeks' resting-season,
We to Newbern turn our prow;
Once again to conquer treason:
Fortune fair, attend us now!

Eighteen miles from Newbern City
We step bravely on the land;
Well supplied with balls (oh! pity!)—
And the rifle in our hand.

Dark, umbrageous forests greet us,
Like the doors of gloomy night;
There they stand, as 'twere to meet us,
Ready for the coming fight.

Though the subtle rebel foemen
Lurk therein like tigers sly,
Yet they soon shall learn to know men
Who can make them turn and fly.

Ha! there barricades are rising,
But behind them stands no foe;
This good omen us advising,
They already backward go.

Shouts of joy the woods awaken;
Lo! a powerful battery,
By the enemy forsaken—
Does he now before us flee?

To the work ourselves addressing,
Forward still our march is bent;
Through the gloomy forest pressing,
Sternly on the fight intent.

See! the skies are filled with sadness,
Curtained thick with murky clouds;
And the sun the wonted gladness
Of his shining face enshrouds.

Pours the rain; in streams of sorrow
Heaven deplores the coming fray,
Weeps for those who shall to-morrow
Be the king of terrors' prey.

Night, her careful robe outspreading,
Doth at last the earth enclose;
Halt we then—no rebel dreading—
Great and small may now repose.

Soon the cheerful camp-fires, glowing,
Light the dingy forest round,
O'er the heavens a bright glare throwing,
Whilst our loud "hurrahs" resound.

Stacked in pyramidal beauty,
 Flashing rifles stand for walls:
 "On the morrow do your duty,
 Hit, that every rebel falls!"

Morning comes at length—a morning
 That to many is their last;
 Shadowy mists, of death forewarning,
 Spectre-like come sweeping past.

Strikes the hour that leads to action;
 Strikes, the hero's heart to try:
 "Forward! 'gainst the rebel faction;
 Forward now, to win or die!"

Hark! loud roars the cannon's thunder;
 On we go with hearts elate:
 Jersey rifles never blunder;
 Jersey men can meet their fate.

"Jersey men have come to fight you:
 Know ye the Ninth regiment,
 That at Roanoke did fright you?
 That is now upon your scent."

"Never quailing at your forces,
 Onward! is their battle-cry;
 They shall all be turned to corpses,
 Ere a man of them will fly."

Then the glittering rifles shower
 Leaden hail on rebel hordes;
 'Fore those sacks of blue they cower—
 "Rebel, fear'st thou mud-sill lords?"

Four long hours we fought; the flying
 Rebels then gave o'er the strife;
 Each poor fellow inly sighing:
 "Jersey bullet, spare my life!"

Blood and corpses tell the story
 Of the Ninth's heroic might.
 Brave and firm it stood: let glory
 Wreathe its brows with laurel bright!"

Jersey Ninth, so great and glorious,
 Raise on high thy flag unstained;
 Write upon it, twice victorious,
 Roanoke and Newbern gained!*

PER TENEBRAS LUMINA.

BY MRS. WHITNEY.

I know how, through the golden hours,
 When summer sunlight floods the deep,
 The fairest stars of all the heaven
 Climb up, unseen, the effulgent steep.

Orion girds him with a flame;
 And king-like, from the eastward seas,
 Comes Aldebaran, with his train
 Of Hyades and Pleiades.

In far meridian pride, the Twins
 Build, side by side, their luminous thrones;

* BETHLEHEM, May 15, 1862.

Mr. Frank Moore:

SIR: The author of this poem was a soldier of the Ninth regiment of New-Jersey volunteers. He participated in the battles of Roanoke and Newbern. He was wounded in the latter engagement, and when lying in the hospital (where he soon after died) he dictated this ode on the victories at Roanoke and Newbern to one of his companions.

Yours,

L. F. KAMPMANN.

And Sirius and Procyon pour
 A splendor that the day disowns.

And stately Leo, undismayed,
 With fiery footstep tracks the Sun,
 To plunge adown the western blaze,
 Sublimely lost in glories won.

I know, if I were called to keep
 Pale morning watch with grief and pain,
 Mine eyes should see their gathering might
 Rise grandly through the gloom again.

And when the winter solstice holds
 In his diminished path the sun—
 When hope, and growth, and joy are o'er,
 And all our harvesting is done—

When, stricken like our mortal life,
 Darkened and chill, the year lays down
 The summer beauty that she wore,
 Her summer stars of harp and crown—

Thick trooping with their golden tread
 They come, as nightfall fills the sky,
 Those strong and solemn sentinels,
 To hold their mightier watch on high.

Ah! who shall shrink from dark and cold,
 Or fear the sad and shortening days,
 Since God doth only so unfold
 The wider glory to his gaze?

Since loyal Truth, and holy Trust,
 And kingly Strength defying Pain,
 Stern Courage, and sure Brotherhood
 Are born from out the depths again?

Dear country of our love and pride!
 So is thy stormy winter given!
 So, through the terrors that betide,
 Look up, and hail thy kindling heaven!

—Atlantic Monthly.

MY SOLDIER.

BY LILIAN ST. JOHN.

O red, red moon!
 And Indian summer night of balm!
 O wild wind-tune!
 Sing notes of heavenly calm—
 Sing sweet and low,
 A blessed psalm,
 Like golden river's flow
 Through groves of palm.

O red, red moon,
 And azure-colored floating mist!
 O leaves blown wanderingly
 Through clouds of amethyst!
 My heart will break—
 O blood-stained leaf!
 My heart will break
 With bursting grief.

November night!
 Where is my brave young soldier now?
 His dark eye's light,
 The tender glory of his lip and brow,
 His loving word,
 His kind caress,
 The comfort of his valiant soul's
 Exceeding gentleness?

Blow, autumn winds !
 With hoarse sea-breezes blend terrific shout,
 Till dust and mist and sea-foam put
 The red moon out.
 Blow louder winds !
 A furious gale—
 To drown the battle's boom,
 And death's sharp wail.

Should he be dead,
 With cold hands folded on a heart like stone,
 Or, with unsheltered head,
 Unstraitened and uncoffined and unknown ;
 This heart would break,
 I, too, should die,
 He, for sweet Freedom's sake,
 And for his, I.

Should he return,
 As he went out in that May morning's light,
 With lip more stern,
 Cheek dark and ruddy as the camp-fire's light !
 Ah ! sweet young May,
 With flowers wild,
 I should laugh out
 Like any child.

Where is he now ?
 A dull, uneasy sense of pain,
 On heart and brow,
 Wears like the dropping of November rain.
 My heart cries out—
 Ah ! midnight black !
 Will morn and sunrise
 Ne'er come back ?

UNION SONG OF THE CELT !

BY WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

Hail ! brightest banner that floats on the gale !
 Flag of the country of Washington, hail !
 Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave,
 Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave ;
 Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free.
 Banner of Washington ! blessings on thee !

Mountain-tops mingle the sky with their snow ;
 Prairies lie smiling in sunshine below ;
 Rivers, as broad as the sea, in their pride,
 Border thine empires, but do not divide ;
 Niagara's voice far out-anthems the sea ;
 Land of sublimity ! blessings on thee !

Hope of the World ! on thy mission sublime
 When thou didst burst on the pathway of time,
 Millions from darkness and bondage awoke ;
 Music was born when liberty spoke ;
 Millions to come shall yet join in the glee ;
 Land of the pilgrim's hope ! blessings on thee !

Traitors shall perish, and treason shall fail ;
 Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale !
 Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own
 Loyalty's sweet, where each heart is thy throne,
 Union and Freedom thine heritage be.
 Country of Washington ! blessings on thee !

A MODDLE PROKLAMASHUN,

(*Kimprisin the mane buties of several heertofores issoced.*)

BY THE ORTHER OF LET-US-ALONE.

Hear we air, gentlemen !—don't be alarmd—
 Ef I can help it, you shant be harmd.
 Trew, sence you faled in the matter of voats,
 You've done your—darndest—to cutt our throtes—
 Rayther steep, I expect—but still,
 Ef you wanten, I s'pose you will.

Prowd to meet you ! sech valyant soles
 Kin sore like buzzards, or digg like moals.
 Lots of things you've done, as impart
 Ekal credit to hed and hart—
 Them neat little bombs you know how to fix,
 Your pizened wiskey, and sechlike trix,
 Your chivalrous grubbin' up o' graves,
 Bilin' and stewin' the bones of our braves,
 And scrapin' on em, from hed to heel,
 Shows that you're "foemen worthy our steel !"

Then, the laydies ! how wunderin memmory traces
 All the refined and dellikit faces
 They make for us, (rayther abrupt, too,)
 Improvizin new ares and graices
 As vulgar feemales aint up to !
 Little tuches of femmernine tact,
 Our onbred wimmin-folks, sumhow, can't act—
 Fur none on 'em, plane or good-lookin',
 Ef meetin' of men on the sidewalk-flats,
 Cood siss like serpents, or spitt like kats,
 Or go thru the moshuns of pukin' !

Wun little thing—I larn you're afeard
 About the niggers—now, don't be skeerd.
 You think, mayhap, they'll shirk
 From diggin' trenches and sarvin' your guns—
 But if ary wun of the reskils runs,
 I'll send him back to his wurk :
 And, as for nuze, ef the rogues vollunteer it,
 All I kin say is, I don't want to heer it—
 On all sech bizness I frown—
 And, ef they're likely to kick up a muss,
 Or sech allfired fools as to fite for us,
 Jest see how I'll put 'em down !

Thus, you see, wen the Nashun fites,
 Constitootion and sovering rites
 Is held at a pooty high figger—
 Heer our riflemen, how they cry
 Wenever they dror the trigger,
 Jest as a Minny they let fly
 At some poore devvle you've driv to dye :
 "Now, sett up a nuther nigger."
 —Hartford Press.

BATTLE-SONG OF THE FIFTY-FIRST.

The following is the Battle Song of the Fifty-first regiment, as sung by them as they approached the coast of North-Carolina :

Say, rebels, will you meet us,
 Say, rebels, will you greet us,
 Say, rebels, will you beat us,
 On North-Carolina shore ?
 In the name of God we'll meet you,
 With the sword of God we'll greet you,
 By the grace of God we'll beat you,
 On North-Carolina shore :
 Singing glory, hallelujah,
 Singing glory, hallelujah,
 Singing glory, hallelujah,
 To God for evermore !

With the sword of "Jeff." you meet us,
In the name of "Jeff." you greet us,
In treason's cause to beat us,

On North-Carolina shore:
But our flag shall float for ever,
And our Union none shall sever,
And treason punish ever,
On North-Carolina shore.

Oh! then, glory, hallelujah,
Oh! then, glory, hallelujah,
Oh! then, glory, hallelujah,
To God for evermore!

BOY BRITTAN.

BY FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

Boy Brittan—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen,
In his uniform!
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort
Henry—
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla—
Into the battle-storm!

Boy Brittan is Master's Mate aboard of the Essex—
There he stands buoyant and eager-eyed,
By the brave Captain's side;
Ready to do and dare—ay, ay, sir! always ready—
In his country's uniform!
Boom! boom! and now the flag-boat sweeps, and now
the Essex,
Into the battle-storm!

Boom! boom! till river and fort and field are over-
clouded
By the battle's breath; then from the fort a gleam
And a crashing gun, and the Essex is wrapt and shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam!

But victory! victory!
Unto God all praise be ever rendered—
Unto God all praise and glory be!
See, Boy Brittan, see, boy, see!
They strike! hurrah! the fort has just surrendered!
Shout! shout! my boy, my warrior-boy!
And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy!
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours;
And "victory!" "victory!" "victory!"
Is the shout.
Shout—for the fiery fort, and the field, and the day
are ours—

The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, boy, like thee!
The day is ours—the day is ours!
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,
And bravely endured and dared with thee—
The day is ours—the day is ours—
Forever!
Glory and love for one and all; but—but—for thee—
Home! home! a happy "Welcome! welcome home!"
for thee!
And kisses of love for thee—
And a mother's happy, happy tears, and a virgin's
bridal wreath of flowers—
For thee!

Victory! victory!
But suddenly wrecked and wrapt in seething steam,
the Essex
Slowly drifted out of the battle-storm;

Slowly, slowly—down—laden with the dead and the
dying;
And there, at the Captain's feet, among the dead and
the dying,
The shot-marred form of a beautiful boy is lying—
There in his uniform!

Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee!
Laurels of light moist with the precious dew
Of the inmost heart of the nation's loving heart,
And blest by the balmy breath of the beautiful and
the true:

Moist—moist with the luminous breath of the sing-
ing spheres

And the nation's starry tears!
And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start
Of the universal music of the heart,
And all deep sympathy!
Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee—
Laurels of light and tears of love, for evermore—
For thee!

And laurels of light and tears of truth,
And the mantle of immortality;
And the flowers of love and immortal youth,
And the tender heart-tokens of all true ruth—
And the everlasting victory!
And the breath and bliss of liberty,
And the loving kiss of liberty;
And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,
And the over-calm of God's canopy;
And the infinite love-span of the skies
That cover the valleys of paradise—
For all of the brave who rest with thee;
And for one and all who died with thee,
And now sleep side by side with thee;
And for every one who lives and dies
On the solid land or the heaving sea,
Dear warrior-boy—like thee!

Oh! the victory—the victory
Belongs to thee!
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—
He gives it now to thee!
O young and brave, and early and thrice blest—
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!
The country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee—gently—gently to her breast;
And whispers lovingly: "God bless thee—bless thee
now—

My darling, thou shalt rest!"

NEW-ALBANY, February 18, 1862.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

The night sinks sullenly and slow,
On Southern hill and plain,
Against my casement beating low
I hear the wintry rain.

The darkened walls the firelight catch
With swift reflected gleam,
Their passing brilliancy I snatch
To mingle with my dream.

Dear dream of home! and far away
The ruddy flames that glow
Upon the hearthstone, where I may
No more their welcome know.

The summer meadows green and cool,
The brook with mossy rim,
The busy murmurs of the school,
Come back with fancies dim.

And dropping to unquiet sleep,
Fond memories round me play,
Like kindly visitants, that keep
The homesick pain away.

A blessing on the fevered dream
Which gathers all things near!
Love, tender word, and sunny beam,
Home faces, glad and dear.

Perchance the prayers in absence breathed,
Thus hallowed may descend,
And on the brow of suffering wreathed,
All names of friendship blend!

C. M. P.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-
ment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across
the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

HOW BURNSIDE FOUND A LANDING. — F. B. Remington, a private of company A, Thirtieth New-York regiment, stationed at Upton's Hill, reached there with a pass from Gen. Burnside, whom he had previously joined by deserting from the rebel fleet stationed in Albemarle Sound. Remington was captured by the

rebels during a reconnoissance near Fairfax, and taken to Richmond, and thence sent to prison in North-Carolina. There he saw extracts published from the Troy papers, where the Thirtieth regiment was mostly recruited, stating that he was disloyal, having deserted his comrades, and had gone over to the rebels. Determined to resent this imputation on his name, he managed to escape from Portsmouth, N. C., and made his way to Norfolk; but failing to get further North, he returned to North-Carolina, and was offered employment on the rebel gunboat Fanny, which he was forced to accept, and was employed in surveying inland waters for the rebels. In connection with another loyal man he obtained a small boat and managed to join Gen. Burnside at Hatteras. It was he who piloted the expedition to the landing-place on Roanoke Island, and in no small degree thus contributed to the great victory won by our forces. He joined his regiment, and then obtained a furlough to return to Gen. Burnside, first visiting his home in Lansingburgh, N. Y. His adventures were listened to with much interest at headquarters. — *Louisville Journal*, Feb. 22.

SOUTHERN CURRENCY.

The following are specimens of the circulating medium of Richmond, Va. They were mostly printed on common dingy paper:

No. 9,202. AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK. A Certificate of Deposit 50 Cts. B. Conley has deposited in this Bank FIFTY CENTS, Payable on demand in current Bank Notes when One Dollar's worth of these Certificates is presented, with interest after One Month's notice. F. McCoy, Treasurer.		
RICHMOND, VA., 10	No. 154. DUE THE BEARER TEN CENTS.	Jan'y 1, 1862. 10
Which will be paid in Bankable funds when presented in sums of Five Dollars and upwards, or redeemed with Tobacco, Cigars, &c. No. 21 Main street. C. H. BROCKMEYER.		
15 Cts.	J. V. RAMOS Will pay the Bearer FIFTEEN CENTS, In Current Funds, when presented in sums of Five Dollars or its multiple. No. 3,472. Secured by Real Estate.	RICHMOND, VA., April 2, 1861.
No. — 15 Cts.	FIFTEEN CENTS Will be paid the Bearer in Bankable Funds when presented in sums of ONE DOLLAR and upwards. No. 4 Exchange Block.	RICHMOND, Sept. 3, 1861. 15 Cts.
July	THE BANK 25 STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA Promises to pay the Bearer, on demand TWENTY-FIVE Cents. W. F. McMILIAN, for Cashier.	1st, 1861. 25

No. 355.	RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 7, 1861.	
10	THE NEW MARKET BANK	10
	Will pay the bearer	
	TEN CENTS,	
	In Meats or Current Funds, when presented in sums of	
	One Dollar or upwards.	TH. FRICK, President.
	JOHN JAISER, Cashier.	
10	RICHMOND, Jan. 1, 1862.	
	DUE THE BEARER	
	TEN CENTS,	
	Which will be paid in Bankable Funds, when presented	
	in the sums of Five Dollars and upwards.	
	10 CENTS. No. —.	J. C. WHETTER.
No. —	RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 4, 1861.	
5 Cts.	5 Cts.	
	MINERAL BANK OF RICHMOND	
	Will pay to the bearer FIVE CENTS, in current	
	funds, when presented in sums of five dollars, or its	
	multiple.	S. MASON, Pres't.
	THOS. MASON, Cash'r.	
RICHMOND, Va.,	{ Necessity is the } Sept. 10, 1861.	
5	{ mother } 5	
	{ of invention. }	
	SOUTHERN EXCHANGE OFFICE,	
	Basin Bank, Richmond, Va.	
	I promise to pay at my office	
	FIVE CENTS,	
	Receivable in payment for flour, baled hay, oats, wood,	
	&c., or in exchange for bankable funds, at my office,	
	when presented in sums of five dollars.	
	This given under my hand and seal,	
No. 9,774.	S. P. COCKE.	
RICHMOND, VA.,	February 3, 1862.	
5	CONFEDERATE OYSTER HOUSE,	5
	RICHMOND,	
	Will pay the Bearer, in Current Funds,	
	FIVE CENTS,	
	When presented in sums of Five Dollars and upwards.	
No. 111.	W. BANNAN, Cash'r.	

Jan. 16.—The army telegraph now consists of over one thousand miles of wire stretched through the different camps, from the headquarters of Gen. Hooker on the left, running towards the right wing till it reaches Hancock, Maryland. One hundred and ten operators are now in the employ of the Government. Mr. Eckert, the Assistant Superintendent in charge of this Department, has run a separate line to the headquarters of each general commanding a division.

For instance, Gen. McClellan can sit at the table in his private house, and talk to the different generals, all at one and the same time, and independent of one another. When any division moves, the line can also be extended, as each division has a corps of builders, and a supply of wire, poles and insulators always ready. In several divisions each brigadier-general has an instrument upon the line, and is in direct conference with his immediate commanding general the whole time.

Large wagons have been provided for the operators and their batteries to travel in, with sleeping apartments, tents, equipage and everything necessary, thus making the telegraphic department the most efficient and thorough branch in the whole army; and, in connection with the balloon corps of Professor Lowe, will,

should the army move, prove invaluable in detecting the operations of the enemy, and the prompt transmission of their movements to headquarters, and the conveyance of orders to different divisions and brigades.

So effectual are the means that have been taken to prevent accident and delay that it will be impossible for more than one out of a dozen lines to fail at once. Strong guards will be kept all along the wires wherever they cross over exposed country, as the army moves, to prevent obstruction in any form, and to prevent an opportunity of stealing information from the wires.

THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY IN NEW-ORLEANS.—In our celebration of this day, then, let it be borne in mind that it is with no pride and exultation in the triumph of our arms over the British, with no unkindly reminiscences of them, but with a conscious valor and resolution to maintain our soil and our honor against all invaders, and with a feeling predominant over all others, of inextinguishable hate and undying hostility against the enemy who, in a far worse cause and in a manner more unjustifiable and barbarous, now pollutes our soil with his foot-prints. Great and signal as was the victory on the plains of Chalmette, a far more splendid and glorious triumph will that be which shall send the infamous Yankees howling in disgrace and agony from our shore back to their impoverished and blighted homes. The anticipation of such a victory, far more than the event of which this is the anniversary, will give significance to the celebration of this day.—*N. O. Crescent, January 8.*

MUNCHAUSENIANA.

Memphis, Jan. 9, 1862. — A mercantile firm here has received a letter from a friend in the south of Kentucky, stating that the Federal Government had made clandestine arrangements, and pardoned convicts and desperate characters of the North, to scatter them through the South, and set fire and burn everything, especially manufactures and machine-shops. The Unionists were paying them liberally for such work, believing it a good mode to cripple the South. The information was obtained from a party employed under the Federal Government, and was communicated to warn the South.

Twenty Union officers resigned at Cairo on Saturday, and have gone home.—*Memphis Appeal, Jan. 9.*

Richmond, Jan. 16. — The joint resolutions submitted a few days since, in the Virginia Senate, by Mr. Pate, in relation to the reclamation of Western and North-western Virginia, were taken up and unanimously adopted. The resolutions declare that in no event will the State of Virginia submit to, or consent to the loss of a "foot of her soil," etc., and are designed to reassure and encourage the loyal people of the invaded sections.

On motion of Mr. Finney, of Accomac, the preamble was amended by striking out the specific locality, and made to include all the invaded counties. — *Richmond Dispatch.*

A LOYAL TOWN. — The town of Claremont, in the good old Granite State, has done her full share in putting down this most unnatural rebellion, if the number of men furnished to the Union armies be taken as

a criterion. Since the war commenced, the town has sent the following men to do service for their country: Eighty-four men for the three months' service; fifty-five men for the Second regiment, who were at Bull Run; thirty-eight men for the Third regiment, now at Beaufort; a full company, one hundred and one men, for the Fifth regiment on the Potomac; seventeen men for the Seventh regiment, now at Manchester, and thirty-three men for the cavalry regiment, now at Providence. This makes a total of three hundred and twenty-eight men gone, out of a voting population of about one thousand.—*National Intelligencer*, Jan. 16.

JOHN K. LINCOLN, one of the rebel prisoners at St. Louis, is a cousin of the President, and a wealthy citizen of Clinton County, Mo. He is charged with having permitted the rebels to secrete ammunition in his cellar, inducing young men to join the rebel army, assisting in the robbery of the Liberty arsenal, and otherwise giving aid and comfort to the enemy.—*Ohio Statesman*, January 16.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Wisconsin paper had his attention arrested by the appearance of a rather oldish man among a company of recruits for the Seventeenth (Irish) Wisconsin regiment, who were on board the cars, on the way to camp, who gave his name, as follows:

"My name is Rufus Brockway, and I am in the seventieth year of my age. I am a Yankee, from the State of New-Hampshire; was a volunteer in the last war with England for nearly three years. I have served under Generals Izard, McNeil, and Macomb, being transferred from one command to another, as the circumstances then required. I was at the battle of Plattsburgh, at the battle of French Creek in Canada, and at the battle of Chateaugay, on the fourteenth day of October, 1813, and was present at the surrender of McDonough.

"I am now a farmer, in the town of Beaver Dam, Dodge County, and, with my son, the owner of three hundred acres of land; my son was a volunteer in the Federal army at the battle of Bull Run, had his nose badly barked and his hips broken in and disabled for life, by a charge of the rebel cavalry, and now I am going to see if the rebels can bark the old man's nose."

"I tell you," said the old man, "if England pitches in, you'll see a great many old men like me turning out, but the greatest of my fears are, that I shall not be permitted to take an active part in the present war."

If this man is ever in an engagement with the rebels, I shall never expect to hear that he was hurt in the back.—*Boston Journal*, February 1.

NORTH-CAROLINA.—The *Richmond Dispatch* pays the following merited compliment to the old North State:

"Since the present war commenced, North-Carolina has not only done her part in men and arms, and been the peer of any of her sister States in every way, but she has taken good care to see that her sons who obeyed her call, and went forth to battle in defence of her rights, had every assurance that they were not forgotten by the loved ones at home. Many munificent donations have been heretofore noted. In this regard she leads the van. Within a week past her citizens have sent thirty-eight thousand dollars' worth

of clothing, etc., to the Fourth, Sixth, and Twenty-third regiments, and thirteen thousand four hundred dollars to other regiments not named. This is the way the old North State fulfils her obligations to her brave sons."—*Newbern (N. C.) Progress*, February 11.

Feb. 8.—It is given out, by order, that all connected with Government despatches shall use the word "rebels" instead of "confederates," and "privateers" instead of "pirates."—*Dubuque Times*, February 9.

By order of Col. Robinson, every male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, not now in the active volunteer service, and resident within the city of Norfolk, Va., whether exempt from military duty or not, will forthwith report himself for enrolment to the commandant of his company. Those claiming to be exempt will also report the claim to to or cause of such exemption.—*Richmond Dispatch*, February 10.

Feb. 10.—A slave lately came into the camp of the Iowa troops at Florence, Mo., mounted upon a high-spirited horse, on which he had escaped from his master, who lives near St. Louis. Around his neck was a band of iron, half an inch thick, and nearly one and a half inches wide, not locked, but securely riveted. Three iron prongs, of lightning-rod size, were wedged to this band, at equal distances apart, and arose above his head about nine inches, with an outward inclination. The iron had lacerated his neck, and the wound had partially healed under the protection he had given to them by holding up the band with his hands, during the preceding days that he was concealed in a corn-field, but while riding the horse he could not hold it up, and it had opened the wound, from which there was a bloody, mattery ooze trickling down upon his broad shoulders. To the soldiers who surrounded him, with pity and astonishment, the negro pleaded earnestly: "Please, massa soger, take dis collar off my neck. I'se a good nigger; I'll do any ting you want me. De Illinoy sogers cut the collar off 'er Ben." After a labor of three hours the collar was filed off. It appears that the negro had carried this iron band upon his neck about three months, as a punishment for assisting his wife to escape into Illinois.—*Philadelphia Press*, February 12.

BOSTON, Feb. 11.—At the Baptist Sabbath-School Convention in session at the South-End in this city, the exercises were interrupted this forenoon by the announcement of the splendid victory at Roanoke Island. The audience burst forth in applause, and a prayer of thanksgiving was immediately offered, in which all seemed to join with great fervor.

A SECESSION DODGE.—The *Albany Atlas and Argus* prints the following:

"We do not know how the people of Maine will regard this invasion of their soil; but we do not believe that a British regiment could ever find its way to Canada, if it landed in New-York, and sought to pass through this State."

It is by such pieces of idiotic rant that the *Atlas and Argus* seeks to aid the rebellion. Debarred from serving the secession cause directly, it now bends its

efforts to doing it indirect service by misinterpreting every act and traducing every measure of the Government. If, however, the readers of that journal can be influenced by any such pitiful stuff as this, it simply shows they are as much of fools as it is assumed they were when the writer ventured to pen such nonsense.—*New-York Times*, January 15.

FRANKFORT, KY., Jan. 16.—We have just learned from a reliable gentleman, of Newcastle, the circumstances of a very unusual occurrence in that place just before Christmas, which we deem it proper should be placed before the people of Kentucky. Some forty or sixty negroes, all slaves, had been engaged in killing hogs for one of the citizens of Newcastle at night. About that time, and after the work was over, they paraded the streets of the town in a body, between the hours of ten and twelve, uttering all sorts of disorderly sounds, singing political songs and shouting for Lincoln. They seemed to take especial pains to make their unusual and disorderly demonstrations in front of the residences of one or two prominent Southern rights citizens. They continued their tumultuous proceedings for an hour or so without interruption from either officers or citizens, and finally dispersed of their own accord.

We deem it due to the peace and security of the Commonwealth to give this information to the public, in order that other communities may be put on their guard, and prepare to suppress in their incipency all such dangerous movements on the part of the slave population.

We also learn, from the same gentleman, that about the same time, or shortly after, a party of slaves in Henry County, belonging partly to Union and partly to Southern rights men, made off from the county, taking with them a wagon and horses, with a full supply of provisions belonging to their owners, and made their escape into Indiana. They were immediately pursued by their masters into Indiana and overtaken; but the owners were notified by the population that they should not arrest the slaves, and, in fact, were themselves notified to leave the State without delay. A second visit of the same and other parties, with proper certificates, as the gentleman who gives us the facts is informed, was made with the same result.

We are also informed that numerous houses and barns, belonging to residents of Henry County, have recently been fired and burned to the ground by the negroes, and that in consequence a general feeling of insecurity prevails throughout the entire community.—*Frankfort Yeoman*, January 17.

PETERBOROUGH, N. H., is a stronghold of patriotism. She gave a band of heroes to the revolution, another band to the war of 1812, and has already sent eighty seven men to the Union armies in the present contest.—*Boston Transcript*, January 15.

THE *Mobile Register*, of the sixth of January, says: We had the pleasure of a visit yesterday from Dr. Hugh Martin, of Delaware, late United States Consul at Matanzas, but who resigned that post in April last when that Government declared war upon the South and its institutions. Dr. Martin came passenger in one of the recent arrivals through the gap in Dr. Lincoln's blockade, from Havana. He is heart and soul with the South in her struggles, and goes to New-Orleans to make that his home.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Charleston Courier*, writing from Richmond on the third of January, says:

"Some large shoe manufacturers from the South have just gone home from Richmond, impressed with the idea that 'shoes won't sell.' So great an impetus was given to the manufacture several months ago by the knowledge that the supply was giving out, that the market is now overstocked. The confederate government has six hundred cases of army shoes on hand, over and above the demand, and the government contractors are furnishing it with a constant supply of two hundred additional pairs per diem. The same plethora is observed in the article of clothing. In the clothing bureau of the war department are one hundred thousand suits of clothing on hand. The donations of individual States to their own volunteers, have materially lessened the demand on the confederate government. The blankets brought by the Fin- gal are being transformed into handsome and comfortable overcoats."

RICHMOND, Jan. 2.—Quite a number of new-fangled flags are exhibited in the window of the *Despatch* office. The latest picture, which is gotten up with great care and neatness, represents a tri-color—three bars of equal width running horizontally—the lower black, the middle purple, the upper white, with stars in it. The black bar is designed to notify mankind that the confederacy "sprung from Black Republicanism." Hah! How would a buzzard, sitting on a cotton-bale, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth, a little nigger in one claw, and a palmetto tree in the other, answer? Nothing could be more thoroughly and comprehensively Southern.—*Charleston Mercury*.

THE SEQUEL OF AN EXECUTION.—There is in the confederate army, near Centreville, Va., an Irish company called the "Tigers," which was recruited, or rather impressed, from the Irish population of New-Orleans. Two of them were recently shot for some trifling military offence—some disrespect to their "chivalrous" officers, construed into mutinous resistance. An account of the execution has been published from the Richmond papers. An Irish private soldier is, in the eyes of the Southern blades, of about as much account as a negro. But the sequel to this execution is told in a letter from the rebel camp, which appears in the *Nashville-Louisville Courier*, thus:

"As a sequel to the execution of the two 'Tigers,' by order of court-martial, I have to record that, yesterday morning, the bodies of two officers of the Seventh Louisiana regiment were found with their throats cut. They were the officers of the day, and officers of the guard, at the time of the commission of the outrage by the 'Tigers,' and were instrumental in bringing them to punishment. It would be well could the whole company be effaced for this new and most horrible villainy."—*Cincinnati Gazette*, January 14.

THE *Halifax (N. S.) Colonist* published the following veracious report:

"A rumor was current yesterday, said to have been set afloat by some of the passengers by the *Asia*, that Gen. Scott was the bearer of despatches from the Washington Government to the Emperor of the French, asking his aid in the suppression of the rebellion, and as a *quid pro quo* for his services, offering him the aid of the Federal Government in an attempt to invade Canada. Napoleon, on receiving the despatches, and

learning their contents, immediately sent them to the British government. We give the rumor as we heard it, merely remarking, that there may be more in it than appears at first sight."

The London *Illustrated News* is "disposed to believe that Mr. Lincoln will prefer to hear the distant cannon of Britain rather than the yell of a mob under the windows of the White House. Therefore we do not look for a message of peace, though we hope for it, so far as hope is consistent with a calm examination of the case."—*Boston Advertiser*, January 15.

RICHMOND, Jan. 4.—It is not generally known that by the flag of truce which leaves Norfolk almost daily for Fortress Monroe, persons in the South may communicate with the North. Hundreds of letters are frequently carried in this manner; but all are carefully examined both by the confederate and Federal officers. To prevent the abuse of this privilege on the part of those who are inclined to fill twenty or thirty sheets of letter-paper, Gen. Huger has issued an order that hereafter no communication will be sent which covers more than an ordinary-sized page. All reference to political or military affairs must be carefully avoided, and an inclosure of three or five cents made to secure transmission. The outside address of the epistle should be, "via Norfolk and flag of truce."—*Richmond Dispatch*.

DON'T TOUCH THE FLAG.—The St. Louis *Democrat* says that a few days ago the flag raised by Col. Morgan, at Platte City, Mo., was torn down, against the remonstrances of the few remaining citizens of that place. Indignant at the outrage, and aware of the consequences should the perpetrators escape, the men engaged in the desecration were arrested, and, as we are informed, delivered to Col. Morgan. He immediately ordered a court-martial; the men were found guilty, and sentenced to be shot, which sentence was forthwith carried into effect.—*N. Y. World*, Jan. 15.

THE young lady who acted the rebel spy at Washington, was a daughter of Dr. King, of the Soldiers' Home. For some months past grave suspicions have been entertained in regard to certain members of the family of Dr. King. It is stated that two of his own sons by his first wife, and two of the sons by his second wife, are now serving in the confederate army, and also that some of the lady members of his family have been engaged in communicating information to the rebel army, through a secession family still living in Maryland, within an hour's ride of Washington. The arrest of some of the family of Dr. King, led to the belief in the rumor in regard to Adj.-Gen. Thomas, because he, like the Doctor, resided at the Soldiers' Home.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, January 15.

Jan. 14.—Twenty-four wagons, designed for the conveyance of the baggage of Gen. McClellan and staff, have been prepared. They all have matched horses, and the words, "Commander United States Army," are painted on the canvas of the wagons.—*N. Y. Commercial*, January 16.

THE PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOONS.—It is an undeniable fact, that the Volunteer Refreshment Committee of Philadelphia, which was organized on the twenty-seventh day of May, 1861,

has since that period done a vast deal of good, in furnishing food to the Union soldiers passing through that city, on their way to the seat of war, and in ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded. Many a soldier, weak for lack of food, or prostrated by disease, has undoubtedly blessed the liberality of the citizens of Philadelphia, while the recipient at this saloon, of their hospitality. It is an interesting fact in this connection, that a Schuylkill County regiment (the Sixth, Col. James Nagle) was the first entertained at Broad and Prime streets, by the citizens in that vicinity.

To give some idea of what has been done at the saloon, since its organization, we might state that, up to December last, some five hundred sick and wounded had been cared for—many for weeks, at private houses, by ladies connected with the saloon—while about one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers have each been served with a meal. This is the more creditable, as it was done by the voluntary contributions of the citizens of Philadelphia, the Committee never having asked or received aid from the city, State, or United States governments. All honor to the committee of ladies and gentlemen who have cheerfully volunteered their time and labor in a work so benevolent. Their deeds will be more enduring than monumental granite.—*Miner's Journal*.

A FRENCH OFFICER JOINS THE REBELS.—By a recent arrival at a confederate port from Havana, Lieut. P. Enneau, late of the French army, came passenger, and is at present in this city. Lieut. Enneau has lately been a resident of California, where he devoted himself to organizing and drilling a corps of carabinieri, whose testimonials of their high appreciation of his service he bears. But preferring the reality to the image of war, and still more, preferring the side on which the sympathies of his compatriots are enlisted, and where so much of the blood of his race is to be found, as ready to flow as that of the gallant Dreux—preferring this side to that which has thrown disgrace upon the name of Zouave, and almost upon that of soldier, he has come to offer his sword to the cause of the Confederacy.—*Mobile Advertiser*, January 8.

DEATH OF A REBEL CAPTAIN.—We understand that Capt. C. E. Merriwether, who fell while bravely charging the enemy, at Sacramento, on Saturday last, had long been an intimate and devoted friend of Col. Jim Jackson. He was an endorser for Jackson for a large amount, and as Jackson had become utterly bankrupt by heavy losses at the gambling-table, Capt. Merriwether had been compelled to pay some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars of this endorsed paper within the last three months. Callous though he may be, we do not envy Jackson's feelings, when he reflects that through his agency and his men his best friend and benefactor has been deprived of life.—*Bowling Green Courier*, January 4.

A LINCOLN spy was arrested a few days since in the neighborhood of Uniontown, Tenn. His baggage was searched, and a complete plan of the fortifications at Bowling Green and Randolph, Tenn., was found. It is to be hoped that the vile miscreant will speedily meet with a just reward.—*Louisville-Nashville Courier*, December 24.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—A private in the Nineteenth Indiana regiment was tried by a court-martial

for deserting his post, and found guilty, the punishment for which is death. His execution was deferred for some time, and he was kept in a painful state of suspense. At last the time was fixed for his execution, and five regiments were drawn up in line to witness it, while a file of twelve men were in advance to execute the sentence of death by shooting him.

The prisoner was led forward blindfolded, and the usual words of preparation and command were given in a low, measured tone, by the officer in command. During the interval between the commands, "Take aim," and "fire," and before the last was given, a horseman rode rapidly up the road, waving in the air a paper, which was understood by all present to be a reprieve. Covered with dust and perspiration, the officer rode hurriedly up to the officer in command, and delivered to him what really proved to be a reprieve. The shout, "reprieve," fell upon the poor soldier's ear, which was already strained to the utmost in anticipation of hearing the last and final word that was to usher his soul into the presence of his Creator; it was too much for him, and he fell back upon his coffin, apparently dead. The bandage was removed from his eyes, but reason had taken its flight, and he became a hopeless maniac. He was discharged from the army, and sent home to his friends. His death had really never been intended: but it was deemed necessary for the good order and discipline of the army to make an impression upon not only himself, but the whole brigade; for that purpose the forms of the execution were regularly gone through with, in presence of five regiments, and the reprieve arrived in good time, as it was intended. It was sought by this means to solemnly impress upon the whole assemblage of soldiers the necessity of a strict observance of duty and obedience, under the penalty of an ignominious death. It was a fearful ordeal for the deserter, but it was certainly better than to have completed the tragedy by sending his soul to "that bourne from which no traveller returns."—*Philadelphia Press*.

BALTIMORE REBEL CORRESPONDENCE.—It is known that, in a single day last week, six hundred letters from rebels in arms were received in Baltimore. The city is a den of secession.—*Dubuque Times*, Jan. 4.

A RENEGADE EDITOR.—The *London Daily News* says:

"Col. Fuller, late editor of the *New-York Mirror*, announces that, at the request of several American and English gentlemen, he will deliver an address in St. James's Hall on 'The Causes and Consequences of the Civil War in America.' We understand that the Colonel will advocate the cause of the South—a cause which has our constant and cordial execrations. Still, as it is a cause with vast social and material forces at its command, it is one which we are all concerned to understand. In this country both slavery and secession, mother and daughter, have a vast amount of ability at their service, but their work has been done, for the most part, insidiously and by suggestion. Col. Fuller will be an honest and straightforward pleader. We have had the means of satisfying ourselves that he is high in the esteem of his brethren of the American press, and it is well on every account that the cause of the South should be represented by a gentleman of extensive information, and well qualified to exhibit its fairest side."

The *News* has been imposed upon. The esteem in

which Col. Fuller was held in this country was the reverse of high. He gained a sort of bad notoriety here by writing semi-obscene letters over the signature of "Belle Brittan."—*Baltimore American*, January 4.

A SCHOONER arrived at Mobile, Ala., on the twenty-seventh of December, from Havana, bringing a cargo of coffee, sulphur, medicines, etc. The blockading fleet saw her as she came into port, but could not catch her. Good seamanship and good pilotage brought her through.—*New-York Tribune*, January 6.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 1.—We are glad to be able to state that the powder-mill near this city has gone into operation. It is capable of producing a large amount daily, and the government will doubtless obtain a portion of its supplies from this mill. It is under the immediate superintendence of Messrs. Waterhouse & Bowes, we believe.—*Raleigh Standard*.

BADLY FRIGHTENED.—The city of Montreal was thrown into a terrible panic on the twenty-sixth of December, by a report that war had been declared by the United States against England, and that an army of twenty thousand New-England troops was marching towards that city from Vermont.—*Dubuque Times*, January 4.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

SONG FOR THE SOUTH.

Of all the mighty nations, in the East or in the West,
Our glorious Southern nation is the greatest and the best;

We have room for all true Southrons, with our stars
and bars unfurled,
And a general invitation to the people of the world.

CHORUS.

Then, to arms, boys! to arms, boys! make no delay,
Come from every Southern State, come from every way;

Our army isn't large enough; Jeff. Davis calls for
"more,"

To hurl the vile invader from off our Southern shore.

Ohio is our Northern line, far as her waters flow,
And on the South is the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico;

While between the Atlantic Ocean, where the sun be-
gins to rise,

Westward to Arizona, the land of promise lies.

Then, to arms, boys! etc.

While the Gulf States raise the cotton, the others
grain and pork,

North and South-Carolina's factories will do the finer
work,

For the deep and flowing water-falls that course along
our hills,

Are "just the things" for washing sheep and driving
cotton-mills.

Then, to arms, boys! etc.

While the North is in commotion, and her "mon-
arch's" in a fret,

We're teaching them a lesson which they never will
forget;

And this they fast are learning, that Dixie's not a
fool,
For the men will do their fighting, while the children
go to school.
Then, to arm, boys ! etc.

Our Southern boys are brave and true, and are joining
heart and hand,
And are flocking to the stars and bars, as they are
floating o'er our land ;
And all are standing ready, with their rifles in their
hand,
And invite the North to open graves down South in
Dixie's land.
Then, to arms, boys ! etc.

CAROLINE'S FAREWELL TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

Farewell, we must part, we have turned from the land,
Of our cold-hearted brother with tyrannous hand,
Who assumed all our rights as a favor to grant,
And whose smile ever covered the sting of a taunt ;

Who breathed on the fame he was bound to defend—
Still the craftiest foe, 'neath the guise of a friend ;
Who believed that our bosoms would bleed at a touch,
Yet could never believe he could goad them too much.

Whose conscience affects to be seared with our sin,
Yet is plastic to take all its benefits in ;
The mote in our eye so enormous has grown,
That he never perceives there's a beam in his own.

O Jonathan, Jonathan, vassal of pelf,
Self-righteous, self-glorious, yes, every inch self,
Your loyalty now, is all bluster and boast—
But was dumb when the foemen invaded our coast.

In vain did your country appeal to you then,
You coldly refused her your money and men ;
Your trade interrupted, you slunk from her wars,
And preferred British gold, to the Stripes and the
Stars !

Then our generous blood was as water poured forth,
And the Sons of the South were the shields of the
North ;
Nor our patriot ardor one moment gave o'er,
Till the foe you had fed, we had driven from the
shore !

Long years we have suffered opprobrium and wrong,
But we clung to your side with affection so strong,
That at last in mere wanton aggression you broke
All the ties of our hearts with one murderous stroke.

We are tired of contest for what is our own,
We are sick of a strife that could never be done ;
Thus our love has died out, and its altars are dark,
Not Prometheus' self could rekindle the spark.

O Jonathan, Jonathan, deadly the sin,
Of your tigerish thirst for the blood of your kin ;
And shameful the spirit that gloats over wives
And maidens despoiled of their honor and lives !

Your palaces rise from the fruits of our toil—
Your millions are fed from the wealth of our soil ;
The balm of our air brings the health to your cheek,
And our hearts are aglow with the welcome we speak.

O brother ! beware how you seek us again,
Lest you brand on your forehead the signet of Cain ;
That blood and that crime on your conscience must
sit,
We may fall—we may perish—but never submit !

The pathway that leads to the Pharisee's door
We remember indeed, but we tread it no more—
Preferring to turn with the Publican's faith,
To the path through the valley and shadow of death !
CAROLINE.

A SOUTHERN SONG.

The following Southern *morceau* was found at Winton,
N. C., by an officer of the Union troops. It was sung by
Madame Bonarita and Signor George, accompanied by a full
band, at Oxford Hill, Portsmouth, Va., October 23, 1861 :

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Bright banner of freedom, with pride I unfold thee ;
Fair flag of my country, with love I behold thee,
Gleaming above us, in freshness and youth,
Emblem of liberty—symbol of truth ;
For this flag of my country in triumph shall wave
O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's
grave.

All bright are the stars that are beaming upon us,
And bold are the bars that are gleaming above us.
The one shall increase in their number and light,
The other grow bolder in power and might ;
For this flag of my country in triumph shall wave
O'er the Southerner's home or the Southerner's grave.

Those bars of bright red show our firm resolution
To die, if need be, shielding thee from pollution ;
For man in this hour must give all he holds dear,
And woman her prayers and her words of high cheer,
If they wish this fair banner in triumph to wave
O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's
grave.

To the great God of battle we look with reliance ;
On our fierce Northern foe with contempt and defi-
ance ;
For the South shall smile on in her fragrance and bloom
When the North is fast sinking in silence and gloom ;
For the flag of our country in triumph must wave
O'er the Southerner's home or the Southerner's grave.

SPIES FOR CINCINNATI.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, July 20, 1861.

Lieut. Isaac N. Brown, Navy Confederate States, Mem-
phis :

SIR: I desire to learn, as early as practicable, the
character of the vessels which it is said the enemy is
preparing at Cincinnati. Reports and rumors declare
that iron-clad or armored boats are being built, and that
vessels are being thus altered ; but the testimony of
some reliable expert is deemed important. You will,
therefore, do a good service by employing a compe-
tent man to proceed to that city and procure the de-
sired information, to be communicated through you to
this Department. A mechanic who could and would
obtain means of accurately reporting the character of
the vessels, whether steamers or not ; and if steamers,
whether propellers, their size and armament, and
whether and to what extent they are protected by iron ;
in what manner it is secured, and its thickness. Such

details as these, together with the number of vessels being prepared at Cincinnati or elsewhere on the Ohio, Arkansas, or Mississippi Rivers, are important. Perhaps a mechanic now at work on them could afford this information.

The Department will pay such compensation to your agent as you may deem proper in this matter.

Yours, respectfully, S. R. MALLORY,
Secretary Confederate Navy.

A DEAF AND DUMB SOLDIER.—Connected with the Springfield City Guard, Captain Lombard, Tenth regiment Massachusetts volunteers, stationed at Camp Brightwood, Virginia, is a deaf mute, named John Donovan, who is regularly enlisted as a soldier and detailed as the regimental tailor. He learned the trade of tailor in Brooklyn, N. Y. He went to Springfield, Mass., from which city he enlisted at the commencement of the rebellion. His infirmity, of course, precludes him from performing the ordinary duties of a soldier, and being employed as the regimental tailor, he has many leisure moments, which he has improved by the practice of a natural gift for drawing. In this art he is a self-taught man, and the proficiency he has attained is truly astonishing. An accurate draft of Camp Brightwood, made by him, is in the hands of lithographers, and will shortly be issued. He is spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the officers of his regiment, and, notwithstanding his infirmity, is fully equal, mentally and bodily, to the rank and file of the grand army.

THE "Report of William H. Peters, Commissioner, appointed by the Governor of Virginia to make an inventory of property taken from the United States Government, at the Navy-Yard, Gosport, and in and near Portsmouth, Va.," shows that the confederates made the following gains by getting possession of the yard:

Territory,.....	\$288,000
Buildings and other improvements,.....	3,998,480
Vessels,.....	332 900
Engines, machinery, etc.,.....	250,676

Total,.....\$4,810,056

THE BRITISH LION AND THE SECESSION ASS.

A SHORT FABLE.

A lion was sitting upon his high throne,
The mantled monarch of forest and glen;
And the gleam of his diadem brightly shone,
And the roar of his might reëchoed again.

A donkey, at distance, harked to the roar,
And erecting his ears from habitual flop;
With ravishment spurred, full madly he tore
To the foot of the throne, an obeisance to drop.

"Oh! graciously deign a poor ass to permit
The tip of thy paw with his mouth to salute;
But if honor so high may not seem to be fit,
Oh! grant him at least a kiss of thy foot."

A comical smile benignantly strayed,
As from under the purple, right royally woven,
To osculate freely the foot was displayed,
By Manassas! ye asses, the foot it was cloven!
—*Baltimore American.*

THE STEAM AIR-CANNON.—This invention consists of a locomotive capable of running on common roads, which supersedes horse-power in all draft operations, and is adapted to either land or water. To this is attached one or more air-cannons, which, in view of the present scarcity of powder, is a great desideratum, as air can be made more effective than powder, being liable to compression to many thousand times less than its bulk. These cannon will also have the following qualities to recommend them, namely, no report, little if any concussion, no heating, and no smoke, all of which proves their great availability whether placed on board of gunboats or war-ships, or used on land for river protection, where it would be most serviceable. Along the lower banks of the Mississippi the levees would protect the lower part of the machine, while the upper is secured by its own inclined planes.

The cannon, being breech-loading, is loaded with great ease and speed; and by being removed from the machine, the latter can be applied to making ditches, throwing up the embankments, and can also be used as a fire-engine. In the open field it may well be called a flying artillery, as it could run through any ranks, either of infantry or cavalry, and open a lane fourteen feet wide. This is a Louisiana invention, and we understand that the inventor, Mr. Henry Cowing, is about to submit it to the Legislature, when we hope to see it receive that attention which all such contrivances, calculated to strengthen our defences, deserve.—*Baton Rouge Advocate, December 22, 1861.*

LIEUT. FAIRFAX authorizes an emphatic denial of the assertion of foolish Commander Williams, that Miss Slidell used her "little knuckles" on his face.—*Portsmouth Chronicle, January 13.*

THE NATIONALITY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.—The report of the Sanitary Commission of the Army acquaints us with the important fact that at least two thirds of the volunteers are native Americans. This is an official refutation of the allegations of foreign journals that our army was composed almost entirely of foreigners. It is true that the Germans and Irish have enlisted in large numbers; but in a country composed to a great extent of men of all nations, like this, such was to be expected.—*Baltimore American, January 13.*

PATRIOTIC LADIES.—In Clinton County, Ohio, there is a certain township, Richland, which has not raised a very large crop of patriotic young men, we should judge, from the proceedings of a meeting of irate females held there last week. It was stated that not more than two volunteers had been furnished by the township, and the resolutions adopted and the speeches made at the meeting referred to, not only called the patriotism but the courage of the men of Richland in question. So stung were the female population by the disgraceful and unmasculine spirit manifested by the young men, especially, that seven young ladies—Miss Rachael Howe, Miss Mary Bernard, Miss Elizabeth Fristo, Miss Jennie Rowe, Miss Mary C. Clement, Miss Julia Creden, Miss Hannah McKinney—stepped forward and requested to have their names enrolled as volunteers in defence of their country and their rights, and said, as soon as they could be furnished with uniforms, they would leave their clothing to the young men, who lacked the manliness to defend the flag of their country when it was assailed.—*Philadelphia Press, January 13.*

RECRUITING EXTRAORDINARY.—At the time when Colonel Metcalf and his troops were quartered at Blue Licks, Ky., the monotony of camp-life was broken by a rather romantic little incident. Several recruits were coming in daily, and were immediately sworn into service, but one spruce little fellow arriving Sunday evening, refused to take the oath on the Lord's day, but wished to postpone it until next morning, which modest request was granted. The young recruit sauntered leisurely around among the men, apparently perfectly at home. When the time came to "turn in," he was shown a bed with three or four soldiers in the same room, which he readily accepted. His fellow-lodgers attempted to converse, but found him quite silent, but observing him kneel for prayer before retiring, they concluded he was too pious for a soldier, but was perhaps to be chaplain. Next morning the surgeon was sent to have a conversation with the recruit before the oath was administered, and he being rather observing than otherwise, concluded, after a short "confab," that the young soldier was a very pretty female. After considerable blushing, she acknowledged the fact, stating that her intended was in the ranks, and that she was determined to accompany him. It seems that "cruel parients," as usual, were the cause, they having refused to let the young folks marry, and in the desperation of the moment the young swain sought the army, and a night or two following, the love-stricken maiden donned a suit of her brother's clothes, and joined her lover at Camp Blue Lick. The Colonel discharged the young Romeo next morning, and that evening the fortunates were made one. We understand since that neither of the parties have a desire to enlist again.—*Pittsburgh Patriot*, January 6.

THE FOOT A NEW ARM.

What need have we now for a gun or a sabre,
The recreant rebels to slash or to shoot,
When at "Henry" and "Donelson" Abe makes them
caper,
By simply applying a *toe* of his Foote!

FEDERAL TRAITORS.—The following is a list of Federal soldiers who are reported to have joined the rebels:

Wm. Clark, private, Co. K, Third N.J.V.
Wm. Roach, private, Co. D, Second artillery, U.S.A.
Mich'l Kelly, private, Co. D, Second artillery, U.S.A.
Chas. Tracey, corporal, Co. G, First regiment, Sickles' brigade.
Chas. Van Gilson, second lieutenant, First regiment, Sickles' brigade.
W. Sherry, private, Co. H, Twenty-sixth N.Y.V.
L. Briggs, private, Co. B, Twenty-sixth N.Y.V.
J. A. Tompkins, Second U. S. cavalry.
T. B. Remington, Thirtieth N.Y.V.
Ernest Hale, commodore's clerk, U. S. steamer Pawnee. (This is the individual who decamped with the signal-books, while Commodore Du Pont's fleet rendezvoused at Hampton Roads.)
Wm. Hooper, private, Co. K, Thirty-eighth N.Y.V.
Barron Von Flaxhousen, lieutenant, Co. H, Forty-fifth N.Y.V.
Robert McFarlans, corporal, Co. D, First U. S. artillery.
A. F. Saulsbury, private, Co. C, Fourth Maine.
M. F. Sidlinger, corporal, Co. H, Fourth Maine.
Francis Tappy, private, Co. D, First U. S. artillery.

Mathias Spoo, musician, Fifth Wisconsin.
J. Tompkins, lieutenant, Co. A, Second cavalry, U.S.A.—*N. Y. Commercial*, January 6.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7.—Some of our banks refuse to take Treasury notes on deposit. A very bad feeling is getting up toward the banks, and if they do not alter their course there will not be a dozen banks in the United States in a year from now. The cry is being raised: "Down with the banks, and give us a national currency."—*N. Y. Herald*, January 8.

BUCHANAN AND SCOTT.—The *Richmond Dispatch* says:

"A bill has been reported in the Virginia Senate to change the names of the counties of Buchanan and Scott. It is quite proper to wipe out from the map of Virginia everything that serves to perpetuate the name of an enemy or a traitor, and the proposition will doubtless meet the unanimous approval of the people. The bill alluded to does not suggest the names to be substituted, though 'Cary' and 'Carrington,' well known in the history of Virginia, have been under consideration."—*Cincinnati Gazette*, January 29.

EPIGRAM ON FLOYD.

The thief is a coward by nature's law;
Who betrays the state to no one is true;
And the brave foe at Fort Donelson saw
Their light-fingered Floyd was light-footed too!
J. A.

OATH-TAKING IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis papers publish long lists of the persons taking the oath of allegiance in compliance with Gen. Halleck's recommendation. Some of them append remarks to their signatures. The following is an instance:

Truman M. Post, pastor of the First Trinitarian Congregational church of St. Louis. "As a minister of the Gospel, and a trustee of a State charity, I recognise the fitness of the call on me for my oath of allegiance. Cordially and gratefully do I give in this my adhesion to my country in this hour of terrible trial, regarding it as the source of innumerable blessings to myself, and the millions of my countrymen, and fully believing the present attempt to destroy it to be a curse against both God and man, against the present and the future, against ourselves and the human race, with hardly a parallel in the history of the world."—*Cincinnati Gazette*, February 14.

A HEROIC SAILOR.—When the record of the war comes to be written, not the least interesting feature of it will be the heroic deeds of the humble men who compose the rank and file of the army and navy. Instances of individual heroism and self-sacrifice are already presenting themselves in abundance, and when the conflict is happily ended, will furnish a rich harvest of materials for the annalist and historian. One of the most conspicuous of these in any chronicle of the war must be the case of the gallant tar, John Davis, whose courage in the attack on Elizabeth City, N. C., is made the subject of special mention by his immediate commander and by Commodore Goldsborough, who thus unite to make manifest the bond of true chivalry, which binds together all brave men, however widely separated their station. The following is the story of this brave sailor:

"Lieut. J. C. Chapin, commanding United States steamer Valley City, off Roanoke Island, writes to Commodore Goldsborough, under date of February twenty-fifth, noticing a magnanimous act of bravery by John Davis, gunner's mate on board his vessel, at the taking of Elizabeth City. He says John Davis was at his station during the action, in the magazine, issuing powder, when a shell from the enemy's battery penetrated into the magazine and exploded outside of it. He threw himself over a barrel of powder, protecting it with his own body from the fire, while at the same time passing out the powder for the guns. Commodore Goldsborough, in transmitting this letter to the Navy Department, says, 'It affords me infinite pleasure to forward this communication to the Navy Department, to whose especial consideration I beg leave to recommend the gallant and noble sailor alluded to;' and he adds, in a postscript, 'Davis actually seated himself on the barrel,' the top being out, and in this position he remained until the flames were extinguished.'"

The Navy Department promptly rewarded John Davis, the brave sailor, who so courageously protected from the flames a barrel of gunpowder on the steamer Valley City during the attack upon Elizabeth City. He was a gunner's mate, receiving a salary of twenty-five dollars per month, or three hundred dollars per year. The evidence of his bravery was received at the Navy Department on the evening of the tenth instant, and on the next day Secretary Welles sent him the following letter, appointing him a gunner, an office which carries with it a salary of one thousand dollars per year, and is a life appointment, the salary increasing by length of service to one thousand four hundred and fifty dollars:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 11, 1862.

"SIR: Your commanding officer and the Flag-Officer of the Northern Atlantic Blockading Squadron, have brought to the notice of the Department your courage and presence of mind, displayed on the tenth ultimo, in protecting with your person a barrel of gunpowder from the flames.

"As a mark of appreciation of your bravery, you are hereby appointed an acting-gunner in the navy of the United States, from this date.

"Enclosed herewith is a blank oath of office, which, having executed, you will return to the Department, accompanied by your letter of acceptance.

"If after you have served six months at sea, you shall furnish the Department with satisfactory testimonials from your commanding officer, a warrant will be issued to you, bearing the same date of this acting appointment.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GIDEON WELLES.

"Acting-Gunner JOHN DAVIS,

"United States Navy, United States Steamer Valley City,
"North-Atlantic Blockading Squadron."

As Davis was a gunner's mate, and supposed to be somewhat familiar with a gunner's duty, this appointment was considered the best and most substantial way of rewarding him. The Flag-Officer was also directed to educate him for his new position in case he is not now fully qualified, as appears by the following letter:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 11, 1862.

"SIR: Transmitted herewith is an appointment for John Davis as an acting-gunner in the United States Navy, as a reward for his courage and presence of mind displayed on the tenth ultimo.

"If he should not be fully qualified for the duties

of this appointment, you will afford him every opportunity to become so.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GIDEON WELLES.

"Flag-Officer L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH,

"Commanding North-Atlantic Blockading Squadron,
"Hampton Roads, Va.

REBEL STATE WAR CONTRIBUTIONS.

J. B. Jones, of the Passport Office, writes to the Richmond *Examiner*, that the whole amount of contributions to the confederate army in Virginia during the last three months has not fallen short of three millions of dollars. The subjoined list comprises almost exclusively the donations made to the army of the Potomac:

North-Carolina,.....	\$325,471	Alabama,.....	\$317,600
Mississippi,.....	272,670	Georgia,.....	244,885
South-Carolina,.....	187,206	Texas,.....	87,800
Louisiana,.....	61,950	Virginia,.....	48,070
Tennessee,.....	17,000	Florida,.....	2,350
Arkansas,.....	950		
Total,			\$1,515,895

—*Phil. Press*, Jan. 30.

JOY OF THE TENNESSEE UNIONISTS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* thus pleasantly describes the scenes which attended the opening of the Cumberland river:

"Every cabin-door is open as we pass, and in every one a woman's fluttering handkerchief is seen. Everywhere women, children, and negroes crowd to the banks to see steamboats once more ploughing the neglected stream, and wave their welcome back to commerce and the flag; but for dozens of miles not a white man is to be seen. They have either been driven off by the rebels, or are of doubtful loyalty, and deem it prudent to keep out of the way.

"There are, too, marked exceptions. Eddyville, a pleasant little river town, perched on the bluffs, some forty miles up the stream, runs up the Stars and Stripes as we approach, and grey-haired men are seen at the landing, waving their hats and shouting and cheering till the tears run down their aged cheeks. And at Canton, long before we reach the place, a rugged-featured, butternut-clothed farmer is seen on the bank, shouting till one would think him crazy. 'I've been ground down,' he yells, in an ecstasy of delight; 'I've not dared to speak a word, I've been threatened with hanging, but I knew it would all come right; glory to God, it has come!' And more shouts and ecstatic hat-waving, while the boys cheer the fine fellow as if they were splitting their throats.

"Three or four women are seen at a cabin-door waving their handkerchiefs. A soldier carefully reconnoitres, and at last announces: 'Boys, there's a gal up there that's got hoops on! Three cheers for the gal with hoops in this country!' And the 'gal with hoops' gets three stunning cheers.

"At a forlorn-looking little cabin on the other bank a woman appears, broomstick in hand, and for want of handkerchief, shakes her housewife's weapon aloft. 'God bless you,' shouts an enthusiastic old Major, who stands perched on the top of the pilot-house, 'you and your children, and your children's children forever. You're one of the right sort. Three cheers for the woman with the broomstick. Hail Columbia!' and then the old Major, unable to contain his feelings longer in mere words, goes off in a prolonged 'Youp, youp, youp!' to which the lad son deck gave lusty response.

"'Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!' defiantly pipes a good-looking, half-grown urchin, in front of a house considerably larger than its neighbors, in the door of which some ladies stand looking at the boat, but waving no handkerchief. 'O you little villain!' roars the excited Major, 'you're secession, are you? Hell is your portion, thank God! Hail Columbia!'

"At another of the larger houses a group of ladies stand looking at the boat. 'Hurrah for the Union!' yells our Major from the roof of the pilot-house. No response from the ladies. 'Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!' yells the Major again. Still no response. 'Why don't you wave your handkerchiefs?' angrily roars the Major, while the decks and guards explode with uncontrollable roars of laughter. 'Haven't you got no feelings? Secesh! Secesh! (pointing the finger, after the manner of little boys, crying shame,) Secesh! Secesh! O you villains! Hurrah for the Union! Death to rebels! Hail Columbia!' And so it goes all the way."

EPIGRAM.

The Donelson prisoners, exchanges inform us,
(This is one of the items that is not suppressed,)
Can't or won't eat the bread that they make in Chicago,
For the Flower of the South hates the flour of the West!

Pray, what would they have, these poor, ragged rebels?
What grub is the best for secesh of their station!
Give 'em rations they're used to—on corn be they fed,
For don't they belong to a Cornfederation?

—*Vanity Fair.*

ONE thousand copies of spelling-books recently exchanged for an improved series by the children in the public-schools at Worcester, Mass., have been forwarded to Fortress Monroe, at the request of the Massachusetts soldiers there, who are teaching contraband ideas how to shoot.—*Ohio Statesman*, January 11.

THE CUMBERLAND.

Magnificent thy fate!
Once Mistress of the Seas,
No braver vessel ever flung
A pennon to the breeze,
No bark e'er died a death so grand,
Such heroes never vessel manned;
Your parting broadside broke the wave
That surged above your patriot grave;
Your flag the gamest of the game,
Sank proudly with you—not in shame,
But in its ancient glory:
The mem'ry of its parting gleam
Will never fade while poets dream;
The echo of your dying gun
Will last till man his race has run,
Then live in angel story,

—*Baltimore American.*

A REBEL LETTER.—We publish an exact copy of a rebel letter sent us from Port Royal:

"OCT. THE 20 1861 Dear brother i take this present time to Rite you a fiew lines to let you know that i am well and i hope that these lines may find you all enjoying the same greate blesen i have not Drawed our money yet and i dont know When We Will Draur

eney but they give us plenty to eate But Nothing to Drink but We feel as Well as We Were half Drunk. We have had allarm here yesterday We are looking for a fight Eny Day We Dont know When We Will try our Spunk With the Yankeys if they do attact us We Will giv them sut here We have the arm strong Gun on our fort it shoots a ball a bout 18 inches long you may know that it Will Ruin the fleet if it shold hit it We have one gun that shot 125 lbs i can here them shooting Survanah evry Day Rite son and let me here from you all if you Direct your to Hilton Head Fort Wallker i must draw to a close James S Ware."—*Boston Evening Transcript*, January 7.

ADVENTURES OF DRAKE DE KAY.—From Newport News a pleasant story reaches us of the sailor-soldier Drake de Kay. He was doing some corsair-work in one of the Cumberland's launches. Drake saw his persistent foe, the Teaser, but kept on his course with a flowing sheet as he observed her steadily to leeward. She whirled quickly, however, and getting into the blaze of the afternoon sun, steamed down on Drake.

About went the launch, head on for shore—out went the oars, five in number—bang! went the Teaser's bow rifled gun—"hurrah!" yelled De Kay, and bang! went his revolver, in derisive reply to the cruiser's fire. The chase instantly got a desperate interest. At every puff of smoke from the Teaser's gun, De Kay slightly put down his helm. Nice seamanship, a quick eye, and a cool brain carried the launch safely through a fire of shots, screaming, roaring close about her, and dashing the water over the crew—the irrepressible joker hooting disrespectfully, and aggravating the Teaser with pantomime as amusing as audacious. The boat touched the river-bank. To pitch out oars, masts and sail—to draw the plug from the bottom, and to tumble out his five men, and order them up the bluff—the Teaser firing at them as they went—was the work of a moment for De Kay. To lower a boat—to tumble twelve men into her—to hand down twelve rifles to them, and to push them off, was but the work of a moment for the Teaser.

Drake, lying on his breast, with his face within the edge of the bluff, saw, and jocosely as well as audaciously resolved. He jumped up, and ran to the fence of Lee's house, close at hand, tore off six of his pickets, armed his crew, and drew them up on the edge of the bank, with their deadly arms at present. The Teaser's boat passed—and turned. The Cumberland's launch was saved, and the pleasant laugh of General Mansfield's aid-de-camp went far over the James river.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Struggling with treason—torn by civil war—

We note what greetings England sends of late,
And with what bitter words of scorn and hate
She's taught us all her friendship to abhor.

O haughty Britain! we had looked to thee

For sympathy in this our time of need,
And may not tell how grieved we are to see

That thou art swallowed up in selfish greed.

But we may tell how glad our hearts are made

To find one champion in all thy land

Who lifts his voice for us, and, heart and hand,
Does brave work for us, and is not afraid.

Because, 'mid jibes and sneers, thou durst uphold the
Right,

America doth love and honor thee—JOHN BRIGHT.

J. HAL ELLIOT.

BLACKSTONE, Mass., March, 1862.

A CHAPTER OF REBEL OUTRAGES.—The deeds of Zollicoffer's hordes are as atrocious as any committed by the rebellious Sikhs in the British Indian war, and Nena Sahib is an angel of light and mercy compared to the confederate ruffians. In proof that this assertion is no exaggeration, Mr. W. M. Green, who was compelled to leave Jamestown, Russell County, and take refuge at Columbia, writes to us from the latter place that the counties of Clinton, Wayne, and Russell are completely overrun by the confederates. Their force consists of eleven regiments of infantry and about one thousand five hundred cavalry, with eight pieces of cannon, two of which are rifled twelve-pounders.

The cavalry are ranging over the country, shooting down citizens or taking them prisoners, and taking possession of all the horses, cattle, hogs, and bed-clothes. In some instances they have compelled Union men to pull off their coats and boots, that they might appropriate them. They have taken fourteen citizens of Russell County away as prisoners; they robbed the store of John A. Leveredge, at Rowenas, of all his goods, and destroyed his books and notes to the value of eighteen thousand dollars; they plundered the store of George W. Ludwil, in Jamestown, of all the clothing it contained, and also took his horse.

In Wayne, near the line of Russell County, they violated the person of a Mrs. Dean in the presence of her father-in-law, an infirm old man aged ninety, and left her nearly dead, and committed a like fiendish act upon two sisters named Harris, and treated them so barbarously that they have since died, or rather Mr. Green has heard a report of their death. In several of our border counties half of the male inhabitants are in the Union armies. Russell, with a voting population of nine hundred and fifty, has sent five companies to the field, and about seventy more men are scattered in other commands. There are no more loyal people in the State than in the counties of Russell, Clinton, Cumberland, and Monroe, the four counties having furnished at least two thousand five hundred soldiers. These men have all been withdrawn from the protection of their homes, so that rebel marauding parties are ravaging the counties without a single soldier to oppose them.—*Louisville Journal*, January 8.

A MODEL PROCLAMATION.—The *Wheeling Intelligencer* has the following:

We are indebted to Senator Cather for an original copy of the subjoined rare contribution to the world's literature; the production of a captain of a gang of robbers and horse-thieves in the Alleghany mountains. It was found in the possession of one James R. Parsons, (familiarily known as "Tanner Jim,") who was wounded and captured somewhere near the Pendleton County line, by a company under Lieutenant F. A. Cather, of the Second Virginia, who have been scouting in that region with a view of breaking up the gang:

"this 10th day of Oct 1861

"I hear By Notify all men that dont Be long to the dry fork Company such as Robes lyres theaves and falce dispatch Barrowes that has usurped the power of the officers this dry fork Company and I all sow Notify such men Never to set foot of the soil of said Dry fork Such as Read White Blue and many other that I could name if necessary at other ways sholder thear weapon and defend this Country in which they ar leading Enmey in on us at the time Wee Need them they fley to south to Refuge and leav us to stand Be-for the miserable miscreants and herelings of the North

to purputrate thear dark deed on A portion of our country wee will oppose them with all the means that the god of Batle can place in our power But not to defende those Robes to purpitrate thear dark deeds and us stand the Blunt Now man come in this Com pany and Control them on less sent By proper Athority from them in A Command if they do the wadgeous of sin is deth And the wadeious of such is death.

"SAMPSON ELZA."

"Wadgeous" for wages is stupendous, so is the variation, "wadeious." The "god of Batle *can place* in our power" is very fine. Much depends on his ability to furnish "means," it appears. If he should chance to be hard up, it wouldn't be near so well with the "dry forkers" as if he should have plenty. Sampson is very jealous of his authority, and makes death the penalty of impertinent interference with it.

A NOBLE JERSEYMAN.—A Connecticut captain—Capt. Jackson, of the Tenth—writes the following in a letter to the *Danbury Times*:

"One man belonging to a New-Jersey regiment had both his legs shot off below the knee, yet he said he thanked God he was there, and only wished that he had more legs so that he could go again. So cheerful is he, although quite an old man, that some of the wounded getting into a dispute, he told them that if they did not stop making a noise he would get up and kick them."

A NEW READING OF AN OLD SONG.

Our army of Feds
They lost the rebs,
And couldn't tell where to find 'em;
But "let 'em alone,"
And they'll sneak home,
Leaving their guns behind 'em.

McClellan so deep
Fell fast asleep,
And thought he heard them firing:
But when he awoke
He found it a joke,
For still they were "retiring."

So up he took
His sword to go look,
Determined for to find 'em;
He'll find 'em indeed,
And he'll make the rogues bleed,
And their wounds will be all *behind* 'em!
Bo PEEP.

SINGULAR CASE.—Among the wounded soldiers in the Cairo hospital was one who was shot in the right leg, and had to have it amputated. Sympathetic action at once took place in the other limb, and at precisely the same spot where the knife had severed its fellow, a similar pain was felt. So severe did this become, that the leg was bandaged and treated as if itself were wounded.

A DRAFT AT SAVANNAH, GA.—A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, furnishes an amusing description of the scene which ensued on the occasion of a draft for four hundred men in Savannah, to complete a requisition for troops, the requisite number not having

volunteered. Fifteen hundred of the business men and mechanics of the city were drawn up in a hollow square on the parade-ground, all in a high state of excitement, when the following proceedings took place:

"The Colonel now takes his place in the centre, and from the back of a magnificent horse, in a few well-timed remarks, calls for volunteers. He said it was a shame that a Georgian should submit to be drafted, and dishonorable to a citizen of Savannah to be forced into the service of his country. He appealed to their patriotism, their pluck, and their—pelf. He told them of good clothes, good living, and fifty dollars' bounty; and on the strength of these considerations, invited everybody to walk three paces in front. Nobody did it. An ugly pause ensued, worse than a dead silence between the ticking of a conversation. The Colonel thought he might not have been heard or understood, and repeated his catalogue of persuasions. At this point one of the sides of the square opened, and in marched a company of about forty stalwart Irishmen, whom their Captain, in a loud and exultant tone, announced as the 'Mitchell Guards, we volunteer, Colonel, in a body.' The Colonel was delighted. He proposed 'three cheers for the Mitchell Guards,' and the crowd indulged not inordinately in the pulmonary exercise. The requisite number did not seem to be forthcoming, however, and the Colonel made another little speech, winding up with an invitation to the black drummer and fifer to perambulate the quadrangle and play Dixie, which they did, but they came as they went—solitary and alone; not the ghost of a volunteer being anywhere visible in the Ethiopian wake. The Colonel looked as blank as if he was getting desperate, and a draft seemed indispensable.

As a dernier resort the Colonel directed all who had excuses to advance to the centre, and submit them for examination. Did you ever see a crowd run away from a falling building at a fire, or toward a dog-fight or a street-show? If you have, you can form some idea of the tempestuous nature of the wave that swept toward the little table in the centre of the square around which were gathered the four grave gentlemen who were to examine the documents. It was a scene which, as an uninterested outsider, one could only hold his sides and laugh at. Hats were crushed, ribs punched, corns smashed, and clothes torn. Every hand held its magical bit of paper, from the begrimed digits of the individual just from a stable or a foundry, to the dainty gloved extremity of the dry goods clerk, just from his counter. Young and old, rich and poor, neat and nasty, Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Israelites, and Gentiles, all went to make up the motley mass. What a pretty lot of sick and disabled individuals there were to be sure. Swelled arms, limping legs, spine diseases, bad eyes, corns, toothaches, constitutional debility in the bread-basket, eruptive diseases, deafness, rheumatism, not well generally—these, and a thousand other complaints, were represented as variously and heterogeneously as by any procession of pilgrims that ever visited the Holy Land.

And so the day progressed, nearly ten hours being consumed in the endeavor to secure a draft. This afternoon the absentees were gathered together, and the efforts renewed, when, strange to say, every man who found the liability imminent of his being forced to enlist, protested that he was just on the point of doing so, and willingly put his name to the roll."

INCIDENTS OF WEBB'S CROSS-ROADS.—While the body of Zollicoffer lay upon the ground in front of a

Minnesota tent, surrounded by soldiers, an excited officer rode up exclaiming to the men: "What in h—l are you doing here? Why are you not at the stretchers bringing in the wounded?" "This is Zollicoffer," said a soldier. "I know that," replied the officer, "he is dead, and could not have been sent to h—l by a better man, for Col. Fry shot him—leave him and go to your work."

When the two Parrott guns were planted on the hill at Brown's house, overlooking the enemy's camp, the peculiar whir-r-r of the shells was new to our astonished darky, who, with hat off and eyes protruding, exclaimed to his sable companion: "Gosh Almighty, Sam, don't dat go howlin' trou de wilderness?"

In nearly a direct line with the course we had marched from the battle-field to the rebel works, is a bold elevation about three fourths of a mile this side of said works, on which one of our batteries was immediately planted and commenced throwing shot and shell into their camp. Several regiments had lain down upon the ground to rest from the fatigue of their march; and as the rebels answered but feebly, with two guns, their shot passed over the heads of our men. As the intervals grew longer and longer—watching the shot became a matter of amusement with them—"Secesh ball! Secesh ball!" they would cry out, while half a dozen would start and run after it—others calling out: "Run harder, or you won't overtake it." While this amusement was going on, a rabbit sprang out of a bush between the lines, when the cry, "Secesh ball! secesh ball!" and the boys took after it with better success, for they caught it.

Upon the high ground last referred to, the rebels made a brief stand half an hour before we reached it, but were driven off by a few shots from Stannard's battery. One of these six-pound shots struck a poplar tree, about two feet in diameter, directly in the centre, and some twenty feet from the General, passing entirely through the tree, tearing off splinters eight or ten feet long, and passing on "trou de wilderness." Another shot struck a tree seven or eight inches in diameter, directly beside the other, but lower down, cutting it off nearly as square as though it had been done with a saw.

Being among the first who entered the rebel fortifications, I discovered a barrel which proved to contain apple-brandy. Pulling out the *corn-cob* from the bung-hole, I turned it up and filled a canteen. While doing this, one of Bob McCook's skirmishers came in, and says: "Vat you gets there?" I replied that it appeared to be pretty fair apple-brandy; upon which the Dutchman ran to the door, calling out furiously: "Hans! Heinrich! schnapps! See, come arouse!" Upon which a dozen Dutchmen came in, and the brandy which was not spilled upon the ground, was soon transferred to their canteens. I said: "Boys, you had better look out—this is a doctor's shop, and there may be strychnine in that brandy." They paused a moment to look at each other, when one of them exclaimed, "Py Got, Hans, I tells you vat I do; I trinks some, and if it don't kill me, den you trinks"—upon which he took a long and hearty pull at his canteen, and smacking his lips a moment, said: "All right, Hans, go ahead!"

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

When o'er the land the battle brand
In Freedom's cause was gleaming,

And everywhere upon the air
 The starry flag was streaming,
 The widow cried unto her pride:
 "Go forth and join the muster
 Thank God, my son can bear a gun
 To crown his race with lustre!
 Go forth! and come again not home,
 If by disgrace o'erpowered;
 My heart can pray o'er hero's clay,
 But never clasp a coward!"

"God bless thee, boy, my pride, my joy,
 My old eyes' light and treasure—
 Thy father stood 'mid flame and blood
 To fill the freeman's measure.
 His name thy name—the cause the same,
 Go join thy soldier brothers!
 Thy blow alone protects not one,
 But thousands, wives and mothers.
 May every blessing Heaven can yield
 Upon thy arms be showered!
 Come back a hero from the field,
 But never come a coward."

LANDER.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

CLOSE his bleak eyes—they shall no more
 Flash victory where the cannon roar;
 And lay the battered sabre at his side,
 (His to the last, for so he would have died!)
 Though he no more may pluck from out its sheath
 The sinewy lightning that dealt traitors death.
 Lead the worn war-horse by the pluméd bier—
 Even his horse, now he is dead, is dear!

Take him, New-England, now his work is done.
 He fought the Good Fight valiantly—and won.
 Speak of his daring. This man held his blood
 Cheaper than water for the nation's good.
 Rich Mountain, Fairfax, Romney—he was there.
 Speak of him gently, of his mien, his air;
 How true he was, how his strong heart could bend
 With sorrow, like a woman's, for a friend:
 Intolerant of every base desire:
 Ice where he liked not; where he loved, all fire.

Take him, New-England, gently. Other days,
 Peaceful and prosperous, shall give him praise.
 How will our children's children breathe his name,
 Bright on the shadowy muster-roll of fame!
 Take him, New-England, gently; you can fold
 No purer patriot in your soft brown mould.

So, on New-England's bosom, let him lie,
 Sleeping awhile—as if the Good could die!

TO THE FOURTH NEW-JERSEY VOLUNTEERS.

BY JOHN G. DORAN, COMPANY D, FOURTH REGIMENT, NEW
 JERSEY VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—*Plains of Mexico.*

Attention give, brave volunteers,
 New-Jersey Fourth, I mean,
 To-day you're in the army here
 To view uncommon scenes.

You have left your homes and families,
 And enlisted in the cause,

To join the Union army,
 And protect our country's laws.

All things are nearly ready,
 And we soon expect to meet
 Those rebels who have trampled
 Our flag beneath their feet.

Then when amid the cannon's roar
 The heavy blows you strike
 For Union and for Liberty,
 God will protect the right.

But should you in the conflict fall,
 When victory is the cry,
 I know it will be facing them—
 A soldier's death you'll die.

Cheer up, cheer up, brave volunteers,
 Whate'er our fate may be,
 We'll stand up for that noble flag,
 Our homes and liberty.

A name you bear, brave Jersey Fourth,
 No other can excel,
 And when you to the conflict go,
 Your actions there will tell

That Jersey blood is in us still,
 And like a tide will rise,
 Whenever traitors trample on
 The flag we dearly prize.

Jerseymen, remember still,
 Our fathers with grey hair
 Fought at Monmouth and at Trenton,
 And crossed the Delaware.

With bloody feet they made their marks,
 Our liberty to gain;
 New-Jersey Fourth, the time may come
 For us to do the same.

And when this conflict's at an end,
 Shall stop the cannon's noise,
 I ever shall remember well
 The Fourth New-Jersey boys.

Oh! yes, our cause must surely win,
 That flag must float as free—
 Six hundred thousand volunteers
 Shall gain the victory.

So now farewell, brave volunteers,
 Till on the field we meet;
 May heaven bless each Jerseyman,
 Who never knows defeat.

THE DEFENDERS.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Our flag on the land and our flag on the ocean,
 An angel of peace wheresoever it goes—
 Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion.
 He angel of death it shall be to our foes!
 True to its native sky
 Still shall the eagle fly,
 Casting his sentinel glances afar—
 Though bearing the olive branch,
 Still in his talons staunch
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Hark to the sound ! there's a foe on our border—

A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom—

Freemen are rising and marching in order,
Leaving the plough, and the anvil and loom.

Rust dims the harvest sheen

Of scythe and sickle keen,

The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar,

Veteran and youth are out,

Swelling the battle-shout,

Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war.

Our brave mountain-eagles swoop from the eyrie,

Our little panthers leap from forest and plain ;

Out of the West flash the flames of the prairie,

Out of the East roll the waves of the main.

Down from their Northern shores,

Swift as Niagara pours, [its jar,

They march, and their tread wakes the earth with

Under the Stripes and Stars,

Each with the soul of Mars,

Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war.

Spite of the sword, or assassin's stiletto,

While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,

The oak of the North or the Southern palmetto

Shall shelter no foe, except in his grave.

While the Gulf-billow breaks,

Echoing the Northern lakes,

And ocean replies unto ocean afar,

Yield we no inch of land,

While there's a patriot hand

Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war

JEFF DAVIS,

ON HIS ELECTION AS PRESIDENT FOR SIX YEARS.

BY "SIGMA."

Satan was chained a thousand years,

We learn from Revelation—

That he might not, as it appears,

Longer "*deceive the nation*."

'Tis hard to say, between the two,

Which is the greater evil,

Six years of liberty, for you—

A thousand for the devil !

'Tis passing strange, if you've no fears

Of being hanged within six years !

A hundred thousand rebels' ears

Would not one half repay

The widows' and the orphans' tears,

Shed for the slain to-day :

The blood of all those gallant braves,

Whom Southern traitors slew,

Cry sternly, from their loyal graves,

For vengeance upon you ;

And, if you're not prepared to die

The death of Haman, fly, Jeff—fly !

Fly, traitor, to some lonely niche,

Far, far beyond the billow ;

Thy grave an ill-constructed ditch—

Thy sexton General Pillow.

There may you turn to rottenness,

By mortal unannoyed,

Your ashes undisturbed, unless

Your grave is known to Floyd.

He'll surely trouble your repose,

And come to steal your burial-clothes.

EPITAPH.

Pause for an instant, loyal reader.

Here lies Jeff, the great seceder.

Above, he always lied, you know,

And now the traitor lies below.

His bow was furnished with two strings,

He flattered crowds and fawned on kings ;

Repaid his country's care with evil,

And prayed to God, and served the devil.

The South could whip the Yankee nation,

So he proposed humiliation !

Their blessings were so everlasting,

'Twas just the time for prayer and fasting !

The record may be searched in vain,

From West-Point Benedict to Cain,

To find a more atrocious knave,

Unless in Cæsar Borgia's grave.

—*Boston Transcript*.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Deem not the ravished glory thine ;

Nor think the flag shall scathless wave

Whereon thou bid'st its presage shine,

Land of the traitor and the slave !

God never set that holy sign

In deathless light among his stars

To make its blazonry divine

A scutcheon for thine impious wars !

And surely as the wrong must fail

Before the everlasting right,

So surely thy device shall pale

And shrivel in the Northern Light !

Look, where its coming splendors stream !

The red and white athwart the blue,

While far above, the unconquered gleam

Of Freedom's stars is blazing through !

Hark to the rustle and the sweep,

Like sound of mighty wings unfurled,

And bearing down the sapphire steep

Heaven's hosts to help the imperilled world !

Light in the North ! Each bristling lance

Of steely sheen a promise bears ;

And all the midnight where they glance

A rosy flush of morning wears !

Yon symbol of your Southern sky

Shall surely mean but grief and loss ;

Then tremble, as ye raise on high,

In sacrilege, the Southern Cross !

O brothers ! we entreat in pain,

Take ye the unblessed emblem down !

Or purge your standard of its stain,

And join it with the Northern Crown !

—*Atlantic Monthly*.

LANDER.

A warrior to his boyhood's home

Is coming back to-day—

Ring out the merry joy-bells wide,

Bring flowers to grace his way !

Let the cannon's throat and the martial note

Send forth a glad acclaim,

And the loyal chieftain's welcome home

Be worthy of his fame !

Hang out the dear old banner where
 'Twill meet his flashing eye—
 Whose very breast hath sheltered it
 When rang the battle-cry;
 Whose valiant sword and stout right arm,
 With many a timely blow,
 Have wrought new glory for its stars,
 And crushed the haughty foe!

Alas! alas! the warrior comes,
 But not on prancing steed—
 He nevermore the cannon's roar,
 Nor bugle blast will heed;
 No glow lights up his marble cheek,
 No smile his soulless eye,
 That stout right arm is nerveless now,
 His good sword sheathed must lie!

No shouts of welcome rend the air,
 No sound the breezes swell,
 But the minute-gun and the muffled drum,
 And the mournful tolling bell.
 The warrior to his boyhood home
 Comes back in state to-day—
 But they who gloried in his name
 Can only weep and pray.

Nor rose nor laurel wreath bring now,
 But pale flowers for his bed,
 The hero hath been vanquished once!
 The lion-heart lies dead!
 The soldier's warfare all is done—
 Life's wandering marches o'er,
 God give him rest, among the blest,
 In heaven for evermore!

High on the world's heroic list
 Shall Lander's name be seen,
 And Time, among "the cherished dead,"
 Shall keep his memory green!
 The patriot's heart shall warmer glow
 When standing by his grave,
 And dearer still shall be the flag
 That Lander died to save.

PROVIDENCE, March 8, 1862.

L. D. B.

CZAR AND SERF.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

There came out word from Muscovy
 To all the Christian lands—
 That Kaiser Alexander
 Had loosed his vassals' bands;
 That the Czar of all the Russias,
 By brave and wise commands,
 Had riven the yoke from bondmen's necks,
 The shackles from their hands.
 Then all the wide world shouted—
 Wherever Christians are—
 "'Tis a noble deed this man hath done!
 All hail! the Russian Czar!"

O'er all the land of Muscovy
 Was Slavery's leprous scurf—
 Till Kaiser Alexander said:
 "Emancipate the serf!"
 Till the Czar of all the Russias
 To shapes of breathing turf
 Gave thrice ten million freemen's souls—
 A soul for every serf.

Then all the wide world shouted—
 Wherever Christians are—
 "'Tis a blessed deed this man hath done!
 God keep the Russian Czar!"

I think if he of Muscovy
 Were ruler here, this day,
 And underneath rebellion's foot
 His bleeding country lay,
 With twice three hundred thousand men
 Behind him, fierce for fray,
 He would not brook that Slavery
 Should hold him long at bay;
 With all the wide world gazing,
 Wherever Christians are—
 I am sure a DEED would soon be done
 By Russia's valiant Czar!

God knows this land, like Muscovy,
 Was rank with slavery's scurf;
 God knows it made the ruler oft
 More leprous than the serf:
 And yet, in sight of Bunker Hill,
 In sight of Vernon's turf,
 We shrink from Alexander's cry:
 "Emancipate the serf!"
 With all the wide world gazing—
 Wherever Christians are—
 We are cowering still at slavery's feet—
 Rebuked by Russia's Czar!

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

"McClernand's division, composed of Oglesby's, Wallace's and McArthur's brigades, suffered terribly. They were composed of the Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh, Eighteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Forty-fifth, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Illinois regiments."

"The Eighth, Eighteenth, Twentieth and Thirty-first Illinois regiments occupied a position above the Fort."

"The four Illinois regiments held their ground full three hours. Nearly one third had been killed and wounded. Yet the balance stood firm."

O gales that dash th' Atlantic's swell
 Along our rocky shores!
 Whose thunders diapason well
 New-England's glad hurrahs—

Bear to the prairies of the West
 The echoes of our joy,
 The prayer that springs in every breast:
 "God bless thee—Illinois!"

Oh! awful hours, when grape and shell
 Tore through th' unflinching line;
 "Stand firm, remove the men who fell,
 Close up and wait the sign."

It came at last, "Now lads the steel!"
 The rushing hosts deploy;
 "Charge, boys!"—the broken traitors reel—
 Huzza for Illinois!

In vain thy rampart, Donelson,
 The living torrent bars;
 It leaps the wall, the fort is won,
 Up go the Stripes and Stars.

Thy proudest mother's eyelids fill,
 As dares her gallant boy,
 And Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill
 Yearn to thee—Illinois.

BOSTON, February 22, 1862.

'29.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

With bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go;
And the grim-visaged colonel
With ear-rending shout
Peals forth to the squadrons
The order—"Trot out!"

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank:
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader:
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!—
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.
Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men—
The trumpet sound "Rally
To color" again.

Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain,
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND.

MARCH 7, 1862.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris cried.
Small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:
"What thing is that, I say?"
"A long-shore meeting-house adrift
Is standing down the bay!"

A frown came over Morris' face;
The strange, dark craft he knew;
"That is the iron Merrimac,
Manned by a rebel crew.

"So shot your guns, and point them straight;
Before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made."
A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this: or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed; from stem to stern
No sign of life appeared.
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
Joked—everything but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang,
Our heavy pivots roared;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her sides we poured.

God's mercy! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,
And round her leaped and danced;

Or when against her dusky hull
We struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes,
Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed
The silent monster came;
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not, no gun she fired,
Straight on our bow she bore;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas! our beautiful keen bow,
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly felt we passed!

Alas! alas! my Cumberland,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-boar!

Once more she backward drew a space,
Once more our side she rent;
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foemen lay abeam;
Her open port-holes maddened us;
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast,
We knew our time was brief,
"The pumps, the pumps!" But they who pumped,
And fought not, wept with grief.

"Oh! keep us but an hour afloat!
Oh! give us only time
To be the instruments of Heaven
Against the traitors' crime!"

From captain down to powder-boy
No hand was idle then;
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor-men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned;
And up from the sick bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay.

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling with failing breath,
To keep their shipmates at the post
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat, and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers and handspikes—
As men-of-war's-men should—
We placed within their proper racks,
And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar-deck! save yourselves!"
Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!
God grant that some of us may live
To fight yon ship again!"

We turned—we did not like to go;
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water; so we left;
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood:
"Another turn, men—so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot-gun:
"Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave
The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport;
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell
Go through an open port."

It was our last, our deadliest shot;
The deck was overflowed;
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves
Our gallant vessel rushed,
A thousand gurgling watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more.
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I cannot say
Whether I swam or sank;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak.
He turned me. There, thank God! the flag
Still fluttered at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
Oh! let that ensign fly!
The noblest constellation set
Against our northern sky.

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave;
A monument, that needs no scroll.
For those beneath the wave!

ESCAPE OF FLOYD;

OR, THE FALL OF FORT DONELSON.

BY SERGEANT ED. C. CLARK, THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT,
N. Y. S. V.

Off Donelson, when the sun was low,
Were gunboats running to and fro,
Preparing fast to strike the blow
That ended so triumphantly.

E'er the sun had fairly passed
The horizon, a tremendous blast
Of artillery, that swept them fast
From life into eternity!

Our boys stood bravely to the fight,
And in their hearts was burning bright
The fire of patriotism, shedding light
That led them on victoriously!

On our decks the carnage raging,
Plainly told the war was waging—
Still we were the foe engaging,
McClernand fighting manfully.

If Floyd and Pillow did but know
The power of their determined foe,
To whom we all great praise bestow,
For whipping them so shamefully!

Bravely fought that little fleet,
Till the distant tramp of many feet
Convinced them of the foe's retreat,
And Floyd was trembling violently!

"Pillow," says he, "what shall we do?
My legs to me have yet been true,
And I can run as fast as you!
So call your guards immediately!"

Our conquering braves were following fast,
The rebels shuddered as they passed,
And on the ground their arms they cast,
Saying: "You fight most desperately!"

The guard had come, five thousand strong,
And far *ahead* of the cowardly throng,
More spurs than *oats* to hurry him along,
Floyd was flying rapidly!

The traitor now is out of reach,
But if in our plans there is no breach,
We soon will make the rascal screech,
When by the neck he's hanging naturally!

MEMPHIS, February 26.—We learn that some of our citizens are preparing for effective service on the Tennessee River. They will go out in squads of not more than five or six. Each man is a practised shot, with a rifle at long range, and each will go prepared with not less than one hundred rounds. They will take with them nothing but ground coffee, relying upon the citizens and their guns for food. They propose in these small squads to guard the Tennessee River. They will take their opportunities from behind trees, logs, and in the narrow bends of the river, to pick off the Lincoln pilots. They can plank a Minie-ball in a sheet of foolscap paper, at a distance of six hundred yards; and we venture the assertion that such a corps of sharpshooters will be as great a terror to the enemy's boats as our gunboats were at Fort Donelson. Let each county bordering on the Tennessee River, in West-Tennessee, send a squad of such men on this duty, and the pilots will soon refuse to ascend a stream where death awaits them behind any big tree. A man may face a known or seen danger, but when he cannot divine how, from what quarter, and at what moment the arrow may be sped, he will shrink from it with an unaccountable dread.—*Memphis Avalanche*, Feb. 26.

THE PRINTERS AND THE WAR.—The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel* has given eleven men to the confederate service. None are more prompt than printers in handling the "shooting-stick."

VOL. IV.—POETRY 6

No better pluck can be found in the world than that possessed by the intelligent, rollicking printer. The *State Journal* has given to the confederate service some fifteen men.—*Raleigh (N. C.) State Journal*.

SPUNK.—Indicating the spirit which animates the Union army, is the following letter from a soldier in Col. Neill's Twenty-third regiment P. V.:

"CAMP BIRNEY, Feb. 27, 1862.

"DEAR FATHER: I write you these few lines in very great haste, to let you know that at last we are under marching orders. As you may suppose, everything is bustle and hurry. I have just been handed *one hundred rounds of cartridges and four days' rations!* Of course it is not possible for me to tell you our destination.

"The camp is in wild excitement. Cheer after cheer is going up, so rejoiced are all the boys at the probability of our meeting the rebels. I doubt not that before this reaches you I shall have my 'pack upon my back,' and be on the march to 'Dixie's land.' I am well and in the very best spirits, and, be assured, shall endeavor to do my duty in every emergency. But I can't spare another moment, except to say to all at home: give yourselves no uneasiness on my account, *for I put all my trust in God!*"

What is this but the old doctrine of Cromwell, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry"?—*Phila. Press*, March 6.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—It is rumored here that Robert Toombs is to be made a Lieutenant-General by the confederate government, and that he will make a desperate effort to invade Ohio and Pennsylvania. He would next turn his attention to the invasion of Minnesota, and call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill.—*N. Y. Commercial*, March 7.

A METHODIST minister has invented a double-chambered shell, the inner containing powder, and the outer a composition intensely inflammatory and explosive, which, when the shell bursts, consumes everything it falls upon. It is said to be a very destructive engine, and the clerical inventor is reported to have remarked, while explaining his invention at the department at Washington: "Faith, sir, I preached hell-fire and brimstone in the abstract a long time, and now I'll give 'em a little of it in the concrete form." The name of the pugnacious minister is Puffer—but, as Shakspeare says: "What's in a name?"—*Louisville Journal*, March 6.

THE GRAND NAVAL BATTLE.—The Norfolk *Day-Book* furnishes the following additional particulars in regard to the late glorious naval engagement:

As we looked up toward Newport News we saw the spars of the Cumberland above the river she had so long insolently barred; but of her consort there was not even a timber-head visible to tell her story. But this was not all she had done. The Minnesota lay there riddled like a sieve. What damage she sustained will never be known, but it must have been frightful. And within eight and forty hours she had successfully encountered—encountered, defied, and beaten—a force equal to two thousand eight hundred and ninety men and two hundred and thirty guns, as will be seen by the following table:

Congress, (burnt,)	480	men,	50	guns.
Cumberland, (sunk,)	360	"	22	"
Minnesota, (riddled,)	550	"	40	"
Roanoke, (scared off,)	550	"	40	"
St. Lawrence, (peppered,)	480	"	50	"
Gunboats, (two or three dis'd,)	120	"	6	"
Forts, (silenced,)	200	"	20	"
Eriasson,	150	"	2	"
	2890	"	230	"

Here, perhaps, in this short table is a better picture of what she did and what she dared than any word-painter, though he were a Vernet, could ever give. That some of the makers of this great piece of history may be known to the public we append a list of her officers:

ACTION OF THE EIGHTH.

Staff.—Flag-Officer, F. Buchanan; Flag-Lieut., R. D. Minor; both wounded; Secretary and Aid, Lieut. D. F. Forrest, (Army;) First Lieut. and ex-officio, C. ap R. Jones; Lieuts., C. C. Simms, first division, H. Davidson, second division, J. T. Wood, third division, J. R. Eggleston, fourth division, W. R. Butt, fifth division; Capt., R. T. Thorn, C. S. M. C., sixth division; Paymaster, Semple, shot and shell division; Fleet-Surgeon, D. B. Phillips; Assistant-Surgeon, A. S. Garnett; Chief-Engineer, W. A. Ramsey; Master, Wm. Parrish; Midshipmen, Foute, Marmaduke, (wounded,) Littlepage, Long, Craig, Rootes; Flag-Officer's Clerk, A. Sinclair; Engineers—first, Tynans; second, Campbell; third, Herring; Paymaster's Clerk, A. Ubricht; Boatswain, C. Hasker; Gunner, C. B. Oliver; Carpenter, Lindsay; Pilots, Geo. Wright, H. Williams, T. Cunyngham, W. Clark.

ACTION OF THE NINTH.

Lieut.-Commanding, Jones; First Lieut. and ex-officio, C. C. Simms; Lieut. H. Davidson, first and second divisions.

All the rest unchanged, the flag-officer, attended by his staff—one wounded, the other bearer of despatches—having left.

Capt. Kevill, with thirty volunteers from his command at Fort Norfolk, was on board during both days, and his men manned number seven gun, and gallantly served at that and several others. Capt. K. fought number seven, in Capt. Thomas's division, and shared the perils and honors of the fights.

And now we ask, is not the ship worthy her illustrious name?

TERRIBLY DECEIVED.

It is said that the captain of the Congress, on seeing the Virginia bear down toward his ship on Saturday, mustered his men, and addressed them thus: "My hearties, you see before you the great Southern bugaboo, got up to fright us out of our wits. Stand to your guns, and let me assure you that one good broadside from our gallant frigate, and she is ours!" When that broadside was poured into the Virginia, the captain in dismay witnessed its effects, and seeing it did not even faize the armor of the Virginia, he again addressed his crew, and said: "Well, my hearties, that was a terrific fire, but I have been mistaken. They have got us, unless we can give 'em Bull Run." This is said to be a positive fact, as reported by one of the prisoners on board the Congress.

On board the Cumberland, we learn that many of the crew were looking on the Virginia as she bore down upon them, and making all manner of derisive and contemptuous remarks, many of them aloud, and

within the hearing of those on board the Virginia, such as, "Well, there she comes," "What the devil does she look like?" "What in hell is she after?" "Let's look at that great secesh curiosity," etc. These remarks were cut short by a discharge from the Virginia's bow-gun, which swept from one end of the Cumberland's deck to the other, killing and wounding numbers of the poor deluded wretches; and in a few minutes after the most of the remainder of them found a watery grave from the effects of the terrible work of the object of their merriment and contempt.—*Richmond Enquirer*, March 12.

INCIDENTS OF THE FORT DONELSON FIGHT.

Immediately after the surrender, Capt. T. I. Newsham (Gen. Smith's Assistant Adjutant-Gen.) rode up to the headquarters of Gen. Buckner, where he was introduced to the rebel renegade. Capt. Newsham was mounted on a splendid white charger. Buckner, noticing the horse, inquired if he was the individual who rode that horse during the battle the day previous. Capt. N. replied yes. "Then," said Buckner, "you certainly bear a charmed life. You attracted my attention during the entire day. I ordered and saw our most experienced gunners fire at you six times from a six-pounder rifled gun, and noticed other gunners aiming at you also." Capt. Newsham informed me that two rifled ten-pound solid shots passed close by his back, between it and his horse's rump. Several passed above his head, the wind of which was felt by him. Another passed so near to his face that he felt the gust of the concussion of the air. Several others passed between his body and his horse's head, and a charge of grape passed under his horse without injuring him. The skin of his horse, however, was barked in several places, but the animal was not disabled.

When Capt. N. was riding into the Fort he discovered a very remarkable-looking gun lying near the breastworks. Near by was a rebel who had it in charge. The Captain told the rebel he would take it in charge, when the rebel told him that it was the property of his captain, named Naughton. Capt. Newsham replied that it would be safer in his hands than in those of the rebels, and giving the rebel his name, and telling him he would be responsible for it, he rode on. The gun referred to is most remarkable; it is a Turkish arm, the stock of which is of a peculiar shape and very bulky. The bands of the piece are of pure silver, inlaid with figured gold and ivory. The barrel is of Damascus steel, three quarters of an inch bore, and rifled. The gun is said to have cost eleven hundred dollars. The owner of it, Capt. Naughton, upon learning who had possession of it, Capt. Newsham having been described to him, said that Capt. N. was welcome to keep it, adding, at the same time, that he had taken deliberate aim at him with it eleven times, and had seldom before been known to miss his mark.

Quite as much astonishment may be felt at the miraculous escape of Gen. Smith, as he never for a moment screened himself from the continuous fire of the rebel cannon and musketry. It is said of him, that he was never seen to dodge a shot during the entire fight, while all the officers around him kept ducking their heads whenever the enemy's cannon belched forth their fearful messengers, but rode majestically along his lines and among his men where ball and shot and shell fell like showers of hail around him, as though some revelation had given him assurance of safety.

RUMORS AND INCIDENTS.

At one time while swinging his sword above his head, a ten-pound solid shot passed between his arm and head, another passed in such close proximity to his head as to raise his cap, and a spent grape-shot struck him in the stomach. There were fourteen mounted men, his staff, and orderlies attending upon General Smith, and, strange to relate, not one of them was hit, although men were struck down by shot and shell between their horses and on all sides of them. General Smith showed himself a true soldier in sharing the same hardships with his men, as on the night of the battle, and preceding the surrender he slept by the side of a log wrapped in his blankets without any tent to cover him from the inclemency of the weather, his feet toward his camp-fire, with the cold so intense that his blankets caught fire at his feet and burned into his boots before he felt the heat.

The following is a statement of a very remarkable and praiseworthy case of a young man attached to the Thirty-first regiment of Illinois volunteers, (Col. John A. Logan.) He received a musket-shot wound in the right thigh, the ball passing through the intervening flesh, and lodging in the left thigh. The boy repaired to the rear and applied to the doctor to dress his wound. He, however, manifested a peculiar reserve in the matter, requesting the doctor to keep his misfortune a secret from his comrades and officers. He then asked the surgeon if he would dress his wound at once, in order that he might be enabled to return to the fight. The surgeon told him that he was not in a condition to admit of his return, and that he had better go to the hospital; but the young brave insisted upon going back, offering as an argument in favor of it the fact that he had fired twenty-two rounds after receiving his wound, and he was confident he could fire as many more after his wound should be dressed. The surgeon found he could not prevent his returning to the field, so he attended to his wants, and the young soldier went off to rejoin his comrades in their struggle, and remained, dealing out his ammunition to good account until the day was over, as if nothing had happened to him. Several days after he returned to the doctor to have his wound redressed, and continued to pay him daily visits in his leisure hours, attending to duty in the mean time.

A case in some particulars not dissimilar to the above is related of a boy about eleven years old, whose father, a volunteer, had been taken prisoner by the rebels some time before. The boy smuggled himself on board one of the transports at Cincinnati, laden with troops for this point. On the field, the morning of the great fight, he joined the Seventy-eighth Ohio, and being questioned by one of the officers, he told him of his father having been taken prisoner, and, having no mother, he had no one to care for him, and he wanted to fight his father's captors. The officer tried to get him to turn back, but he was not to be denied. So he succeeded in obtaining a musket, and went into the thickest of the battle. He finally by degrees crept up within a short distance of the rebel intrenchments, and posted himself behind a tree, from which he kept firing as often as he could see a head to fire at. He was soon discovered by the enemy's sharpshooters, who endeavored to drive him away from his position, as he kept picking them off very frequently. One of the rebels who was outside of the work got sight on the boy with his rifle, but before he got his piece off, the little warrior fired, and down went Mr. rebel. As the rebel had a fine Minie-rifle, the boy ran out and picked it up, taking time to get pouch and balls, together with his knapsack, while

the bullets were flying on all sides of him, and then he retreated to his wooden breastwork, where he renewed his fire and with a little better success; and, after being in the fight all day, he returned to the Seventy-eighth at night with his prizes. This story might appear incredible for one so young to be the hero, but it is vouched for by a number of officers and men who saw the boy on the field and in the position mentioned, and many saw him shoot the rebel referred to, besides several others.

Another case very similar to the last is that of one of Birge's sharpshooters, who succeeded in getting within speaking distance of the fort, where he planted himself behind a stump, and by his unerring aim, succeeded in keeping one of their guns silent during the whole day. As fast as the men appeared to man it, they were let down by a shot from his rifle. Every effort was made to dislodge him from his death-dealing position, but without effect. He kept it until the rebels, finding it to be certain death to attempt to man the gun, completely abandoned it. This case has been presented to Gen. Grant, and will doubtless receive, as it should, special mention.

A surprising case of escape from instantaneous death is presented by one of the surgeons who was on the field during the day. A private in the Eighteenth Illinois regiment was struck in the thigh by a twelve-pound round-shell, which buried itself in the thigh, but did not explode. It was cut out on the field by Dr. Davis, Surgeon of the Eighteenth Illinois regiment. The limb was of course terribly shattered, rendering amputation necessary.

An instance of unprecedented endurance and patience occurred at the hospital on the right wing. The columns having been forced back, the hospital, which was a little up from the road, had come within range of the rebels' fire, and was fast becoming an unpleasant position, but no damage was done to it. Just about this time a poor fellow came sauntering leisurely along, with the lower part of his arm dangling from the part above the elbow, it having been struck with a grape-shot. Meeting the surgeon in the house, who was busily attending to other wounded, he inquired how long it would be before he could attend to him, and was told, in a few minutes. "All right," said the wounded man, and then walked outside and watched the progress of the battle for a short time, and then returned and waited the surgeon's opportunity to attend to him. The arm was amputated without a murmur from the unfortunate man. After the stump was bound up, the young man put his good hand into his pocket and took out a piece of tobacco, from which he took a chew, then walking over to the fire, he leaned his well arm against the mantle-piece, and rested his head against his arm, and kept squirting tobacco-juice into the fire, whilst his eyes were cast into the flames, all with the most astonishing composure, as though he was indulging in some pleasant reverie. He remained in this position for some time, and then walked off and went out of sight near where the fighting was going on.

A young man came strolling down to the transport, with one arm amputated, and in the well hand he held three chickens which he had captured. A steward of one of the boats stepped up to him and asked him if he wanted to sell the chickens. He looked at the chickens for a little while and replied, "Well, no; I had so much trouble in catching the d—d things, I believe I'll eat 'em myself;" and off he went with his fowl prisoners.

Orderly-Sergeant Charles A. Bedard, company H,

of the immortal Eleventh Illinois, was killed in the morning fight of the fifteenth inst. He was a brother of Frank W. Bedard, of the St. Charles Hotel, at Cairo. His bravery and coolness on the field during a most terrific fire from the enemy are spoken of in the most praiseworthy terms by officers and men. His only attention during the severest of the fight appeared to be in keeping his men in line, and prevent disorder in the ranks, moving along in the face of the foe, watching with a jealous care his men in charge, as on he pushed, loading, firing, and re-loading his piece.—*Louisville Journal*.

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.—The representative of a Liverpool house has engaged a number of engravers, lithographers, and copper-plate printers, to proceed to the Southern States of America. They have been engaged for three years, and are to receive each from three to six pounds per week. So secret was the whole affair managed, that none of them knew how they were to be conveyed to their destination, nor what particular "business" they were to carry out, nor who were the real employers. All they were informed was that they were to be ready to start on Friday night last, and that a certain firm in Liverpool would guarantee their wages and expenses, they having power to break the bargain at the end of any of the years. It is surmised that they are to be employed in a confederate states government printing-office, to print paper-money.—*North-British Mail*, Feb. 1862.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—An example of almost superhuman endurance and spirit, as related by Dr. Voorhies, of Mississippi, a gentleman far too intelligent and skilful to be engaged in such a cause otherwise than in alleviating its miseries, is as follows:

"When at the bombardment of Fort Henry, a young Wisconsin boy, who had by some means been made a prisoner, had his arm shattered by a ball from our gunboats, he was taken to one of the huts, where Dr. Voorhies attended to him. He had just bared the bone, when an enormous shell came crashing through the hut. The little fellow, without moving a muscle, talked with firmness during the operation of sawing the bone, when another went plunging close by them. The doctor remarked that it was getting too hot for him, and picked the boy up in his arms, and carried him into one of the bomb-proofs, where the operation was completed. The only answer of the Northerner was: 'If you think this hot, it will be a good deal too hot for you by and by.' 'And,' says the Doctor, 'I should like to see that boy again. He is the bravest little fellow I ever saw.'"—*Louisville Journal*, March 6.

A YOUNG HERO.—The eyes of a youth but twenty-one years of age, by name W. N. Bullard, of company A, Eighth Illinois regiment, were closed in death yesterday morning, at the Marine Hospital in this city, by the tender hands of that noble-hearted and faithful woman, Mrs. Caldwell, who has been unwearied in her personal attention to the sick and wounded since the establishment of the Marine as a military hospital for its present purpose. Young Bullard was shot in the breast at Fort Donelson. The ball, a Minie, tore his breast open, and lacerated an artery. He bled internally as well as externally. At every gasp, as his end drew near, the blood spirted from his breast. He ex-

pired at nine o'clock. Early in the day, when he became fully aware that he could not live long, he showed that he clung to life, and was loth to leave it; but he cried: "If I could only see my mother—if I could only see my mother before I die, I would be better satisfied." He was conscious to the last moment, almost, and after reminding Mrs. Caldwell that there were several letters for his mother in his portfolio, she breathed words of consolation to him: "You die in a glorious cause—you die for your country." "Yes," replied he, "I am proud to die for my country."—*Cincinnati Commercial*, March 5.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

WE are a band of brothers, and natives to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose
near and far:

Hurrah for the bonnie Blue Flag that bears the single star!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights
to mar,

We hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag that bears the single star.

First, gallant South-Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida—
All raised the flag, the bonnie Blue Flag that bears
a single star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight.
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen
are;

Now rally round the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her
fate.

Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy; strong we are and brave.

Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;

So cheer for the bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North-Carolina now have both gone
out;

And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given.
The single star of the bonnie Blue Flag has grown to
be eleven!

THE SOUTHERN WAGON.*

Come, all ye sons of freedom, and join our Southern band;
We're going to fight the enemy, and drive them from our land.
Justice is our motto, Providence our guide,
So jump in the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS.

Oh! wait for the wagon,
The dissolution;
The South is our wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Secession is our watchword, our rights we all demand,
And to defend our firesides we pledge our hearts and hand.
Jeff Davis is our President, with Stephens by his side;
Brave Beauregard, our general, will join us in the ride.

Our wagon is plenty big enough, the running-gear is good;
It's stuffed around with cotton, and made of Southern wood,
Carolina is our driver, with Georgia by her side,
Virginia will hold her flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

There are Tennessee and Texas also in the ring;
They wouldn't have a government where cotton wasn't king.
Alabama and Florida have long ago replied;
Mississippi and Louisiana are anxious for the ride.

Missouri, North-Carolina, and Arkansas are slow;
They must hurry, or we'll leave them, and then what will they do?

There's Old Kentucky and Maryland won't make up their mind;
So I reckon, after all, we'll take them up behind.

The Tennessee boys are in the field, eager for the fray;
They can whip the Yankee boys three to one, they say;
And when they get in conflict, with Davis by their side,
They'll pitch into the Yankee boys, and then you'll see them slide.

Our cause is just and holy, our men are brave and true;
We'll whip the Lincoln cut-throats, is all we have to do.
God bless our noble army; in him we all confide;
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

THE DEBT.

Remember, men of Maryland,
You have a debt to pay—
A debt which years of patience
Will never wear away;
Which must be paid at last, although
Our dearest blood it cost—
A debt which *shall* be paid unto
The very uttermost.

We owe for confidence betrayed
By those we trusted best;

The sword we gave them to refund
They turned against our breast;
For spies that noted down our words
The while they shared our bread;
For hounds that even dared disturb
The quiet of the dead.

We owe for all the love they lied,
The wolfish hate they showed;
For all those glittering bayonets
That meet us on the road;
For black suspicion, deadlier far
Than flash of Northern swords;
For treason threatened at our hearths,
And poison at our boards.

For many a deed of darkness done
Beneath their "Stripes and Stars;"
For women outraged in their homes,
And fired on in the cars;
For those black tiers of cannon trained
To bear on Baltimore.
We owe for friends in prison kept,
And Davis* in his gore.

Wrongs such as these—ay, more than these—
Make up our fearful debt,
And many a gallant heart has sworn
It shall be settled yet.
Each moment near and nearer brings
That solemn reckoning day;
And when it comes—and when it comes,
Remember—and repay!

CIVILE BELLUM.

"In this fearful struggle between North and South, there are hundreds of cases in which fathers are arrayed against sons, brothers against brothers."—*American Paper*.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot,
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball on the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah! captain, here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
There's music around when my barrel's in tune."
Crack! went the rifle; the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first
blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond-stud."

"O captain! I staggered and sunk in my track,
When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette;
For he looked so like you as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold—
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket—'tis she.
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—hush! soldier, 'twas heaven's
decree;
We must bury him there by the light of the moon!

* See Poetry and Incidents, Vol. III, p. 67.

* One of the privateersmen.

"But hark! the far bugles their warning unite;
 War is a virtue—weakness a sin;
 There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
 Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!

FROM THE ONCE UNITED STATES.

—*London Once a Week.*

JUSTICE IS OUR PANOPLY.

BY DE G.

Copy of verses found in a pocket-book picked up by a private of the Fifth regiment, Zouaves, U. S. A. There was no date attached to them.

We're free from Yankee despots,
 We've left the foul mudsills,
 Declared for e'er our freedom—
 We'll keep it spite of ills.

Bring forth your scum and rowdies,
 Thieves, vagabonds, and all;
 March down your Seventh regiment,
 Battalions great and small.

We'll meet you in Virginia,
 A Southern battle-field,
 Where Southern men will never
 To Yankee foemen yield.

Equip your Lincoln cavalry,
 Your NEGRO *light*-brigade,
 Your hodmen, boot-blacks, tinkers,
 And scum of every grade.

Pretended love for negroes
 Incites you to the strife;
 Well, come each Yankee white man
 And take a negro wife.

You'd make fit black companions,
 Black heart joined to black skin;
 Such *unions* would be glorious—
 They'd make the devil grin.

Our freedom is our panoply—
 Come on, you base *black*-guards,
 We'll snuff you like wax-candles,
 Led by our Beauregards.

P. G. T. B. is not alone,
 Men like him with him fight;
 God's providence is o'er us,
 He will protect the right.

WE'LL BE FREE IN MARYLAND.

BY ROBERT E. HOLTZ.

AIR—*Gideon's Band.*

The boys down South in Dixie's land,
 The boys down South in Dixie's land,
 The boys down South in Dixie's land,
 Will come and rescue Maryland.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band,
 Here's my heart and here's my hand,
 If you will join the Dixie band,
 We're fighting for a home.

The Northern foes have trod us down,
 The Northern foes have trod us down,
 The Northern foes have trod us down,
 But we will rise with true renown.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band, etc.

The tyrants they must leave our door,
 The tyrants they must leave our door,
 The tyrants they must leave our door,
 Then we'll be free in Baltimore.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band, etc.

These hirelings they'll never stand,
 These hirelings they'll never stand,
 These hirelings they'll never stand,
 Whenever they see the Southern band.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band, etc.

Old Abe has got into a trap,
 Old Abe has got into a trap,
 Old Abe has got into a trap,
 And he can't get out with his Scotch cap.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band, etc.

Nobody's hurt is easy spun,
 Nobody's hurt is easy spun,
 Nobody's hurt is easy spun,
 But the Yankees caught it at Bull Run.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band, etc.

We rally to Jeff. Davis true,
 Beauregard and Johnston too;
 Magruder, Price, and General Bragg,
 And give three cheers for the Southern flag.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band, etc.

We'll drink this toast to one and all,
 Keep cocked and primed for the Southern call;
 The day will come, we'll make the stand,
 Then we'll be free in Maryland.

CHORUS.—If you will join the Dixie band, etc.

January 30, 1862.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

(IN ADVANCE OF ALL COMPETITORS.)

BY A "SOUTHERN RIGHTS" MAN.

I come at the people's mad-jority call,
 To open the Nation's quarternary ball,
 And invite black and white to fall into ranks
 To dance a State jig on Republican planks.

I'll fiddle like Nero when Rome was on fire,
 And play any tune that the people desire.
 So let us be merry—whatever the clatter be—
 Whilst playing: "O dear! O me! what can the matter be?"

I've made a great speech for the people's diversion,
 And talked about billet-doux, love, and coërcion;
 Of the spot I was born, of the place I was reared,
 And the girl that I kissed on account of my beard.

I'll settle the tariff—there's no one can doubt it—
 But, as yet, I know nothing or little about it;
 And as for those Southerners' bluster and clatter,
 I know very well that there's nothing the matter.

You've oft heard repeated those wonderful tales
 Of my beating a giant in splitting up rails;
 And ere I left home—you know the fact is true—
 That I beat a small Giant at politics, too.

Should it now be the will of the NORTH and the FATES,
 I can do it up BROWN by the splitting of States;
 And then when the State-splitting business fails,
 I'll resume my old trade as a splitter of rails.

BALTIMORE, April 23, 1861.

—*Baltimore Republican.*

INCIDENTS OF FORT DONELSON.—After the surrender, when the prisoners were being congregated for transportation to Cairo and other points, before all had been disarmed, an attempt was made to assassinate one of our officers, Major Mudd, of the Second Illinois cavalry, who was shot in the back by some of the rebels. The case being reported to Gen. Grant, an order was immediately issued for disarming all rebels, including the side-arms of their officers. Upon learning this order, Buckner, the chivalrous, repaired to the headquarters of Gen. Grant, and in insolent tones demanded to know if such an order had been issued. Upon being informed that it had, he launched off into a strain of furious invectives, in which he charged that the order was barbarous, inhuman, and brutal, and at variance with rules of civilized warfare.

The man was permitted to indulge in his raving to an extravagant extent, because he was a prisoner, without any reply from Gen. Grant. Capt. Rawlins, A. A. Gen., finally replied to Buckner by stating the before-mentioned reason for depriving the officers of their side-arms. Gen. Grant then turning to Buckner, said: "Gen. Buckner, it was not my intention to have said anything in relation to this matter, and thus to have spared your feeling of pride and shame, but as Capt. Rawlins has thought proper to introduce the reasons, I will conclude them. You have dared to come here to complain of my acts without the right to offer an objection. You do not appear to remember that your surrender was unconditional, yet, if we compare the acts of the different armies in this war, how will yours bear inspection? You have cowardly shot my officers in cold blood. As I rode over the field of action I saw the dead of my army brutally insulted by your men, their clothing stripped off of them, and their bodies exposed without the slightest regard for common decency. Humanity has seldom marked your course whenever our men have been unfortunate enough to fall into your hands. At Belmont your authorities disregarded all the usages of civilized warfare; my officers were crowded into cotton-pens with my brave soldiers and then thrust into prison, whilst your officers were permitted to enjoy their parole and live at our hotel. Your men are given the same fare as my own, and your wounded received our best medical attention. These are incontrovertible facts, which do not look well in contrast with the course of the Federals. I have simply taken this precaution to disarm your officers and men, because necessity compelled me to do so for the protection of my own from further assassination." While this catalogue of wrongs was being recited, Gen. Buckner hung his head, dejected by the words of truth and abashed by the frown of power. He did not deign to reply, but skulked off like one who had begun to feel the awakening of a benumbed conscience. The same evening, however, he made a speech to his men, before taking their departure, in which he made complimentary reference to the kind treatment all had received at the hands of Gen. Grant, his officers, and men.

A Lieut.-Col. Brandon, of a Tennessee regiment, who was wounded in the battle of Saturday, had escaped to a point four miles distant, where he lay suffering from the effects of his wounds. Information to this effect was transmitted to Gen. Grant, who gave permission to the senior rebel surgeon here, attending to their wounded, to send assistance to the wounded man. Accordingly Dr. Griffin, the confederate medical director, detailed three surgeons, namely, Drs.

Patterson, Westmoreland, and one other, to go to the relief of Col. Brandon, and Gen. Grant being deluded by the extravagant belief that these men had sufficient regard for the honor of their profession, if not for themselves, to return, they were suffered to depart without having been put upon their parole.

These three inhuman butchers left in the afternoon, and, arriving at a house near Belwood Furnace, about one mile from where the wounded officer lay, they procured lodgings for the night, shaved off their beards, and in the morning by daylight ignominiously went away, without even calling upon the wounded officer. Learning of their escape, Dr. Brinton, acting medical director, attached to Gen. Grant's staff, went up to see the Colonel, and found him suffering from nine bullet-wounds received in the left leg, between the ankle and the knee. His wounds were dressed at once, and every care taken of the unfortunate man.—*Louisville Journal*.

A PARODY—AFTER LEIGH HUNT.

BY UPSON DOWNS.

Jefferson Davis (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke one night with ague in his knees;
Seeing within the moonlight of his room
A female form, resplendent as the moon;
Columbia, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding brass had made the Davis bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look all dignity and calm,
Answered: "The names of those who love our
Uncle Sam."
"And is mine one?" said Davis. "Nay, not so,"
Replied Columbia. Davis spake more low,
But clearly still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me the names of those who hate their fellow-
men."
Columbia wrote and vanished. The next night
She came again, with her new list all right,
And showed the names humanity detest,
And lo! Jeff Davis' name led all the rest.

GENERAL FLOYD.—This brave and gallant man, after his brilliant but unsuccessful defence of Fort Donelson, retreated with a portion of his brigade to Nashville. Upon his arrival in that place, he was enthusiastically welcomed by the citizens, and in response to the calls of an immense crowd who visited him at his quarters, spoke as follows: "This," said Gen. F., "is not the time for speaking, but for action. It was time for every man now that loved his country to enlist in the army and for the war. Not a day ought to be lost." He spoke feelingly of the fight at Fort Donelson, where only ten thousand effective men fought for four days and nights against a force of forty thousand of the enemy. But nature could not hold out any longer—men required rest, and after having lost over one third of his gallant force he was compelled to retire, not, however, without leaving over one thousand dead of the enemy on the field. He spoke in high terms of Gen. Sidney Johnston, whom he said had not slept a wink in three nights, and also that his plan was a wise one to entice the enemy to our mountain fastnesses away from the water-courses, and then to drive him back and carry the war into his own country.—*Lynchburg Republican, February*.

A COLONEL ON GUARD.—A lieutenant in one of the Ohio regiments was making a detail of men to guard a lot of army stores captured from the enemy. He approached a crowd of men all wearing overcoats, such as Uncle Sam gives his boys, and selected four or five for special duty. It happened that Lieut.-Col. Gazley, of the Thirty-seventh Indiana, was in the crowd, and was selected by the lieutenant. This was fun for the Colonel, and without a word he shouldered his gun and went to his post of duty. Not long afterward the lieutenant, going his rounds, discovered by the firelight the bugle upon Gazley's cap. He rather authoritatively inquired where he got that bugle? The Colonel said he "must have picked up an officer's cap somewhere," and the lieutenant passed on.

The Colonel stood his turn all night long, and was found in the morning walking his post. Having laid off his overcoat, his shoulder-straps appeared very conspicuously in connection with the musket on his shoulder. As soon as the lieutenant discovered a Colonel on guard, he approached him and courteously inquired how he came to be there upon guard? "Well, sir, you placed me here." With no little agitation the lieutenant inquired who he was? "My name is Carter Gazley, and I am Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-seventh Indiana regiment." The Colonel was speedily "released," but the lieutenant is not yet relieved from his embarrassment.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE'S HABITS.—We have just had an interview with a gentleman of high character, who lives in Hopkinsville. He says that he heard a lieutenant in the rebel army speak of John C. Breckinridge as a common drunkard. His intoxication was so frequent, that he was hardly ever able to perform his official duties. On one occasion, a party of soldiers were sent to destroy some liquors in a grogery, but Breckinridge ordered the liquor to be brought to his quarters, when he indulged in a drunken revel. When his command was ordered to march on Rochester, on Green River, he pretended to have rheumatism so badly that he had to stay behind at Russellville, dead drunk. The rebel lieutenant added that the confederates had lost all confidence in him, and regarded him with mingled distrust and contempt. Alas for human ambition and folly! A few brief months ago, and he seemed the petted child of fortune, and to-day he is a detested and despised traitor, grovelling in the very gutter of disgrace.—*Louisville Journal*.

EFFECT OF SHOT ON THE MONITOR.—The following extract of a letter from Paymaster Keeler, describes the effect of the Merrimac's shot upon the Monitor:

UNITED STATES STEAMER MONITOR,
HAMPTON ROADS, March 11, 1862.

The Merrimac's projectiles were mostly percussion-shells, fired from ten or eleven-inch rifled pieces. Twenty-three shots struck us, including two from the Minnesota, which, during the engagement, fired over our heads. The deepest indentation on our turret was two and one half inches, produced by a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound percussion-shell fired at a distance of twenty feet perpendicular with the side. Our deck received four shot, making slight depressions. One shot struck us on the angle formed by the deck and side, tearing up the iron-plating about one third the width of a sheet, starting the bolts and splintering the wood a little. Three or four others struck us just

above the water-line, with no other effect than making indentations of two inches.

The pilot-house received one shot on one of the upper corners, nearly battering it down. A little later in the action, however, a heavy shell was thrown from the distance of about fifteen feet against the front, at an angle of about thirty degrees, striking the two upper bars, just at the look-out crack, the main force being on the lower of the two, forcing it in about an inch and opening a crack of one fourth of an inch on the opposite side. She twice attempted to open a hole in our side with her ram, as she did the Cumberland, once striking us fairly on our beam, nearly abreast of the turret, jarring us somewhat, and leaving a small dent on our iron side. Our hull remains perfectly tight, and the turret, notwithstanding the severe hammering, revolves as accurately and easily as when we left New-York.

We experienced a severe gale on our way down, coming through it safely. That and our trial with the Merrimac prove the Monitor, we think, a success.

W. F. KEELER,

A. A. Paymaster.

TO THE UNION SOLDIER.

Brave soldier, hail! the winter's o'er,
And Southern soil's well drenched with gore.
Thy blood-stained banners, how they wave
O'er Zollicoffer's men and grave!
O'er Donelson, and Henry too,
The tri-colored red, white, and blue
To every breeze is wide unfurled,
Declaring victory to the world.
Clarksville has fallen—Roanoke
Has yielded to the mighty stroke;
And Richmond, Treason's central grounds,
Is suffering from her sister's wounds.
Her pulse is sluggish, stagnant, slow,
And when the coming potent blow
Is struck, she'll stagger, reel and fall,
And Davis with it, treason, all.
Then where's that fancied paradise,
Those fields luxuriant, cotton, rice;
Those verdant lawns; elysian plains;
Embowered shrines; pierian strains;
That constitution, moulded in time,
To suit the South and Southern clime;
Those petticoated belles and maids,
Who scoff to shame the Yankee trades;
And all that fancy-gilded scheme,
The South-Carolinian's golden dream?
Where, where, bold soldier, tell us where,
When spring is breathing summer's air.
Where have the mighty thousands bled?
Where was the hero's blood not shed?
Where is that flag you bore away,
The symbol of a bloody day?
Tell us, brave soldier, does it wave
Still o'er the land, the free, the brave?

—*Baltimore American*, March 14.

HONOR TO THE SECOND IOWA.—The following despatch from Major-Gen. Halleck, is honor enough for the Iowa Second:

ST. LOUIS, February 19, 1862.

Adjutant-Gen. N. B. Baker:

The Second Iowa infantry proved themselves the bravest of the brave! They had the honor of leading the column which entered Fort Donelson.

H. W. HALLECK,

Major-General.

An Iowa regiment has a rule that any man who utters an oath shall read a chapter in the Bible. It is said that several have got nearly through the Old Testament.—*Dubuque Times*.

FLOYD.—Capt. Villiam Brown Eskerrie, in the *New-York Mercury*, thus brings "alliteration's artful aid" to the immortality of Floyd in verse:

Felonious Floyd, far-famed for falsifying,
Forever first from Federal forces flying,
From fabrications fanning fortune's fame,
Finds foul fugacity factitious fame.

Fool! facile fabler! fugitive flagitious!
Fear for futurity, filcher fictitious!
Fame forced from folly, finding fawners fled,
Feeds final failure—failure fungus-fed.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF PEA-RIDGE.—One of the Ninth Missouri was so enraged on the second day, seeing his brother, a member of the same regiment, horribly butchered and scalped, that he swore vengeance against the Indians, and for the remainder of the day devoted his attention entirely to them, concealing himself behind trees and fighting in their fashion. An excellent marksman, he would often creep along the ground to obtain a better range, and then woe to the savage who exposed any part of his body. When he had shot an Indian he would shout with delirious joy: "There goes another red-skin to h—l. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes, and d—n all Indians!" Though ever following the wily foe, and though fired upon again and again, he received not a scratch; and on his return to camp, after night-fall, bore with him nine scalps of aboriginal warriors, slain by his own hand to avenge his brother's death.

A German soldier in the Thirty-fifth Illinois met with two very narrow escapes in fifteen minutes, while Gen. Carr's division was contending so vigorously against the enemy in Cross-Timber Hollow. He wore ear-rings for the benefit of his eyes, and a musket-ball cut one of them in two (the broken segments still remaining) and passed into the shoulder of the second lieutenant of the company. Ten minutes after, during a temporary lull in the strife, while the German was relating the story of his escape, a bullet whistled by carrying the other ring with it, and abrading the skin of his ear without doing further harm. Such are the vagaries of fate, and the mysterious shiftings on the battle-field between life and death.

One of the Texas soldiers was advancing with his bayonet upon a lieutenant of the Ninth Iowa, whose sword had been broken. The officer saw his intention, avoided the thrust, fell down at his foeman's feet, caught hold of his legs, threw him heavily to the ground, and before he could rise drew a long knife from his adversary's belt and buried it in his bosom. The Texan, with dying grasp, seized the lieutenant by the hair, and sank down lifeless, bathing the brown leaves with his blood. So firm was the hold of the nerveless hand that it was necessary to cut the hair from the head of the officer before he could be freed from the corpse of the foe.

Presentiments on the battle-field often prove prophetic. Here is an instance: While Col. Osterhaus was gallantly attacking the centre of the enemy on the second day, a sergeant of the Twelfth Missouri requested the captain of his company to send his wife's portrait, which he had taken from his bosom, to her

address in St. Louis, with his dying declaration that he thought of her in his last moments. "What is that for?" asked the captain. "You are not wounded, are you?" "No," answered the sergeant; "but I know I shall be killed to-day. I have been in battle before, but I never felt as I do now. A moment ago I became convinced my time had come, but how, I cannot tell. Will you gratify my request? Remember, I speak to you as a dying man." "Certainly, my brave fellow, but you will live to a good old age with your wife. Do not grow melancholy over a fancy or a dream." "You will see," was the response. The picture changed hands. The sergeant stepped forward to the front of the column, and the captain perceived him no more. At the camp-fire that evening the officer inquired for the sergeant. He was not present. He had been killed three hours before by a grape-shot from one of the enemy's batteries.

While the fight was raging about Miser's farmhouse on the ridge on Friday morning, a soldier belonging to the Twenty-fifth Missouri and a member of a Mississippi company became separated from their commands, and found each other climbing the same fence. The rebel had one of those long knives made of a file, which the South has so extensively paraded, but so rarely used, and the Missourian had one also, having picked it up on the field. The rebel challenged his enemy to a fair, open combat with the knife, intending to bully him, no doubt, and the challenge was promptly accepted. The two removed their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and began. The Mississippian had more skill, but his opponent more strength, and consequently the latter could not strike his enemy, while he received several cuts on the head and breast.

The blood began trickling down the Unionist's face, and running into his eyes almost blinded him. The Union man became desperate, for he saw the secessionist was unhurt. He made a feint; the rebel leaned forward to arrest the blow, but employing too much energy, he could not recover himself at once. The Missourian perceived his advantage, and knew he could not lose it. In five seconds more it would be too late. His enemy glared at him like a wild beast, was on the eve of striking again. Another feint; another dodge on the rebel's part, and then the blade of the Missourian hurled through the air and fell with tremendous force upon the Mississippian's neck. The blood spirted from the throat, and the head fell over, almost entirely severed from the body. Ghastly sight, too ghastly even for the doer of the deed! He fainted at the spectacle, weakened by the loss of his own blood, and was soon after butchered by a Seminole, who saw him sink to the earth.

On Saturday morning a body of three or four hundred Indians was discovered on the north side of Sugar Creek, below the curve of a hill, firing from thick clusters of post-oaks into three or four companies of Arkansas soldiers, marching in McCulloch's division toward the upper part of the ridge. The Major of the battalion seeing this, hallooed out to them that they were firing upon their own friends, and placed his white handkerchief on his sword and waved it in the air.

The Indians either did not see or did not care for the flag of truce, but poured two volleys into the Arkansans, killing among others the Major himself. The presumption then was that the Cherokees had turned traitors, and the secession soldiers were immediately ordered to charge upon them. They did so, and for an hour a terrible fight ensued among the oaks between them and their late savage allies, in

which it is stated some two hundred and fifty were killed and wounded on both sides. The Indians suffered severely, as they were driven from their hiding-places and shot and butchered without mercy. A person who witnessed this part of the fight says it was the most bloody and desperate that occurred on the field, being conducted with the most reckless and brutal energy by the two parties, of whom it would be difficult to say which was the most barbarous. On the dead savages were found, in some instances, two or three scalps fastened to their belts by thongs of leather.

PACIFIC MACARONICS.

SEWARD, qui est Rerum cantor
Publicarum, atque Lincoln,
Vir excelsior, mitigantur—
A delightful thing to think on.

Blatat Plebs Americana,
Quite impossible to bridle.
Nihil refert; navis cana
Brings back Mason atque Slidell.

Scribit nunc amœne Russell;
Lætus lapis* claudit fiscum;
Nunc finitur omnis bustle.
Slidell—Mason—pax vobiscum!
—*London Press.*

HOW THE BATTLE OF PEA-RIDGE WAS WON.—A private letter from the West contains the following interesting paragraph:

"The battle of Pea-Ridge was the best fighting during the war. It was not generalship but soldiership that won it. At the close of the second day all the leading officers except Sigel and Dodge were disheartened, and regarded a surrender as a foregone conclusion. But the *men* had just got up to the right pitch, and, around the camp-fires on that weary night, they did not have the faintest idea of being whipped, but universally said: 'To-morrow we will finish up this business and whip these fellows out.' So they did, through clear Northern pluck, and nothing else."—*Boston Transcript*, April 12.

DEATH OF BEN MCCULLOCH.—The rebel chief was struck by a Minie rifle-ball in his left breast, but lived several hours after. A letter from the camp says:

"He died of his wounds about eleven o'clock the same night, though he insisted that he would recover—repeatedly saying, with great oaths, that he was not born to be killed by a Yankee.

"A few minutes before he expired, his physician assured him he had but a very brief time to live. At this Ben looked up incredulously, and saying, 'O hell!' turned away his head and never spoke after."—*Lansing Republican*, April 2.

SKEDADDLE.—This word, much used by correspondents in describing the hasty and disorderly flight of the rebels, may be easily traced to a Greek origin. The word *skedannumi*, of which the root is *skeda*, is used both by Thucydides and Herodotus to describe the dispersion of a routed army. (See Thucydides, IV., 56, 112, and Herodotus, V., 102.)

* The scholiast suggests Gladstone.

The last-named historian, in the passage referred to, after giving an account of an engagement at Ephesus between the Persians and the Ionians, in which the latter were defeated with great slaughter, says: "Those who escaped from this battle were scattered (Greek, *eskedasthesan*) [skedaddled] throughout the different cities."

From the root *skeda*, of the word *eskedasthesan*, first aorist indicative passive of *skedannumi*, the word skedaddle is formed by simply adding the euphonious termination *dle*, and doubling the *d*, as required by the analogy of our language in such words. In many words of undoubted Greek extraction, much greater changes are made.

Horace in his Art of Poetry, in reference to forming new words, says:

"Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba, fidemsi,
Græco fonte cadunt, parce detorta."

"New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
If from a Grecian source they gently stream."

May not this word, then, so expressive at least as it falls upon the ear, become incorporated into our language and obtain the sanction of good usage?

ROSS COUNTY, OHIO.

SEWOL.

UNION VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT-SALOON, PHILA.—On the breaking out of the rebellion, and only a few days after the President's proclamation was issued, Pennsylvania troops began to arrive in our city on their way to the capital, and were detained for a short time at the Baltimore Depot, Broad and Pine streets, where they were liberally entertained by the citizens in that vicinity. Soon after this, troops from other States began to arrive in rapid succession at Washington-street wharf—many of them suffering from want of food. The citizens who lived in the neighborhood threw open their houses to them, while others procured what they could, and entertained them on the pavements—in this way causing a scarcity of provisions, and forcing many a poor man to go to his daily work without his accustomed meal. Mr. Bazilla S. Brown, seeing the willingness of all to contribute, felt the necessity of concentrating their efforts. He received as a donation from Savery & Co. a thirty-gallon boiler, and placed it in a yard near the S. W. corner of Washington and Swanson streets, where he erected a rough table, from which sandwiches and coffee were served out to the soldiers.

On the twenty-seventh day of May, 1861, the Volunteer Refreshment Committee was organized. They procured the Boat-Shop, where they have since made additions for extending the tables, and ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded. Through the liberality of the citizens of Philadelphia, they have been enabled to furnish a meal to all who apply, having at present accommodation for four hundred and fifty at one time. Those in charge of the tables have become so expert that they can clear and re-set them in ten minutes after the soldiers have finished.

We have forty basins with spigots attached, where each soldier can wash, and fill his canteen with pure Fairmount water. We also have a room and accommodation for writing, where over one hundred and fifty letters have been written and mailed during one night. By the liberality of the *Press*, we are enabled to furnish many with the latest news, which is often eagerly read at the table before the meal.

A few days since, *seven barrels* of coffee, with a meal for our portion of thirty-three hundred volunteers, were given out between the hours of two and seven

o'clock A.M. This was in addition to the doings, on that morning, of the "*Cooper-Shop*" on Otsego street. Over five thousand men have been provided with a meal in twenty-eight hours' time, at this saloon alone. Up to this date, (Dec. 1861,) some five hundred sick and wounded have been cared for—many for weeks, at private houses, by ladies connected with this saloon. About one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers have been provided with a meal since the organization of the committee.

They have never asked or received any aid from City, State, or United States Government—this institution being kept up solely by the voluntary contributions of the citizens of Philadelphia. The time and labor of the committee is all volunteered, and their duties, though arduous, have been and will be cheerfully met. The Union soldier may be sure of receiving a hearty welcome in the "*City of Brotherly Love*," and a "*God speed*" on his way to uphold our glorious flag—the *Star-Spangled Banner*—

"Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Officers.—Chairman, Arad Barrows; Recording Secretary, J. B. Wade; Treasurer, B. S. Brown; Steward, J. T. Williams; Physician, E. Ward; Corresponding Secretary, Robt. R. Corson.

Committee of Gentlemen.—Arad Barrows, Bazilla S. Brown, Joseph B. Wade, Isaac B. Smith, Sr., Erasmus W. Cooper, Job T. Williams, John W. Hicks, George Flomerfelt, John Krider, Sr., Isaac B. Smith, Jr., Charles B. Grieves, James McGlathery, John B. Smith, Curtis Myers, Dr. Eliab Ward, Chris. Powell, Capt. W. S. Mason, Charles S. Clampitt, Leopold M. J. Lemmens, D. L. Flanagan, Richard Sharp, Chs. H. Kingstons, Robert R. Corson.

Committee of Ladies.—Mrs. Mary Grover, Mrs. Hannah Smith, Mrs. Priscilla Grover, Miss Sarah Holland, Mrs. Margaret Boyer, Mrs. Eliza J. Smith, Mrs. Anna Elkinton, Mrs. Ellen B. Barrows, Mrs. Mary L. Field, Mrs. Ellen J. Lowry, Mrs. Martha V. R. Ward, Mrs. Eliza Plumer, Mrs. Emily Mason, Mrs. Mary Green, Miss Catharine Baily, Mrs. Eliza Helmbold, Miss Amanda Lee, Mrs. Elizabeth Horton, Mrs. Sarah Femington, Mrs. Kate B. Anderson, Miss Anna Grover, Miss Martha B. Krider, Miss Annie Field, Miss Mary Grover, Mrs. Mary A. Cassedy.

THE CHANT OF TREASON!

BY HENRY BERGH.

When suspicion is lulled, when confidence reigns,
When daylight departs, and darkness attains;
When innocence sleeps and honor reposes,
When industry rests on its pillow of roses;
When the justice of man is drugged with deceit,
And the plans of the traitor are all complete—

Then—goblet on high,
Hark! to his mad cry:
Hurrah! here's success to bold Treason!

What though that ancient and world-honored State,
Whose laws both protect the small and the great,
That freights every ambient breath of the sea
With tidings of hope to the slave—from the free—
What though its banner, bespangled with stars,
Was woven 'mid blood, privations, and scars—
Well! what's that to me?

Come, join in the glee:
Hurrah! here's success to bold Treason!

In every age and in every clime
I've lived, and shall live, to the end of time!
No country have I, no watchword I cry,
I dwell in the soul, I speak through the eye;
In earth, in the air, in the bubbling stream,
I lurk unsuspected—my sway is supreme!

So, fill up the glass,
And let the toast pass:
Hurrah! here's success to bold Treason!

In places of trust, in the forum I sit;
In the council of state my meshes I knit:
By the side of the nation's honored choice
Is heard my subdued, pestiferous voice;
And the sinews of war—the army and fleet—
Are toys for my genius to work out defeat;
So drink of the bowl,
Without stint or toll:

Hurrah! here's success to bold Treason!

Would'st learn whence I came—the name of my sire?
I'm issue of hell, I'm destruction—dire!
On man's perjured faith, and war's cruel blast,
On the groans of the slave, I make my repast:
In paralyzed trade, in commerce destroyed,
In national ruin, my means are employed.

Then drink, drink, my friends,
The toast Treason sends:
Hurrah! here's success to bold Treason!

But, lo! in ocean's indistinct distance,
What ensigns are those, in hostile resistance?
How, like a monster in pained respiration,
The sea bears them down, concealing their nation!
Now they rise; one is ours—"the skull and cross
bars;"

The other is Freedom's! the proud Stripes and Stars!
Bang! bang! hear the roar!
It sinks—it is o'er!

Hurrah! here's success to bold Treason!

And yet there are times, I frankly declare,
When these triumphs much more resemble despair;
And that flag which we saw just now in the skies,
With memories haunts me—o'erflowing my eyes
And could I return—nay, heed not, I pray,
I wander in mind, knowing not what I say.

Shout! shout! I implore,
Louder still than before!
Hurrah! here's success to bold Treason!

Again yonder flag! sank it not 'neath the main?
Behold, it is up—high as ever again!
What means that acclaim? the plank, spar, and rope!
Great God! they're for me! 'tis the death-knell of
hope!

Adieu, friends—I choke—I strangle—I die!
Hark, hark! to that deaf'ning, triumphant cry:
Fill, fill to the brim,
Chant Columbia's hymn!

Hurrah! here is death to bold Treason!

—*London American*, March, 1861.

THE SWORD-BEARER.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Brave Morris saw the day was lost;
For nothing now remained
On the wrecked and sinking Cumberland
But to save the flag unstained.

So he swore an oath in the sight of heaven,
(If he kept it, the world can tell :)
"Before I strike to a rebel flag,
I'll sink to the gates of hell !"

"Here, take my sword ; 'tis in my way ;
I shall trip o'er the useless steel :
For I'll meet the lot that falls to all,
With my shoulder at the wheel."

So the little negro took the sword,
And oh ! with what reverent care !
Following his master step by step,
He bore it here and there.

A thought had crept through his sluggish brain,
And shone in his dusky face,
That somehow—he could not tell just how—
'Twas the sword of his trampled race.

And as Morris, great with his lion heart,
Rushed onward from gun to gun,
The little negro slid after him,
Like a shadow in the sun.

But something of pomp and of curious pride
The sable creature wore,
Which at any time but a time like that
Would have made the ship's crew roar.

Over the wounded, dying, and dead,
Like an usher of the rod,
The black page, full of his mighty trust,
With dainty caution trod.

No heed he gave to the flying ball,
No heed to the bursting shell ;
His duty was something more than life,
And he strove to do it well.

Down, with our starry flag apeak,
In the whirling sea we sank ;
And captain and crew and the sword-bearer
Were washed from the bloody plank.

They picked us up from the hungry waves—
Alas ! not all. And where,
Where is the faithful negro lad ?
"Back oars ! avast ! look there !"

We looked, and as heaven may save my soul,
I pledge you a sailor's word,
There, fathoms deep in the sea he lay,
Still grasping his master's sword.

We drew him out ; and many an hour
We wrought with his rigid form,
Ere the almost smothered spark of life
By slow degrees grew warm.

The first dull glance that his eye-balls rolled
Was down toward his shrunken hand ;
And he smiled, and closed his eyes again,
As they fell on the rescued brand.

And no one touched the sacred sword
Till at length, when Morris came,
The little negro stretched it out,
With his eager eyes aflame.

And if Morris wrung the poor boy's hand,
And his words seemed hard to speak,
And tears ran down his manly cheeks,
What tongue shall call him weak ?

THE VOICE OF THE NORTH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen :
Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low—
Like a night-storm rising slow—
Like the tread of unseen foe—

It is coming—it is nigh !
Stand your homes and altars by,
On your own free threshold die.

Clang the bells in all your spires,
On the grey hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

Oh ! for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow.

Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race—
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party—perish clan ;
Strike together while you can,
Like the strong arm of one man.

Like the angels' voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying for the end of Time.

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North speak to the South ;
Speak the word befitting both.

A VOICE FROM MOUNT VERNON.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

"O beauteous peace !
Sweet union of State ! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people ?"
—THOMSON.

"The Lord will give strength unto his people ; the Lord will
bless his people with peace."—PSALM 29 : 11.

Oh ! where, brothers, where is our liberty ?
Where, where is the "union of lands" ?
That was won by the blood of our sires,
From England's tyrannical bands ?
Oh ! where are the sons of the patriot
Who slumbers in Mount Vernon's gloom ?
Would to heaven his children could hear him
Calling, "Peace, children, peace !" from the tomb.

Oh ! where, brothers, where is your birthright ?
Where, where is your free speech and laws ?
Why, why do you war with each other
In the verge of Anarchy's jaws ?
"Peace, freemen, peace with thy kinsmen !"
Let the angel of love hover o'er you,
And *betray not the trust of your brethren*,
Disgracing the country that bore you.

Where, where are the children of freedom
Whose bravery and valor excelled

That of Britain's proud-minioned soldiers,
 From our *united Republic* expelled?
 I mourn, even weep for my country,
 Encompassed by a foreboding gloom:
 Would to God now the *factions* could hear him—
 GEORGE WASHINGTON calls "*Peace!*" from the tomb.
 BALTIMORE, May 3, 1862.

BALLAD OF SHILOH.*

An army of the loyal North,
 An army of the rebel South,
 In gathering squadrons hastening forth,
 To face the cannon's blazing mouth.

One comes from recent battle-fields,
 And forts along the river-side;
 The laurel of a conqueror wields—
 Decking the banner of its pride!

The other, maddened by defeats
 And sore disasters met in flight,
 With sternest desperation greets
 The coming of its foe to fight.

The white tents of the one along
 The river's winding valley gleam,
 Within which rings full many a song,
 And brightens many a home-lit dream!

But by its victories grown bold,
 And confident of giant power,
 It fails its wonted guard to hold,
 To meet the fortunes of the hour.

Looks far too meanly on its foe,
 Believing it will never dare
 To leave its stronghold till a blow
 Most crushing drives it to despair.

A wild and foolish dream, alas!
 More daring is its rebel foe;
 Before them lies a narrow pass,
 Beyond is joy or bitter woe.

Beyond the real of their dreams,
 Or worse, the blight of hope and life;
 The hope, the blight so mighty seems,
 It dares begin the bloody strife!

So hopefully it presses on
 With cautious step and watchful eye,
 To bid invading hosts begone,
 With furious onset by and by.

Near, nearer still its foe it comes;
 It rests at night so very near,
 The roll-beat of the hostile drums
 Distinctly greets its wary ear.

The loyal-hearted seek repose,
 And find their sleep as sweet and calm,
 As if there were no lurking foes
 Who wished or cared to do them harm!

The hours by moments fly apace,
 The midnight comes, the midnight goes,
 The stars look down with smiling face,
 To deepen, sweeten their repose.

* The Battle of Pittsburgh Landing is called by the confederates, the Battle of "Shiloh."

And soon the morning tints the hills,
 The Sabbath morning, still and clear,
 Whose calm and holy presence fills
 The heart with triumph over fear.

The unsuspecting brave ones wake,
 To wing the hours with song and prayer;
 But hark! what sounds are those that break
 The stillness of the morning air?

The sound has reached their ears before;
 Full well its meaning know the band;
 It is the cannon's herald roar,
 Proclaiming foes, stern foes at hand!

Then there is hurry to and fro,
 The long roll sounds from camp to camp
 Excited chieftains come and go,
 Earth trembles with the heavy tramp.

One from his tent half-girded flies,
 One leaves his morning's meal half-done;
 All rush to arms in wild surprise,
 Welcomed by many a hostile gun.

The hosts form into battle-line,
 To stay the tempest coming nigh;
 Above their gleaming colors shine,
 Below their cannon find reply!

Alas! how many hearts so warm,
 So buoyant, full of summer life,
 Shall fall before the fiery storm,
 Shall perish in the fearful strife!

But hot and hotter grows the fire,
 And thicker falls the iron hail;
 The foe with resolute desire
 Would gladly make the stoutest quail.

A hundred blazing cannon roar
 Their stern defiance to the sky,
 A hundred blazing cannon more
 As loudly, sternly make reply.

And thus all through that Sabbath-day
 The battle rages fierce and hot;
 The conflict gives no time to pray,
 No time for calm and holy thought.

The loyal brave are sorely pressed,
 Far, far outnumbered by their foe;
 They can but slowly yield at best,
 Fighting most fiercely as they go.

Their camp is left—the river near;
 Must they be forced, alas! to cross?
 The friendly boats dispel their fear,
 And deal to foes a heavy loss.

And night gives aid with sheltering wing,
 Suspends awhile the deadly fray;
 Gives rebels time their joys to sing—
 Their prospects for the coming day.

Gives freemen time for troubled rest,
 To mourn the fortunes of the field,
 Grow strong anew the storm to breast,
 Pray God to be their strength and shield.

God hears their prayer, deliverance sends,
 Bright hopes to gild the coming day,
 Warm greetings with a host of friends,
 Ready to join the bloody fray.

And when the morning tints the sky
With deepening blushes fringed with gold,
To meet their foe the brave ones fly,
Determined still to win and hold.

That day again the battle's rage
Is terrible as death can be;
Eight score of thousands there engage
In closest fight for victory.

Heaven favors now the loyal host,
And crowns them with the joy they crave,
They firmly stand at duty's post,
And rout their foes, though strong and brave!

Night coming leaves with them the field;
Gone foes, gone doubts, gone wildest fears;
The victor's palm again they wield,
Though at the price of blood and tears.

The battle-ground is piled with slain;
Ah! thousands sleep to wake no more,
And thousands still feel keenest pain
From mangled bodies drenched in gore!

Yet such the price of liberty,
A nation's dearest, bloodiest prize;
But blessed is it to be free,
And love will make the sacrifice.

EXETER, N. H.

WORDS THAT CAN BE SUNG

TO THE "HALLELUJAH CHORUS."

If people *will* sing about Old John Brown, there is no reason why they shouldn't have words with a little meaning and rhythm in them.

Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave—
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
His soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His soul is marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord—
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
When heaven is marching on.
Glory, etc.

For heaven is marching on.

He shall file in front where the lines of battle form,
He shall face to front when the squares of battle form—
Time with the column, and charge in the storm,
Where men are marching on.
Glory, etc.

True men are marching on.

Ah! foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
Ah! black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
As we go marching on.

Glory, etc.

We all are marching on.

Men may die, and moulder in the dust—
Men may die, and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the just,
When God is marching on.
Glory, etc.

The Lord is marching on.

H.

THE MEN OF THE CUMBERLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "NEW PRIEST."

This ship went down on the ninth of March, under Lieut. George M. Morris, with her flag flying, and her guns firing (while the water was closing over them) at the iron monster Virginia, which had cut two yawning holes in her side. The chaplain and one hundred and twenty of her crew are said to have sunk in her.

Cheer! cheer! for our noble Yankee tars,
That fought the ship Cumberland!
Not a sigh for these, with their maims and scars,
Or their dead that lie off the strand!

Who whines of the ghastly gash and wound,
Or the horrible deaths of war?
Where, where should a brave man's death be found,
And what is a true heart for?

Cheer! cheer! for these men! Ah! they knew when
Was the time for true hearts to die!
How their flag sank, apeak, will flush the brave cheek
While this earth shall hang in the sky!

In the bubbling waves they fired their last,
Where sputtered the burning wad:
And fast at their post, as their guns were fast,
Went a hundred and more before God.

Not a man of all but had stood to be shot
(So the flag might fly) or to drown;
The sea saved some, for it came to their lot,
And some with their ship went down.

Then cheer for these men! they want not gold;
But give them their ship once more,
And the flag that yet hangs in wet and cold
O'er their dead by that faithless shore.

Our sunken ship we'll yet weigh up,
And we'll raise our deep-drowned brave,
Or we'll drain those Roads till a baby's cup
May puddle their last shoal-wave.

And we'll tell in tale, and sing in song,
How the Cumberland was fought
By men who knew that all else was wrong
But to die when a sailor ought.

THE DYING ADVICE OF THE PURITAN MOTHER TO HER ONLY SON.

BY JAMES LINEN.

Draw nearer to the couch, my boy, and clasp my hand
in thine,
That I may bless thee ere I die, and pray for aid
divine,
To shield thee and to nerve thy arm, wherever thou
may'st go,
To fight as fought your noble sires, and crush the
haughty foe.

Remember, while these withered arms now buckle on
your sword,
That freedom's battles bravely fought are battles of
the Lord;
Your father wore the sword you wear; and by his
gallant name,
And by our country's cause, my son, oh! sheathe it
not in shame.

These wrinkled cheeks have watered been by many a
bitter tear,
Now I must part as mothers part with all they hold
most dear;
But while my lips can utter words, my earnest prayer
shall be,
That God may shower his blessings down, my only
son, on thee.

We cannot lift the veil that hides the future from our
view,
Yet guerdons bright await the brave who honor's path
pursue;
So, to your duty go, my son; we never more can
meet,
For chilling frosts of death I feel are freezing at my
feet.
Dry up these manly tears you shed, your dying
mother kiss;
You leave for scenes of strife and blood, and I for
endless bliss;
One more embrace before we part—a last and long
adieu—
Whatever be thy fate, my son, be to thy country
true.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOSPITAL.

BY S. C. MERCER.

'Twas nightfall in the hospital. The day,
As though its eyes were dimmed with bloody rain
From the red clouds of war, had quenched its light,
And in its stead some pale, sepulchral lamps
Shed their dim lustre in the halls of pain,
And flaunted mystic shadows o'er the walls.

No more the cry of charge! on, soldiers, on!
Stirred the thick billows of the sulphurous air,
But the deep moan of human agony,
From pale lips quivering as they strove in vain
To smother mortal pain, appalled the ear
And made the life-blood curdle in the heart.
Nor flag, nor bayonet, nor plume, nor lance,
Nor burnished gun, nor clarion call, nor drum,
Displayed the pomp of battle, but instead
The tourniquet, the scalpel, and the draught,
The bandage, and the splint, were strewn around,
Dumb symbols telling more than tongue could speak
The awful shadow of the fiend of war.

Look, look! What gentle form with cautious step
Passes from couch to couch, as silently
As yon faint shadows flickering on the walls,
And bending o'er the gasping sufferer's head,
Cools his flushed forehead with the icy bath
From her own tender hand, or pours the cup
Whose cordial powers can quench the inward flame
That burns his heart to ashes, or with voice
As tender as a mother's to her babe,
Pours pious consolation in his ear?

She came to one long used to war's rude scenes,
A soldier from his youth, grown gray in arms,
Now pierced with mortal wounds. Untutored, rough,
Though brave and true, uncared for by the world,
His life had passed, without a friendly word,
Which, timely spoken to his willing ear,
Had wakened God-like hopes, and filled his heart
With the unfading bloom of sacred truth.
Beside his couch she stood, and read the page

Of heavenly wisdom and the law of love,
And bade him follow the triumphant Chief
Who bears the unconquered banner of the Cross.
The veteran heard with tears and grateful smile,
Like a long-frozen fount whose ice is touched
By the resistless sun and melts away,
And fixing his last gaze on her and heaven,
Went to the Judge in penitential prayer.

She passed to one in manhood's blooming prime,
Lately the glory of the martial field,
But now sore scathed by the fierce shock of arms,
Like tall pine shattered by the lightning stroke.
Prostrate he lay, and felt the pangs of death,
And saw its thickening damps obscure the light
Which makes our world so beautiful. Yet these
He heeded not. His anxious thoughts had flown
O'er rivers and illimitable woods,
To his far cottage in the Western wilds
Where his young bride and prattling little ones—
Poor, hapless lambs, chased by the wolf of war—
Watched for the coming of the absent one
In utter desolation's bitterness.
O agonizing thought! which smote his heart
With anguish sharper than the sabre's point.
The angel came with sympathetic voice
And whispered in his ear: "Our God will be
A husband to the widow, and embrace
The orphans tenderly within his arms,
For human sorrow never cries in vain
To his compassionate ear." The dying man
Drank in her words with rapture; cheering hope
Shone like a rainbow in his tearful eyes
And arched his cloud of sorrow, while he gave
The dearest earthly treasures of his heart
In resignation to the care of God.

A fair, wan boy of fifteen summers tossed
His wasted limbs upon a cheerless couch.
Ah! how unlike the downy bed prepared
By his fond mother's love, whose tireless hands
No comfort for her only offspring spared,
From earliest childhood, when the sweet babe slept
Soft-nestling in her bosom all the night
Like half-blown lily sleeping on the heart
Of swelling summer wave, till that sad day
He left the untold treasures of her love
To seek the rude companionship of war.
The fiery fever struck his swelling brain
With raving madness, and the big veins throbbed
A death-knell on his temples, and his breath
Was hot and quick as is the panting deer's
Stretched by the Indian's arrow on the plain.
"Mother! O mother!" oft his faltering tongue
Shrieked to the cold, bare walls, which echoed back
His wailings in the mockery of despair.
O angel nurse! what sorrow wrung thy heart
For the young sufferer's grief! She knelt beside
The dying lad and smoothed his tangled locks
Back from his aching brow, and wept and prayed
With all a woman's tenderness and love
That the Good Shepherd would receive this lamb
Far wandering from the dear, maternal fold,
And shelter him in his all-circling arms,
In the green valleys of immortal rest.

And so the angel passed from scene to scene
Of human suffering, like that blessed One,
Himself the Man of Sorrows and of grief,
Who came to earth to teach the law of love
And pour sweet balm upon the mourner's heart,
And raise the fallen and restore the lost.

Bright vision of my dreams! thy light shall shine
Through all the darkness of this weary world,
Its selfishness, its coldness, and its sin,
Pure as the holy evening star of love,
The brightest planet in the host of heaven.

THE FRIGATE CUMBERLAND.

BY ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH.

The following impromptu lines were written upon hearing of the gallant bearing of the crew of the Cumberland in the late engagement at Hampton Roads, who bravely fired a broadside, even while sinking. In response to the call of their commanding officer, Lieut. Morris: "*Shall we give them a broadside as she goes?*"

"Shall we give them a broadside, my boys, as she goes?"

Shall we send yet another, to tell,
In iron-tongued words, to Columbia's foes,
How bravely her sons say "Farewell"?

Ay! what though we sink 'neath the turbulent wave,

'Tis with duty and right at the helm;
And over the form should the fierce waters rave,
No tide can the spirit o'erwhelm!

For swift o'er the billows of Charon's dark stream
We'll pass to the immortal shore,
Where the "waters of life" in brilliancy beam,
And the pure float in peace evermore!

"Shall we give them a broadside once more, my brave men?"

Ay, ay, rose the full, earnest cry;
"A broadside," "a broadside," we'll give them again!
Then "for God and the right nobly die."

"Haste! haste!" for amid all that battling din
Comes a gurgling sound fraught with fear,
As swift-flowing waters pour rushing in;
Up! up! till her port-holes they near.

No blenching, no faltering—still fearless all seen;
Each man firm to duty doth bide;
A flash! and a "broadside!" a shout! a careen!
And the Cumberland sinks 'neath the tide.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" still floating above,
As a beacon upon the dark wave!
Our ensign of glory, proud streaming in love,
O'er the tomb of the "loyal and brave!"

Bold hearts! mighty spirits! "tried gold" of our land!

A halo of glory your meed!
All honored, the noble-souled Cumberland band,
So true in Columbia's need!

NEW-YORK, April 9, 1862.

OUR MEN ARE MARCHING ON.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The day our fathers waited for is dawning on us now;
I see the mantle falling on the prophet at the plough;
I hear the trumpet ringing where the victors strike the blow—

Our men are marching on.

Niagara shouts the chorus of the rivers to the sea;
Each wave swells like the bosom that is panting to be free;

The stars are lit in heaven for the nation's jubilee—
Our men are marching on.

Sweet promises are written on the soft leaves of the flowers;

The birds of spring are jubilant within their leafy towers;

A rainbow has been woven in the shuttle of the showers—

Our men are marching on.

God bless our gallant President, and grant him length of days;

Let all the people crown him with fame's unfading lays,

And generations yet unborn perpetuate his praise—
Our men are marching on.

THE VARUNA.

SUNK APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH, 1862.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Who has not heard of the dauntless Varuna?
Who has not heard of the deeds she has done?
Who shall not hear, while the brown Mississippi
Rushes along from the snow to the sun?

Crippled and leaking she entered the battle,
Sinking and burning she fought through the fray,
Crushed were her sides and the waves ran across her,
Ere, like a death-wounded lion at bay,
Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
Then in her triumph moved grandly away.

Five of the rebels, like satellites round her,
Burned in her orbit of splendor and fear;
One, like the pleiad of mystical story,
Shot, terror-stricken, beyond her dread sphere.

We who are waiting with crowns for the victors,
Though we should offer the wealth of our store,
Load the Varuna from deck down to keelson,
Still would be niggard, such tribute to pour
On courage so boundless. It beggars possession,
It knocks for just payment at heaven's bright door!

Cherish the heroes who fought the Varuna;
Treat them as kings if they honor your way;
Succor and comfort the sick and the wounded;
Oh! for the dead, let us all kneel to pray.

RETURN OF THE DOODLES!*

Hail! Texan Bombastes! You must be a stunner!
Some powder-begotten, fierce son-of-a-gunner!
But your first crumb of comfort, and last, is Bull Run,
For somehow the Yankees have spoilt all that fun.

What sights you have seen! O wonderful story!
Eclipsing all records of old Roman glory;
My light-heeled stamper, allow me to tell
The sequel of Bull Run, and how it befell.
There's a wee dit-of-bifference betwixt me and you,
I tell the plain truth; you lie, knave—you do.

* See page 51, Rumors and Incidents, ante.

With breastworks and marshes, in North-Carolina,
Your chance to kill Yankees could never be finer;
One glance at your bowie-knives' savage expression
Should frighten to death every cowardly Hessian—
There's some dittle liffrence 'twixt you and me;
What is it? Be patient—you'll very soon see.

Bang goes the big cannon—crack go the sure rifles—
On, on moves the North, for it don't stop at trifles;
The battle is ended; who's winner? I am,
Says our liberty-loving, thrice blest *Uncle Sam*!

On your Western Gibaltars while placing reliance,
With *cotton-zone* heroes and Beauregard's science,
Our banner-defenders, amid battle's din,
Marched up to your works, then bravely dashed in.

Your rebels discuss, with such evident unction,
Our only defeat at Manassas' famed Junction,
Let me ask you one question, with a *very low bow*,
You held it at *that* time, *but who holds it now*?

Why, what were *you* doing, O fierce Texan Ranger!
Who sleep on volcanoes and breakfast on danger,
On the day when the chivalry, panic-struck, ran,
Basely frightened away by our wee *Iron man*!*

Still hide in your forts, still skulk in your garrisons,
Indulge in self-complacent, boasting comparisons,
But this *new* mode of fighting by *running away*,
Is a mode, in the *long run*, that's sure not to pay.

Oh! there's this dit-of-difference betwixt you and us,
We'll *lamm* you and *flax* you for raising this muss!

Boston, March 21, 1862.

IS'BEL STEELE.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

"See, Auntie! the camp-fires gleaming
Like fire-flies on the hill;
Do not the red lights streaming
Send through your heart a thrill—
A thrill of the days of danger,
When you, dear Aunt, were young—
When out in the West a stranger,
Your heart with grief was wrung—
When the ties of sister and brother,
Of husband and of wife,
Each woman's soul did smother
To aid in the fearful strife.

"Oh! tell, Aunt Is'bel, tell us
Of those dangerous days of yore;
It will make the hearts within us
Beat stronger than before.
It will nerve our quivering voices
To speak their sad 'Good-by';
It will keep our forms from quaking,
And will keep our eye-lids dry;
It will lend a strength to the sorrow
That fills our souls to-night,
For the dear ones who on the morrow
Must go from us to fight."

"O girls! the times have altered
So much since I was young!"
And her quivering accents faltered,
As a tear aside she flung:

"We then had no time for weeping,
But women and men must work;

* Banks, "the little iron man."

And we snatched our turns for sleeping,
And none had a chance to shirk;
For soft in the solemn midnight
The sneaking foe would come,
To kindle a fire for their war-dance
Of our woman-guarded home.

"For our husbands, fathers, and brothers
Would leave us alone in the fort—
Alone with our babes and mothers,
And we'd say it was but sport!
For we knew they must help our neighbors
At the fort eight miles away.
And we knew that some might ne'er get back
From the fierce and savage fray.
But 'do as ye would be done by,'
Was law in these olden days;
So we swallowed the choking in our throats,
And went on our busy ways.

"I think, girls, I never told you
Of the time my Harry went;
But some of you'll feel to-morrow
As I felt when he was sent.
Yet, oh! may the God of battles
Save every one the pain
I felt, and sometimes feel even now,
For he came not back again!
He was slain by the savage red men,
And scalped—all his dark-brown curls!
That I am still lone Is'bel Steele,
Do you wonder now, sweet girls?

"Ay, the girls of those times had courage,
And I think they have it now!
Though they do not need to toil so hard,
They can soothe the fevered brow.
And the men—are as keen for fighting
Could they find the fight to do;
But they chafe and fret at a soldier's life,
That is a *la grande Revue*!
And they feel the want of a spirit
That is free from selfish aims,
To lead them to crush the monster,
And to quench these smouldering flames.

"Oh! would that our God would give us
A man, *half* Washington!
How soon would we hear the tidings
That the bloody work was done.
Though it cost the heads of traitors,
And loyal blood beside,
Let it flow, if it opes the portals
Of freedom, far and wide.
Let it flow in a crimson torrent,
And then—take off the yoke,
And say to Earth's sneering nations:
THE RUSTED CHAIN IS BROKE!"

INDIANAPOLIS, 1862.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY G. FORRESTER BARSTOW.

Fling out the banner of the free!
The Stars and Stripes to heaven unfold!
Throughout the land, from sea to sea,
The emblem of our cause uphold!
With fearless heart, with ready hand,
Through storm and sunshine, weal and wo,
For faith, for freedom firmly stand,
Till treason in the dust lies low.

From Bunker's height, from Plymouth's shore,
From Concord's meadows, voices come,
That call us to be men once more,
That rouse us more than trump or drum.
Bear up the flag your fathers bore
Through Southern flowers and Northern snow,
Till traitors vex the land no more,
Till treason in the dust lies low.

Say! shall that flag, which long has waved
Triumphant over land and sea,
Which storm and battle proudly braved,
Be torn to shreds by treachery?
No! lift your banner toward the sky,
More proudly now that tempests blow!
Like your brave fathers do or die,
Till treason in the dust lies low.

PUTNAM.

THE "WOMEN'S GUNBOAT."—The *Mobile Advertiser* publishes the following letter, signed by five secessionist women:

"TUSKEGEE, Ala., March 31, 1862.

"*Editors Advertiser and Register*: Having observed the interest which you manifest in the 'Women's Gunboat,' we venture to inform you that the patriotic ladies of Tuskegee desire to be represented in the enterprise that has for its object the protection of their dearest rights. With this view they have canvassed the community, and have secured cash subscriptions to the amount of \$303.95, together with a donation of three bales of cotton. Other subscriptions are promised, and will doubtless be procured. These contributions have been made with the understanding that the money is to be appropriated to the construction of an iron-clad gunboat for the defence of Alabama. The amount is on deposit with the Tuskegee Insurance Company, subject to order when the enterprise shall have received such substantial encouragement as to place the matter beyond contingency. We would be pleased to open correspondence with the responsible originators of the project.

"Respectfully, etc.,

"Miss M. SINCLAIR, Miss T. GRAHAM,
Miss E. SWANSON, Mrs. ELIZABETH PRICE."
Miss F. SWANSON,

A MARYLAND TRAITOR.—The *Mobile Register* says: "Ex-Governor Pratt, of Maryland, sends a letter by underground railroad to Mr. Benjamin, in which he says that if we of the South hold on a month longer—until the middle of April or the last of May—the Lincoln dynasty will crumble under its own corruption and indebtedness."

WHAT THE REBEL WOMEN ARE DOING.

"TUPELO, Miss., March 29, 1862.

"MR. EDITOR: A number of ladies in the eastern part of Pontotoc, Mississippi, have recently united and formed what is called the Coonewah Soldiers' Aid Society. At their last meeting they resolved to give their jewelry, their gold and silver plate to the Confederacy, and to make an earnest appeal to all the ladies in our country to do the same, for the purpose of purchasing or assisting to purchase a navy for the Confederacy. An old gentleman present said he would give five hundred, or if necessary a thousand dollars for the same purpose. Will you be so kind as to present

this matter to the President and Congress? and if they think well of it, please give it a place in your paper. The society desire the President, if he thinks it wise, to call upon all the ladies in the Confederacy to present their jewelry and their gold and silver plate, as a free-will offering upon the altar of their bleeding country. Thousands and thousands of them would gladly make this sacrifice, and their contributions would be swelled by hundreds and thousands from their fathers, husbands, and brothers.

"Yours, very respectfully,

"JAMES H. GAILLARD."

A CHARGE AT FORT DONELSON.—The following description of the gallant dash of Gen. Charles F. Smith, in the late desperate action at Fort Donelson, will be read with a thrill of admiration by every patriot. The distinguished reputation that Gen. Smith gained in the late Mexican war as a brilliant and accomplished officer, evinced on every battle-field from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, gave assurance that he was equal to any emergency that required the highest elements of a thoroughly educated, gallant, and patriotic officer:

Gen. Smith is emphatically a fighting man, and as may be imagined, the events of the morning had tended to decrease in no measure his pugnacity. When he received his long-desired orders for an assault of the enemy's works, his eyes glistened with a fire which, could it have been seen by his maligners, would have left them in no doubt as to his private feelings in regard to the present contest.

All the arrangements were complete by three o'clock, and his column was put in motion soon after. The force under his command was as follows:

Col. Cook's Brigade.—Seventh Illinois, Fiftieth Illinois, Twelfth Iowa, Thirteenth Missouri, Fifty-second Indiana.

Col. Lauman's Brigade.—Second Iowa, Seventh Iowa, Fourteenth Iowa, Twenty-fifth Indiana, Fifty-sixth Indiana.

Under cover of Capt. Stone's Missouri battery this force began the assault. It was a formidable undertaking, which, under a less brave and skilful commander than Gen. Smith, might have proved a disastrous failure.

The hills at this point are among the most precipitous of all those upon which the enemy was posted. Selecting the Second and Seventh Iowa and the Fifty-second Indiana for the storming party, Gen. Smith deflected the main portion of his division to the right, and having succeeded in gaining the attention of the enemy at this point, himself headed the storming-party, and advanced upon the works from his extreme left.

It was a most magnificent sight. Unappalled by the perfect storm of bullets which rained about him, the General on horseback, and with his hat on the point of his sword, preceded his troops, and inspired them with a *furor* there was no withstanding. Steadily, with unbroken lines, the gallant Hawkeyes and Indians advanced. The enemy's grape and canister came ploughing through their ranks, but not a shot was fired in return. Closing up the ranks as one after another of the brave fellows dropped to the earth, and animated by the fearless example of their undaunted leader, they pressed steadily on. The works gained, one tremendous volley was poured into the astonished enemy, and, with fixed bayonets, a charge was made into their ranks which there was no with-

standing. They fled in confusion over the hills, and at last we had penetrated the rebel Sebastopol, and the misfortunes of the morning were retrieved.

Capt. Stone's battery, which in the mean time had been doing tremendous execution in the rebel ranks, was promptly advanced to the position gained, and instantly, supported by the remainder of his division, the point was secured against any force the enemy could bring to bear against it.—*National Intelligencer*, March 5.

BATTLE-AXES.—In the lack of guns the rebels on the Tennessee have organized a "Battle-Axe regiment," the men being armed with ancient battle-axes. They carry a banner on which is painted a tree representing "the government of the United States, and the Battle-Axe regiment at the butt chopping the tree down."

A DYING SOLDIER PRAYS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Never until we stood by the grave of the Green Mountain boys did we realize how much stranger is truth than fiction. Your readers will all recollect last summer a private was court-martialed for sleeping on his post out near Chain Bridge on the Upper Potomac. He was convicted; his sentence was death; the finding was approved of by the General, and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate.

The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required that an example should be made of some one; his was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came. "Suppose," thought the President, "my pardon has not reached him." The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly. "Bring up my carriage," he ordered. It came, and soon the important state papers were dropped, and through the hot, broiling sun and dusty roads he rode to the camp, about ten miles, and saw that the soldier was saved!

He has doubtless forgotten the incident, but the soldier did not. When the Third Vermont charged upon the rifle-pits, the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man who fell, with six bullets in his body, was Wm. Scott, of company K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life-blood ebbed away, he raised to heaven, amid the din of war, the cries of the dying, and the shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President, and as he died he remarked to his comrade that he had shown he was no coward and not afraid to die.

He was interred, in the presence of his regiment, in a little grove about two miles to the rear of the rebel fort, in the centre of a group of holly and vines; a few cherry-trees, in full bloom, are scattered around the edge. In digging his grave a skull and bones were found, and metal buttons, showing that the identical spot had been used in the Revolutionary war for our fathers who fell in the same cause. The chaplain narrated the circumstance to the boys, who stood around with uncovered heads. He prayed for the President, and paid the most glowing tribute to his noble heart that we ever heard. The tears started to their eyes as the clods of earth were thrown upon him in his narrow grave, where he lay shrouded in his coat and blanket.

The men separated; in a few minutes all were engaged in something around the camp, as though nothing had happened unusual; but that scene will live upon their memories while life lasts; the calm look of Scott's face, the seeming look of satisfaction he felt still lingered; and could the President have seen him he would have felt that his act of mercy had been wisely bestowed. But the cannon's roar is to be heard toward Yorktown, and we must be off to the scene.—*New-York Commercial*, April 21.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Charleston Mercury*, in a letter dated at Florence, Alabama, February twenty-second, says:

"I see in your paper of the eighteenth an extract from a Northern one, headed an 'Expedition up the Tennessee River.'

"As concerns the account of the joy of the people of Florence at the visit of the gunboats, and upon seeing the old rag, the Stars and Stripes, it is a point-blank, jet-black abolition lie. Not a lady of Florence went to see them, or desired to go, or had any communication with them. They were held in utter detestation by every soul, except one man and his wife, a tailor from Vermont, named Hyde, who had been living here many years. They went down to see them, and were glad, but nobody else. A flag of truce was sent to the enemy by the citizens of Florence, to know what they wanted; this was all the intercourse the people of Florence had with them. The invaders professed to want nothing but government stores, and I believe they did respect private property in the warehouses at the river; they did not come up in the town, which is about the fourth of a mile from the river. It was my opinion that they came on a reconnoitring expedition, and were not in force to kill, steal, and destroy, and therefore their *virtue* was of necessity, and not of good-will. All the violence they did was to break open the warehouses at the river, and steal what they wanted.

"This Vermont friend of theirs was caught that night (the night they left) coming up from a warehouse at the river, with a cart-load of bacon, and is now confined in jail on the charge of stealing it."

March 27.—Rev. J. Graves, editor of the *Tennessee Baptist*, lately published at Nashville, has published a card, in which he informs his patrons that "owing to the sudden and unexpected fall of Nashville, he was unable to move any of his presses, type, or paper, and that the publication of the *Baptist* will be suspended for the present—probably till the termination of the war." Mr. Graves, who announces his purpose of entering the military service, proposes to raise a legion, battalion, or company of pikemen, or lancers, so soon as President Davis announces that such will be received into the confederate service.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, March 28.

BOYS AS SOLDIERS.—Among the New-Orleans soldiers who have responded to the call of Gen. Beauregard, is a regiment made up mainly of youths, many of them coming from their schools to take their places in the ranks. It is said to be a splendidly equipped corps of the best blood in Louisiana, and numbers nine hundred muskets. The regiment arrived at Jackson, Tennessee, on the seventh.—A call has been made in Norfolk for all the boys between sixteen and eighteen years to enroll themselves.—*National Intelligencer*, March 29.

At the battle of Winchester, Va., a youthful rebel soldier received two wounds in his breast, and when he was approached by one of our officers he inquired if the officer knew General Banks. He received an affirmative reply. He then said: "Tell him I want to take the oath of allegiance, for I have three brothers in the Federal service, and I want them to know I die true to the Union."

FORTRESS MONROE, *March 24*.—There is a story told of Prince de Joinville, which is worth printing. Like all gentlemen, the Prince dresses very plainly in citizen's attire, and assumes no air of self-importance. He has quite a penchant for making short, solitary rambles, and always keeping his own counsel. The other day he was walking on the wharf, when he was accosted by a sentry of the New-York Tenth regiment, who, not recognising his royal highness, demanded to be shown his pass.

The Prince shrugged his shoulders, depressed his eyebrows, looked at the sentry in astonishment, and then putting his hand in his pocket, drew forth the document. Sentry examined it, pronounced it all right, and told him he might "pass on." Just then a comrade of the sentry, who had witnessed the affair, stepped up and asked him if he knew who it was he had just detained? "Hang me if I do; I never saw the chap before." "Well," replied the other, "that chap is the Prince de Joinville!" The sentry caved, and for several moments appeared to have discovered something curious about the lock of his musket that required inspection.—*Philadelphia Press*, *March 26*.

THE ALBERT PIKE who led the Aboriginal Corps of Tomahawks and Scalpers at the battle of Pea Ridge, formerly kept school in Fairhaven, Mass., where he was indicted for playing the part of Squeers, and cruelly beating and starving a boy in his family. He escaped by some hocus-pocus of law, and emigrated to the West, where the violence of his nature has been admirably enhanced. As his name indicates, he is a ferocious fish, and has fought duels enough to qualify himself to be a leader of savages. We suppose that upon the recent occasion, he got himself up in good style, war-paint, nose-ring, and all. This new Pontiac is also a poet, and wrote "Hymns to the Gods" in *Blackwood*; but he has left Jupiter, Juno, and the rest, and betaken himself to the culture of the Great Spirit, or rather of two great spirits, whisky being the second.—*New-York Tribune*, *March 27*.

WIGFALL IN RICHMOND.—The Richmond correspondent of the New-Orleans *Crescent* writes:

"You will naturally desire to know how the people of the confederate metropolis stand these trying times, for it is evident that we are not safe in these days of light-draft gunboats and high water. I answer, in the main, we stand it very well. Some, to be sure, are down-hearted, and nobody wears as broad a grin as they did the day after the battle of Leesburg. Still there is a universal determination to do or die—to go down, if need be, with our harness on, warring like a brave people to the last. I passed General Wigfall on my return from dinner, and asked him if there was any news? 'No,' said he, 'I don't believe we have been whipped since dinner; I expect, though, to hear of another defeat in the next five minutes.'

"Somehow I can't help thinking of Halleck's asser-

tion by telegraph to McClellan, that 'the Union flag is on the soil of Tennessee, never to be removed.' This is brag, but the Yankees have up to this time stuck like leeches wherever they have effected a landing. They intrench themselves, and at the first spadeful of earth thrown up by them, our generals give right up, and say all is lost. They have attacked us repeatedly in trenches and forts, and carried the latter invariably, while we, with the exception of the St. Nicholas affair and a few others, have not done a daring thing through the whole war. Another noticeable thing between the Yankees and ourselves is that they follow up their victories, while we squat down in our tracks the moment a battle is ended. This is a shameful fact, which disheartens me more than anything else. I have no hope now in anybody but God and Beau-regard."

March 20.—The Atlanta, (Ga.) *Confederacy* says of the Trumbull Confiscation Bill:

"Arouse! ye men of the South! Rush to the field of battle! Sink down in your own blood, and hail it as a joyful and happy deliverance, in preference to submission to the heartless abolition Yankees. Let your battle-cry be: 'Victory or Death!' Far better would it be for the Atlantic Ocean with one swell-surge to rise up and sweep us and all we have into the Pacific, than for the infernal hell-hounds who wage this wicked war on us to triumph. Let any cruelties, any torments, any death that earth can inflict, come upon us in preference to the triumph of the Yankees!"

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.—Professor Doherty having been long engaged in studying and teaching the theory and practice of Modern Chemistry, in its application to the useful arts, and the improved methods of manipulation in the manufacture of many of those important and necessary articles of universal consumption, so much required at present in the confederate States, is now prepared to enter into partnership with reliable associates, who can command sufficient capital and give their time to works of useful and profitable industry.

Professor Doherty is occupied with his school—Newbern Academy—and can spare but one whole day in the week, but mornings and evenings are also at his command, and he could direct and superintend various important and lucrative manufactures; for example: soda; soap, rosin-soap, refined soap; candles, tallow and adamantine; lime, from stone, marl, or shells; sulphuric acid, gunpowder, starch, ink, etc. Prof. Doherty also desires to sell shares in a new patent water-filter, and in the patent-right of his approved conical bullet for smooth-bore guns.

N. B.—Where personal superintendence and instruction are inconvenient or impossible, full and explicit written instructions can be furnished at reasonable rates. Apply to PROF. W. H. DOHERTY, A.M., *December 3, 1861.* Newbern, N. C.

ATTEMPT TO TRAP A FEDERAL GENERAL.—A correspondent, mentioning an interview held between Gen. Mitchel and Col. Morgan, relates the following incident. He says:

"Col. Morgan, in citizen's clothes, sat at the head of his men, on a magnificent dappled grey horse. I had ample opportunity to see him, sitting, as he was, within six feet of me, and should judge him a very handsome man, six feet or more in height, broad, full

chest, dark hair and whiskers. A gentleman of our party, who had known him from early boyhood, remarked then: 'John Morgan was generally the leader in all the boyish pranks played about Lexington, while he was a boy, and the wild, reckless spirit he then showed has clung to him through early manhood.' He was the proprietor of a woolen-factory in Lexington, and had a large interest in a bank. I neglected to prefix the adjective 'faro' to that bank.

"It is said that his avowed object in prowling about our camp, in the way he has been lately doing, is to capture some general, in order that he may exchange him for Buckner, who is a devoted friend of Morgan's family, and the latter's *beau ideal* of a gentleman and soldier. It may not be amiss to add here that his hopes were very nearly realized a few days since. With fifteen of his men he lay concealed in a cedar thicket, near the road-side, within a quarter of a mile of a toll-gate, between this and Col. Kennett's camp. They were scarcely hidden before Gen. Nelson and staff came riding past, and were arrested by the earnest gesticulation of the gatekeeper, who informed them of the ambush laid for them. The General, concluding 'discretion was the better part of valor,' returned to camp. The gatekeeper was found the next day, with his hands tied and a huge stone round his neck, lying in the creek. As it was very shallow, he was not drowned, but from the water he swallowed, added to the fright of having passed through such rough hands, it is thought he cannot recover."—*Philadelphia Press*, March 24.

WHO FURNISHED THE NASHVILLE COALS?—The Hamilton *Bermudian*, of February twenty-sixth, noticing the arrival of the rebel steamer Nashville at the port of St. George's, states that, "having procured a supply of coals from the Mohawk, now lying in the harbor of St. George's, the Nashville proceeded to sea." Upon reference to the shipping intelligence column, we find that the only vessel of that name in port is the ship Mohawk, Captain Fuller, which sailed for New-York March sixth. Inquiry into this matter, by the proper officers, should be made.—*Tribune*.

THE BOATSWAIN OF THE CONGRESS.—Among the many interesting incidents of the naval battle in Hampton Roads is the following:

"Mr. Charles Johnston, boatswain of the Congress—a fine specimen of the thorough seaman, who has been in the navy some thirty odd years—greatly excited the admiration of the officers by cool, unflinching courage. Stationed in the very midst of the carnage committed by the raking fire of the Merrimac, he never lost his self-possession, and not for a moment failed to cheer on and encourage the men. Blinded with the smoke and dust, and splashed with the blood and brains of his shipmates, his cheering words of encouragement were still heard. After the engagement, from which he escaped unwounded, his kindness and care in providing for the removal of the wounded, were as conspicuous as his previous bravery."

MRS. JAMES K. POLK AND GEN. O. M. MITCHEL.—The following interesting scrap of news is told by an eye-witness to the scene: "One day last week, Gen. Buell and all the brigadiers of the department who were present, went in a body to call upon Mrs. James K. Polk, and her niece, daughter of the ex-Rev. Gen. Leonidas. Mrs. Polk seemed determined that no

doubt should be entertained as to her sentiments in regard to our unhappy difficulties. The gentlemen present, as they were severally addressed, simply bowed in silence, until Gen. Mitchel, who was standing somewhat away from the party, was singled out. To him Mrs. Polk remarked: 'General, I trust this war will speedily terminate by the acknowledgment of Southern independence.' The remark was the signal for a lull in the conversation, and all eyes were turned upon the General to hear his reply.

"He stood with his lips firmly compressed and his eyes looking fully into those of Mrs. Polk, as long as she spoke. He then said: 'Madam, the man whose name you bear was once the President of the United States; he was an honest man and a true patriot; he administered the laws of this government with equal justice to all. *We know no independence of one section of our country which does not belong to all others*, and judging by the past, if the mute lips of the honored dead, who lies so near us, could speak, they would express the hope that this war might never cease, if that cessation was purchased by the dissolution of the Union of States over which he once presided.' It is needless to say the effect was electrical, made as the remark was, in a calm, dignified tone, and with that earnestness for which the General is noted; no offence could be taken."—*N. Y. Evening Post*, March 24.

COL. EBENEZER MAGOFFIN, a Missouri rebel, and brother of the Governor of Kentucky, has been tried at St. Louis for murdering a United States soldier and for violation of parole. On the first charge he was declared not guilty, but was convicted on the second, and sentenced to be shot, at such time and place as the commanding officer of the department may direct, and to be confined at Alton until his execution is directed.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, March 25.

WHEN the veteran Commodore Joseph Smith, on duty at Washington, saw by the first despatch from Fortress Monroe, that the frigate Congress, commanded by his son Joseph, had raised the white flag, he only remarked quietly: "Joe's dead!" No Roman father ever paid a nobler or more emphatic tribute of confidence to a gallant son, than is contained in the words so uttered, nor gave that son to his country with more cheerful and entire devotion. And the sad assurance was well founded. The flag was not struck until his son had fallen.

A FIGHTING EDITOR'S APPEAL.—"Countrymen! fellow-citizens! the time of peril has come. All that is dear to us is suspended upon the issue of arms. The sword is the arbiter, and the sword is alone potent when numbers are sufficient. Bear this truth in mind, and let none feel that they are exempt. Let us imitate the example of the ancients; when the cry was, 'Rome demands your help,' all, from the highest to the most humble, flew to arms. Or, if need be, in spirit at least, imitate the Carthaginian women, who cut off their hair to make ropes for their vessels. To arms, countrymen! We have nothing to hope for but victory or death.

"My connection with the editorial department of this paper ceases from the present number, in order that I may enter the army of the confederate States."—*Paulding (Miss.) Clarion*, March.

THE Richmond *Examiner* has found a black Union man in that city, of which the editor speaks as fol-

lows: "Allen, slave of Richard Whitfield, was yesterday arrested by officer Chalkley, of the city police, on the charge of having proclaimed that 'Jeff. Davis was a rebel, and that he (Allen) acknowledged no man as his master.' This fellow should be whipped every day until he confesses what white man put these notions in his head."

The Louisville *Journal* says that they are so entirely out of salt in the Southern Confederacy, that the men have to resort to the expedient of scolding the women and spanking the children, and making them shed their briny tears in the beef and pork-barrels.

SONGS OF THE REBELS.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

INSCRIBED TO OUR SOLDIER-BOYS.

BY ADA ROSE.

The Yankee hosts are coming,
With their glittering rows of steel,
And sharp, from many a skirmish,
Comes the rifle's ringing peal,
Warning you how very near
The Northern "Hessians" are,
With their overwhelming forces,
But ne'er must you despair.

For though they come on surging,
Like a mighty rolling sea,
They're hired by their master, "Abe"—
You fight for *Liberty*.
So bravely you must meet them,
And face the cannon's blare;
Your watchward, "Victory or death,"
And never you despair.

True, the cloud is dark and lowering,
But behind a cheerful ray,
And the night is always darkest
Just before the break of day.
Have faith; the cloud will soon disperse,
For the light is surely there;
The day will soon be dawning,
So never you despair.

Go, emulate brave Washington,
Who led a little band,
To drive the proud oppressors
From off their happy land.
The enemy outnumbered,
By far, the "rebels" there,
But bravely they encountered them,
Nor yielded to despair.

'Tis said that "rebel" chieftain,
Ere they sought the battle's fray,
Would ask our heavenly Father
To be their shield and stay;
And then they'd march with confidence,
Well knowing he'd be there.
And that must be the reason why
They never did despair.

Likewise, if you will ask him,
He'll meet you on the field,
To be a guard about you,
And your support and shield;

The foe shall fly before you,
As you shout your victory there;
Then don't forget to plead with him,
And never to despair.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., March 10.

THE GUERRILLAS.

Awake and to horse, my brothers!
For the dawn is glimmering grey,
And hark! in the crackling brushwood
There are feet that tread this way.

"Who cometh?" "A friend." "What tidings?"

"O God! I sicken to tell;
For the earth seems earth no longer,
And its sights are sights of hell!"

"From the far-off conquered cities
Comes a voice of stifled wail,
And the shrieks and moans of the houseless
Ring out like a dirge on the gale.

"I've seen from the smoking village
Our mothers and daughters fly;
I've seen where the little children
Sank down in the furrows to die.

"On the banks of the battle-stained river
I stood as the moonlight shone,
And it glared on the face of my brother
As the sad wave swept him on.

"Where my home was glad are ashes,
And horrors and shame had been there,
For I found on the fallen lintel
This tress of my wife's torn hair!

"They are turning the slaves upon us,
And with more than the fiend's worst art
Have uncovered the fire of the savage
That slept in his untaught heart!

"The ties to our hearths that bound him
They have rent with curses away,
And maddened him, with their madness,
To be almost as brutal as they.

"With halter, and torch, and Bible,
And hymns to the sound of the drum,
They preach the gospel of murder,
And pray for lust's kingdom to come.

"To saddle! to saddle! my brothers!
Look up to the rising sun,
And ask of the God who shines there
Whether deeds like these shall be done!

"Wherever the vandal cometh
Press home to his heart with your steel,
And when at his bosom you cannot,
Like the serpent, go strike at his heel.

"Through thicket and wood go hunt him,
Creep up to his camp-fire side,
And let ten of his corpses blacken,
Where one of our brothers hath died.

"In his fainting foot-sore marches,
In his flight from the stricken fray,
In the snare of the lonely ambush,
The debts we owe him pay.

"In God's hand alone is vengeance,
But he strikes with the hands of men,
And his blight would wither our manhood
If we smite not the smiter again.

"By the graves where our fathers slumber,
By the shrines where our mothers prayed,
By our homes, and hopes, and freedom,
Let every man swear on his blade,

"That he will not sheath nor stay it,
Till from point to hilt it glow
With the flush of Almighty vengeance
In the blood of the felon foe."

They swore—and the answering sunlight
Leaped red from their lifted swords,
And the hate in their hearts made echo
To the wrath in their burning words.

There's weeping in all New-England,
And by Schuylkill's banks a knell,
And the widows there and the orphans
How the oath was kept can tell.*

PATRIOTISM IN WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.—It is a noticeable fact, witnessing to the ardent patriotism of all concerned, that the entire body of students in Western Reserve College, with scarcely an exception, volunteered for three months, at the late call of the President after Banks's retreat, and have been accepted by Governor Tod. They number about seventy, and are ready for service, having been thoroughly drilled for a year past as one of the regular exercises of the College. Professors Young and Cutler go with them to Camp Chase, the former acting as captain till a company election has been held. Their term of service will close about the beginning of the new college year in September.

THE HEROINE OF NEWBERN.—Mrs. Brownell, wife of Orderly Sergeant R. S. Brownell, of the Fifth Rhode Island Volunteers, accompanied her husband, who was severely wounded at Newbern, to this city, in the Cossack, and is now at the hospital of the Soldiers' Relief Association, at 194 Broadway, attending to the wants of her husband and assisting in nursing the soldiers who still remain at that place. Mrs. Brownell was with the Third Rhode Island regiment at the battle of Bull Run, having been adopted as the "child of the regiment" by Gen. Burnside, then colonel. She was on the field at the battle of Roanoke Island, in spite of many efforts to keep her out of the way of danger. At the battle of Newbern she exhibited that presence of mind and bravery which proved her a woman of the most heroic character. She was on the field during the whole of the engagement, attending to the wounded, and giving encouragement by her fortitude and presence to the soldiers. When the standard-bearer of the Sixth regiment fell, she seized the banner and while carrying it across the field received a wound. She has brought with her a Secessia rifle, which she found after the battle, and which she considers a prize of no little value. The ladies of the hospital are much in-

* It may add something to the interest with which these stirring lines will be read to know that they were composed within the walls of a Yankee Bastile. They reach us in manuscript, through the courtesy of a returned prisoner.—*Richmond Examiner*.

terested in the brave "child of the regiment," and bestow upon her all the kindness which she merits.—*N. Y. World*, April 28.

SONNET TO VIRGINIA.

BY G. D. WHITMORE.

"Great mother of great"—darkies,
Hark! the Yankee heel-tap!
Bare now thy ebon breast, let flash thy stealings.
Where's Floyd? Dignity Mason, *sic-sap*:
O great, prodigious, Southern land!
(I mean, of course, geographically.)
Won't your most suprising style of chivalry
Make some new Cervantes jolly?
Look forth! our banners fill the Southern sky,
With every wave our hearts' blood throb:
Live coals we come! thy furnace glows.
Great God, direct the flame and end these woes.
Let slavery—clog of death—to wrath be hurled,
Then Freeman's willing hand will clothe the world.

A SEVERE MILITARY ORDER.—The *Richmond Examiner* says: "Gen. J. E. Johnston has published a very severe but admirable general order in relation to the conduct of our troops in battle. Before going into battle every captain will call the roll of his company, and, after coming out of action, will again call the roll and every man missing, who is not dead, wounded, or absent on leave, will be court-martialed for cowardice. Carrying the wounded from the field in the midst of an action is also prohibited, and every man going to the rear on any pretence whatever will be shot by the file officers."

PAYMASTER MCKEAN BUCHANAN, who was on board the United States frigate Congress at the time of the disaster, in making a report to the Department, says:

"Just before the sanguinary engagement, I volunteered my services to Lieut. Commanding Jos. B. Smith for duty on either of the upper decks, although the rebel steamer Merrimac was commanded by my own brother, [Franklin Buchanan, late of Washington navy-yard,] when I received an order to take charge of the berth-deck division, which order I promptly obeyed, and, thank God, I did some service to my beloved country."

AMONG the letters found in the rebel camp at Roanoke Island, was one from a young lady in the South to her lover in the rebel army, in which she says: "I hope we shall see each other again here; but if we do not, I hope we shall meet in heaven, *where there will be no Yankees*."—*Cincinnati Gazette*, March 18.

A BRAVE JERSEYMAN.—A newspaper correspondent writing from Roanoke Island, says: "The most remarkable case in hospital is a man named John Lawrence, of Gloucester county, N. J., a corporal of company K, Ninth New-Jersey, who had both legs carried away by a canister-shot, in the battle of the eighth ultimo. One leg was amputated by Dr. Thompson, Surgeon of the First brigade, and the other by Dr. Rivers, of the Fourth Rhode Island. The brave fellow had hardly recovered from the effects of the chloroform administered, when the wild cheers of the

army told the story of our success. He raised himself upon his arm and with an enthusiasm which thrilled the bystanders, waved his cap in the air and gave three hearty cheers for the Union."—*Baltimore American*, March 19.

THE NEW SOUTH.—This is the title of a new publication issued at Port Royal, S. C., under the auspices of the expeditionary corps of Gen. Sherman. The proprietors hope that some copies of their sheet may reach the Southerners and show them what are the real sentiments of the "invading Yankees" toward them.

PUN-GENT.—Nowadays our citizens are often regaled with military witticisms. The following will rank as a good specimen: A regiment of "Feds" marching through the city is surrounded and followed by a bevy of immoderately patriotic boys, (though otherwise too harmless and amiable to attend Sabbath-school,) when the least modest of them, having heard of South-Carolina, and a few incidents in her modern history, sings out in the midst of a group of mounted officers: "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!" Nearest officer, having no very pleasant sensations aroused by this vociferation, exclaims to the urchin, not altogether good-humoredly: "Hurrah for the devil, sir!" "He! he! he!" exploded the youngster, "well, hurrah for yer own side, and I'll holler for mine!" Hero vanished amid a shower of unsuppressed military smiles, of the audible kind; and is soon unconscious of everything but his recompense for crying: "Here's the Nashville Patriot—only five cents!"—*Nashville (Tenn.) Patriot*, March 15.

GEN. TILGHMAN AND HIS MOTHER.—BOSTON, March 13.—A few days since Mrs. Tilghman, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Lowry, came to this city and put up at the Revere House, for the purpose of visiting Gen. Tilghman, the rebel prisoner at Fort Warren. There was some difficulty in obtaining the required permission, but on Saturday the mother and sister were allowed to visit the Fort and have an interview with the prisoner. The first exclamation on meeting him was, "O my rebel son!" and during the conversation she said: "When I heard you were taken, I thanked God that you were rescued from secession influences, and were I to hear there was any chance of your being exchanged, I would go on my knees to the President to prevent you from again joining the rebels, for I had rather have you remain here during your life than to know you were among the traitors of the country."—*Boston Gazette*.

COMPANY OF PRINTERS.—Mr. McConnell, editor of the Valparaiso (Ind.) *Republic*, has been authorized to raise a company for the Sixty-third Indiana regiment, and proposes to fill up the ranks from among the printers of the State.—*Louisville Journal*, March 15.

WINCHESTER, VA., March 16.—The members of the Indiana regiment here publish daily a news-sheet called *The Army Bulletin*. We have received here a large and well-edited paper, published by a regiment at Leesburg, called *The Advance Guard*.

STONE AMMUNITION.—At the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., the confederates fought desperately, using stone in their cannon when their shot gave out.—*New-York Herald*, March 17.

At the battle of Fort Craig, in New-Mexico, when several of the enemy's guns had been silenced, six hundred Texans, picked men, armed with carbines, revolvers, and bowie-knives, made a charge on McCray's battery. The New-Mexicans, of Col. Pinos' regiment, fled at once. Capt. Plimpton with the United States infantry stood their ground until more than half their number were killed. Capt. McCray, having lost his artillery-men, sat coolly on his gun, and, with revolver in hand, fought to the last, and died like a hero.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Commercial* relates the following incidents of the battle of Fort Henry:

"A friend of mine showed me the plate on his belt, which had been struck by a bullet, and the U in U. S. entirely obliterated, and yet he was not hurt. Another had the pictures of his wife and mother in separate cases, in his side-pocket, and a ball passed through both and lodged in the inside one, saving his life. He has the pictures to send to his wife by express. A member of the Eighth Missouri has a half-dollar in his pocket which was struck with so much force as to bend the edges together and enclose the Minie-ball. A colonel of one of the regiments found four of his men hid behind a stump, and riding up with great gravity, asked them if that stump needed so large a guard. A private soldier received ten wounds, and yet sat on a log, and loaded and fired as long as he could see the enemy."

A PORT ROYAL correspondent of the Boston *Journal* relates the following:

"Quite an amusing story is told in connection with the affair at Brunswick. It seems that the gunboats, after reconnoitring awhile in front of the rebel fortifications, got into 'posish,' and were about to 'let slip the dogs,' when they discovered a boat push off from the shore at the fort and make directly for the gunboat, upon nearing which it was found to contain a couple of 'contrabands,' who commenced yelling: 'Hold on, Massa Yankee, don't fire, der sogers all gone to Serwarner,' 'dase leff me all alone.' And sure enough they had gone, and the anticipated sport was 'nipped.'"

ACROSTIC.

FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

Jehovah, mighty arbiter in earth below,
Ere morning stars together sang, in heaven supreme,
From thy eternal throne a people see this day
Fall down adoring at thy seat of love and power,
Evinced in the hour their trust in thee their God.
Redeemer, thee invoking, we implore in love,
Send down thy blessings rich on our loved land.
On him, the people's choice, send wisdom down.
Nor in him be their lack of any attribute
Demanded in his post exalted under thee.
A people's leader, honored more than a crowned king,
Versed in all statesmanship, a soldier bred and tried,
In unison the people's voice bids "rule and lead."
Send, Lord, this gift we ask—we trust in thee alone.
—*Charleston Courier*.

MR. MASON IN PARLIAMENT.—The person who attracted most attention at the opening of Parliament was the Southern Commissioner, Mr. Mason, who had a seat in one of the side-galleries. Singularly enough, his next

neighbor was a negro of the deepest dye, one of the Haytian embassy, I believe; at all events, he must have been of note to get a place in that exclusive locality. Necessity brings people into strange companionship. I noticed that he listened very intently to the speech until the end of the paragraph relating to the Trent affair had been read, and then he laid his hands over his knees, leaned back, and yawned vigorously, as though he was terribly bored by the whole business.—*Correspondent of the Manchester (Eng.) Weekly Express and Review.*

A REBEL soldier named Joseph Infield died on the steamer Fanny Bullitt at Fort Donelson from a wound received in the battle. He requested that his mother should be informed of his fate, but was too low to give particulars. Her name is now Harriet Harris, and she is supposed to reside in Southern Kentucky. His dying words were: "Tell my mother I have made my peace with God and die happy; that I have but one regret, that of raising an arm against my country." His last moments were soothed by womanly tenderness and sympathy.—*Louisville Journal, March 14.*

REBEL HOUNDS.—The following paragraph is taken from an old number of the Louisville-Nashville-Bowling-Green Courier:

"We, the undersigned, will pay five dollars per pair for fifty pairs of well-bred hounds, and fifty dollars for one pair of thorough-bred blood-hounds that will take the track of a man. The purposes for which those dogs are wanted is to chase the infernal, cowardly, Lincoln bushwhackers of East-Tennessee and Kentucky (who have taken the advantage of the bush to kill and cripple many good soldiers) to their dens and capture them. The said hounds must be delivered at Capt. Hanmer's livery-stable by the tenth of December next, where a mustering officer will be present to muster and inspect them. F. N. MCNAIRY,

"H. H. HARRIS.

"Camp Crinfort, Campbell Co., Tenn."

—*N. Y. Evening Post, March 14.*

AN AVALANCHE OF ADJECTIVES.—The driveling but devilish spirit of New-England Abolitionism excites mingled feelings of pity, contempt, and scorn. The war which Lincoln is now waging upon the South is one of the most unrighteous, atrocious, and unjustifiable recorded in history. The guilt of its unnumbered and heaven-daring crimes rests heavily upon the head of the besotted tyrant by whom it is prosecuted for the gratification of his own unhallowed ambition and wicked revenge. The Ruler of the Universe certainly never designed that a mongrel race, composed of the *débris* of all the nations of Europe, swept upon its shores by the waves of the Atlantic—infidel and God-defying; presumptuous and Bible-ignoring; rife with every error and pernicious ism; cowardly, cruel, and treacherous—should exercise despotic authority over a Christian people.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

THE poisoning of forty of the Union soldiers in Arkansas by the rebel troops, the poisoning of Sheriff Craig by a rebel soldier after the battle of Fort Donelson, whilst the Sheriff was engaged in relieving the wounded, and the finding of a lot of poisoned bullets at Nashville, left behind by the rebels in their flight from that city, are fearful indications of the fiendish

spirit of portions of our enemies. If this war shall continue, we know not how soon the rebels, transformed by fury and despair from human beings into devils, may resort to poisoning as an established mode of warfare. But we earnestly trust never to see so dreadful a condition of things.—*Louisville Journal, March 14.*

ACELDAMA.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

The genius of our Empire looked, one noon,
Where, flushed with sunset, sparkled peak and sea,
River and plain and forest all atune—
Throbbing and thrilling in each artery—
Gaunt cataracts, impatient to be free,
Great lakes, like oceans, that lay prone and seething,
And wildernesses, where the storms were breathing,
And cliffs, whose arms reach where the heavens be.
"This power and populousness," murmured she,
"Must be historic, and the new baptism
Of war descend upon it; feud and schism
Shall override these valleys, down these hills
Blood dig new channels for its smoking rills,
And the blue sky grow hazy, where the slain
Die, cursing in the bitterness of pain.
These rivers, that go sluggish to the main,
Bearing upon their bosoms kine and grain,
Shall float leviathans, whose frowning ports
Will speak in thunder to a hundred forts,
And hurrying from their sleepy tillages,
The yeomanry shall rally in these villages,
And hear a music that they never knew—
The shrilly fife that throbbed at Agincourt
And thrilled the thousands on the field of Tours,
The deathless drum that beat at Waterloo!

"My empire shall not be a tame array
Of paltry towns and peaceful downs and moors,
Where, through the loitering summer, clowns and
boors

Go slow a-field to sickle in the hay—
A valorous race, whose fame will reach away,
To shame of older clans and climes the glory,
Shall make a grand and monumental story,
To be remembered till the world grows gray!
Pilgrims shall hither through the ages stray,
To mark the sites where hordes fell rash and fated.
No land is great till red and consecrated!"

Forthwith she strewed her dragon-teeth adown
The Carolinian meadows. In a trice
Armed men sprang up amid the corn and rice,
And seized on fortress, arsenal, and town;
She scattered them, where vigorous and brown,
The Texan marked his spotted cattle graze,
And by the light of villages ablaze,
Mustered a thousand bayonets and sabres;
And where the negro in the cotton-groves
Sat down at eve to eat his yellow loaves,
The Alabamian roused his sons and neighbors;
The Georgian hills were black. Oh! fate, not reason—
Louisiana faltered in obedience;
And wavering for a moment in allegiance,
The old Dominion rushed into the treason.

An awful pause! Half-terror, half in wonder,
The moon glared blue; the very ocean lay
Dumb and in dread; the grave-clothes stirred their
clay;
Then broke from Charleston bay the first deep peal of
thunder!

O Massachusetts! hallowed be for aye,
Thy sturdy heart that never throbbed in vain!
And be the forests and the streams of Maine
Blessed forever! terrible and gaunt
The mountaineers of Hampshire and Vermont
Poured from their eyries, half-way in the sky,
Down where Long Island Sound lifts up its calm blue
eye.

The empires of York and Penn were all aflame;
There was no hamlet where the drum beat not,
No fireside, but desperate and hot,
Some son or father felt the glow of shame,
And buckled on his sword and breathed his mother's
name.

The prairies rang—Ohio raised her hand
With Illinois, to wipe away the guilt,
The sword should drip in carnage to the hilt,
And every roof-thatch be a beacon-brand.
At each Iowa hearth stood stern a mailed man—
Young Kansas knelt in wrath, and swore with Michi-
gan!

A wall of flame blazed up the border-line;
A thousand camp-fires lit the midnight sky;
The white tents glistened in the trampled rye;
An armed man replaced each ash and pine;
The trooper rode where erst had grazed his kine;
The barley-blades grew up to bayonets;
A navy tore the frightened fisher's nets;
A crusade swarmed across each mount and moor,
Their fane to rescue by Potomac's shore;
The first great hearts beat out at Baltimore.

O zeal too rash! O treason too profound!
O feeble king! O keen and subtle Warwick!
O quiet plains that blood has made historic!
O simple hearts that valor has renowned!
O carnivals where vulture gorged with hound!
O martyrdoms where yet the relics bleach!
O agonies that words can never reach!
O heroisms that must ever thrill!
The brook is red that flows by Centreville;
The Leesburg bluffs are ghostly in the dun,
A thousand spectres stalk by Arlington;
The fires are lurid on the haunted hill
Where Lyon's lordly name brings tears and terrors
still.

How sank the right! how treason flushed and vaunted!
We had no country and the slave no hope!
Where slept the sword that in the erst could cope
With grander tyrannies, whose banners flaunted
Over the empires where its chieftains led?
A deep reply came up from Hilton Head;
From stormy Hatteras the answer broke,
And echoed down the strand of Roanoke,
And broke in thunder on the Cumberland!
And vengeance trembled on the lips of law,

Where Tennessee raised her ungyved hand,
And Sigel broke the chains of Arkansaw!

We have made history! ourselves have done it,
And begged no help from emperors and peers;
Thrown our own gauntlet down, crossed swords and
won it,
Called from our own sweet vales these volunteers,
And fed them with our golden sheaves and ears.

The rills obscure, that sang the livelong year,
So lonesomely that none were known to hear;
The mill-roads, where the weeds choked up the tracks,
And stopped the ox-cart; and the patch of pines,
Where never within memory rang the axe,
But ever through the seasons brays and whines
The gust, that stirs the reed-tops in the fens;
The hidden cottages in shady glens;
The sleepy cross-road, where the sign-post gleams,
And boors beside the well-trough rein their teams;
The village, only known in country maps,
Where never a murder happened through the ages,
And twice a week the mails come down in stages,
And life was a succession of short naps:
These have been made world-famous! Populaces
Shall visit them for aye, as storied places;
The Czar shall mention them upon his throne,
And seamen, that keep watches of cold nights,
Couple them with long marches and great fights;
The antiquary treasure bits of bone
Picked up, at ploughing, by some grinning clown,
Who quoth: "How great a graveyard to so small a
town!"

Hereafter come romances, for our themes
Are prouder than the Trojans or the Gauls.
We have our Davids, Jonathans, and Sauls,
Whose deeds will cover folios and reams,
Where every dusty rail-car screams and steams,
Look out on battle-plains and monuments,
And any surplus shillings, dimes, and pence,
Keep for the urchin's hat you stumble over—
His grandsire fought at Pittsburgh and at Dover!

Not yet, my heart! the thousands still contending
Forbid the hope that half the world confesses;
The eagle strains and gnaws his yielding jesses:
A moment more he shall be heavenward wending,
And all our stars in the same azure blending.
Break, then, these sabres, strike the iron mail
From every hull, and let these bristling marts
Be gentle havens for the gentler arts,
Where commerce sleeps beneath each whitening sail,
And labor walks with love in every vale.
Where gleam these tents let patient herds go lowing,
And nod on every slope their golden fleece;
Subdue the storms so long and ruthly blowing,
And usher in the day of perfect peace!

GREAT FALLS, VA.

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D. stands for *Diary of Events*; Doc. for *Documents*; and P. for *Poetry, Rumors and Incidents*.

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